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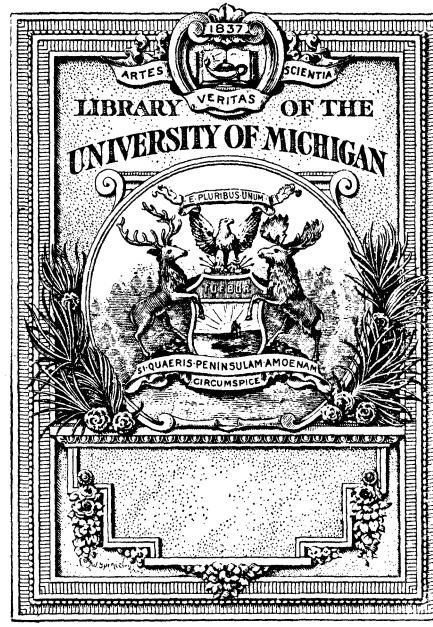

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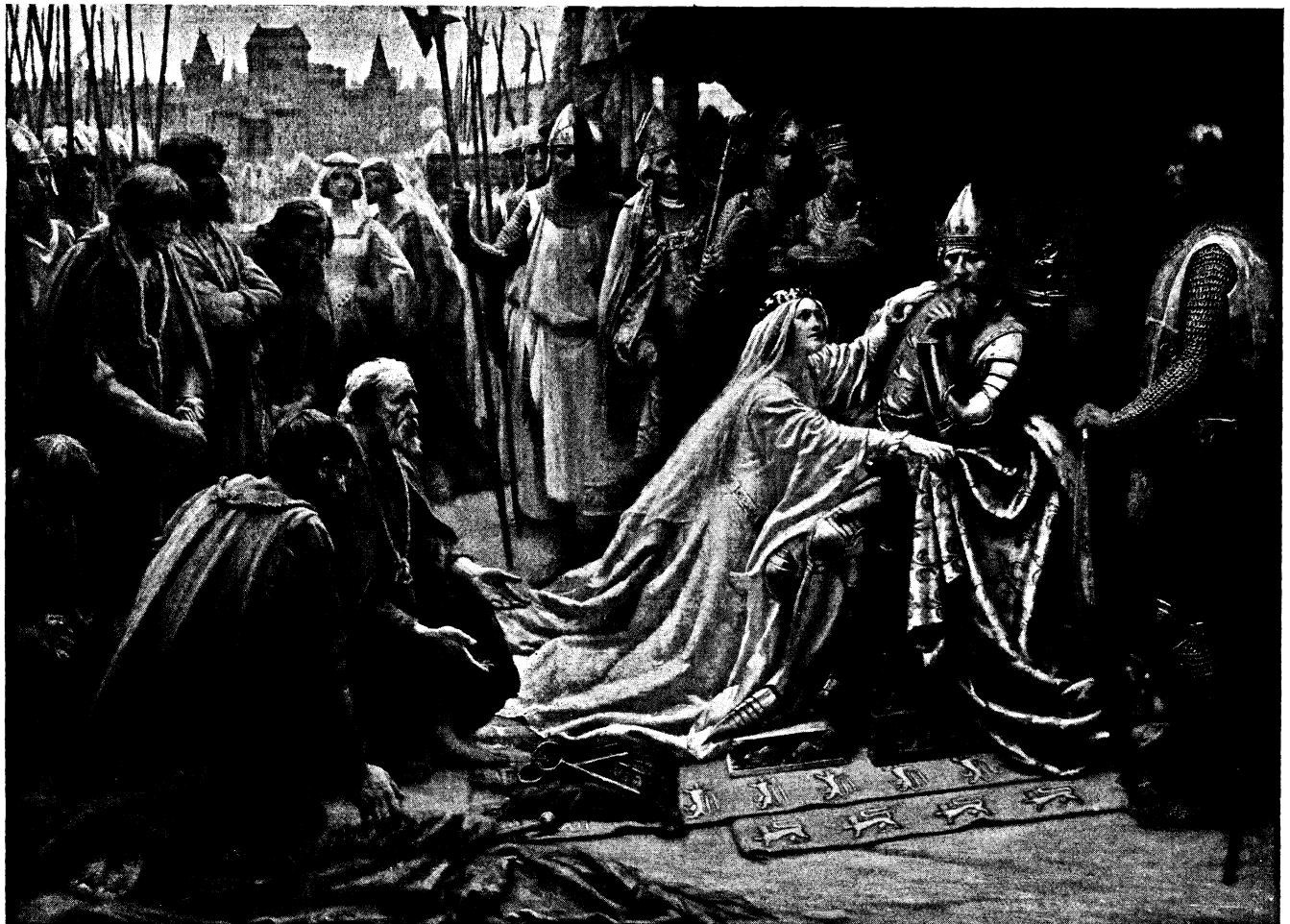

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. XXVI

JUNE TO NOVEMBER 1907

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INDEX.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXVI., JUNE TO NOVEMBER 1907.

		PAGE
About the Moon. Illustrated	*Camille Flammarion*	523
Agnus, Orme. "A Portrait by Kneller"		548
An Emotional Cheap-Jack. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen	*Frances Rivers*	601
Arnold, Edwin Lester. "The Menagerie Ship"		329
Art of John Bagnold Burgess, R.A., The. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures	*Austin Chester*	613
Art of Margaret Dicksee, The. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures	*Arthur Levi*	369
Art of Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., The. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures	*Austin Chester*	491
Art of Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A., The. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures	*Austin Chester*	247
Art of Mr. J. W. Doyle Penrose, The. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures	*Austin Chester*	3
Art of Mr. Ralph Peacock, The. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures	*R. C. Trafford*	125
As Deep as the Sea. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo	*Gilbert Parker*	263
Aunt Martha. Illustrated by Savile Lumley	*Barry Pain*	695
Autobiography of a Brumby, The. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday	*A. J. Dawson*	73
Bailey, H. C. "The Love of Money"		584
Balance of Nature, The. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday	*Fred M. White*	557
Bankruptcy of Bannister, The. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill	*Eden Phillpotts*	273
Barr, Robert. "A Wild Boar Rampant"		677
Barrett, C. R. B. "The Society of Apothecaries of London"		97
Beardsley, Alice. "Mutton Chops and Cupid"		323
Bennett, Arnold. "The Silent Brothers"		231
Bensusan, S. L. "Some Country Problems and their Solution"		637
Bindloss, Harold. "Gillatly's March"		197
"Boyhood of Raleigh, The"	*Sir John Millais, Bart.*	352
Buff Gauntlet, The. Illustrated by J. da Costa	*Fred M. White*	81
Bull, Charles Livingston. Illustrations to "Under the Ice-Roof"		687
Burgess, John Bagnold, R.A. "The Widower"		612
"The Art of John Bagnold Burgess, R.A."		613
Busbridge, A. W. "Pugsby's Manufacture of Diamonds"		43
By Airship to the North Pole. Illustrated from photographs	*Walter Wellman*	401
Callcott, F. G. "Swan Upping on the Thames"		467
Capetown and Simonstown. Illustrated from photographs	*C. de Thierry*	713
Captain Jerry, Master Mariner. Illustrated by Victor Prout	*Oswald Wildridge*	698
Carter, Rufus. "Lords of the Isles"		315
Celia's Splendid Plan. Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills	*Keble Howard*	461
Chester, Austin. "The Art of John Bagnold Burgess, R.A."		613
"The Art of Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A."		491
"The Art of Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A."		247
"The Art of Mr. J. W. Doyle Penrose"		3
"Child Handel, The"	*Margaret Isabel Dicksee*	368
"Chrysanthème"	*G. A. Storey, A.R.A.*	645
Clomaynes' Clerk. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson	*Mary E. Mann*	723
Collins, Percy. "The Dwarf-Tree Culture of Japan"		540
Costa, J. da. Illustrations to "The Buff Gauntlet"		81
Covey, Arthur S. Illustrations to "The Real Cattle-Boat"		187
Craig, Frank. Illustrations to "A Portrait by Kneller"		548
Crowe, Eyre, A.R.A. "Lady Coventry's Escort"		490
"The Art of Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A."		491
Cuneo, Cyrus. Illustrations to "As Deep as the Sea"		263
"Gillatly's March"		197
"The Fair Guide"		661
"The Turning Point"		394
"Why the *Aurora* was Wrecked"		568
Dalton, Test. "The Real Cattle-Boat"		187
Dawson, A. J. "The Autobiography of a Brumby"		73
Day of the Snail, The. Illustrated by C. Olmstead	*Ethel Turner*	335
Dicksee, Margaret Isabel. "The Art of Margaret Dicksee"		369
"The Child Handel"		368
Doctor's Parrot, The. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill	*Eden Phillpotts*	418
Douglas, Edwin. "England's Wealth"		600
"The First Sacrifice"		51
"The First Sorrow"		460

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177167

PAGE
DRUMMOND, HAMILTON. "The Knot-Hole" 168
DWARF-TREE CULTURE OF JAPAN, THE. Illustrated from photographs . . *Percy Collins* 540
EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK, THE 119, 241, 363, 485, 607, 731
"ENGLAND'S WEALTH" . . . . . *Edwin Douglas* 600
ESQUIMAULT AND HALIFAX. Illustrated from photographs . . . . . *C. de Thierry* 593
"ETHEL" . . . . . *Ralph Peacock* 124
FAIR GUIDE, THE. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo . . . . . *Walter E. Grogan* 661
"FIRST SACRIFICE, THE" . . . . . *Edwin Douglas* 51
"FIRST SORROW, THE" . . . . . *Edwin Douglas* 460
FITZ-GERALD, W. G. "Paderewski at Home" 436
FLAMMARION, CAMILLE. "About the Moon" 523
"FLOWING TIDE, A" . . . . . *Elmer Keene* 42
FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES. "The King's Bargain" 353
FORREST, A. S. Illustrations to "A Scots Farmer" 221
FOULKES, CAPTAIN CHARLES H., R.E. "Survey Methods in Exploration" 343
FRONTISPIECES. "Ethel" . . . . . *Ralph Peacock* 124
"Lady Coventry's Escort" . . . . . *Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.* 490
"Queen Philippa Interceding for the Burghers of Calais" . *J. W. Doyle Penrose* 2
"The Child Handel" . . . . . *Margaret I. Dicksee* 368
"The Three Graces" . . . . . *John MacWhirter, R.A.* 246
"The Widower" . . . . . *John Bagnold Burgess, R.A.* 612
GANDY, HERBERT. "The Viking's Home-Coming" 393
"GARDEN, THE" . . . . . *Albert Moore* 160
GILLATLY'S MARCH. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo . . . . . *Harold Bindloss* 197
GOOD CONDUCT PRIZE, THE. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill . . . . . *Eden Philpotts* 629
GREIFFENHAGEN, MAURICE. Illustrations to "An Emotional Cheap-Jack" 601
"In Snow and Candlelight" 476
"Mrs. Lyndon's Adventure" 647
"The King's Bargain" 353
"The Knot-Hole" 168
"The Outrageousness of a Mere Boy" 108
GRIBBLE, BERNARD. "The Prisoner" 646
GROGAN, WALTER E. "The Fair Guide" 661
HADDEN, NELLIE, F.Z.S. Illustrations to "Youth in Captivity" 281
"HAPPY DAYS" . . . . . *Fred Morgan* 313
HARDY, DUDLEY. Illustrations to "Pugsby's Manufacture of Diamonds" 43
"The Profession of Porson" 204
HELENA'S PATH. Illustrated by Fred Pegram . . . . . *Anthony Hope* 19, 145, 296, 383, 529
HILLIERS, ASHTON. "The Outrageousness of a Mere Boy" 108
HOLIDAY COMPETITION, THE. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill . . . . . *Eden Phillpotts* 507
HOLIDAY, GILBERT. Illustrations to "The Autobiography of a Brumby" 73
"The Balance of Nature" 557
"The Luck of the Game" 427
"HOMEWARDS" . . . . . *John MacWhirter, R.A.* 669
HOPE, ANTHONY. "Helena's Path" 19, 145, 296, 383, 529
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE. "The Way of the Wind" 211
HOWARD, KEBLE. "Celia's Splendid Plan" 461
"Martha and the Village Idiot" 90
HUNDREDTH BOW, THE. Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws . . . . . *Florence Wilkinson* 670
HUTTEN, BARONESS VON. "Mrs. Algy's Delightful Morning" 68
"Mrs. Lyndon's Adventure" 647
IN SNOW AND CANDLELIGHT. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen . . . . *Kate Jordan* 476
JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY H., G.C.M.G., K.C.B. "The Snake's Curse" 441
JOKE'S PROGRESS, THE. Illustrated by the Author . . . . . *Thomas Maybank* 576
JORDAN, KATE. "In Snow and Candlelight" 476
KAEMPFFERT, WALDEMAR. "What We Know About Mars" 161
KEENE, ELMER. "A Flowing Tide" 42
"A Rugged Coast" 167
"The Sea-Birds' Haunt" 452
KING, GUNNING. Illustrations to "Martha and the Village Idiot" 90
"The Silent Brothers" 231
KING'S BARGAIN, THE. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen . . . . *Justus Miles Forman* 353
KNOT-HOLE, THE. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen . . . . *Hamilton Drummond* 168
KORN, PROFESSOR. "Telegraphing Pictures" 33
"LADY COVENTRY'S ESCORT" . . . . . *Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.* 490
"LADY OF THE WOODS, THE" . . . . . *John MacWhirter, R.A.* 475
"LAKE OF COMO: AFTERNOON, THE" . . . . . *John MacWhirter, R.A.* 583
LEVI, ARTHUR. "The Art of Margaret Dicksee" 369
LONDON, JACK. "The Turning Point" 394
LORDS OF THE ISLES. Illustrated from photographs . . . . . *Rufus Carter* 315
LOVE OF MONEY, THE. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor . . . . . *H. C. Bailey* 584
LUCK OF THE GAME, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday . . . . . *Fred M. White* 427
LUMLEY, SAVILE. Illustrations to "Aunt Martha" 695
MACLAREN, IAN. "A Scots Farmer" 221
MACWHIRTER, JOHN, R.A. "Homewards" 669
"The Art of Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A." 247

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PAGE

MacWhirter, John, R.A. "The Lady of the Woods" 475
"The Lake of the Como: Afternoon" 583
"The Three Graces" 246
Maitland, J. A. Fuller. "Reinhold von Warlich and the Art of the Song-Cycle" 655
Mann, Mary E. "Clomaynes' Clerk" 723
Martha and the Village Idiot. Illustrated by Gunning King . . . . *Keble Howard* 90
Maybank, Thomas. "The Joke's Progress" 576
Menagerie Ship, The. Illustrated by Fleming Williams . . . . *Edwin Lester Arnold* 329
Millais, Sir John, Bart. "The Boyhood of Raleigh" 352
Mills, A. Wallis. Illustrations to "Celia's Splendid Plan" 461
"Mutton Chops and Cupid" 323
Moberly, L. G. "This, My Son——" 516
Moore, Albert. "The Garden" 160
"Yellow Marguerites" 32
Morgan, Fred. "A Willing Hand" 240
"Happy Days" 313
Mrs. Algy's Delightful Morning. Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws . *Baroness von Hutten* 68
Mrs. Lyndon's Adventure. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen . . *Baroness von Hutten* 647
Mutton Chops and Cupid. Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills . . . . *Alice Beardsley* 323
Naval Bases of the Empire:
"Capetown and Simonstown." Illustrated from photographs . . . . *C. de Thierry* 713
"Esquimault and Halifax" " " . . . . *C. de Thierry* 593
"Sydney and Auckland" " " . . . . *C. de Thierry* 453
Olmstead, C. Illustrations to "A Parental Birthday" 444
"The Day of the Snail" 335
Outrageousness of a Mere Boy, The. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen . *Ashton Hilliers* 108
Paderewski at Home. Illustrated from photographs *W. G. Fitz-Gerald and R. C. Trafford* 436
Paget, H. M. Illustrations to "A Wild Boar Rampant" 677
Pain, Barry. "Aunt Martha" 695
"The Pavement Poet" 311
Parental Birthday, A. Illustrated by C. Olmstead . . . . . *Ethel Turner* 444
Parker, Gilbert. "As Deep as the Sea" 263
Pavement Poet, The . . . . . *Barry Pain* 311
Peacock, Ralph. "Ethel" 124
"The Art of Mr. Ralph Peacock" 125
Pegram, Fred. Illustrations to "Helena's Path" 19, 145, 296, 383, 529
Penrose, J. W. Doyle. "Queen Philippa Interceding for the Burghers of Calais" 2
"The Art of Mr. J. W. Doyle Penrose" 3
Peters, Detective. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill . . . . . *Eden Phillpotts* 52
Phillpotts, Eden. "Peters, Detective" 52
"The Bankruptcy of Bannister" 273
"The Doctor's Parrot" 418
"The Good Conduct Prize" 629
"The Holiday Competition" 507
"The Tiger's Tail" 177
Pocock, Constance Innes. "Youth in Captivity" 281
Pope, Jessie. "Why the *Aurora* was Wrecked" 568
Portrait by Kneller, A. Illustrated by Frank Craig . . . . . *Orme Agnus* 548
"Prisoner, The" . . . . . *Bernard Gribble* 646
Profession of Porson, The. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy . . . . *Frances Rivers* 204
Prout, Victor. Illustrations to "Captain Jerry, Master Mariner" 698
Pugsby's Manufacture of Diamonds. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy . . *A. W. Busbridge* 43
"Queen Philippa Interceding for the Burghers of Calais" . . . *J. W. Doyle Penrose* 2
"Rainy Day at Cookham, A" . . . . . *Frederick Walker* 196
Raven-Hill, L. Illustrations to "Peters, Detective" 52
"The Bankruptcy of Bannister" 273
"The Doctor's Parrot" 418
"The Good Conduct Prize" 629
"The Holiday Competition" 507
"The Tiger's Tail" 177
Real Cattle-Boat, The. Illustrated by Arthur S. Covey . . . . . *Test Dalton* 187
Rivers, Frances. "An Emotional Cheap-Jack" 601
"The Profession of Porson" 204
Roberts, Charles G. D. "Under the Ice-Roof" 687
"Rugged Coast, A" . . . . . *Elmer Keene* 167
Scots Farmer, A. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest and from photographs . . . *Ian Maclaren* 221
"Sea-Birds' Haunt, The" . . . . . *Elmer Keene* 452
Shepperson, Claude. Illustrations to "Clomaynes' Clerk" 723
"This, my Son——" 516
Silent Brothers, The. Illustrated by Gunning King . . . . . *Arnold Bennett* 231
Snake's Curse, The . . . . . *Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.* 441
Society of Apothecaries of London, The. Illustrated by the Author . *C. R. B. Barrett* 97
Some Country Problems and Their Solution. Illustrated from photographs *S. L. Bensusan* 637
Some Old Invitation-Cards. Illustrated from prints . . . *A. Henriques Valentine* 706
Stanlaws, Penrhyn. Illustrations to "Mrs. Algy's Delightful Morning" 68
"The Hundredth Bow" 670

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PAGE
STOREY, G. A., A.R.A. "Chrysanthème" 645
SURVEY METHODS IN EXPLORATION. Illus. from photos and diagrams *Capt. Chas. H. Foulkes, R.E.* 343
SWAN UPPING ON THE THAMES. Illustrated from photographs . . . . *F. G. Callcott* 467
SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND. Illustrated from photographs . . . . . *C. de Thierry* 453
TAYLOR, L. CAMPBELL. Illustrations to "The Love of Money" 584
TELEGRAPHING PICTURES. Illustrated from photographs and drawings . . *Professor Korn* 33
THIERRY, C. DE. "Naval Bases of the Empire" 453, 593, 713
"THIS, MY SON ——" Illustrated by Claude Shepperson . . . . . *L. G. Moberly* 516
THOMSON, E. C. RINGLER. "The Turquoise Mines of Persia" 61
"THREE GRACES, THE" . . . . . *John MacWhirter, R.A.* 246
TIGER'S TAIL, THE. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill . . . . . *Eden Phillpotts* 177
TRAFFORD, R. C. "Paderewski at Home" 436
"The Art of Mr. Ralph Peacock" 125
TURNER, ETHEL. "A Parental Birthday" 444
"The Day of the Snail" 335
TURNING POINT, THE. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo . . . . . *Jack London* 394
TURQUOISE MINES OF PERSIA, THE. Illustrated from photographs . *E. C. Ringler Thomson* 61
UNDER THE ICE-ROOF. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull . . *Charles G. D. Roberts* 687
VALENTINE, A. HENRIQUES. "Some Old Invitation-Cards" 706
VERSE. "Al Fresco" . . . . . *Jessie Pope* 119
"Au Jardin d'Amour" . . . . . *Una Artevelde Taylor* 556
"Belinda's Dimple" . . . . . *Carolyn Wells* 244
"Broom" . . . . . *Charles Inniss Bowen* 654
"Clerk's Tale, A" . . . . . *Nigel Playfair* 488
"Corin's Complaint" . . . . . *Laurence Housman* 96
"Dance, The" . . . . . *Edward Lucas White* 710
"Dreaming Shepherd, The" . . . . . *Agnes Grozier Herbertson* 694
"Famous London Room, A" . . . . . *Victor Plarr* 547
"Finding the Ball" . . . . . *Jessie Pope* 242
"Fluttering Heart, The" . . . . . *Agnes Grozier Herbertson* 528
"Garden Wizard, The" . . . . . *Agnes Grozier Herbertson* 342
"Madness of Winds, The" . . . . . *Lloyd Roberts* 314
"Midsummer" . . . . . *Edith C. M. Dart* 176
"On Leaving a Village in Kent" . . . . . *R. O. Keys* 440
"Phyllis" . . . . . *Eily Esmonde* 660
"Polyglot Love-Song, A" . . . . . *George Frederic Turner* 734
"Prayers" . . . . . *L. G. Moberly* 272
"Red Roses" . . . . . *L. G. Moberly* 41
"Road at Night, The" . . . . . *William Lucius Graves* 159
"Rose and the Flame, The" . . . . . *Elizabeth Ruggles* 676
"Roses—and a Heart" . . . . . *L. G. Moberly* 392
"Scent of Lilac, The" . . . . . *Edith C. M. Dart* 72
"Shadowed Way, The" . . . . . *L. G. Moberly* 166
"Singing Heart, The" . . . . . *Agnes Grozier Herbertson* 186
"Spae-Wife's Garden, The" . . . . . *Agnes Grozier Herbertson* 118
"Sufficing Earth" . . . . . *Charles G. D. Roberts* 310
"Tout Change" . . . . . *George Frederic Turner* 363
"Travellers All!" . . . . . *Una Artevelde Taylor* 686
"Under the Pillars of the Sky" . . . . . *Charles G. D. Roberts* 443
"Vignette, A" . . . . . *Edith C. M. Dart* 574
"Wayfarer of Earth" . . . . . *Charles G. D. Roberts* 31
"When the Leaves Fall" . . . . . *Elizabeth B. Piercy* 567
"Whirr of Wings, The" . . . . . *Charles Inniss Bowen* 515
"Young Blood" . . . . . *Lloyd Roberts* 575
"Young Maid's Song, The" . . . . . *Laurence Housman* 312
"Zoo, The" . . . . . *Jessie Pope* 609
"Zoophilist, The" . . . . . *George Frederic Turner* 486
"VIKING'S HOME-COMING, THE" . . . . . *Herbert Gandy* 393
WALKER, FREDERICK. "A Rainy Day at Cookham" 196
WARLICH, REINHOLD VON, AND THE ART OF THE SONG-CYCLE. Illustrated from portraits. *J. A. Fuller Maitland* 655
WAY OF THE WIND, THE. Illustrated . . . . . *Laurence Housman* 211
WELLMAN, WALTER. "By Airship to the North Pole" 401
WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT MARS. Illustrated from photographs and diagrams *Waldemar Kaempffert* 161
WHITE, FRED M. "The Balance of Nature" 557
"The Buff Gauntlet" 81
"The Luck of the Game" 427
WHY THE "AURORA" WAS WRECKED. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo . . . *Jessie Pope* 568
"WIDOWER, THE" . . . . . *John Bagnold Burgess, R.A.* 612
WILD BOAR RAMPANT, A. Illustrated by H. M. Paget . . . . . *Robert Barr* 677
WILDRIDGE, OSWALD. "Captain Jerry, Master Mariner" 698
WILKINSON, FLORENCE. "The Hundredth Bow" 670
WILLIAMS, FLEMING. Illustrations to "The Menagerie Ship" 329
"WILLING HAND, A" . . . . . *Fred Morgan* 240
"YELLOW MARGUERITES" . . . . . *Albert Moore* 32
YOUTH IN CAPTIVITY. Illustrated from paintings by Nellie Hadden, F.Z.S. *Constance Innes Pocock* 281

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MR. DOYLE PENROSE'S NEW PICTURE, "THE FIRST EASTER MORN."

THE ART OF MR. J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

MR. PENROSE is a descendant of the family of that name which from a very early period owned Penrose Park, Cornwall, a property sold, about 1620 to a Colonel Rogers. The particular member of the family through which, to the parent stock, the subject of our article traces his descent, crossed to Ireland in 1627 and established himself in Ballycain House, Co. Wicklow, near Dublin.

It was at Michaeltown, however, that Mr. J. Doyle Penrose was born, in 1862, and there he spent the first ten years of his life. Then, in consequence of an aunt, who lived at Downham, in Norfolk, being too old to attend to her property, the father of Mr. Penrose took upon himself this duty, and migrated there with his family, and for some years Downham was the boy's home, although for schooling he was sent to Kendal, with which place Wordsworth has associated so much in his verse that is beautiful.

In due course his schooling came to an end, and he entered the Royal Academy Schools as a student, and this without that opposition from his parents which has embittered so many young artists' early years.

On leaving the Royal Academy Schools, where he spent five years, and where he went in very little for prize competition, as his father felt that he ought to justify his choice of a profession by depending on his own ability, he turned his attention seriously to portraiture, a branch of art in which talent rarely lacks encouragement, and in which he was fortunate enough to secure some very lucrative commissions. Mr. Penrose had done so well by 1885 that he was able to allow himself those wanderings abroad without which few artists' education can be considered complete. At this time he visited the United States and Canada, and spent several months there. Since those days he has wandered in France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, and, in 1903, visited Palestine.

In this last country the streets of every

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STUDY FOR PICTURE OF JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL. BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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city, although now they are tramped by tourists, cry aloud their history. To the romantic eyes of an artist, at the bend of every road, at every entrance-gate, there is the expectation of happening on some visualised remembrance. The women who draw waters from the wells are Rachels, the gleaners in the fields are Ruths, each man who takes the road upon an ass is a Balaam, and in every beggar he sees a Lazarus. The artistic historian it is, with perhaps some confusion of period in his mind, who visits Jerusalem, and he does so with the unconscious determination to re-create old scenes; and canvases of the episodes which occurred some nineteen hundred years ago are invariably the result of his having passed that way.

Mr. Penrose is no exception to this rule, and, although his pictures of sacred subjects are not his first works, we are tempted by their importance to consider them in their own chronological sequence rather than in that in which they were actually produced. In this way "Hagar and Ishmael" should be the first on our list, the sympathetic story with which the Bible has made us so familiar.

"Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away; and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs . . . And the

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"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation."

We reproduce Mr. Penrose's study for "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel," a picture in which the artist endeavours, in colour, to show the celestial attributes of the angel, and the earthly qualities of the man.

In Genesis xxxii. we are told that Jacob

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"THE GOOD SAMARITAN." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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wrestled all night with a man who at length, with a touch, dislocated his thigh; and Origen, who lived somewhere about 185 A.D., and applied himself to the exigencies of Scripture, tells us that the word "angel" is a transcription of the Greek one "messenger." The fragments of his writing, which are all that are preserved of this speculative philosopher, represent Jacob as claiming to be "the first servant in God's presence." We know that early history represents God as manifesting himself to man by His "messenger," and tells how, in special crises, the "messenger" calls from heaven, as in the case of Hagar, and how, if Jehovah sought to commune more fully with man, it was His "messenger" who appeared and spoke to him.

"The function of the angel," writes Mr. Robinson, in an extremely interesting article on "The Messenger," "so entirely overshadows his personality that the Old Testament does not ask what he is, but what he does." The "messengers" were beings who, in a subordinate way, shared something of Divine Majesty. Philo calls them a chorus of unembodied souls, and places them in close parallelism to his speculations on the Divine ideas or powers. The literature on the subject, theological and theosophic, is vast.

Next we come to the picture of "The Good Samaritan," and we, who to-day read this story, scarcely realise the gulf, the bitter hostility, which, in those early Christian days when the parable was given, separated his sect from that of the Jews. The Samaritans were not so much inhabitants of Samaria as they were a special religious community which happened to have its headquarters in that country. Josephus totally denies them Hebrew blood; the Rabins denominated them Cuthæans, and were reluctant even to acknowledge them as Gentiles. Their original views were those of the Sadducees—that is to say, they believed neither in a Resurrection nor in a Messiah. Their religion was built upon the Pentateuch. They rejected the prophetic and historical books, and even their Jehovah-worship was a mere form, since it was unsupported by any testimony of the great happenings in the past. For a Samaritan, therefore, to give aid to one who was not of his people was a much more striking fact than at first sight it appears. Mr. Penrose, in his treatment of the subject,

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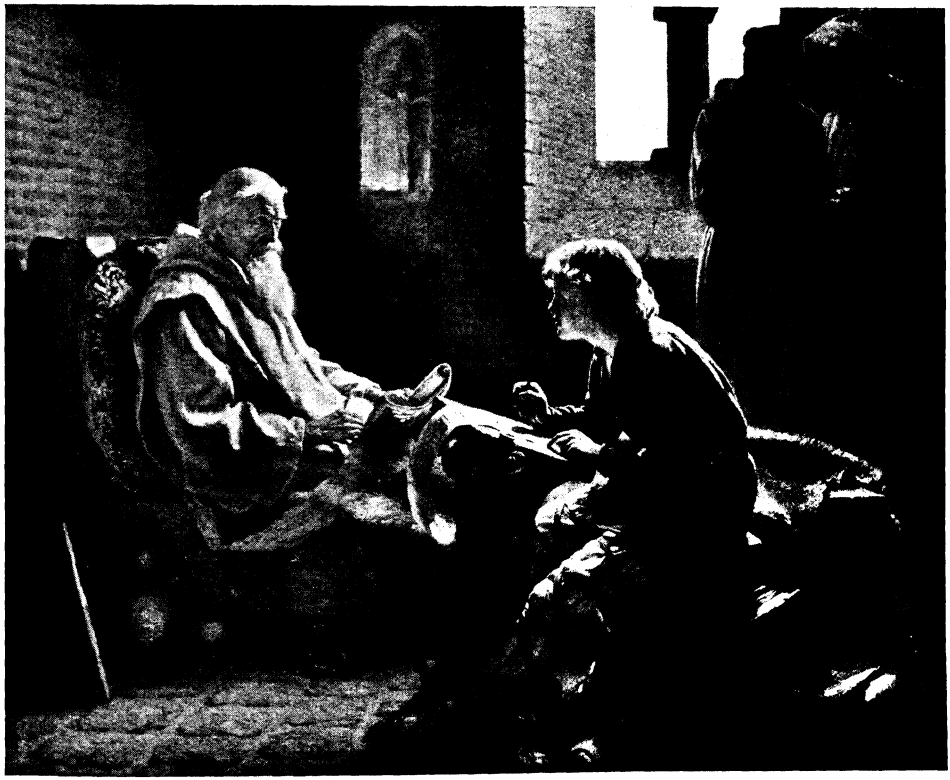
has found that analogy, which, when noted, is so obvious that it is extraordinary the story has never before been, pictorially, so treated. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me" are the words from St. Matthew appended to the picture, and the figure which lies half dead upon the ground is a presentment of Christ.

"The First Easter Morn" is the latest work issued from the studio of Mr. Penrose, and to these religious pictures we must attach "The Monastic Scribe," to which the artist applies the words: "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." We include, too, in this series his "Fra Angelico," to which he appends this quotation from Sir Edward Poynter's book on Italian painters: "Fra Angelico worked without payment. He prayed, before beginning any work, for the Divine guidance in his conception." This far-famed painter-friar of the early fifteenth century entered the Dominican Order established at Fiesole, and, according to all accounts, few men on whom the distinction of beatification has been conferred have so well deserved it. He led a holy and self-denying life, shunned advancement, was a brother to the poor, and no man was ever known to see him angered, such was his ecclesiastical saintliness and detachment from the world's fret. He painted with unceasing diligence, "treating none but sacred subjects. He never re-touched or altered his work, probably with a religious feeling that, such as Divine providence allowed the thing to come, such it should remain," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

With "The Last Chapter" these religious pictures close. "The Last Chapter" is a picture of one of the most interesting and ascetic figures of history, known as The Venerable Bede, the eminent writer born in the county of Durham in 673. The story of his life is told by himself at the conclusion of his famous and important work on the ecclesiastical history of Britain, whilst the story of



"THE LAST CHAPTER." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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"FREYJA AND THE NECKLACE." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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"LADY JANE BEAUFORT AND KING JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND."
By J. W. Doyle Penrose.

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"THE MONASTIC SCRIBE." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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his death, which took place somewhere about 735, is told in a long letter of his pupil Cuthbert, which has been preserved. From this we learn how, although he drew his breath with pains and sighs, he was yet full of thanksgiving and rejoicing, singing psalms, conversing with his pupils, and dictating an Anglo-Saxon translation of the Gospel according to St. John. Towards evening his scribe said, and this is the exact scene Mr. Penrose depicts: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence to write." "The Bede" replied: "Write quickly," and again the youth said: "Now it is finished," and was answered: "Thou hast said the truth, it is finished," and with the words, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," The Bede breathed his last.

Mr. Penrose treats his picture of The Bede symbolically: The last hues of day

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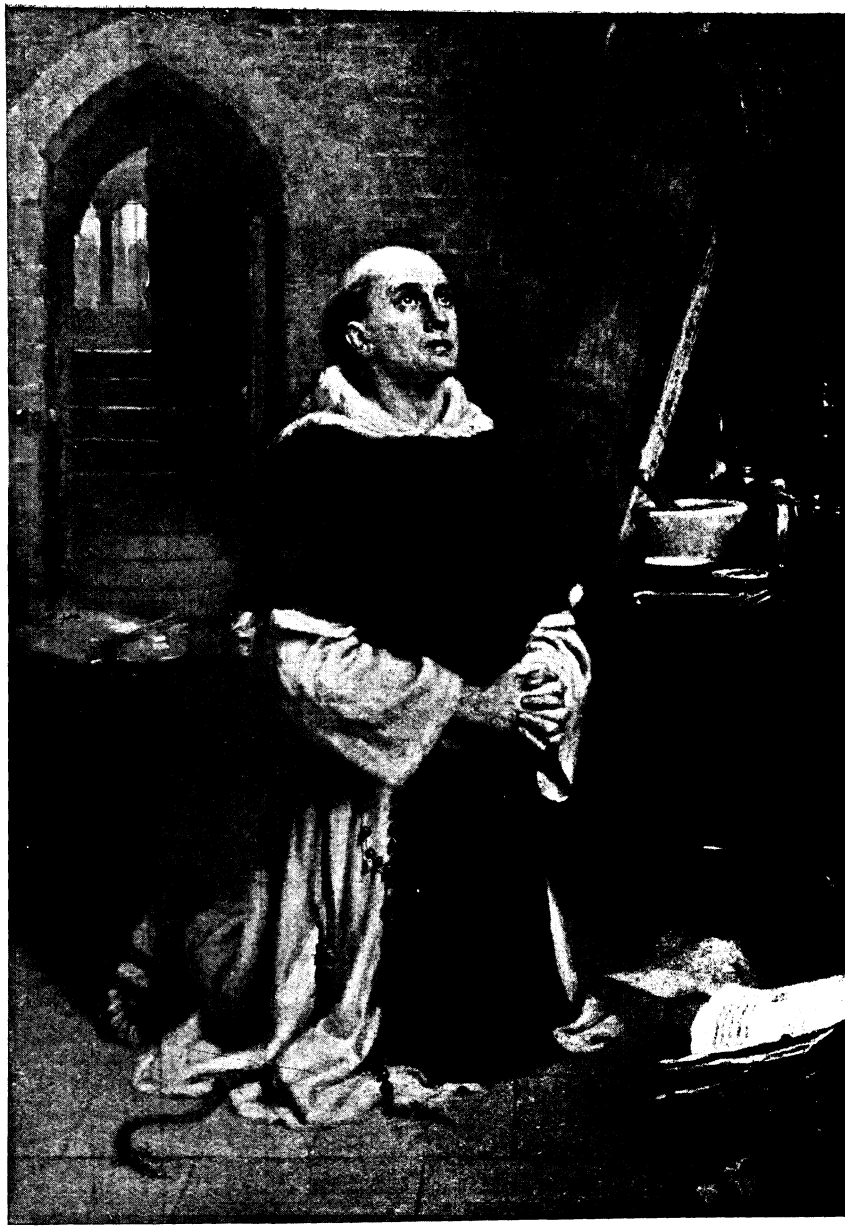

"FRA ANGELICO." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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are dying in the sky, and there is a rosy radiance suffusing the scene.

History, which only becomes human in the intimacy induced by detail, is, when we see it through the veil of art, positively enthralling. To learn, for instance, that Edward III. married Philippa of Hainault in 1328, that he invaded Scotland in 1322, and defeated the Scots at the battle of Heridon Hill, that he ravaged and burned Scotland as far as Aberdeen in 1336, that, in spite of the Salic law, he professed a claim through his mother to the French throne, that he invaded France and gained the victory of Sluys in 1340, that truce and war alternated after that for some six years,

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"IDUNA'S APPLES." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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"MARGARET OF ANJOU AND THE ROBBER." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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J. J. BRISCOE, ESQ. BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

and that then there followed the battle of Cressy and the capture of Calais, leaves us instructed but unimpressed. But show us the hearts of sovereigns, let us grasp something of the human feelings, good and ill, which have actuated their motives, get familiar with the outward semblance of monarchy, and history runs hand in hand in our minds with romance.

The scene which Mr. Penrose vividly depicts of "Queen Philippa Interceding for the Burghers of Calais" makes vague visions crystallise. For the actual scene of the picture Mr. Penrose takes Miss Strickland's account as his authority.

"King Edward, despite the entreaties of his heroic son and the reproaches of Sir Walter Manny, had actually given orders for hanging his prisoners. Queen Philippa, hearing an uncommon stir in the camp, enquired the cause . . . flew into her husband's pavilion, and flinging herself on her knees before him, begged, for the sake of herself and her children, born and unborn, that the men of Calais might be given to her." Then we learn how, her appeal being successful, she gave these men gold and food and restored them to their homes.

With the picture called "Lady Jane Beaufort and James I. of Scotland" we make the acquaintance of one of the most interesting of poets. James, son of Robert III. of Scotland, was born at a time when his country was in a state of perpetual warfare with Henry IV. of England. Robert, in 1405, fearful for his son's safety, despatched the boy to France, but the ship in which he sailed was taken by an English cruiser, and James was kept a prisoner in England for nineteen years. During these he beguiled much of his time in writing verse. A manuscript, called the King's Quhair, a poem divided into seven cantos, written in the seven-line stanza familiar in Chaucer, celebrates his love for the Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he saw from his prison window, when incarcerated at Windsor, fell in love with at first sight, and afterwards married. He speaks in this poem of how—

Bewailing in my chamber . . .

we quote from Mr. Mackean's modernised version :—

Despairing of all joy and remedy,
Aweary of my thoughts, and woe-begone,
Unto the window did I walk in hye
To see the world and people walking by.

He tells how watching the birds preen themselves in the sun, he comes to wonder—

What mode of life is this that makes birds dote?
And amorously in joy your heads lift all,

"OPHELIA." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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THE LATE LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
By J. W. Doyle Penrose.

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and how he gazes through the bars of his prison upon the "gardens by day" and the "stars by night," listlessly "thinking of this and that," apostrophising himself as—

Unhappy youth of Nature indigest,
Unripened fruit strewed with winds variable,
Like to the bird that fed is in the nest,
And cannot fly; of wit weak and unstable
To fortune both and to misfortune habe (subject)
Wist thou thy pains to come and thy travail
For dread and sorrow might'st thou weep and wail.

So thinking, James espies Lady Jane walking in the garden below, and he explains —and these are the lines Mr. Penrose used to describe his picture :—

And there-with cast I down mine eyes again
And, walking, as I saw, beneath the Tower
The sweetest and the fairest youthful flame
That ere, me-thought, I saw before the hour.

James apostrophises the vision :—

Sweetest, are you sure a worldly creature?
Or truly heavenly thing in form of Nature?
Or are you the god Cupid's own princess?

Then, and this presumably when he has had more than a passing view, he describes her attire :—

Of her array the form, if I could write,
To wit, her golden hair and rich attire
In fretwise trimmed, and set with pearls so white
And balas rubies sparkling as the fire,
With many an emerald and fair sapphire,
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue
Of plumes part coloured red, and white, and blue.

In looking at the picture of "Margaret of Anjou and the Robber," our thoughts fly to the Wars of the Roses, the origin of which was, as we all know, purely genealogical, beginning with the claim of Roger, Earl of March, to succeed Richard II.—son of the Black Prince—by virtue of his descent in the female line from an elder son of Edward III., in defiance of the Acts of Parliament which gave the Crown to Henry IV. and his heirs. These claims, when Henry VI. was on the throne, had passed to Richard, Duke of York, who remained heir-presumptive for some nine years after Henry's marriage to Margaret of Anjou, for not until then was Edward, Prince of Wales, born. The mental weakness of Henry VI., sometimes growing into absolute imbecility, was at that time very manifest, and the unpopularity of his Queen and his ministers drove many of his people to espouse the cause of the Duke of York. One thing is specially to be noted from out the convulsions of those unhappy times—that the Parliament was always ready to condemn the defeated side and to acknowledge the rights of the conqueror; thus, after the battle of Bloreheath, the Duke of York was attainted, and after that of Northampton, his claim to the Crown was made good. After many vicissitudes, in 1463, Margaret brought the young Prince of Wales to encourage the Lancastrian army at Hexham, but, total rout following the engagement at that place, she fled with the child into Hexham Forest, then a sort of "dead man's ground."

"Night closed over the fugitives while they wandered in the tangled mazes of Hexham Forest. Suddenly the Queen perceived an armed man of gigantic stature advancing towards her. She guessed that he was one of the forest outlaws. Her courage rose with the greatness of the danger, she called him to her. She took the little prince by the hand, and presented him to the outlaw with these words: 'Here, my friend, save the son of your King. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him a refuge in thine own hiding-place.'

"The outlaw, who was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman, well remembered her. No belted knight could have acquitted himself more nobly of the trust the unfortunate Queen had confided to his honour. Raising the weary Prince in his arms, he led the way, followed by the Queen and her equerry, to his secret retreat—a cave in a secluded spot on the south bank of the rapid little stream which washes the foot of Blackhill—where the royal fugitives were refreshed, and received all the comfort his wife was able to bestow."

Much imagination lies embalmed within the mystic Norse Tales, and in their wealth of imagery we see the great regal "Court of Odin, the All-Father," who lifted the earth from out the sea, with its royal heroes and beautiful maidens, to whom poetic insight gives eternal youth, and where the very chamberlains are keepers, not of prosaic chambers, but of the springs that rise in the medes of poetry from which the great King draws daily the draught that gives him wisdom.

"Iduna's Apples" and "Freyja and the Necklace" are both taken from this source. Iduna, the Proserpine of the North, was the custodian of magic apples, which gave to them that ate them perpetual youth; while Freyja, the wife of the All-Father, possessed, we are told, "a costly necklace which flew asunder when she was moved to wrath," a necklace which, with feminine vanity wishing to outshine the other goddesses, she became possessed of by theft. There are many versions of these stories, but the pictures actually illustrate the legends as told in Miss Keary's "Heroes of Asgard."

"THE TRYSTING PLACE." BY J. W. DOYLE PENROSE.

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Mr. Penrose has painted many portraits, among them important "presentation" ones which are in several civic halls; and, perhaps, the most admirable of these is that of Lord Russell of Killowen. It is a vivid presentment of one of the most vivid personalities of our time. We see the well-built frame, the strong, striking face, with its full and sensitive mouth, keen eyes, its expression of concentrated thought, and can well believe the picture to be as excellent in likeness as Lord Russell himself pronounced it, as it is dexterous in execution.

On the easel in Mr. Penrose's studio, in St. John's Wood, there is in progress what promises to be an admirable likeness of a well-known Manchester magnate, Sir Bosdin Leech.

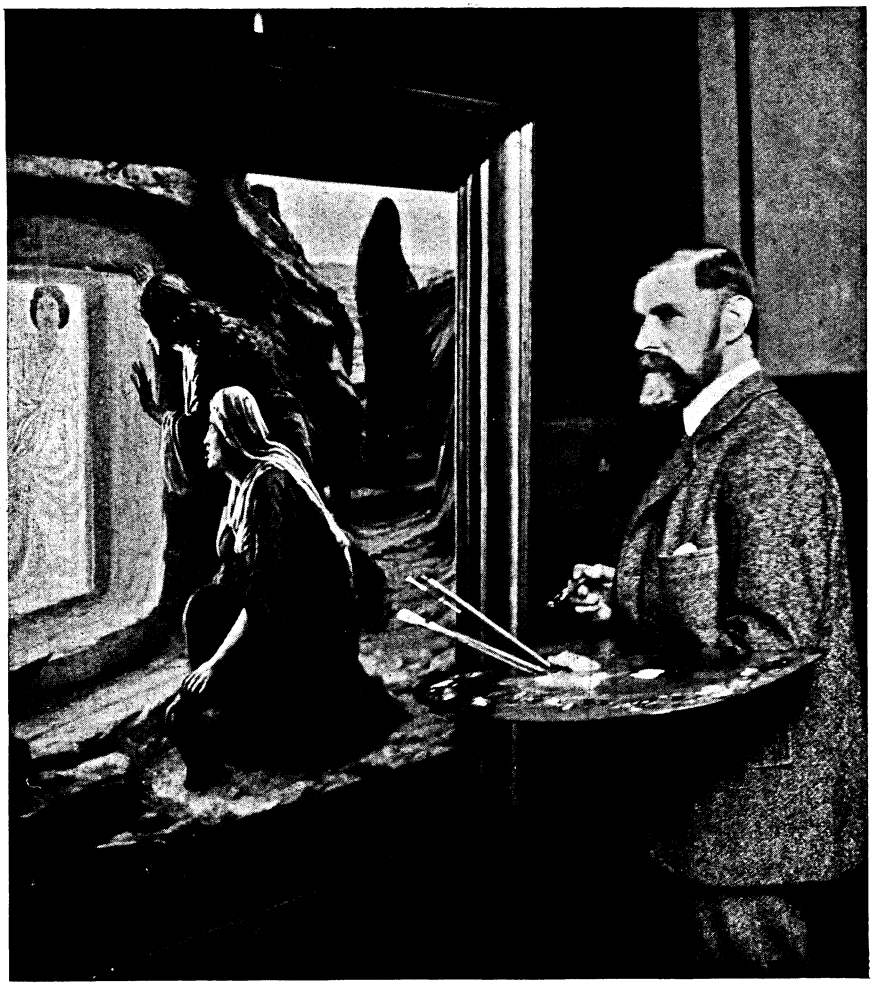

Photo by] [*P. G. Luck.*

MR. DOYLE PENROSE AT WORK ON HIS NEW PICTURE, "THE FIRST EASTER MORN."

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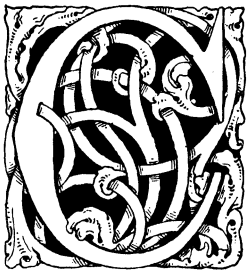
HELENA'S PATH.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

AMBROSE, LORD LYNBOROUGH.



COMMON opinion said that Lord Lynborough ought never to have had a peerage and forty thousand a year; he ought to have had a pound a week and a back-bedroom in Bloomsbury. Then he would have become an eminent man; as it was, he turned out only a singularly erratic individual.

So much for common opinion. Let no more be heard of its dull utilitarian judgments! There are plenty of eminent men—at the moment, it is believed, no less than seventy Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers (or thereabouts)—to say nothing of Bishops, Judges, and the British Academy—and all this in a nook of the world! (And the world too is a point!) Lynborough was something much more uncommon; it is not, however, quite easy to say what. Let the question be postponed; perhaps the story itself will answer it.

He started life—or was started in it—in a series of surroundings of unimpeachable orthodoxy—Eton, Christ Church, the Grenadier Guards. He left each of these schools of mental culture and bodily discipline, not under a cloud—that metaphor would be ludicrously inept—but in an explosion. That, having been thus shot out of the first, he managed to enter the second—that, having been shot out of the second, he walked placidly into the third—that, having been shot out of the third, he suffered no apparent damage from his repeated propulsions—these are matters explicable only by a secret knowledge of British institutions. His father was strong, his mother came of stock even stronger; he himself—Ambrose Caverly as he then was—was very popular, and extraordinarily handsome in his unusual outlandish style.

His father being still alive—and, though devoted to him, by now apprehensive of his doings—his means were for the next few years limited. Yet he contrived to employ himself. He took a soup-kitchen and ran it; he took a yacht and sank it; he took a public-house, ruined it, and got himself severely fined for watering the beer in the Temperance interest. This injustice rankled in him deeply, and seems to have permanently influenced his development. For a time he forsook the world and joined a sect of persons who called themselves "Theophilanthropists"—and surely no man could call himself much more than that? Returning to mundane affairs, he refused to pay his rates, stood for Parliament in the Socialist interest, and, being defeated, declared himself a practical follower of Count Tolstoy. His father advising a short holiday, he went off and narrowly escaped being shot, somewhere in the Balkans, owing to his having taken too keen an interest in local politics. (He ought to have been shot; he was clear—and even vehement—on that point in a letter which he wrote to *The Times*.) Then he sent for Leonard Stabb, disappeared in company with that gentleman, and was no more seen for some years.

He could always send for Stabb, so faithful was that learned student's affection for him. A few years Ambrose Caverly's senior, Stabb had emerged late and painfully from a humble origin and a local grammar-school, had gone up to Oxford as a non-collegiate man, had gained a first-class and a fellowship, and had settled down to a life of research. Early in his career he became known by the sobriquet of "Cromlech Stabb"—even his unlearned friends would call him "Cromlech" oftener than by any other name. His elaborate monograph on cromlechs had earned him the title; subsequently he extended his researches to other relics of ancient religions—or ancient forms of religion, as he always preferred to put it; "there being," he would add, with the simplicity of erudition beaming through his spectacles on any auditor, orthodox or other, "of course, only one religion." He was a

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"An unusual looking pair."

very large stout man; his spectacles were large too. He was very strong, but by no means mobile. Ambrose's father regarded Stabb's companionship as a certain safeguard to his heir. The validity of this idea is doubtful. Students have so much curiosity—and so many diverse scenes and various types of humanity can minister to that appetite of the mind.

Occasional rumours about Ambrose Caverly reached his native shores; he was heard of in Morocco, located in Spain, familiar in North and in South America. Once he was not heard of for a year; his father and friends concluded that he must be dead—or in prison. Happily the latter explanation proved correct. Once more he and the law had come to loggerheads; when he emerged from confinement he swore never to employ on his own account an instrument so hateful.

"A gentleman should fight his own battles, Cromlech," he cried to his friend. "I did no more than put a bullet in his arm—in a fair encounter—and he let me go to prison!"

"Monstrous!" Stabb agreed with a smile. He had passed the year in a dirty little inn by the prison gate—among scoundrels, but fortunately in the vicinity of some mounds distinctly prehistoric.

Old Lord Lynborough's death occurred suddenly and unexpectedly, at a moment when Ambrose and his companion could not be found. They were somewhere in Peru—Stabb among the Incas, Ambrose probably in less ancient company. It was six months before the news reached them.

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"I must go home and take up my responsibilities, Cromlech," said the new Lord Lynborough.

"You really think you'd better?" queried Stabb doubtfully.

"It was my father's wish."

"Oh, well——! But you'll be thought odd over there, Ambrose."

"Odd? I odd? What the deuce is there odd about me, Cromlech?"

"Everything." The investigator stuck his cheroot back in his mouth.

Lynborough considered dispassionately—as he fain would hope. "I don't see it."

That was the difficulty. Stabb was well aware of it. A man who is odd, and knows it, may be proud, but he will be careful; he may swagger, but he will take precautions. Lynborough had no idea that he was odd; he followed his nature—in all its impulses and in all its whims—with equal fidelity and simplicity. This is not to say that he was never amused at himself; every intelligent observer is amused at himself pretty often; but he did not doubt merely because he was amused. He took his entertainment over his own doings as a bonus life offered. A great sincerity of action and of feeling was his predominant characteristic.

"Besides, if I'm odd," he went on with a laugh, "it won't be noticed. I'm going to bury myself at Scarsmoor for a couple of years at least. I'm thinking of writing an autobiography. You'll come with me, Cromlech?"

"I must be totally undisturbed," Stabb stipulated. "I've a great deal of material to get into shape."

"There'll be nobody there but myself—and a secretary, I dare say."

"A secretary? What's that for?"

"To write the book, of course."

"Oh, I see," said Stabb, smiling in a slow fat fashion. "You won't write your autobiography yourself?"

"Not unless I find it very engrossing."

"Well, I'll come," said Stabb.

So home they came—an unusual looking pair—Stabb with his towering bulky frame, his big goggles, his huge head with its scanty black locks encircling a face like a harvest moon—Lynborough, tall too, but lean as a lath, with tiny feet and hands, a rare elegance of carriage, a crown of chestnut hair, a long straight nose, a waving moustache, a chin pointed like a needle and scarcely thickened to the eye by the close-cropped, short, pointed beard he wore. His bright hazel eyes gleamed out from his face with an attractive restlessness that caught away a stranger's first attention even from the rare beauty of the lines of his head and face; it was regularity over-refined, sharpened almost to an outline of itself. But his appearance tempted him to no excesses of costume; he had always despised that facile path to a barren eccentricity. On every occasion he wore what all men of breeding were wearing, yet invested the prescribed costume with the individuality of his character: this, it seems, is as near as the secret of dressing well can be tracked.

His manner was not always deemed so free from affectation; it was, perhaps, a little more self-conscious; it was touched with a foreign courtliness, and he employed, on occasions of any ceremony or in intercourse with ladies, a certain formality of speech; it was said of him by an observant woman that he seemed to be thinking in a language more ornate and picturesque than his tongue employed. He was content to say the apt thing, not striving after wit; he was more prone to hide a joke than to tell it; he would ignore a victory and laugh at a defeat; yet he followed up one and never sat down under the other, unless it were inflicted by one he loved. He liked to puzzle, but took no conscious pains to amuse.

Thus he returned to his "responsibilities." Cromlech Stabb was wondering what that dignified word would prove to describe.

CHAPTER II.

LARGELY TOPOGRAPHICAL.

MISS GILLETSON had been studying the local paper, which appeared every Saturday and reached Nab Grange on the following morning. She uttered an exclamation, looked up from her small breakfast-table, and called over to the Marchesa's small breakfast-table.

"Helena, I see that Lord Lynborough arrived at the Castle on Friday!"

"Did he, Jennie?" returned the Marchesa, with no show of interest. "Have an egg, Colonel?" The latter words were addressed to her companion at table, Colonel Wenman, a handsome but bald-headed man of about forty.

"'Lord Lynborough, accompanied by his friend Mr. Leonard Stabb, the well-known authority on prehistoric remains, and Mr. Roger Wilbraham, his private secretary. His lordship's household had preceded him to the Castle.'"

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Lady Norah Mountliffey—who sat with Miss Gilletson—was in the habit of saying what she thought. What she said now was: "Thank goodness!" and she said it rather loudly.

"You gentlemen haven't been amusing Norah," observed the Marchesa to the Colonel.

"I hope that I, at least, was engaged on another task—though, alas, a harder one!" he answered in a low tone and with a glance of respectful homage.

"If you refer to me, you've been admirably successful," the Marchesa assured him graciously—only with the graciousness there mingled that touch of mockery which always made the Colonel rather ill at ease. "Amuse" is, moreover, a word rich in shades of meaning.

Miss Gilletson was frowning thoughtfully. "Helena can't call on him—and I don't suppose he'll call on her," she said to Norah.

"He'll get to know her if he wants to."

"I might call on him," suggested the Colonel. "He was in the Service, you know, and that—er—makes a bond. Queer fellow he was, by Jove!"

Captain Irons and Mr. Stillford came in from riding, late for breakfast. They completed the party at table, for Violet Dufaure always took the first meal of the day in bed. Irons was a fine young man, still in the twenties, very fair and very bronzed. He had seen fighting and was great at polo. Stillford, though a man of peace (if a solicitor may so be called), was by no means inferior in physique. A cadet of a good county family, he was noted in the hunting-field and as a long-distance swimmer. He had come to Nab Grange to confer with the Marchesa on her affairs, but, proving himself an acquisition to the party, had been pressed to stay on as a guest.

The men began to bandy stories of Lynborough from one table to the other. Wenman knew the London gossip, Stillford the local traditions: but neither had seen the hero of their tales for many years. The anecdotes delighted Norah Mountliffey, and caused Miss Gilletson's hands to fly up in horror. Nevertheless it was Miss Gilletson who said: "Perhaps we shall see him at church to-day."

"Not likely!" Stillford opined. "And—er—is anybody going?"

The pause which habitually follows this question ensued upon it now. Neither the Marchesa nor Lady Norah would go—they were both of the Old Church. Miss Dufaure was unlikely to go, by reason of fatigue. Miss Gilletson would, of course, go, so would Colonel Wenman—but that was so well-known that they didn't speak.

"Any ladies with Lynborough's party, I wonder!" Captain Irons hazarded. "I think I'll go! Stillford, you ought to go to church—family solicitor and all that, eh?"

A message suddenly arrived from Miss Dufaure, to say that she felt better and proposed to attend church—could she be sent?

"The carriage is going anyhow," said Miss Gilletson, a trifle stiffly.

"Yes, I suppose I ought," Stillford agreed. "We'll drive there and walk back?"

"Right you are!" said the Captain.

By following the party from Nab Grange to Fillby parish church, a partial idea of the locality would be gained; but perhaps it is better to face the complete task at once. Idle tales suit idle readers; a history such as this may legitimately demand from those who study it some degree of mental application.

If, then, the traveller lands from the North Sea (which is the only sea he can land from) he will find himself on a sandy beach, dipping rapidly to deep water and well adapted for bathing. As he stands facing inland, the sands stretch in a long line southerly on his left; on his right rises the bold bluff of Sandy Nab with its swelling outline, its grass-covered dunes, and its sparse firs; directly in front of him, abutting on the beach, is the high wall enclosing the Grange property; a gate in the middle gives access to the grounds. The Grange faces south, and lies in the shelter of Sandy Nab. In front of it are pleasure-grounds, then a sunk fence, then spacious meadow-lands. The property is about a mile and a half (rather more than less) in length, to half a mile in breadth. Besides the Grange there is a small farmhouse, or bailiff's house, in the south-west corner of the estate. On the north the boundary consists of moorlands, to the east (as has been seen) of the beach, to the west and south of a public road. At the end of the Grange walls this road turns to the right, inland, and passes by Fillby village; it then develops into the high road to Easthorpe, with its market, shops, and station, ten miles away. Instead, however, of pursuing this longer route, the traveller from the Grange grounds may reach Fillby and Easthorpe sooner by crossing the road on the west, and traversing the Scarsmoor Castle property, across which runs a broad carriage road, open to the public. He will first—after entering

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"'I see that Lord Lynborough arrived at the Castle on Friday.'"

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Lord Lynborough's gates—pass over a bridge which spans a little river, often nearly dry, but liable to be suddenly flooded by a rainfall in the hills. Thus he enters a beautiful demesne, rich in wood and undergrowth, in hill and valley, in pleasant rides and winding drives. The Castle itself—an ancient grey building, square and massive, stands on an eminence in the north-west extremity of the property; the ground drops rapidly in front of it, and it commands a view of Nab Grange and of the sea beyond, being in its turn easily visible from either of these points. The road above mentioned, on leaving Lynborough's park, runs across the moors in a south-westerly line to Fillby, a little village of some three hundred souls. All around and behind this, stretching to Easthorpe, are great rolling moors, rich in beauty as in opportunities for sport, yet cutting off the little settlement of village, Castle, and Grange from the outer world by an isolation more complete than the mere distance would in these days seem to entail. The church, two or three little shops, and one policeman, sum up Fillby's resources: anything more, for soul's comfort, for body's supply or protection, must come across the moors from Easthorpe.

One point remains—reserved to the end by reason of its importance. A gate has been mentioned as opening on to the beach from the grounds of Nab Grange. He who enters at that gate and makes for the Grange follows the path for about two hundred yards in a straight line, and then takes a curving turn to the right, which in time brings him to the front door of the house. But the path goes on—growing indeed narrower, ultimately becoming a mere grass-grown track, yet persisting quite plain to see—straight across the meadows, about a hundred yards beyond the sunk fence which bounds the Grange gardens, and in full view from the Grange windows; and it desists not from its course till it reaches the rough stone wall which divides the Grange estate from the high road on the west. This wall it reaches at a point directly opposite to the Scarsmoor lodge; in the wall there is a gate, through which the traveller must pass to gain the road.

There is a gate—and there had always been a gate; that much at least is undisputed. It will, of course, be obvious that if the residents at the Castle desired to reach the beach for the purpose of bathing or other diversions, and proposed to go on their feet, incomparably their best, shortest, and most convenient access thereto lay through this gate and along the path which crossed the Grange property and issued through the Grange gate on to the seashore. To go round by the road would take at least three times as long. Now the season was the month of June; Lord Lynborough was a man tenacious of his rights—and uncommonly fond of bathing.

On the other hand, it might well be that the Marchesa di San Servolo—the present owner of Nab Grange—would prefer that strangers should not pass across her property, in full view and hail of her windows, without her permission and consent. That this, indeed, was the lady's attitude might be gathered from the fact that, on this Sunday morning in June, Captain Irons and Mr. Stillford, walking back through the Scarsmoor grounds from Fillby church as they had proposed, found the gate leading from the road into the Grange meadows securely padlocked. Having ignored this possibility, they had to climb, incidentally displacing, but carefully replacing, a number of prickly furze branches which the zeal of the Marchesa's bailiff had arranged along the top rail of the gate.

"Boys been coming in?" asked Irons.

"It may be that," said Stillford, smiling as he arranged the prickly defences to the best advantage.

The Grange expedition to church had to confess to having seen nothing of the Castle party—and in so far it was dubbed a failure. There was indeed a decorous row of servants in the household seat, but the square oaken pew in the chancel, with its brass rods and red curtains in front, and its fireplace at the back, stood empty. The two men reported having met, as they walked home through Scarsmoor, a very large fat man with a face which they described variously, one likening it to the sinking sun on a misty day, the other to a copper saucepan.

"Not Lord Lynborough, I do trust!" shuddered little Violet Dufaure. She and Miss Gilletson had driven home by the road, regaining the Grange by the south gate and the main drive.

Stillford was by the Marchesa. He spoke to her softly, covered by the general conversation. "You might have told us to take a key!" he said reproachfully. "That gorse is very dangerous to a man's Sunday clothes."

"It looks—businesslike, doesn't it?" she smiled.

"Oh, uncommon! When did you have it done?"

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"The day before yesterday. I wanted there to be no mistake from the very first. That's the best way to prevent any unpleasantness."

"Possibly." Stillford sounded doubtful. "Going to have a notice-board, Marchesa?"

"He will hardly make that necessary, will he?"

"Well, I told you that in my judgment your right to shut it against him is very doubtful."

"You told me a lot of things I didn't understand," she retorted rather pettishly.

He shrugged his shoulders with a laugh. No good lay in anticipating trouble. Lord Lynborough might take no notice.

In the afternoon the Marchesa's guests played golf on a rather makeshift nine-hole course laid out in the meadows. Miss Gilletson slept. The Marchesa herself mounted the top of Sandy Nab, and reviewed her situation. The Colonel would doubtless have liked to accompany her, but he was not thereto invited.

Helena Vittoria Maria Antonia, Marchesa di San Servolo, was now in her twenty-fourth year. Born of an Italian father and an English mother, she had bestowed her hand on her paternal country, but her heart remained in her mother's. The Marchese took her as his second wife and his last pecuniary resource; in both capacities she soothed his declining years. Happily for her—and not unhappily for the world at large—these were few. He had not time to absorb her youth or to spend more than a small portion of her inheritance. She was left a widow—stepmother of adult Italian offspring—owner for life of an Apennine fortress. She liked the fortress much, but disliked the stepchildren (the youngest was of her own age) more. England—her mother's home—presented itself in the light of a refuge. In short, she had grave doubts about ever returning to Italy.

Nab Grange was in the market. Ancestrally a possession of the Caverlys (for centuries a noble but unennobled family in those parts), it had served for the family's dower-house, till a bad race-meeting had induced the squire of the day to sell it to a Mr. Cross of Leeds. The Crosses held it for seventy years. Then the executors of the last Cross sold it to the Marchesa. This final transaction happened a year before Lynborough came home. The "Beach Path" had, as above recorded, been closed only for two days.

The path was not just now in the Marchesa's thoughts. Nothing very definite was. Rather, as her eyes ranged from moor to sea, from the splendid uniformity of the unclouded sky to the ravishing variety of many-tinted earth, from the green of the Grange meadows (the one spot of rich emerald on the near coastline, owing its hues to Sandy Nab's kindly shelter) to the grey mass of Scarsmoor Castle—there was in her heart that great mixture of content and longing that youth and—(what put bluntly amounts to)—a fine day are apt to raise. And youth allied with beauty becomes self-assertive, a claimant against the world, a plaintiff against facts before High Heaven's tribunal. The Marchesa was infinitely delighted with Nab Grange—graciously content with Nature—not ill-pleased with herself—but, in fine, somewhat discontented with her company. That was herself? Not precisely, though, at the moment, objectively. She was wondering whether her house-party was all that her youth and her beauty—to say nothing of her past endurance of the Marchese—entitled her to claim and to enjoy.

Then suddenly across her vision, cutting the skyline, seeming to divide for a moment heaven above from earth beneath, passed a tall meagre figure, and a head of lines clean as if etched by a master's needle. The profile stood as carved in fine ivory; glints of colour flashed from hair and beard. The man softly sang a love-song as he walked—but he never looked towards the Marchesa.

She sat up suddenly. "Could that be Lord Lynborough?" she thought—and smiled.

CHAPTER III.

OF LAW AND NATURAL RIGHTS.

LYNBOROUGH sat on the terrace which ran along the front of the Castle and looked down, over Nab Grange, to the sea. With him were Leonard Stabb and Roger Wilbraham. The latter was a rather short, slight man of dark complexion; although a light weight, he was very wiry and a fine boxer. His intellectual gifts corresponded well with his physical equipment; an acute ready mind was apt to deal with every-day problems and pressing necessities; it had little turn either for speculation or for fancy. He had dreams neither about the past, like Stabb, nor about present things, like Lynborough. His was, in a word, the practical spirit, and Lynborough could not have chosen a better right-hand man.

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"They had to climb."

They were all smoking; a silence had rested long over the party. At last Lynborough spoke.

"There's always," he said, "something seductive in looking at a house when you know nothing about the people who live in it."

"But I know a good deal about them," Wilbraham interposed with a laugh. "Coltson's been pumping all the village, and I've had the benefit of it." Coltson was Lynborough's own man, an old soldier who had been with him nearly fifteen years and had accompanied him on all his travels and excursions.

Lynborough paid no heed; he was not the man to be put off his reflections by intrusive facts.

"The blank wall of a strange house is like the old green curtain at the theatre. It may rise for you any moment and show you—what? Now what is there at Nab Grange?"

"A lot of country bumpkins, I expect," growled Stabb.

"No, no," Wilbraham protested. "I'll tell you, if you like——"

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"What's there?" Lynborough pursued. "I don't know. You don't know—no, you don't, Roger, and you probably wouldn't even if you were inside. But I like not knowing—I don't want to know. We won't visit at the Grange, I think. We will just idealise it, Cromlech." He cast his queer elusive smile at his friend.

"Bosh!" said Stabb. "There's sure to be a woman there—and I'll be bound she'll call on you!"

"She'll call on me? Why?"

"Because you're a lord," said Stabb, scorning any more personal form of flattery.

"That fortuitous circumstance should, in my judgment, rather afford me protection."

"If you come to that, she's somebody herself." Wilbraham's knowledge would bubble out, for all the want of encouragement.

"Everybody's somebody," murmured Lynborough—"and it is a very odd arrangement. Can't be regarded as permanent, eh, Cromlech? Immortality by merit seems a better idea. And by merit I mean originality. Well—I shan't know the Grange, but I like to look at it. The way I picture her——"

"Picture whom?" asked Stabb.

"Why, the Lady of the Grange, to be sure——"

"Tut, tut, who's thinking of the woman?—If there is a woman at all."

"I am thinking of the woman, Cromlech, and I've a perfect right to think of her. At least, if not of that woman, of a woman—whose like I've never met."

"She must be of an unusual type," opined Stabb with a reflective smile.

"She is, Cromlech. Shall I describe her?"

"I expect you must."

"Yes, at this moment—with the evening just this colour—and the Grange down there—and the sea, Cromlech, so remarkably large, I'm afraid I must. She is, of course, tall and slender; she has, of course, a rippling laugh; her eyes are, of course, deep and dreamy, yet lighting to a sparkle when one challenges. All this may be presupposed. It's her tint, Cromlech, her colour—that's what's in my mind to-night; that, you will find, is her most distinguishing, her most wonderful characteristic."

"That's just what the Vicar told Coltson! At least he said that the Marchesa had a most extraordinary complexion." Wilbraham had got something out at last.

"Roger, you bring me back to earth. You substitute the Vicar's impression for my imagination. Is that kind?"

"It seemed such a funny coincidence."

"Supposing it to be a mere coincidence—no doubt. But I've always known that I had to meet that complexion somewhere. If here—so much the better!"

"I have a great doubt about that," said Leonard Stabb.

"I can get it over, Cromlech! At least consider that."

"But you're not going to know her!" laughed Wilbraham.

"I shall probably see her as we walk down to bathe by Beach Path."

A deferential voice spoke from behind his chair. "I beg your pardon, my lord, but Beach Path is closed." Coltson had brought Lynborough his cigar-case and laid it down on a table by him as he communicated this intelligence.

"Closed, Coltson?"

"Yes, my lord. There's a padlock on the gate, and a—er—barricade of furze. And the gardeners tell me they were warned off yesterday."

"My gardeners warned off Beach Path?"

"Yes, my lord."

"By whose orders?"

"Her Excellency's, my lord."

"That's the Marchesa—Marchesa di San Servolo," Wilbraham supplied.

"Yes, that's the name, sir," said Coltson respectfully.

"What about her complexion now, Ambrose?" chuckled Stabb.

"The Marchesa di San Servolo? Is that right, Coltson?"

"Perfectly correct, my lord. Italian, I understand, my lord."

"Excellent, excellent! She has closed my Beach Path? I think I have reflected enough for to-night. I'll go in and write a letter." He rose, smiled upon Stabb, who himself was grinning broadly, and walked through an open window into the house.

"Now you may see something happen," said Leonard Stabb.

"What's the matter? Is it a public path?" asked Wilbraham.

With a shrug Stabb denied all knowledge—and, probably, all interest. Coltson, who had lingered behind his master, undertook to reply.

"Not exactly public, as I understand, sir. But the Castle has always used it. Green—that's the head gardener—tells me so, at least."

"By legal right, do you mean?" Wilbraham had been called to the Bar, although he had never practised. No situation gives rise to greater confidence on legal problems.

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"I don't think you'll find that his lordship will trouble much about that, sir," was Coltson's answer, as he picked up the cigar-case again and hurried into the library with it.

"What does the man mean by that?" asked Wilbraham scornfully. "It's a purely legal question—Lynborough must trouble about it." He rose and addressed Stabb somewhat as though that gentleman were the Court. "Not a public right of way? We don't argue that? Then it's a case of dominant and servient tenement—a right of way by user as of right, or by a lost grant. That—or nothing!"

"I dare say," muttered Stabb very absently.

"Then what does Coltson mean——?"

"Coltson knows Ambrose—you don't. Ambrose will never go to law—but he'll go to bathe."

"But she'll go to law if he goes to bathe!" cried the lawyer.

Stabb blinked lazily, and seemed to loom enormous over his cigar. "I dare say—if she's got a good case," said he. "Do you know, Wilbraham, I don't much care whether she does or not? But in regard to her complexion——"

"What the devil does her complexion matter?" shouted Wilbraham.

"The human side of a thing always matters," observed Leonard Stabb. "For instance—pray sit down, Wilbraham—standing up and talking loud prove nothing, if people would only believe it—the permanence of hierarchical systems may be historically observed to bear a direct proportion to the emoluments."

"Would you mind telling me your opinion on two points, Stabb? We can go on with that argument of yours afterwards."

"Say on, Wilbraham."

"Is Lynborough in his right senses?"

"The point is doubtful."

"Are you in yours?"

Stabb reflected. "I am sane—but very highly specialised," was his conclusion.

Wilbraham wrinkled his brow. "All the same, right of way or no right of way is purely a legal question," he persisted.

"I think you're highly specialised too," said Stabb. "But you'd better keep quiet and see it through, you know. There may be some fun—it will serve to amuse the Archdeacon when you write." Wilbraham's father was a highly esteemed dignitary of the order mentioned.

Lynborough came out again, smoking a cigar. His manner was noticeably more alert: his brow was unclouded, his whole mien tranquil and placid.

"I've put it all right," he observed. "I've written her a civil letter. Will you men bathe to-morrow?"

They both assented to the proposition.

"Very well. We'll start at eight. We may as well walk. By Beach Path it's only about half a mile."

"But the path's stopped, Ambrose," Stabb objected.

"I've asked her to have the obstruction removed before eight o'clock," Lynborough explained.

"If it isn't?" asked Roger Wilbraham.

"We have hands," answered Lynborough, looking at his own very small ones.

"Wilbraham wants to know why you don't go to law, Ambrose."

Lord Lynborough never shrank from explaining his views and convictions.

"The law disgusts me. So does my experience of it. You remember the beer, Cromlech? Nobody ever acted more wisely or from better motives. And if I made money—as I did, till the customers left off coming—why not? I was unobtrusively doing good. Then Juanita's affair! I acted as a gentleman was bound to act. Result—a year's imprisonment! I lay stress on these personal experiences, but not too great stress. The law, Roger, always considers what you have had and what you now have—never what you ought to have. Take that path! It happens to be a fact that my grandfather, and my father, and I have always used that path. That's important by law, I dare say——"

"Certainly, Lord Lynborough."

"Just what would be important by law!" commented Lynborough. "And I have made use of the fact in my letter to the Marchesa. But in my own mind I stand on reason and natural right. Is it reasonable that I, living half a mile from my bathing, should have to walk two miles to get to it? Plainly not. Isn't it the natural right of the owner of Scarsmoor to have that path open through Nab Grange? Plainly yes. That, Roger, although, as I say, not the shape in which I have put the matter before the Marchesa—because she, being a woman, would be unappreciative of pure reason—is really the way in which the question presents itself to my mind—and, I'm sure, to Cromlech's?"

"Not the least in the world to mine," said Stabb. "However, Ambrose, the young man thinks us both mad."

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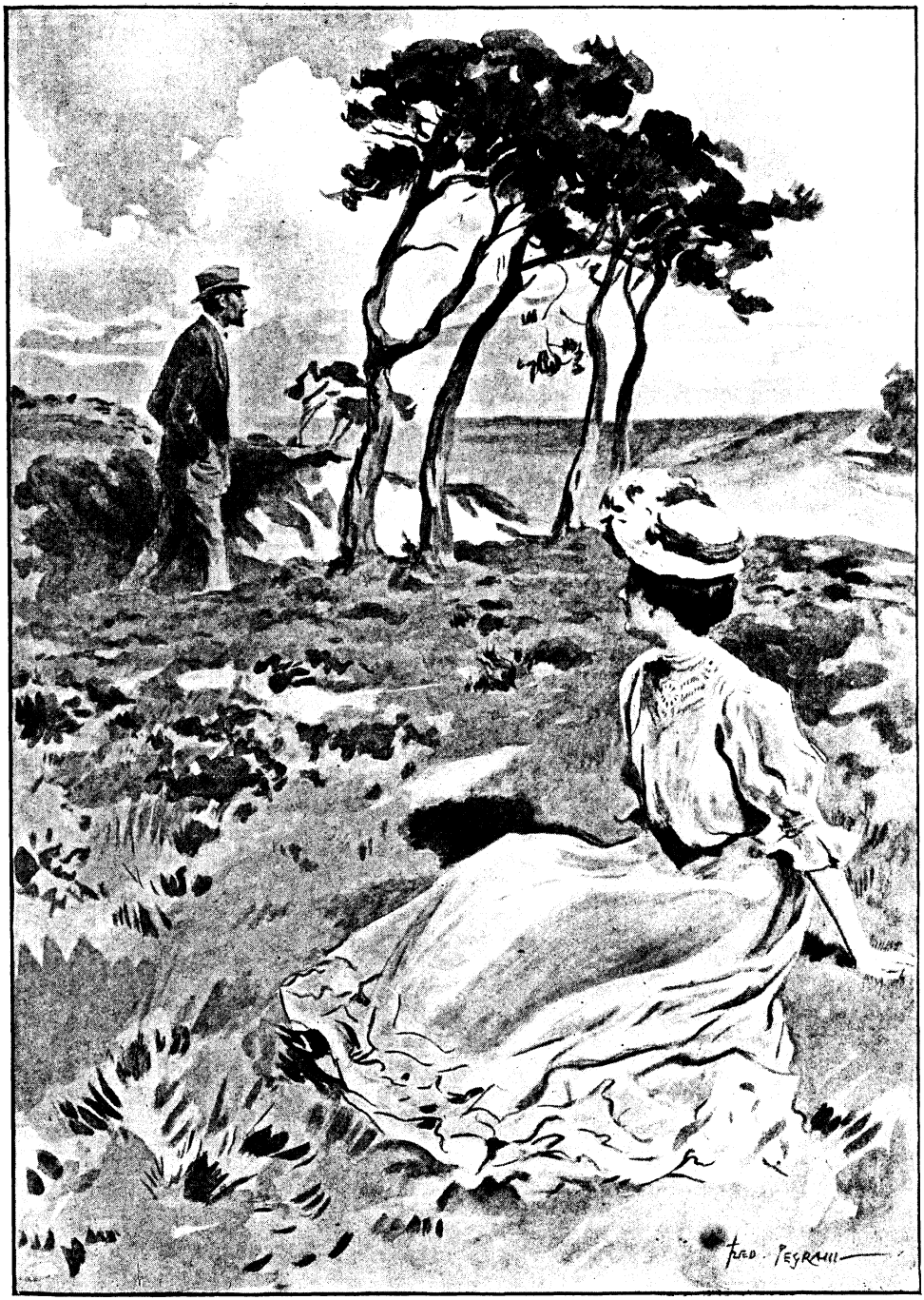

"Could that be Lord Lynborough?"

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"You do, Roger?" His smile persuaded to an affirmative reply.

"I'm afraid so, Lord Lynborough."

"No 'Lord,' if you love me! Why do you think me mad? Cromlech, of course, is mad, so we needn't bother about him."

"You're not—not practical," stammered Roger.

"Oh, I don't know, really I don't know. You'll see that I shall get that path open. And in the end I did get that public-house closed. And Juanita's husband had to leave the country, owing to the heat of local feeling—aroused entirely by me. Juanita stayed behind and, after due formalities, married again most happily. I'm not altogether inclined to call myself unpractical. Roger!" He turned quickly to his secretary. "Your father's what they call a High Churchman, isn't he?"

"Yes—and so am I," said Roger.

"He has his Church. He puts that above the State, doesn't he? He wouldn't obey the State against the Church? He wouldn't do what the Church said was wrong because the State said it was right?"

"How could he? Of course he wouldn't," answered Roger.

"Well, I have my Church—inside here." He touched his breast. "I stand where your father does. Why am I more mad than the Archdeacon, Roger?"

"But there's all the difference!"

"Of course there is," said Stabb. "All the difference that there is between being able to do it and not being able to do it—and I know of none so profound."

"There's no difference at all," declared Lynborough. "Therefore—as a good son, no less than as a good friend—you will come and bathe with me to-morrow?"

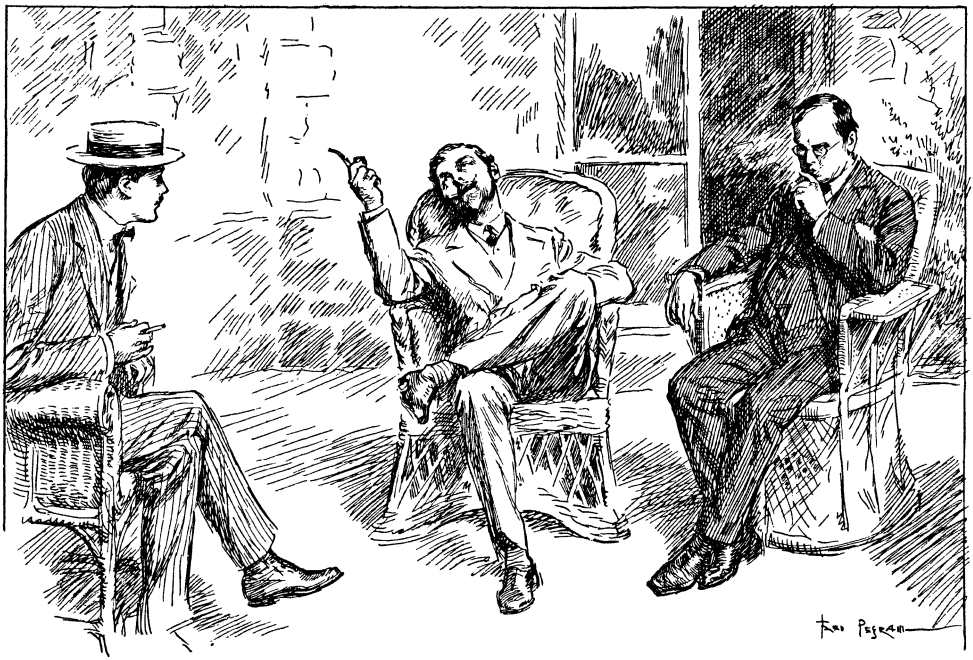
"Oh, I'll come and bathe, by all means, Lynborough."

"By all means! Well said, young man! By all means, that is, which are becoming in opposing a lady. What precisely those may be we will consider when we see the strength of her opposition."

"That doesn't sound so very unpractical, after all," Stabb suggested to Roger.

Lynborough took his stand before Stabb, hands in pockets, smiling down at the bulk of his friend.

"O Cromlech, Haunter of Tombs," he said, "Cromlech, Lover of Men long Dead, there is a possible—indeed a probable—chance—there is a divine hope—that Life may breathe here on this coast, that the blood may run quick, that the world may move, that our old friend Fortune may



"'She is, of course, tall and slender.'"

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smile, and trick, and juggle, and favour us once more. This, Cromlech, to a man who had determined to reform, who came home to assume—what was it? Oh, yes—responsibilities!—this is most extraordinary luck. Never shall it be said that Ambrose Caverly, being harnessed and carrying a bow, turned himself back in the day of battle!"

He swayed himself to and fro on his heels, and broke into merry laughter.

"She'll get the letter to-night, Cromlech. I've sent Coltson down with it—he proceeds decorously by the high road and the main approach. But she'll get it. Cromlech, will she read it with a beating heart? Will she read it with a flushing cheek? And if so, Cromlech, what, I ask you, will be the particular shade of that particular flush?

"Oh, the sweetness of the game!" said he.

Over Nab Grange the stars seemed to twinkle roguishly.

(*To be continued.*)

WAYFARER OF EARTH.

UP, Heart of mine,
Thou wayfarer of earth.
Of seed divine
Be mindful of thy birth.

Though the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To life, that set thee in such strenuous ways,
And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxurious plot.

Strong, strong is earth,
With vigour for thy feet,
To make thy wayfaring
Tireless and fleet.
And good is earth;—
But earth not all thy good,
O thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood!

And though thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Leaden upon thy heel,
Put forth thy powers!
Thine the deep sky,
The unpreëmpted blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew.
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The reinless run
Of wind and sun,
The vagrance of the sea.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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"YELLOW MARGUERITES."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ALBERT MOORE.

Reproduced from the plate published by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co., Golden Lane, E.C.

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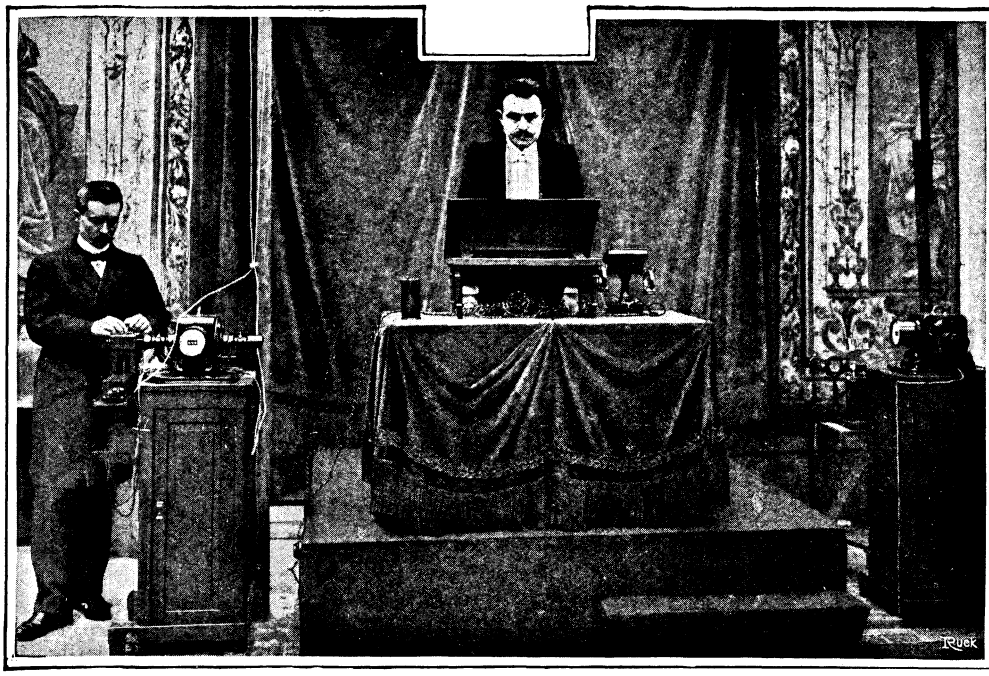

PROFESSOR KORN EXPLAINS HIS DISCOVERY.

The inventor of telephotography giving an explanatory lecture on his discovery.

TELEGRAPHING PICTURES.

AN ACCOUNT OF PROFESSOR KORN AND HIS INVENTION, TRANSLATED BY ARRANGEMENT, FROM THE ARTICLE WRITTEN BY THE INVENTOR HIMSELF.

"GIVE me a fulcrum, and I will raise the world," wrote Archimedes. Doubtless there is a great deal in what he said, but no one could put at his disposal the means for which he asked, and this, all things considered, was perhaps as well.

Less ambitious than Archimedes, I am content to say: "Give me a thousand telegraph wires, or those of the telephone, and I will enable you to see the person with whom you talk, even if he is at the other end of the world." Unhappily, I am not given them at present, and for the moment I am obliged to content myself by transmitting telegraphically such photography as I can.

Telephotography is found in the particular properties of a substance called selenium, a non-metallic element, in general chemical analogies, related to sulphur and tellurium. It was discovered by chance in 1873, when an ingenious Englishman, Willoughby Smith, who was employed in laying the submarine cable, was making some experiments. He was at the moment in need of a substance to oppose great resistance to the electric current, and he made choice of selenium, as its powers, compared to those of copper, silver, iron, etc., were known to be enormous. However, he could hardly, as he soon found out, have made a worse choice, for selenium is one of the most eccentric and most inconstant conductors in the world, giving, if used during the day, one result, and another one quite different if used during the night. Mr. May, the assistant of Mr. Smith, discovered that the resistance of selenium varied according to the amount of light to which it was exposed, and experiment showed that in light

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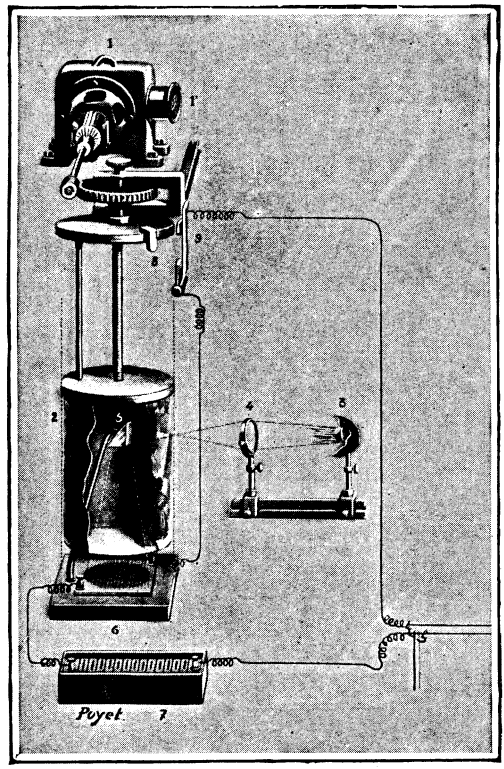
selenium is relatively a good conductor, whilst in the dark it gives much more resistance. As to the explanation of this strange phenomenon, let us frankly own that it must come from the science of the future.

One may imagine, however, how such a discovery excited the imagination of the experimenters. At once they saw the possibility of completing the telephone by an apparatus capable, so to speak, of showing the actual presentment of the person with whom one was talking at a place thousands of miles off. At first this feat appeared easy enough.

At the far end of the telephone, in a dark room, is projected, on a little disc of selenium, across which an electric current is passed, the actual image of the person. At the receiving-station, thrown upon a screen by a ray of light, more or less intense according to the intensity of the electric current sent across the disc of selenium, as it runs over the different parts of the figure at the transmitting-station, there would then appear on the screen its actual presentment. But to see this is always conditional on the operation being conducted so quickly that all the component parts of the transmitted image are retained upon the retina.



THE TRANSMITTER.

1. Electric propeller. 1A. Meter. 2. Glass cylinder which holds the roll of film. The dark chamber which it contains is shown by dotted lines. It is pierced by a small window, on which falls the light of a "Nernst" lamp. 3. The "Nernst" lamp. 4. The lens. 5. Prism reflecting the rays on the selenium. 6. Partition of selenium. 7. Electric battery whence the line starts. 8 and 9. Nozzle and interrupting service to correct the synchronisms after each turn of the cylinder.

An Invention which it was, for the moment, Necessary to Renounce.

Ah, there was a seductive programme! Think of it! To abolish absence, one of the greatest ills of our poor humanity; to be able to see, at will, the play of feature and the loving looks of those dear to us when they are far away!

But, alas! all efforts failed before two insurmountable obstacles: the impossibility to obtain simultaneousness — that is to say, absolute synchronism — between the movements of the agency at the transmitting-post and those at the receiving-post, and the impossibility of duly regulating the intensity of the light rays sent by means of the variable currents. So much depends on the currents; as these are weakened by the resistance of the selenium disc which they traverse and do not synchronise with the movements of the collecting points which pass over the original image at the despatching-station, these travel over the original image. So much variation, indeed, was found to be the case that it was practically impossible to get, at the receiving-station, an instrument at once so sensitive and so rapid as to both seize and follow the delineation and movements of the *plaques-antennes*.

This, then, is why all researches in television failed.

I understood that only one thing was wrong — that the experiment had been begun at the wrong end. It was necessary to commence by attacking the more simple side of the problem. For the difficulties are much less when it is only the question of transmitting a photograph, already taken, which is at one's service for as long a time as one wishes. If one considers that, by aid of instruments already too sensitive, six to twelve minutes were necessary for the transmission of an already existing photograph, one will understand what difficulties opposed themselves to the telephotography of real objects and, above all, to television. I set myself to work, and in three years came to the end of

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PROFESSOR KORN'S OWN PHOTOGRAPH, OBTAINED BY MEANS OF THE TELEPHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS INVENTED BY HIM.

my task. Here is a descriptive summary of my apparatus :—

Photography for transmission ought to be on transparent film, which should be rolled round a glass cylinder and shut up in a dark chamber, where it unrolls itself conformably to two simultaneous movements, one rotating round its own axis, the other of movement the length of its axis, like a screw simultaneously round and forward. This movement being regulated and made uniform by means of a small electric propeller—the speed of which can be controlled by means of a meter attached to it—the cylinder, as it revolves, presents points of the photographic film which it carries to the light by means of a little window which penetrates the dark chamber. The light traverses the photographic film, which is in quantity more or less strong, according as it passes through a part more or less transparent, and, in the interior of the cylinder, it strikes upon a prism

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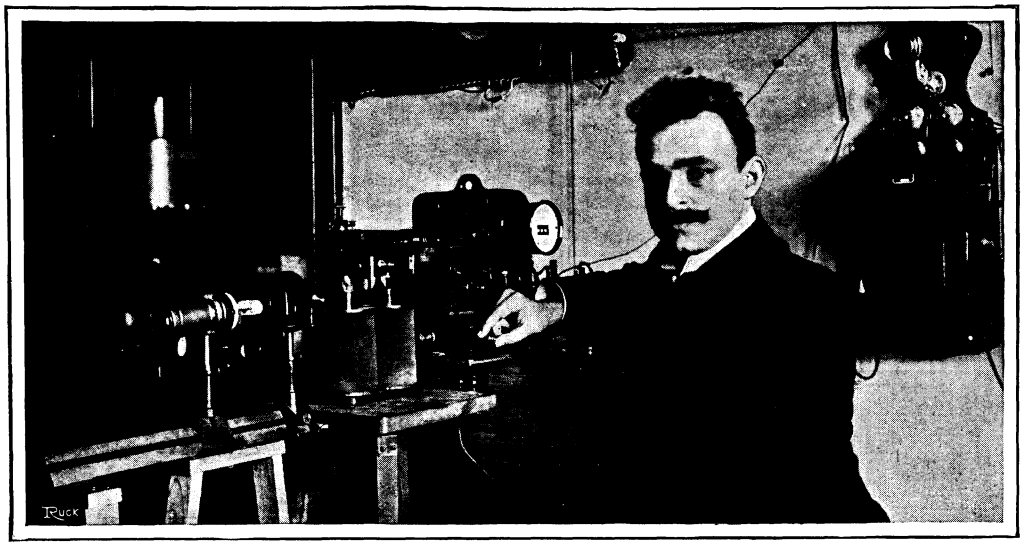

PROFESSOR KORN IN HIS LABORATORY.

It was in his laboratory at the University of Munich, of which he is a Professor, that M. Korn made those experiments which led to his discovery.

which reflects it completely on a cell of selenium placed below. This cell, hollow, with very thin partitions, and of spacious surface, on which our projected light is largely displayed, presents much less resistance to the electric current than does the little disc we spoke of at the beginning, and it is traversed by the current of a battery of accumulators. This current, the intensity of which varies according to the quantity of light falling upon the selenium, transmits itself, with the modifications stated, the length of the wires, which are connected with the receiving-station, however far off it may be established.

It is, perhaps, the establishment of this receiving-station which constituted the most difficult part of my task. The question was, to convey, in proportional quantities of light, the variations of intensity of the current received. I constructed a little instrument, called a *galvanomètre à cordes*, which was a very fine plate of aluminium ; this, placed in the manner of a covering before a window made in the side of a receiving-cylinder analogous to that used in the transmitting-station, dances before this little opening under the action of an electric magnet, allowing to penetrate to it only some variable quantities of electric light concentrated by a lens.

The Difficulties Overcome.

A sensitive film is rolled round this second cylinder and is affected proportionally to the quantity of light which reaches it. By the action of the electric rheostat, description of which would be superfluous, the two cylinders, receiver and transmitter, at the two ends of the line, turn exactly with the same movement. Thus each point of the receptive film receives a luminous impression equal to that which the same point of the transmitting negative conveys, and is reproduced in chiaro-oscuro.

But here I encountered another difficulty : the collecting points of the transmission-station do not instantaneously follow, in consequence of its variations of resistance, the variations of photographic values. In use their power of accommodation becomes obliterated, and retains, slightly, former impressions. It conveys the second impression less quickly than it does the first, and so on consecutively, so that these impressions come to hand one on top of the other, transmitting a blurred image, clouded and indistinct. In my system I have remedied this inconvenience by introducing into the telegraphic circuit, at the receiving-station, a second cell of selenium, the inertia of which brings into the apparatus the same delays, but in a contrary direction, so that the two errors neutralise each other—or, at least, approximately. When it is a question of accelerating the methods, will this compensator fulfil its functions as well as at actual speed ? If not, will it be possible to improve it ? It is there, the business of inventors, for whom the way is traced for new stages.

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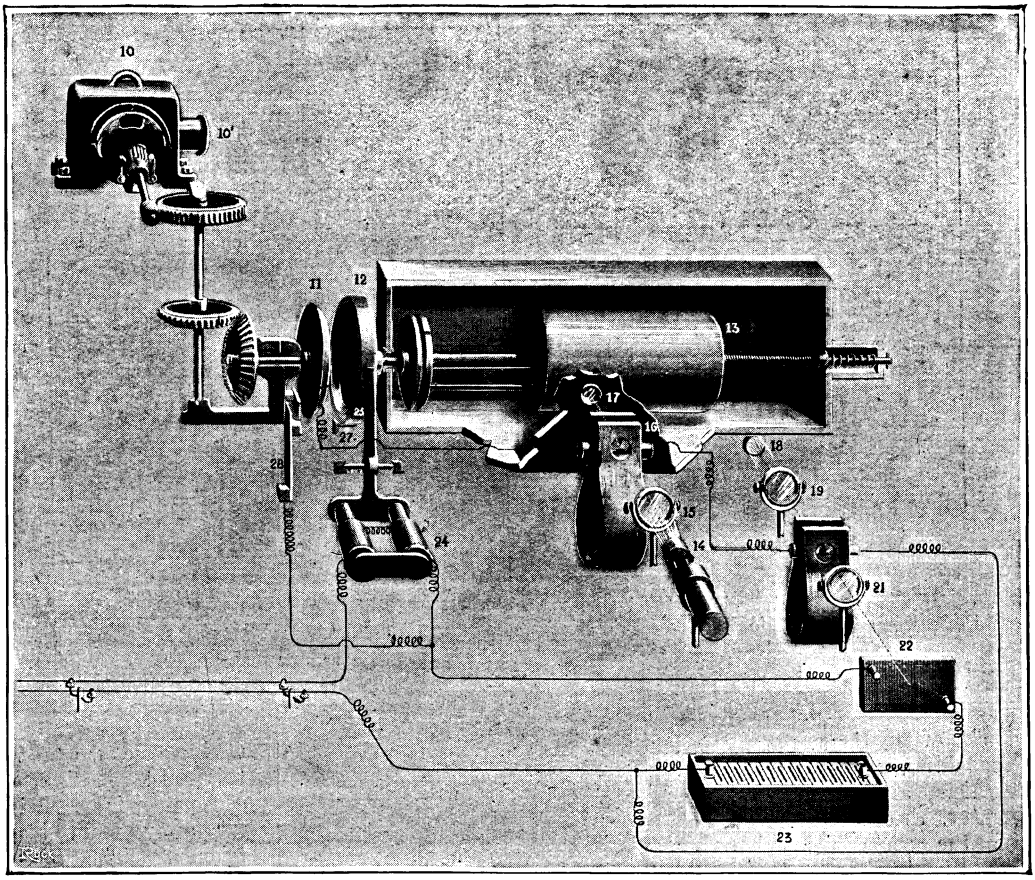

THE RECEIVER.

10 *and* 10A. *Propeller and meter.* 11 *and* 12. *Wheels, the movements of which put in motion the synchronic apparatus.* 13. *Cylinder carrying the impressionable film shut in the dark chamber.* 14. *Lamp.* 15. *Lens.* 16. *Galvanomètre à cordes which serves as "stop" to the photographer.* 17 *is where the light of the lens enters the dark chamber.* 18 *to* 22 *show details of the photographic apparatus and compensating balance.* 14, 15, 16, 17 *to* 22. *Partition of selenium (compensating).* 23. *Battery.* 24 *and* 25. *Apparatus for correcting synchronism after each revolution.* 27 *and* 28. *Nozzle and interrupter for putting the galvanomètre out of circuit during the correction of the synchronism.*

As to the results of my invention, it seems to me that they should be very numerous and important. For the illustrated papers telephotography will become an ally as precious as the telegraph and telephone are for newspapers in general. As soon as the methods have become a little more rapid, it will be possible to produce the photograph of a scene which will have taken place at the Antipodes the day before. So that, supported by actual eye evidence, the story of a journalist will become more interesting, more impressive, and more comprehensive ; and by degrees all daily papers will become illustrated ones. Another and a capital application of telephotography will be made by the police in criminal cases. Perhaps one will see, henceforth, that fewer assassins can disappear without leaving traces and remaining unpunished. The superintendents of police at the frontier stations of Feignies, d'Avricourt, etc., etc., and those at the different ports, will receive some such telegrams as the following :

"A crime has been committed this morning in Paris. The individual X is suspected and is believed to have taken flight. Watch the trains (or the embarcations) and arrest him. Herewith the portrait of the presumed culprit."

In the same manner this magazine could give its readers the features of Messrs. Jaurés, Casimir-Perier, etc., without the beard or moustaches which they have always worn ; of Messrs. Méline, Coppée, Courteline, and others, adorned contrary to their custom with ample beards ; and, in order to baffle the

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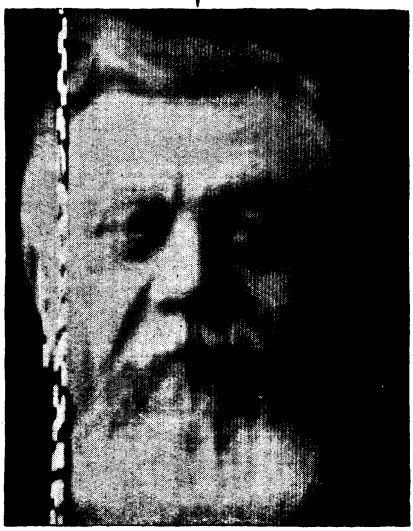
PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD VII. OBTAINED IN ELEVEN-AND-A-HALF MINUTES ON THE CIRCUIT MUNICH-NUREMBURG-MUNICH.

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT OBTAINED IN TWELVE MINUTES ON THE SAME CIRCUIT.

tricks of messieurs the assassins, absconding cashiers, and suchlike gentry, three portraits of the same person could be simultaneously sent in all directions, the first exactly as he appeared when he committed the crime, the second clean shaved, and the third with a false beard and moustache and whiskers. The police have good eyes, and, as the criminal would be travelling when his photograph was flying over the telegraph wires, he would be everywhere preceded by it, and his chances of escape would be considerably lessened, especially if stereoscopic photographs could be transmitted.



M. FALLIÈRES.

This photograph, obtained on the 1st of February during the conference with Professor Korn, on the circuit Paris-Lyon-Paris, is traversed by a black and white line, caused by twelve seconds of disturbance on the line.

From Photography to Sight at a Distance.

Outside the above applications of the discovery, how many others will crop up which we do not think of! An innocent person is arrested far away from his friends. The telephotography will restore him to liberty, hours, days, weeks sooner than before. A traveller meets with an accident and is lying on a strange hospital bed without any papers to identify him. His telephotograph published in the newspapers would appear to inform his relations and friends. Used in a similar manner, microphotographs would permit of consultation with some great medical man who lived in some distant town.

The transmission of a photographed signature might prove extremely useful, if it were accompanied, for example, by the lawyer's stamp for authentication, the transmitting-

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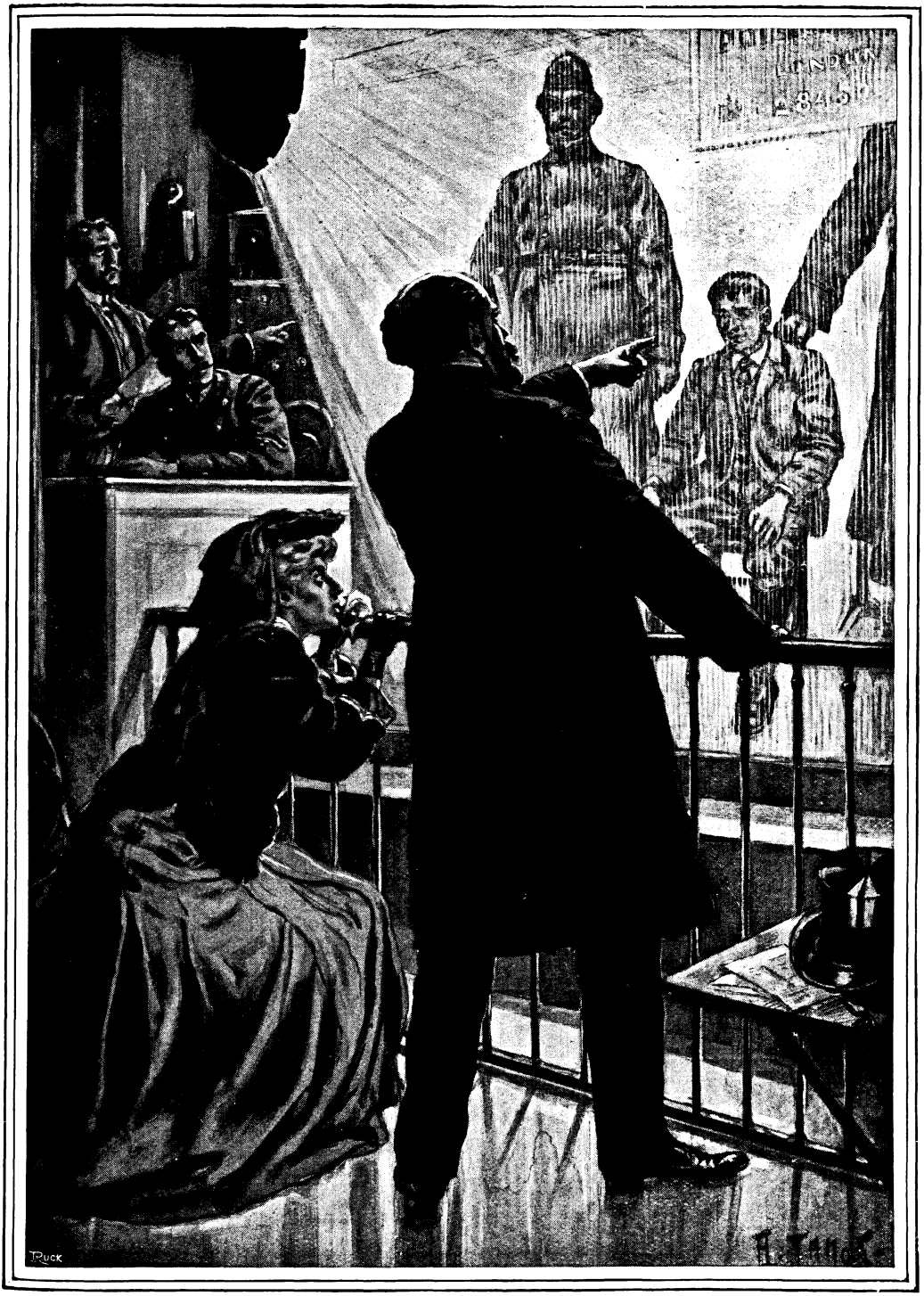

ONE OF THE GREAT USES OF THE TELEPHOTOGRAPHY

Professor Korn points out that one of the most interesting uses of his invention will be that made of it by the police. A suspicious person is arrested, a child is lost, or a vagabond is found. In a few moments a portrait can be transmitted thousands of miles for identification.

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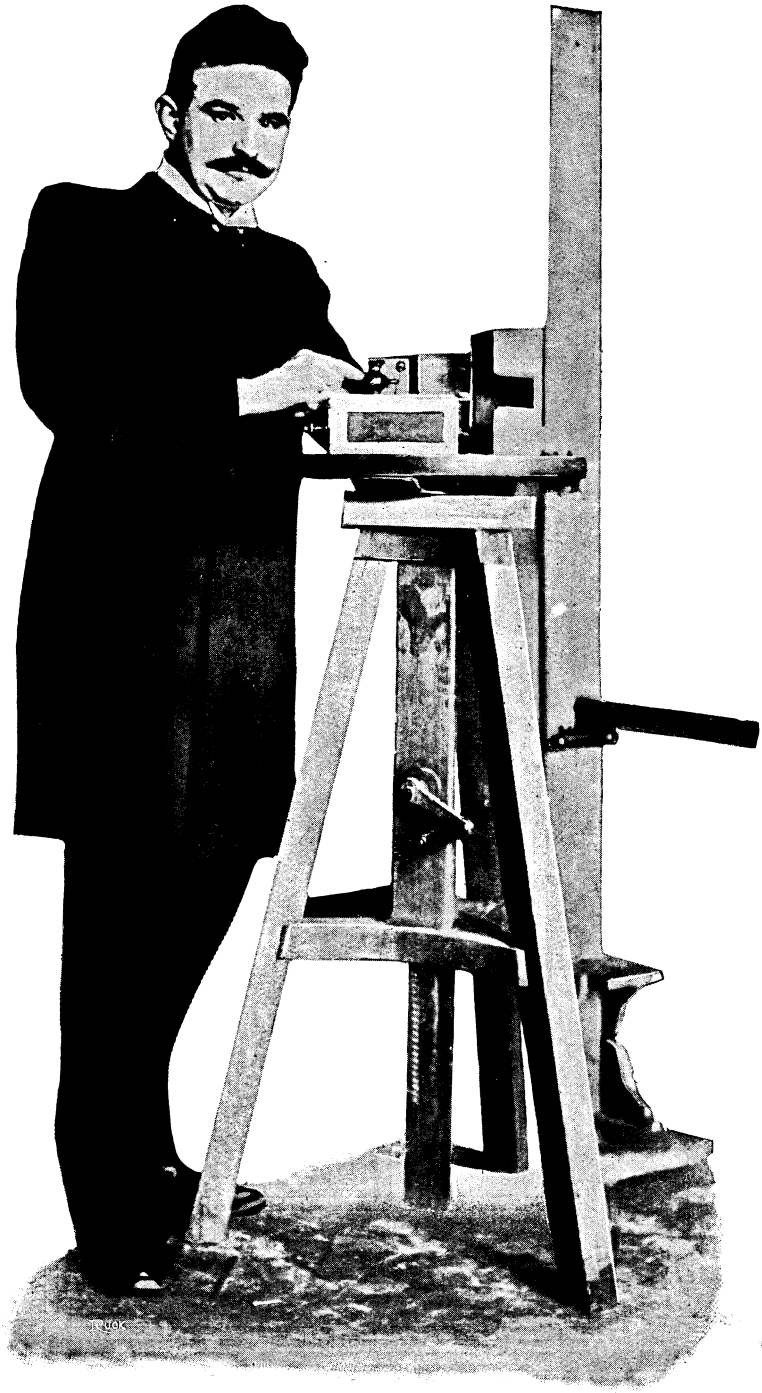

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PROFESSOR KORN LECTURING.

It was to his pupils that M. Korn first showed his invention, explaining it to them during a course of lectures at the Munich University.

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station keeping the original in order to be able to verify it.

These near realisations of telephotography excite our imagination and give us a glimpse of the much more complicated solution of the puzzle of television, as we said above. But dreams must not be allowed to hinder the march of telephotography. Let us say plainly what there is at this moment to hope for.

When one can shorten the transmission of a photograph to the third of a second instead of six minutes, television will have become possible. We shall be able to see reproductions of objects brought from very far, as we now see animated scenes on the screen of a cinematograph. If this acceleration is impossible, there will remain the resource of our making use of a great number of wires, each of which will transmit a part of the object. But let us not forget what we said at the commencement, that in the present state of our methods it will be necessary for this end to arrange for at least a thousand telegraph wires and as many transmission stations. Television is not impossible in theory. In practice it would be very costly without being capable of serious application. But we do not want that. On that day when it will be possible to accelerate our methods of telephotography by at least ten times, which does not appear to be impossible in the future, we shall arrive at television with a hundred telegraph wires. Then the problem of sight at a distance will without doubt cease to be a chimera.

Meanwhile we must be content with what we have, and must make every endeavour to perfect telephotography. We have already done something. When we were children, we were made to laugh at the simplicity of that good peasant who, wishing to send his son, an *employé* in Paris, a pair of new shoes, hooked them on to the telegraph wires with a label containing the address of the recipient, and was very much astonished at finding them the next day in the same place. Now, in a few months, this excellent man will be able to send, by this unsuspected way, his portrait to his lad. And at this thought I ask myself if I have not done harm to the progress of the scheme by assisting to revive in country places the belief in wizards.

RED ROSES.

RED roses in my hand—
On a sunny day in early June;
Roses that drooped and withered soon
As roses will, in a summer noon—
Red roses in my hand!

Red roses in my heart—
Strewing with sweetness life's long way,
Holding their fragrance, as roses may,
That keep the glory of yesterday—
Red roses in my heart!

L. G. MOBERLY.

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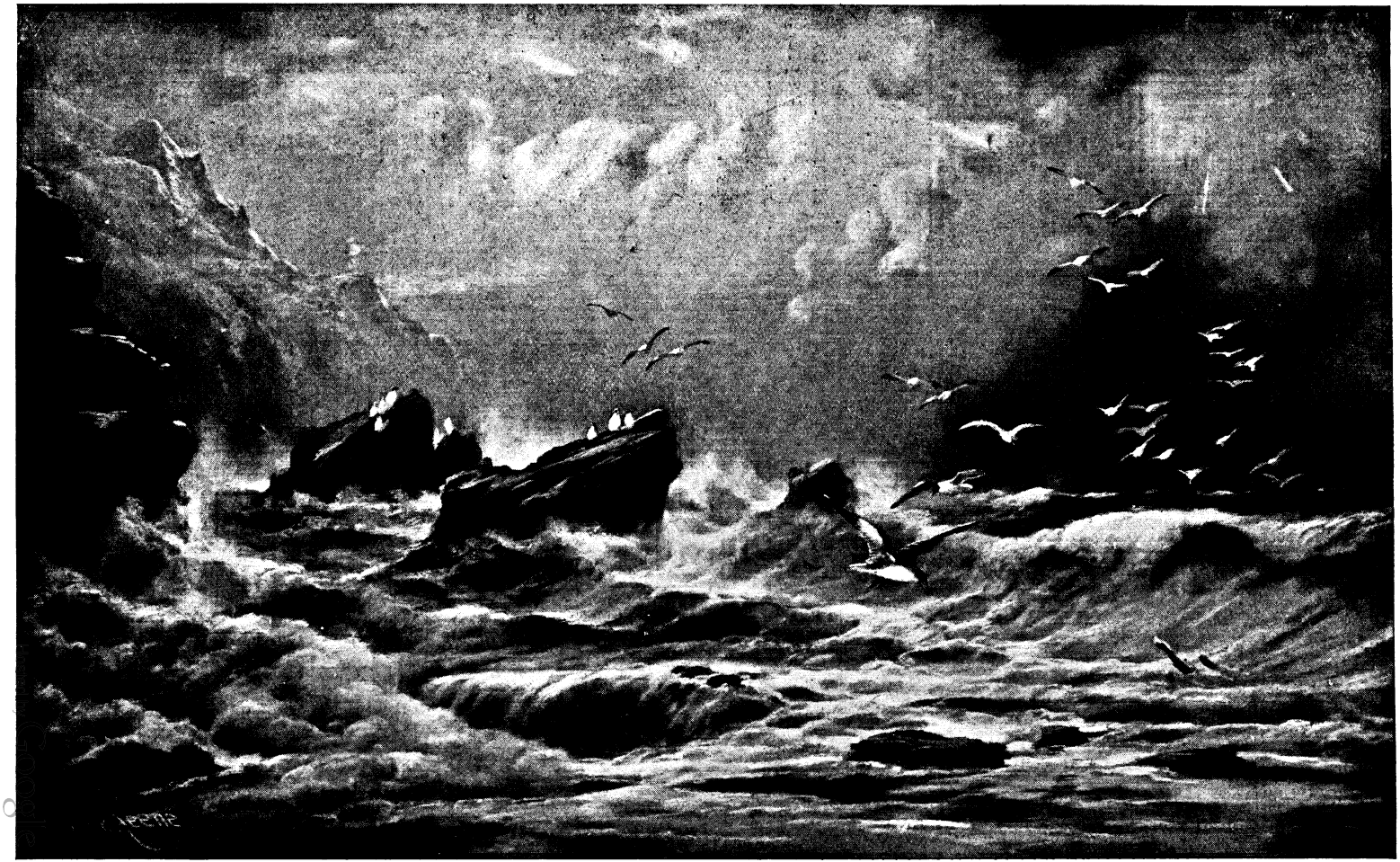

"A FLOWING TIDE." BY ELMER KEENE.

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Pugsby's Manufacture of Diamonds.

By A. W. Busbridge.

It is impossible to remain long in the presence of my friend Pugsby without being to some extent infected by the enthusiasm which pervades him, and the atmosphere all around him, for discovery, invention, and improvement. Personally I am the last man in the world to attempt to find out anything new in Nature, or to invent anything whatsoever. It will take me all my time to learn what other people have done in that line, and I am quite satisfied to leave all the new ground—as long as there is any—to more ingenious folks, and to take what benefits they give me, when they come along, without asking questions or attempting to "go one better" on my own account.

Not so Pugsby. I made a casual remark in his presence the other day as to the weather being very close and sultry. He seemed struck, as if I had said something brilliant or clever—which I am quite sure I never intended—and observing: "That's worth looking into," turned abruptly homewards. Knowing his moods pretty well, I let him go. A few days afterwards he came to me in great spirits, saying: "I have solved that problem."

"Which?" I queried doubtfully, for I had forgotten the circumstance.

"Why, what the difference is between the atmosphere on a close and sultry day, and one when it is equally hot and yet quite bearable."

"Oh!" I responded with a laugh; "but you needn't explain it to me. The experience is enough for me."

"Perhaps it is," he replied a little curtly. "But all the same, it is intensely interesting to note the minute differences in the amount of electricity with which the air is said (for want of a better term) to be charged at different times, and the effect of a cap or extinguisher of clouds in keeping down certain gases that should rise to the upper layers and form new combinations there." He was well on the way now, and could not be stopped, but I have forgotten the main points of his explanation, and I would not weary you by repeating them.

But it was of the diamond discovery, or invention, that I started to speak. Pugsby had been hard at work for a long time in secret, and I had seen very little of him; but one day towards the end of the winter of 19— he sent for me, and I knew he had something of importance to tell me. I obeyed his summons promptly, and found him in the laboratory, where he spends most of his time.

"Jackson," he said, as I advanced gingerly towards him, threading my way through what I regarded as the pitfalls of the place, "I have made a great hit."

"I am very glad to hear that," I replied. "I imagined it was something of the kind when I got your urgent message. What is it? Wireless telephony, or a cure for seasickness?"

"Ah! you are disposed to be both frivolous and incredulous, my friend," he placidly responded. "You should cultivate a little faith. But, joking aside, what do you think of these?"

To say that I was astounded would be the very exaggeration of rhetorical restraint, for "these" were such a collection of diamonds as surely few men ever had the privilege of looking upon at one time. They varied in size from minute specks to stones as large as a filbert, and there were in all, I should imagine, something like a hundred of them.

"Good Heavens, Pugsby!" I gasped, "where did you get such a magnificent collection? They must be worth a fortune." I had not the faintest idea what they were really likely to be valued at, as my experience of precious stones had been limited up to that time to the ordinary purchases that a man makes of articles of jewellery for his own wear, or as presents on auspicious occasions in the lives of his friends and relations.

Pugsby answered my last remark, and ignored for the time the question with which I had prefaced it. "They are," he said quietly; "or, rather, I have reason to hope that they will be presently.

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"Let me explain," he went on, after a pause of bewilderment on my part, and amused observation on his. "I have often told you that my method of investigation is mainly based on analysis. I discover what a certain object is composed of by taking it to pieces, as it were. Applied to substances, there is nothing strikingly novel and original about that; but I apply the principle also to processes. When I have discovered the concomitants, and the force that brings them together, I am at the secret of Nature's method of manufacture so far as it applies to inorganic things. What is there then remaining that can prevent me from producing the same results as Nature does? Nothing but my inability to combine my materials in Nature's own way. If I am unable to reconstruct after analysis, I fail. And though it seems easy enough in theory to build up what has been taken down, it is not so by any means. We have not arrived as yet at a sufficient knowledge of the forces that are in action all around us to enable us to do what we feel we ought. I have failed hundreds of times, as you know well enough, but I think I have succeeded this time. Almost succeeded, I ought to say, for I have managed to turn pieces of charcoal into these stones which resemble diamonds."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have *made* these beautiful jewels?" I interjected, ignoring his reservation.

"Yes, I do," he answered. "So far as they are made, they are of my own manufacture. But if you were to examine each one carefully, and with an experienced eye, you would see that there is a flaw in every one of them. Not one, I am sorry to say, is absolutely perfect. Even as they are, they would doubtless have a certain value in the market, but I should decidedly object to putting forth a number of imperfections. It would be altogether against my principles, and I have no doubt that in the end it would be bad policy also. Now I feel confident that my method, as far as it goes, is correct, but to conduct the final operation, specially constructed machinery is required. That machinery will be extremely costly, and I am almost at the end of my resources. So I want your advice."

I may explain that my friend was a strange mixture of thoughtless enthusiasm and caution. Without some restraint he would have spent all his patrimony on his researches and experiments; but knowing the temptation to which he was likely to give way, he had purchased an annuity of several hundreds a year with part of the fortune that an uncle had bequeathed to him. "The good dog Pugsby is well chained," he used to remark when he mentioned the subject; "for if he were not, he would certainly break loose and, being unmuzzled, become dangerous." He had never intended trying to make money for himself out of his inventions, which as a rule he had made public as soon as he had perfected them. Now I saw that unless he was to give up his most cherished occupation in life, it was necessary that he should for once take a commercial standpoint. And now I understood how it was that he had worked for so long in absolute secrecy. I did not hesitate. "You should become 'The Great Diamond Manufacturing Company, Limited,' I replied. "Capital, so much, in so many shares of £100 each. How much do you want to go on laying down your plant with?"

"Oh, I dare say £100,000," he answered.

"A mere bagatelle," I replied. "Capital, £250,000: £100,000 to be spent in developing the business; £150,000 to be paid to the inventor. Of that you will take £50,000 in cash and £100,000 in shares. And there you are, ready to go on your way inventing and rejoicing. But what is your final process?"

"Jackson," he replied, "I am not sure that I am able to tell you, or that you will understand me fully if I do. But the agglomeration of molecules which constitutes a diamond is made up by the atoms being placed together in a particular way, and by a certain defined pressure. I have discovered the general principles of the way in which they should go together, but I cannot yet apply the requisite amount of force in the right way. Specially constructed machinery will be needed for that, and it will have to be so nicely adjusted that it must be very costly. I shall require also to provide for a closer assimilation to the action of the inert forces of the earth in the earlier stages of the work than I have yet been able to accomplish."

I pretended to understand, but I am bound to admit that his remarks had little meaning to me. If I had not seen the first-fruits of his experiments, I should have been very doubtful of his ultimate success. But if a man could do so much, how could I question his ability to do more? Yet more than once in the conversation that ensued I urged him to rest satisfied with his achievement, and realise a handsome sum for himself by selling the stones as they were. On

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"In the laboratory, where he spends most of his time."

this, however, he was adamant. Faulty stones were already plentiful enough, he declared, and a few perfect ones would be better than many with flaws in them. So we finally decided that the firm of Dawkins and Edelstein, well-known as financiers and promoters of companies, should be invited to take the matter in hand and start the new diamond company with such a title as should seem good to them. As I had some knowledge of the law (having been designed for the Woolsack by a pair of sanguine parents, and kept in the backwaters of the profession by a calm and contented disposition, a comfortable income, and no great liking for hard drudgery, to say nothing of a lack of the necessary intellectual qualifications), I undertook to conduct the introductory correspondence and arrange an interview.

It need hardly be said that Messrs. Dawkins and Edelstein were quite prepared to take

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all the necessary steps, and only required to be convinced that my friend's claims were genuine. After a few letters had passed, an interview was arranged, and the agents wrote to say that their manager, a Mr. Green, would call at Pugsby's house on the following Thursday afternoon. Thursday consequently found me in my friend's little den, a room on the second floor adjoining his laboratory on one side, and containing one window looking out southward over the road to Sellington Station, about a mile and a half away, and one eastward commanding a view of the great highway and the land sloping away to Sandybeach, the well-known seaside resort, distant about six miles. Mr. Green had arranged to be at Smethbourne (perhaps I have omitted to say that this is the name of our rural retreat) at about 4.30, and he proposed to catch a fast train at Sandybeach at 7.0. He did not disappoint us in one respect at least, for it was scarcely half-past four when his cab came into sight on the main road, and a few minutes later he was ushered into the room.

"Ah, shentlemen," he remarked, "I am delighted that I find you bot' here and ready for business. It haf gifen me some fear that one of you could perhaps by such brief notice be discomposed."

We both concealed as well as we could our surprise at hearing a foreign accent from a gentleman with so English a name as Green, but our visitor remarked our embarrassment and seemed highly amused. He was good enough to explain that he was a German who had lived many years in London, and that when he became naturalised he had changed his name from Grünstein to Green. "I did tink," he added, "I could not vell become Mr. Greenstone." There was a *bonhomie* and charm about the old fellow's manner (he seemed to be about sixty) that rendered reserve impossible, and we were soon chatting on the subject of his visit as if we had known each other for years.

Pugsby gave him information as to the process of the manufacture up to the point at present reached, in fuller detail than I can attempt to reproduce, and at length he drew out the drawer containing the precious product of his research and skill.

"*Ach! Gott im Himmel!*" burst from Mr. Green's lips as he saw the sparkling heap. "Pardon, my friends, that I tumble into the *Deutsch*. Your poor tongue is all not enough. You have really all these stones made? For true?"

"Yes, certainly," said Pugsby, with a quiet smile; "I could not otherwise have hoped to possess so many."

"No, truly," said Mr. Green, who, as his wits returned, seemed more capable of taking the commercial view once again. "But it will be needful that someone prove that. None will believe on the mere word even of a so honourable man. I doubt not—but the shareholder! He is by his nature suspicious, and must see either with his own eyes or with someone else's. Can you in one hour make me shoost von leetle stone? Zen I shall tell all the people vith money, and all vill be vell." Mr. Green's German accent and use of German construction in his sentences seemed to ebb and flow with the pressure of his feelings. I noted it as a peculiarity at the time, and determined to study the point as opportunity should offer in the days to come.

"I cannot produce a diamond at all in that brief time," said Pugsby, "or I should swamp the market in a week. But I can show you the various stages of manufacture in the laboratory. I have already arranged all the details possible so that you may see for yourself, as the showmen say, that there is absolutely no deception. But if you should require to examine all the steps and actually see me make them, I am afraid that I should be compelled to ask you to remain here for a very considerable time. The fact is, that I began on all the stones you have seen, and took them to what I may call the fourth stage, before I had found out how to go further. Then, when I had made the next step secure, I was able to go on with all of them, and they are now awaiting the final process."

"*Ach!* Zo," said our visitor, "vill you then be so good and take me to see the so interesting factory that you have here?"

Pugsby rose and led the way to the laboratory. Mr. Green and I followed, talking somewhat excitedly of the prospects of the venture. My friend was soon hard at work doing something to the machinery, and quite oblivious to everything else that might be going on around him. He used to say that the habit of concentration and withdrawal from the ordinary surroundings of life was one of the most valuable assets of an inventor; but what he called concentration, some irreverent folk would be inclined to describe as absent-mindedness. Still, as he had no wife, that mattered very little, I used to tell him.

Just what conversation passed between Mr. Green and myself while we were waiting

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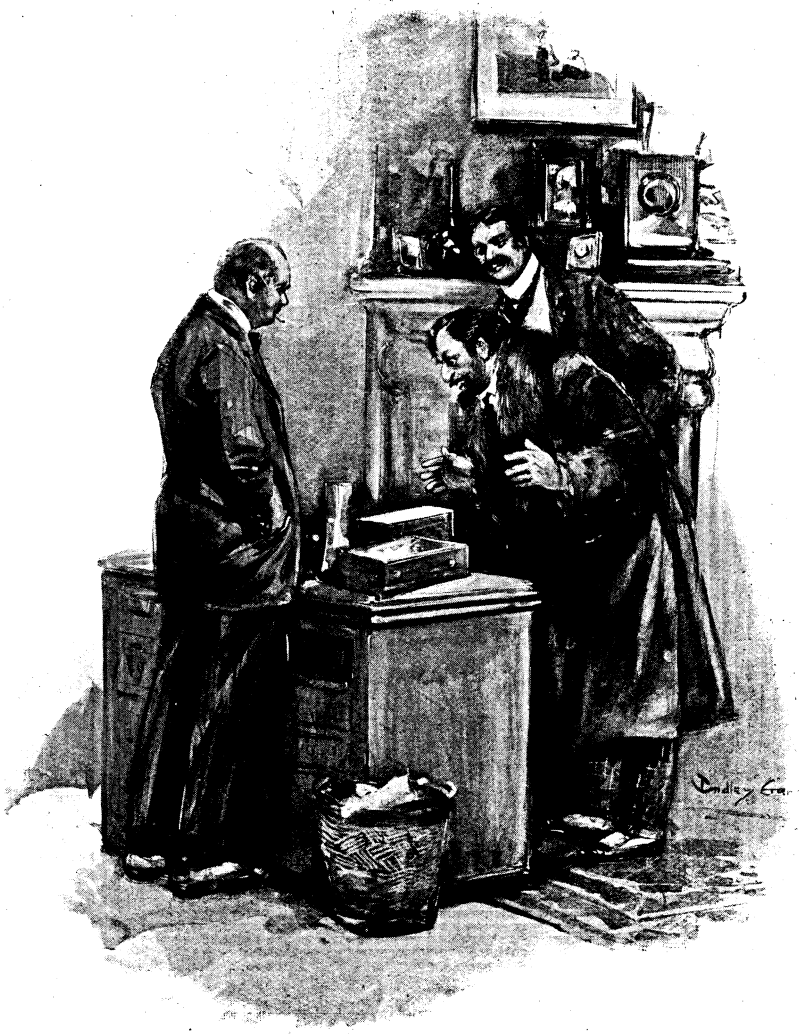

"'*Ach! Gott im Himmel!*'"

for the curtain to be drawn up, I do not well remember, and I doubt not that it was of little importance. But I particularly noticed the keenness of our guest in looking out in what I thought trifling matters for evidence of the inventive skill of Mr. Pugsby.

He excused himself with what I told him was quite unnecessary vigour for his curiosity, and at the same time remarked that it seemed very strange in such a place to see only the ordinary locks on the doors. It gave me great pleasure to be able to assure him that this was by no means the case, and as Pugsby seemed likely still to keep us waiting for some little time, I took him back to the door by which we had entered the laboratory—the only one, by the way—and pointed out his error. Between the den and the laboratory there were two doors, one of the ordinary kind, and the other a baize-covered screen to keep out the draught. I explained to him that the lock on the first-named, innocent as it looked, was of a peculiar construction. The key was on the side of the den, and I showed him that one turn locked it in the ordinary way, while a second shot two bolts, something like those in the doors of fireproof safes, into niches at the top and bottom of the framework surrounding the door. Sliding the knob to the left, I pointed out, would lock these bolts in their places, and pushing the little button on the

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underside of the lock to the right would put the hinges of the door out of gear. The baize-covered screen which was on the laboratory side had no fastenings at all.

By this time I observed that Pugsby seemed to have finished his preparations and to be ready for us to examine his processes. When we came up to him, he had a small piece of charcoal in his hand.

"This is the raw material," he said. "The diamond consists of pure carbon crystals, and my process is to disintegrate this charcoal, drive out that which is not carbon, crystallise the remainder, and then build up the diamond with those crystals. You are no doubt aware, Mr. Green, that science declares that there are interstices between the molecules which make up even the hardest and most solid substances in Nature. The diamond is no exception to that rule, but its particles are placed nearer to each other than those of any other known object. I have produced the crystals, but at present, though I am quite confident that I know how it should be done, I have not the means to apply the proper amount of force to the particles to make them cohere. The stones I have made are faulty, not because I have put the atoms together incorrectly, but because I have not the means to force them quite close enough to each other without crushing them."

Mr. Green showed a deep interest in the subject. "But," he said, "can you not show us some of dese performances?"

"Oh, yes," replied my friend; "that is exactly what I have brought you here for." He proceeded to set some machinery in motion by moving several levers. "This piece of charcoal," he said, "is now to be disintegrated." He placed it in a kind of mortar, and there was a sound of grinding, mingled with a simultaneous outbreak of sneezing on the part of Mr. Green. "*Ach!*" he exclaimed, "it is ze d-d-diamond dust. It is snuff of precious stones. . . . It vill soon pass. . . . No, it stop not. . . . I vill mine *Taschentuch bringen*. . . . I haf him . . . in mine overcoat left . . . in the anteroom."

He walked quickly away, and just then Pugsby asked me to hand him something that he wanted. I ought perhaps to have accompanied Mr. Green; but, after all, he was not a guest, and was only present on business, where the ordinary rules of politeness need not be punctiliously observed, and so I let him go alone. Pugsby seemed to be rather dissatisfied with the performance of the machine he was working, and, after his usual custom, was entirely engrossed in his occupation. I doubt whether he had noticed the absence of the third party at all, till at length he looked up and declared that the first portion of the entertainment was over, and he was prepared to go on to the next step and show a very small portion of the second process.

"Wait a moment," I said. "Mr. Green has gone out to get his handkerchief, as the dust set him sneezing. He ought to have been back before this, though," I added. "I will go and see what has become of him."

I started off, pulled open the baize door, and tried to do the same with the other, but it was fast locked! "Pugsby," I shouted, "we are locked in!"

My friend would not believe it at first, but it was even so. The intelligent foreigner had apparently made off, no doubt taking the diamonds with him from the other room. I never was the calm philosopher that Pugsby could be on occasion, and I raged and raved for a time, and relieved my feelings a little by calling myself all the fools in Christendom for letting it be done. The inventor sat down and laughed.

"What!" I shouted, "can you take a loss like that as if it were but a few pieces of glass that he had taken?"

"Why," he replied, "surely I can make another batch?"

"Don't be too sure of that," I retorted. "You may depend, he is only one of a powerful gang, who will take precious good care, one way or another, that you do not, unless they can be certain of getting hold of what you produce."

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "the first thing to do is to get out. That is perhaps not so difficult as our friend calculated on its being."

He went to the other end of the room, and immediately returned with a winchlike instrument, which he applied to an iron nut or screw by the side of the door. "If you will give me a hand with this," he went on, "we shall soon be on the other side."

We turned away in good earnest, and the framework of the door parted at the top, and the whole thing gradually slid down through a kind of enlarged slot. "This is better than going out of the window and down a rope," he added, "for the landing-place at the bottom is not quite so pleasant as it might be." (It was the nettly bank of a moat, in fact.) "It is quicker, too," he went on cheerfully, "than my fire-escape arrangement, which has got a little rusty, so that the iron ladder does not unfold easily in

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"'What does it mean?'"

answer to the pulls of the levers. And it is more certain in its operation than the use of my improved parachute would be, for that is only constructed to carry my weight, and in a wind like the present is apt to take you a little farther than you wish to go. Some day I shall succeed in guiding it."

By this time the doorway was open, and we lost no time in ascertaining that our visitor was in fact a thief. The diamonds had vanished, and although we knew Mr. Green could not be far away, we recognised that a start of ten minutes in a rural district in the dusk of a February evening was no mean advantage. He had probably had a swift motor-car in waiting not far off, and by this time was several miles away on his road to safety.

Of course, we took immediate steps to inform the police and set the sleuth-hounds of the law on the track of our genial friend; and we had a coadjutor which I, at any rate, had for the time overlooked. By means of various mechanical devices of my friend's, cinematographic pictures had been taken of the interview, and a phonographic record was also registered of the conversation, without either Mr. Green or myself being aware of anything unusual going on. Best of all, the final secret photographic record showed our middle-aged gentleman hurriedly taking off his grey beard and moustaches, and his wig, and revealing the features of Robert Grindleton, a man well known to the police, suspected among other things of that famous theft of the Earl of Arktown's jewels on board a Channel steamer, but never proved to have done anything against the law. We were unable to trace him on that night, for he made his way (by means of a motor-cycle, we

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afterwards learned), not to some little country station, but straight to London, a distance of some sixty miles. He had not counted on Pugsby's automatic recording angel, and he was arrested the next day at Cannon Street Station, where he was booking for Paris—no doubt with the idea of getting rid of some of his booty.

Grindleton was brought before the magistrates at Ashton and committed for trial at the Assizes in March. The jewels had not been found, but the evidence was too clear to be disputed, and the accused man did not, indeed, attempt any defence at the time. Much interest was exhibited in the case, as it was the first time that records of phonographs and moving pictures had been accepted as evidence in a court of law. When confronted with these, the prisoner was utterly confounded, and he admitted his guilt. But he declined to say how he had succeeded in personating the real Mr. Green, and we could only surmise that some confederate must have been introduced into Messrs. Dawkins and Edelstein's office, who arranged it so that our "Mr. Green" should come to Smethbourne a day earlier than the real one intended doing. The letter I received was a typewritten document, and the signature was forged. The office copy in the firm's letter-book gave Friday as the day of the visit, and the confederate must have seen to it that another was posted instead of the original.

When the Assizes came, Grindleton was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and we were extremely glad to find that it was not necessary to go into details as to the origin of the jewels. Our acquaintance was then taken to London, where he received a further sentence of seven years for the other affair of the Earl of Arktown.

It was not till then that he gave information where the stones were. He had left them at the parcels' office at the railway station in the name of Barton, and in giving this news he said: "I don't see handing those little things to a railway company; and as they won't keep them for me till I come out, Mr. Pugsby may as well have them. He is a decent sort of a chap, and next to keeping them myself, I would rather he got them back."

Naturally we were jubilant at the prospective recovery of the treasure, and it was not long before we were at the office asking for Mr. Barton's luggage. There were many formalities, but eventually we walked away bearing with us a small leather case. On the way down Pugsby carefully opened the case in the railway carriage to see that the stones were all right.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated, shaken out of his usual serenity by the sight that met his gaze. "What on earth has happened?" There, laid out on a plush-lined case, were a number of lumps of charcoal.

"What does it mean?" I whispered.

"Mean?" he repeated. "Why, this is what it means. My invention is useless. I can make charcoal look like faulty diamonds for a few days or a few weeks, but there is some flaw in my methods, and exposure to the action of certain gases that exist in the atmosphere, or in some place where these stones have been, dissolves the crystals and reduces them once more to the material from which they were made."

Our journey was not a very lively one. Pugsby was not open to receive consolation from me, and what, indeed, could I offer? But as we neared our destination, I asked him whether he thought the action of the gases he had spoken of was applied to the carbon itself or to any mixture which I understood him to say he added to the disintegrated charcoal before the actual crystals were produced. That set him on the path of inquiry, and he was less downcast for the rest of the time we were together.

About a week afterwards he was quite himself. He had worked it all out, and the joy of having a problem to solve had taken away the depression induced by his failure. He had made up his mind, he said, on the facts he had discovered, that the production of artificially made diamonds was impossible. There was one factor he had overlooked—I could never quite comprehend what it was—but as he declared it made it futile to pursue the matter further, he gave up the attempt, and "The Great Diamond Manufacturing Company, Limited," was never formed. Nor did the facts ever leak out, for Dawkins and Edelstein kept their own counsel, as behoved confidential agents. And as for Grindleton, he died in gaol before the year was out.

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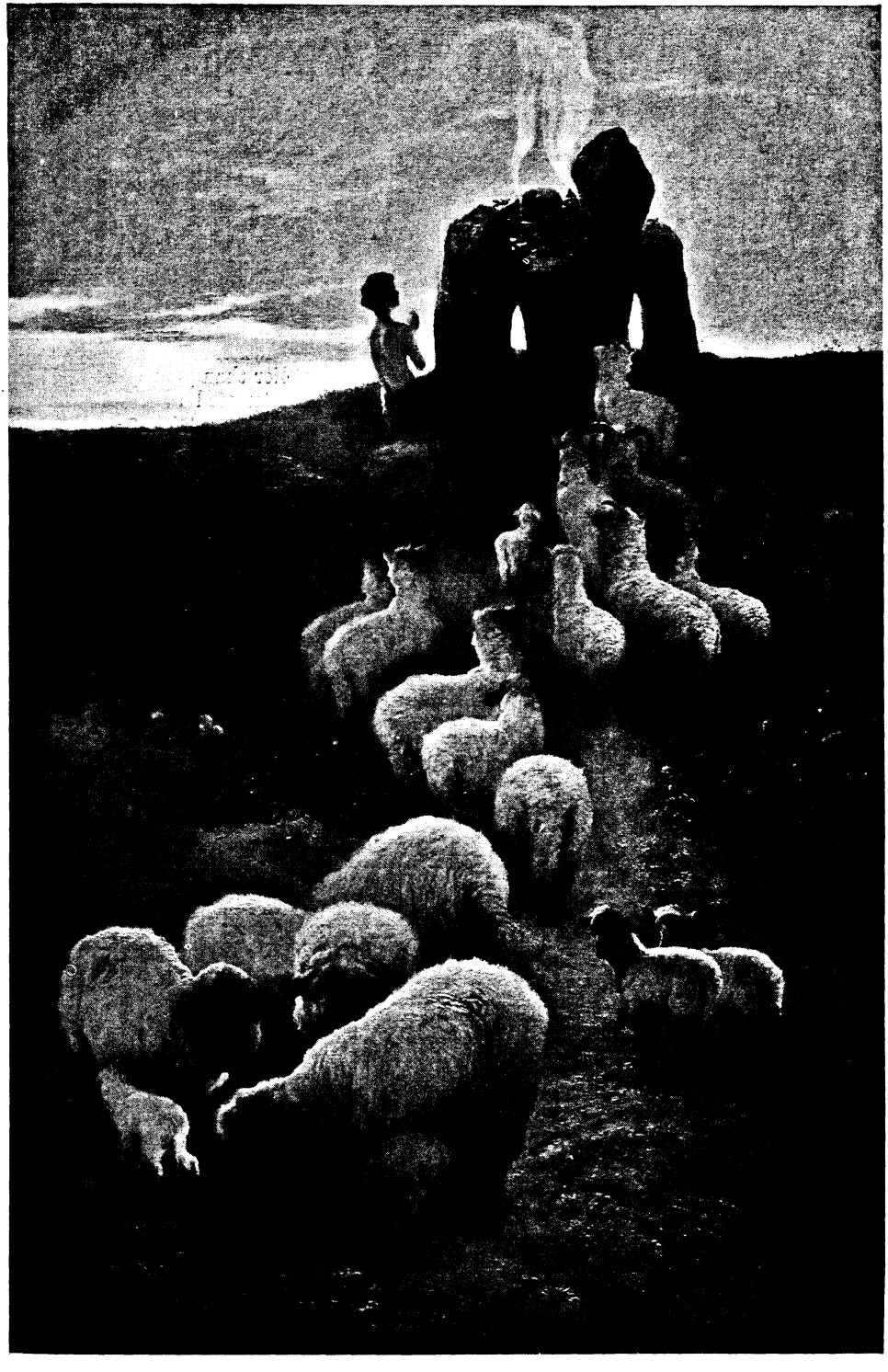

"THE FIRST SACRIFICE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

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PETERS, DETECTIVE.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

EING from the first the chum and friend of Peters, I can tell about his curious ways better than anybody. In fact, we shared our pocket-money, which is always a great sign of friendship; and it was understood that if ever I get into trouble when I grow up, and am accused of murder or forgery, or anything like that, which does often happen to the most innocent people, Peters is going to give up anything he may be doing at the time, and devote his life to proving me not guilty.

I remember well the day he came. I was in the big schoolroom at the fire, roasting chestnuts and talking to Gideon; and Westcliffe and Fowle were also there. The Doctor came in with a new boy and said—

"Ah! There are some of the fellows by the fire, Peters."

Then he called out to Westcliffe and me and said—

"Westcliffe and Maydew, this is Peters. Make him welcome, and if there are chestnuts going, as I suspect, share them with him."

Then the Doctor went off to have some final jaw with the mother of Peters; and Peters came down the room and said "Good evening!" in a very civil and quiet tone of voice.

He was thin and dark, and when he warmed his hands at the fire, it was easy to see the light through them. He also had a pin in his tie in the shape of a human skull, about as big as a filbert nut, with imitation ruby eyes.

We asked him who he was, and he said he came from Surrey, and that his father had been a soldier, but was unfortunately dead. His name was Vincent Peters.

Then Westcliffe, who is a silly ass, and only in the lower fifth, though quite old—and, in fact, his voice has broken down—asked Peters the footling question he always asks every new boy.

He said: "Would you rather be a greater fool than you look, or look a greater fool than you are?"

Of course, whatever you answer, you must be scored off. But young Peters seemed to know it. Anyway, instead of answering the question, he asked another. He said—

"Would you rather be uglier than you look, or look uglier than you are?"

Gideon was interested at this, because it showed at once Peters must be a cool hand.

"What are you going to be?" Gideon asked; and then came out the startling fact that Peters hoped to be a detective of crime.

"If you go detecting anything here, you'll yet your head punched," said Westcliffe.

"I may or I may not," answered Peters. "But it's rather useful sometimes to have a chap in a school who has made a study of detecting things."

"You can begin to-night, if you like," I said, "because Johnson major's bat was found to have seven tin-tacks hammered into it last week, when he took it out of the case to give it a drop more oil; and if you find out who did that, I've no doubt that Johnson major will be a good friend to you—him being in the sixth and captain of the first eleven at cricket."

"I don't know enough about things yet," answered Peters. "Besides, you have to be sure of your ground. In detecting, you may make friends, or you may not; but you will make enemies, to a dead certainty. In fact, that's the drawback to detecting. Look at Sherlock Holmes."

"That's only a yarn," said Gideon.

But Peters wouldn't allow this. He evidently felt very deeply about Sherlock Holmes.

"He is founded on fact—in fact, founded on thousands of solemn facts," said Peters. "The things he does are all founded on real crimes, and if anybody is going to be a detective, he can't do better than try to be like Sherlock Holmes in every possible way."

The tea-bell rang about this time, and Peters sat next to me and told me a good deal more. He said he was very thankful that he was thin, like Holmes, and wiry, and had a beak-like nose. He asked me if he had piercing eyes; and I could honestly say

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"'Would you rather be a greater fool than you look, or look a greater fool than you are?'"

that they were pretty piercing. Then he brought out a picture of Sherlock Holmes, which he always carried, and showed me that, with luck, when he grew up, he ought really to be very much indeed like the great Holmes.

He was learning to play the violin also—not because he liked it, but because of the importance of doing it in moments of terrible difficulty. He said that it soothes the brain and helps it to do its work—but not so much while you're learning. He said that after he had thoroughly mastered one of the favourite pieces of Holmes's, he should be satisfied, as there would never be any occasion for him to play more than one piece.

Chaps liked Peters very fairly well. He was a good "footer" player, and very good

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at outside right. He was fast, and told me that speed often made all the difference to the success of a criminal case. Pure sprinting had many a time made all the difference to Holmes. Peters didn't know much in the way of learning, but he dearly liked to get hold of a newspaper and read the crimes. He didn't find out about Johnson major's bat, however; but he said it wasn't a fair test, because he never heard clearly all that went before the crime. A few small detections he made with great ease, and found the half-crown that Mathers had lost in the playground. This he did by cross-questioning Mathers, and making him bring back to his mind the smallest details; and then Mathers remembered turning head over heels while only touching the ground with one hand, to show how it could be done. And on the exact spot, in some long grass at the top of the playground where he had performed this feat, there was the half-crown. Mathers offered Peters sixpence on the spot, but Peters said it was nothing, and wouldn't take any reward.

He generally knew by the mud on your boots which of the walks you had been, and he always could tell which of the masters was taking "prep" before he went into the room, by the sounds or silence. He also had a very curious way of prophesying by certain signs if the Doctor was in a good temper or a bad one. He always knew this long before anybody else, and it was a very useful thing to know, naturally.

But Peters did not really do much till his own guinea-pig was found dead in its lair, about half-way through his second term at Merivale. He did not care for animals in a general way, excepting as helping to throw light on crime; which, it seems, they are very much in the habit of doing, though not intentionally. But this particular guinea-pig was far from a common creature, being a prize Angora pig, and having been given to Peters during the Christmas holidays by a friend of his dead father. It had long hair, and looked far more like one of those whacking chrysanthemums you see than a guinea-pig. It was black and yellow, and had a round nose like a rabbit, and seemed so trusting and friendly that everybody liked it. One other boy—namely, James—had a guinea-pig also, because these were the days before we took to keeping lizards and other things in our desks—which was discovered by a dormouse of mine coming up through the inkpot hole in my desk under the Doctor's nose, and so giving itself away. And though the pig of James was a good white pig, with a black patch on his right side and one little dab of yellow fur where his tail would have been if he had had one, yet, compared to the guinea-pig of Peters, he was nothing. James, however, didn't mind the loss of admiration for his pig, and he offered Peters to let the pigs live together, which would be better for both of them, because a guinea-pig is the most sociable thing in Nature, and is known well to pine, and even die, if kept in single captivity. But Peters had a secret fear that the pig of James was not sound in its health. He told me that he had made a most searching examination of James's pig, and discovered a spot of pink skin on its chest. He said it might be nothing, but, on the other hand, it might be some infectious disease. Also James's pig was inclined to go bald; so he thanked James very much, and said he thought that if the pigs saw each other through the bars from time to time, it would be all they wanted to brace them up and cheer them. But he thought, upon the whole, they had better not meet.

James didn't like this. He was rather a rum chap in many ways, but very good at English grammar and chemistry; and he had invented a way of cribbing, while a master was actually in the room, that many copied afterwards. James got rather rude about the guinea-pig of Peters, and seemed to think in some way that it was the pig, and not Peters, that had decided not to live with his pig.

He said one day, when looking at the champion pig: "I suppose the little beast thinks it's too big a swell to live with my honest, short-haired pig. All the same, if they had a fight, I know which would jolly well win."

"So do I," said Peters. "If a race-horse had a fight with a cart-horse, the cart-horse would win. This is not a prizefighting pig."

Bray was there and said the same. He, of course, understood all about prizefighting, owing to his brother being runner up in the "middleweights" at the amateur championship of the Army; and he said that if these pigs fought, the superior weight of James's pig behind the shoulder would soon settle it. Besides, of course, the other one's hair streamed all over it like a Skye terrier's. You could see at a glance that it was never born to be a fighter.

"However, if you want a fight," said Peters, who was always cool and polite, owing to copying Sherlock Holmes—"if you want a fight, James, I can oblige you."

They were both fourteen-and-a-half, and

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James was a lot fatter, but not so tall as Peters.

"No," said James, "I don't want to fight. I didn't mean anything of the sort."

"I may be able to get you a guinea-pig like mine next holidays," said Peters; "and if I can, I will."

"I don't want it," said James. "I don't care about these guinea-pigs that look like penwipers gone mad. I'd rather have mine."

This, of course, was mean and paltry jealousy, and we rotted James till we rather got his wool off.

A week afterwards the champion pig was found dead on its back, with its paws in the air and its eyes open, but dim. They had a look of fright in them; and it was very interesting indeed, this happening to Peters, because it would be sure to show if his detective powers were really worth talking about.

Of course everybody said it must be James, and James said, and also swore, that it was not.

Peters told me privately that he was trying to keep a perfectly open mind. He said there were many difficulties in his way, because in the event of a human being dying and being found stark, you always have a *post-mortem*, followed by an inquest; whereas, with a mere guinea-pig, belonging to a boy in a school, there is not enough publicity. He said that up to a certain point publicity is good, and beyond that point it is bad. Sherlock Holmes always set his face against publicity until he'd found out the secret. Then he liked everybody to know it, though often not until the last paragraph of the story. That showed his frightful cleverness.

I said: "I suppose you will ask yourself: 'What would Holmes do if one evening, while he was sitting improving Watson, there suddenly appeared before him a boy with a dead guinea-pig?'"

And Peters said: "No. Because a guinea-pig in itself would not be enough to set the great brain of Holmes working. If there were several mysterious murders about, or if there had been some dark and deadly thing occur, and Holmes, on taking the pig into his hand and looking at it through his magnifying-glass, suddenly discovered on the pig some astounding clue to another fearful crime, then he would bring his great brain to work upon the pig; but merely as a guinea-pig suddenly found dead, it would not interest him. In my case it's different. The pig was a good deal to me; and this death will get round to the man who gave me the creature, and he'll be sure to think I've starved it, and very likely turn from me, and being my godfather, that would be jolly serious. In fact, there are several reasons why I ought to find out who has done this, if I can."

I said: "It may be Fate. It may have died naturally."

He admitted this. He said: "That's where a *post-mortem* would come in, if it was a human being. Of course, Holmes never did *post-mortems* himself, that not being his work; but I've got to make one now. It may or may not help me."

He made it, and it didn't help him. My own opinion is, he didn't much like it and hurried it a good deal. He said there was no actual sign of violence on the surface of the guinea-pig, and the organs all seemed perfectly healthy. But when I asked him what they would have looked like if they hadn't been healthy, he avoided answering, and went on that the pig's inside ought to have been sent up to Somerset House for examination by Government officials, in a hermetically sealed bottle. Peters rather believed that the public has a right to demand this service for the stomachs of friends if foul play is suspected; but not in the case of a domestic beast like a guinea-pig.

So the pig was buried, and not until then did Peters really seem to set to work. The actual horror of the death gradually wore off, and he told me that he should now seriously tackle the case.

There was a most unusual lack of clues, he said; and he pointed out that even Sherlock Holmes could do nothing much until clues began to turn up. Peters warned me against always taking it for granted that James had done it. In fact, he said it was very unlikely to have been James, just because it looked so likely.

I said: "That may be the way Sherlock Holmes talks; but it seems to me to be rather footle."

And he said: "No, Maydew; it isn't footle; it is based on a study of the law of probabilities. If you read accounts of crime, you will see that, as a rule, the person who is suspected is innocent; and the more he is suspected, the more innocent he is."

I said: "Anyway, James has changed. He's gone down four places in his class, and lost his place in the second 'footer' eleven also. There's something on his mind."

"Yes," said Peters, "that's true. Everybody believes that he killed a valuable guinea-

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pig, and treats him accordingly. That is quite enough to send him down four places in the class; but if he had killed the guinea-pig, he would have brazened it out and have been prepared for this, and taken very good care not to show what he felt."

"In fact, you don't think he killed the pig," I said.

And Peters said he didn't think James had; but he was keeping an open mind.

Then came the most extraordinary clue of the ten-shilling piece. Happening to go to his desk one day between schools for toffee, Peters found in it a bit of paper tightly screwed up. He opened it and discovered in it no less than a gold ten-shilling piece; and on the paper, printed in lead pencil, were these words:

"FOR ANUTHER GINNEA-PIG."

He said nothing to anybody but me; but he seemed to think that I was a sort of a Dr. Watson in my way; besides, it simplified the workings of his mind to talk out loud; so he showed me the clue and then asked me what I thought. I had rather picked up his dodge of talking like Sherlock Holmes, so I said—

"The first question is, of course, to see what is the date on the half-quid."

I thought this pretty good; but Peters said that this was not the first question, and didn't matter in the least.

He said: "My dear Maydew, the money is nothing; the paper in which it is wrapped up is everything."

So I turned to the paper.

"What does it tell you?" he asked.

"It tells me that some utter kid did it," I said, "for he can't spell 'another' and he can't spell 'guinea-pig.'"

But Peters smiled and put the points of his fingers together like Sherlock Holmes.

"My dear Maydew," he said, "might not that have been done on purpose?"

Then I scored off him.

"It is just because it might have been done on purpose," I said, "that I think it was done accidentally."

He nodded.

"Of course, it may be the work of a kid," he admitted. "But, on the other hand, it may be a subterfuge. Besides, no kid would have killed my guinea-pig. Where's the motive?"

"The great thing is that you've got half-a-sovereign, and we share pocket-money," I said.

"From one of these men Pratt's father bought quite a new sort of pencil-sharpener."

But he attached little importance to that, except to say the half-sov. wasn't pocket-money, though I might have half.

"Now examine the paper," he went on.

I did so. It was a sheet of one of our ordinary lined copybooks, used for dictation, composition, exercises, and suchlike.

"Evidently torn out of one of the copybooks," I said.

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"Exactly; but which one?"

"Ask me another," I said. "You'll never find that out."

He smiled and arranged his hands again like Holmes.

"I have," he said.

"Then you know?"

"On the contrary, I know nothing."

"It wasn't James's book?"

"It wasn't. The first thing was to find a book with a sheet torn out. I tried twenty-five books, and seven had pages torn out. But James's book had not. Then judge of my surprise, Maydew, when, coming to my desk for the form of the thing, and looking at my own exercise-book, I found a sheet was torn out; and this is it, for the tear fits!"

"What frightful cheek!" I cried out.

"I don't so much mind that," said Peters; "but the point is that, splendid though this clue seems to be on the surface, I can't get any forwarder by it. In fact, it may be the act of a friend, and not a foe."

"What would Sherlock Holmes do?" I asked; and Peters gave a sort of mournful sound and scratched his head.

"I wish I knew," he said.

II.

GIDEON was helpful in a way, but nobody could make much of it. Gideon said that it was conscience money, and was often known to happen, especially with the Income Tax; because people, driven to desperation by it, often pay too little, and then, when things brighten up with them afterwards, it begins to weigh on their minds if they are fairly decent at heart, and they remember that they have swindled the King and been dishonest; and so they send the money secretly, but, of course, are too ashamed to say who they are.

I asked James if he had sent the money, and he swore he hadn't; but he did it in such an excitable sort of way that I was positive he had. Peters wouldn't believe or disbelieve. He went quietly on, keeping an open mind and detecting the crime; and when the truth came to light, Peters was still detecting.

But in the meantime happened the mystery of the pencil-sharpener, and the two great mysteries were cleared up simultaneously, which Peters says is a common thing. You couldn't say that one cleared up the other, but, still, it did so happen that both came out in the same minute.

There was a boy whose name was Pratt, and his father was on the Stock Exchange of London. This father used to go out to his lunch, and at these times he saw many curious things sold by wandering London men, who are too poor to keep shops, but yet have the wish to sell things. These men stand by the pavement and display most queer and uncommon curiosities, such as walking spiders and suchlike; and once from one of these men Pratt's father bought quite a new sort of pencil-sharpener of the rarest kind. It was shaped like a stirrup, and cut pencils well without breaking off the lead.

After a good week of this pencil-sharpener, Pratt found it had been stolen out of his desk, and he told Peters about it, and Peters took up the case. I asked him if he was hopeful, and he said that there was always hope; but he also said rather bitterly that it was curious what a frightful lot of hard cases he had had since coming to Merivale. He said it was enough to tax anybody's reputation, and that each case seemed more difficult than the last.

I reminded him of one or two rather goodish things he had done in a small way, but he said that as yet he had not really brought off a brilliant stroke.

A week went by, and then Peters came to me in a state of frightful excitement.

"The pencil-sharpener!" he said.

"Have you got a clue?" I asked. But he could hardly speak for excitement, and forgot to put his hands like Holmes, or to try and arrange a "far-away" look on his face, or anything.

"Not only a clue," he said. "I know who took it!"

"This will be a great score for you when it comes out," I said.

"You swear you won't breathe a word?" he asked.

And I swore. Then he whispered the fearful news into my ear.

"The Doctor's taken it!" he said.

"He never would," I answered. "Pratt is positive that he left it in his desk."

"It is a case of purloining," said Peters; "and I wish it had happened to anybody else but the Doctor. It's rather terrible in its way; because if he once gets this habit and yields to temptation, with his unlimited power, who is safe?"

"It's much more a thing Browne would have done," I said, meaning a particularly hateful master who wore pink ties and elastic-sided boots.

Then Peters explained that when alone in the Doctor's study, waiting to give a message to Doctor Dunstan from Mr. Briggs, he

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chanced to look about, and saw on the mantelpiece Pratt's pencil-sharpener and a pencil in course of being sharpened. The Doctor had evidently put them down there and been called away and forgotten them.

"What did you do?" I inquired of Peters.

"Well, Maydew," he said, "I asked myself what Sherlock would have done"—in confidential moments Peters sometimes spoke of the great Holmes as "Sherlock"—"and I remembered his wonderful presence of mind. He would have struck while the iron was hot, as the saying is, and taken the pencil-sharpener there and then."

"By Jove! But you didn't?" I said.

For answer Peters brought the pencil-sharpener out of his waistcoat pocket.

"Are you positive it's Pratt's?" I asked.

"Absolutely certain," he said. "It has the words 'Made in Bavaria' upon it; and, of course, this is a frightfully delicate situation to be in for me."

"Especially if the Doctor asks for it," I said.

"He won't dare," answered Peters; "but I've got a sort of strong feeling against letting anybody know who has done this. On one or two occasions, I believe, Holmes kept the doer of a dark deed a secret—to give him a chance to repent. It seems to me this is a case when I ought to do the same."

"If the Doctor cribs things, I don't see why you should keep it dark," I said; and Peters treated me rather rudely—in fact, very much like Holmes sometimes treats Watson.

"My dear Maydew," he said, "the things you don't see would fill a museum."

"Anyway, you'll have to give Pratt back his pencil-sharpener," I said; and he admitted that this was true. The only thing that puzzled him was how to do it.

But, after all, Peters didn't puzzle long. He was thinking the next morning how to return the pencil-sharpener to Pratt in a mysterious and Sherlock Holmes-like way, when just after prayers the Doctor stopped the school and spoke. He said—

"Boys, I have lost something, and though an article of little intrinsic worth, I cannot suffer it to go without making an effort to regain it. I say this for two reasons. The first and least is that the little contrivance so mysteriously spirited from my study is of the greatest service to me; while the second and important reason your own perspicuity may perhaps suggest. Things do not go without hands. Somebody has taken from my study what did not belong to him: and somebody, therefore, at this moment moves among you with an aching heart and a wounded conscience. Let that boy make his peace with God and with me before he closes his eyes; and that no doubt or ambiguity may obscure the details of this event, I will now descend to particulars.

"Not long ago, a kindly friend conveyed to me a new form of pencil-sharpener, which he had chanced to find exhibited in a stationer's shop at Plymouth, our great naval port. Knowing that my eyesight is not of the best, he judged this trifle would assist me in the endless task of sharpening pencils, which is not the least among my minor mechanical labours. And he judged correctly. The implement was distinguished by a great simplicity of construction. It consisted, indeed, of one small piece of metal somewhat resembling the first letter of the alphabet. I last saw it upon the mantelpiece in the study. I was actually using it when called away, and on my return forgot the circumstance. But upon retiring last night the incident reverted to memory while divesting myself of my apparel, and so indispensable had the pencil-sharpener become to me that I resumed my habiliments, lighted a candle, and went downstairs to seek the sharpener. It had disappeared. Now, yesterday several boys came and went, as usual, through the precincts of my private apartments. Furthermore, the Greek Testament class will recollect that we were engaged together in the evening from seven until eight o'clock. I need say no more. The loss is discovered and the loss is proclaimed. I accuse nobody. Many things may have happened to the pencil-sharpener, and if any boy can throw light upon the circumstance, let him speak with me to-night after evening chapel. I hope it may be possible to find an innocent solution of my loss; but if one of you has fallen under sudden temptation, and, attracted by the portability and obvious advantages of the instrument, has appropriated it to his own uses, I must warn him that my duty will be to punish as well as pardon. The hand of man, however, is light as compared with the anger of an outraged Deity. If a sinner is cowering among you at this moment, with my pencil-sharpener secreted about his person, let that sinner lose no time, but strengthen his mind to confess his sin, that he may the sooner turn over a new leaf and sin no more."

Then he hooked it to breakfast, and I spoke to Peters. I said—

"This is pretty blue for you."

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But he said, far from it. He said—

"On the contrary, Maydew. It's blue for the Doctor; and it shows—what he's always saying to us himself, for that matter—that if you do a wrong thing, you've nearly always got to do another, or perhaps two, to bolster up the first. He has told a deliberate, carefully planned lie—and a barefaced lie, too; because he must know that he stole the thing out of Pratt's desk. Anyhow, my course is clear."

I said I was glad to hear that, because it didn't look at all clear to me. Then Peters said—

"I, personally, have got nothing to do with the Doctor's wickedness in the matter. In my opinion that is Pratt's affair."

But I felt pretty sure Pratt wouldn't bother about it.

"Anyway," said Peters, "I now return Pratt his pencil-sharpener, and there my duty as the detective of the case ceases."

So the first thing after morning school we went to Pratt, and Peters put on his Holmes manner and said—

"Well, Pratt, no news of the missing pencil-sharpener, I suppose?"

And Pratt said: "Mine or the Doctor's?"

And Peters said: "Yours."

"Yes, there is," said Pratt. "I found it in my lexicon three days ago. I'd marked a word with it and clean forgotten. So that's all right."

"Not so right as you might think," I said.

But Peters kept his nerve jolly well, and, in fact, was more like Sherlock Holmes at that terrible moment than ever I saw him before or after.

"'I must warn him that my duty will be to punish as well as pardon.'"

"I'm glad it's turned up," said Peters, "and I hope the Doctor's will."

Then he and I went off, and I congratulated him.

"You've got a nerve of iron," I said.

"Yes," he said, "and I shall want it."

Then he told me there was nothing like this in Sherlock Holmes, and that the whole piece of detective work was a failure, and a very painful failure to him.

"I don't mind the licking, and so on," he said, "but it's the inner disgrace."

"It was a very natural mistake," I said, to cheer him up.

"Yes," he said; "but detectives of the first class don't make natural mistakes—nor any other sort, either. It's the disappointment of coming such a howler over a simple felony that is so hard. At least, of course, it's not a felony at all."

"All the same, it can't be helped, unless you chuck away the pencil-sharpener and sit tight about it," I said.

"No, Maydew. Of course, I could evade the consequences with ease, if I liked. But I have decided to give this back to the Doctor and tell him the whole story," said Peters.

"Sherlock Holmes would never have done that," I said.

"No, he wouldn't," admitted Peters. "Because why? Because he'd never have been such a fool as to be deluded by a false clue."

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"Well," I said, "if you take my advice for once, you'll do this: You'll leave that thing on the Doctor's desk in a prominent place next time you're in there alone, and you'll bury the rest in your brain. What's the sense of going out of your way to get a licking?"

"If I told him the truth, I don't believe he would lick me," said Peters. But I jolly soon showed him that was rot.

"My dear chap," I said, "you go to the Doctor and say: 'Here's your pencil-sharpener, sir; I saw it on your mantelpiece, and thought you'd stolen it from Pratt, who has one exactly like it. So I took it to give to Pratt, but his has turned up since.' Well, what would happen then? Any fool could tell you."

All the same Peters went up next day at the appointed time, and, curiously enough, James was in the study waiting for the Doctor too. The muddle that followed was explained to me by Peters afterwards.

He and James began to talk; then James said to Peters: "I am here, Peters, about a very queer and sad thing, and it is evidently Providence that has sent you here now."

And Peters said: "No, it isn't. I am here about a very queer thing too, and it may also turn out to be sad—for me."

Then James, who was excited to a very great amount, said these strange words: "I had come to confess that it was me killed your guinea-pig. I couldn't hide it any more. It's haunting me—not the pig, but the killing of it. I hoped, and even prayed in my prayers, that you might detect me, but you didn't. Then I wrote home for ten shillings for a debt of honour, and put it in your desk, and disguised the writing and spelling. And now, as you are here, I confess it openly to you that I killed your beautiful, kind-hearted pig, and I hope you'll forgive me for doing a beastly, blackguard thing. And if you can't forgive it, I'll tell the Doctor and get flogged rather than go on like this; because it's haunting me."

Peters said: "How did you do it?"

And James said: "With poison from the laboratory."

And Peters was so much rejoiced when he heard this that he forgave the worm, James, on the spot.

"That is where sending the stomach to Somerset House would have come in!" said Peters; "but as I was not in a position to do this, I do not feel the slur of not having discovered you were the criminal."

He forgave James freely. Then he said; "You may be amused to know that I am also here about a crime. I thought I'd found one out, and, instead of that, I've jolly well committed a crime myself."

Then he told the story of the pencil-sharpener to James, and showed James the pencil-sharpener to prove it. James actually had the pencil-sharpener in his hand, when who should come in—not the Doctor—but the matron, with the extraordinary news that the mother of Peters was just arrived and had to see him at once! This was so surprising to Peters that he went straight away to the drawing-room and left the pencil-sharpener with James; and in the drawing-room were the Doctor and Peters's mother, who, after all, had merely come to tell him that his uncle was dead. But far more important things than that happened in the study, because when Peters arrived to see his mother, the Doctor, having said something about bearing the shocks of life with manly fortitude, went off to his study, and there, of course, was James waiting for him.

And what James did, we heard afterwards. First, on thinking it over, he began to doubt why he should confess about the guinea-pig to the Doctor, now that Peters had utterly forgiven him. And he speedily decided that there was no occasion to do it. But then, out of gratitude to Peters, he determined to carry through the delicate task of getting the pencil-sharpener back to the Doctor. And he did. He told the Doctor that he had taken the thing, because he thought it was Pratt's. He said he felt sure Pratt must have left it in the study by mistake. But he didn't say anything about thinking the Doctor had stolen it, and, in fact, was so jolly cunning altogether that he never got into a row at all. The Doctor ended up by remarking that Pratt's having one was a curious coincidence, and he said to James: "As for you, boy James, you stand acquitted of everything but too much zeal. Zeal, however——" and then he talked a lot of stuff about zeal, which James did not remember.

I said privately to Peters afterwards—

"How would Holmes have acted if this had happened to him?"

And Peters said: "For once I can see as clear as mud what Sherlock would have done. He would have said: 'I think in this extraordinary case, Watson, we may safely let well alone.'"

And that's what Peters did.

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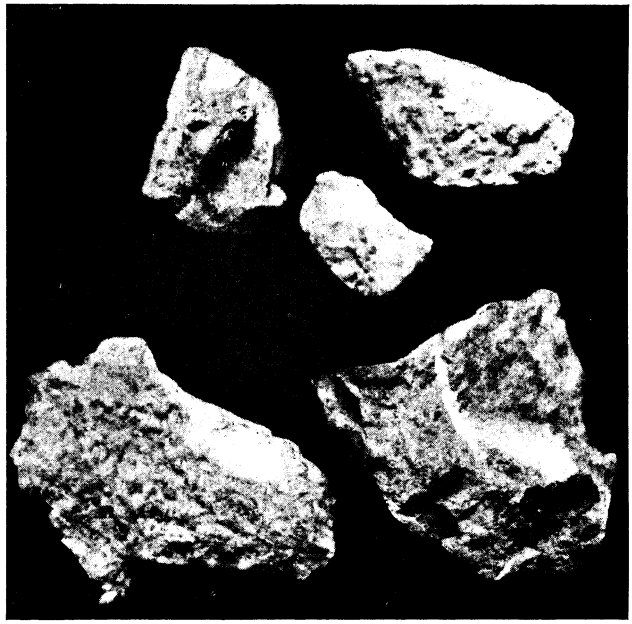
THE TURQUOISE MINES OF PERSIA.

BY E. C. RINGLER THOMSON.

EVERYONE interested in precious stones probably knows that the only turquoise mines in the world worth the name are situated in the Persian Province of Khorasan. These mines are not worked by the Persian Government, but are farmed out, like the taxes, to private individuals, who usually object to visitors, as possible spies seeking to injure them. In 1895, however, the mines were leased in partnership by an influential chief and a banker at Meshed, both of whom happened to be well disposed and under some obligations to our Government, and gladly furnished me with a letter to their superintendent on the spot, directing him to show me all there was to be seen, and to render me every possible assistance. Armed with this order, I set out from Meshed with eight servants, eleven animals, and three tents, and crossing the Binalud range of hills by a pass 9,000 feet above sea-level, reached the mines in three days.



PIECES OF ROCK SEAMED WITH TURQUOISE.

I had on the last morning sent my orderly ahead to apprise the superintendent of my approach, and, according to etiquette, he should have come out to meet me. But on arrival at the village I found it apparently deserted, and not a soul but the orderly waiting to receive me. He explained that the Háji (for so the superintendent was called, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca out of his *savings*) had given him rather a cavalier reception, and had not even been courteous enough to send a man, as he had requested, to point out a suitable site for my camp. This did not surprise me in the least, as Persian officials are always impracticable at first. Dignity is to them as the breath of their nostrils, and they invariably commence by riding the high horse with a European and trying how far they can get the upper hand of him; but they are quite easily suppressed, and afterwards become docile, and even grateful, for the humiliation they have gone out of their way to provoke. The Háji was a relative of one of the lessees, and was, I had heard, puffed up with pride, so I knew beforehand that I should have to bring him to his bearings, or my visit would prove a failure. Having a very shrewd suspicion that he and his followers were watching me in trepidation from behind doorways, I simply remarked, in an audible voice, that I should certainly be compelled to burn the Háji's father (a terrible threat in Persia), and that meantime I must select a camp-ground for myself. I then moved off, and, finding no other level place, commenced to pitch my tents in the middle of the main road at the entrance to the village. A ragged servant of the Háji's now appeared and offered to lead me to a charming spot, but I sent him about his business, and said I would stick to the high-road. Presently a well-dressed servant arrived and, with much bowing and scraping, invited me to deliver to him the letter for his master, but I ordered him off also, and told him to tell the Háji that if he wanted

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the letter, he had better come quickly for it. In a few minutes my tent was up, and I had hardly entered it when I heard the fast approach of a horse and a crowd of footmen. I knew what this meant, and had only just time to drop into a chair with my back to the door, and become deeply absorbed in a book, when my *peshkhidmat* entered hurriedly to announce the arrival of the Háji; but so great was the trepidation of the latter that, in contravention of all the rules of etiquette, he forced his way into my tent before obtaining permission, and commenced at once breathlessly to pour forth his apologies, assuring me that he had made a mistake. I received him gravely, invited him to be seated, and told him that he was forgiven. He had eaten dirt and made his confession in the presence of his followers, and I knew therefore that he was subdued, and in order to enhance his own dignity would represent me to them and treat me henceforth as a sort of Prince of the Blood; so I at once adopted a friendly, though slightly patronising attitude, and handing him the letter, told him I should like to visit the mines at nine o'clock the next morning. We then conversed amicably for a time, and while so engaged another procession of his servants appeared and placed on the ground at the door of my tent the *peshkesh* (present from an inferior to a superior) in the shape of several trays covered with embroidered cloths which, when removed, revealed two cones of loaf-sugar weighing 14 lb., some melons, pomegranates, grapes, and other fruits, besides sweetmeats of sorts. We then strove to outdo each other in flattery. He said that there was no nation on earth to be compared with the English, and I replied that the Persians were a most charming race, and he himself a typical Persian. Shortly after this he took his leave, and I then gave his servants five tumans, or a sovereign, for the offering they had brought, this being the only way a Persian servant earns his pay, and in rewarding him you win his master's gratitude. As the Háji had now become quite tractable, I honoured him publicly by proceeding in state (*i.e.*, with all my servants) the same afternoon to return his visit. All this finessing had the effect of smoothing over every difficulty, creating a most perfect understanding between the Háji and myself, and forcing all observers to the conclusion that we were both of us thoroughbred gentlemen, skilled to perfection in etiquette and in Oriental *carte* and *tierce*.

Next morning, punctually at the time appointed, the Háji arrived at my tent, and we started off for the mines. The village of Ma'adan (Persian for "mine"), where the miners live, is situated on undulating ground 5,100 feet above sea-level, and from it we rode for a mile up a gently ascending track until we reached the foot of a modest hill—

PERSIAN RINGS SET WITH TURQUOISE.

or mountain, as it would be called in England—a thousand feet in height. All the mines are on the south face of this hill, and from the first on the east to the last on the west the distance as the crow flies is not

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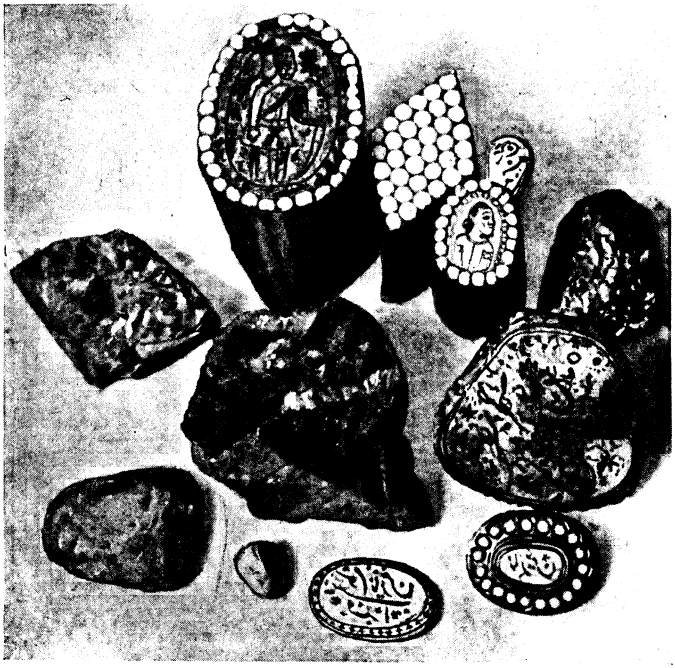
more than half a mile; but the hill is steep and has many ridges, separated by deep ravines, so that to arrive at a mine within a stone's throw of another may entail half an hour's journey up and down the hill.

We first visited the Reish mine, which was the only one being worked with any vigour, and which was producing most of the turquoises then being sent to the market. It is almost at the summit of the hill, at an altitude of more than 6,000 feet above sea-level, and to reach it we had to dismount and ascend on foot by a very steep, rough path, to the distress of the Háji, who was a very corpulent man. The mouth of the shaft, which was about five yards in diameter, was inside a small cave, where we found two hulking fellows reclining on their backs and turning with their bare feet a very rickety, creaking, antiquated wooden wheel, dating back to the time of Zoroaster—or earlier—which brought up the *débris* from below in a rough sheepskin apology for a bag, holding perhaps a couple of double handfuls. The wheel was fixed over the centre of the shaft, and a third man, a featherweight opium smoker, as soon as the bag appeared, had to run along a sort of greasy pole to fetch it. This pole had one end projecting over the centre of the yawning chasm, and a foot, perhaps, of the other end rammed into a small mound of loose earth on the floor of the cave, from which I removed it with a gentle kick. I then pointed out to the manager the extreme danger the man was incurring, but he only smiled; and the featherweight himself relieved him of all further responsibility by looking reproachfully at me, replacing the end of the pole in the loose earth, patting it a couple of times, and then continuing his work. As soon as he had replaced the empty bag on the hook, the two gentlemen on their backs lazily removed their feet from the wheel, and it went down with a run some forty feet, where it was received by three other men similarly engaged with another wheel on a ledge in the shaft, who lowered it again another forty feet to where the mine commenced. The miners themselves descended by means of a diagonal passage leading into the shaft four or five yards from the bottom, and from there scrambled down its rough sides, a feat I could not have performed without removing my riding-boots and some of my clothing; and as it was a comparatively new mine, with nothing to be seen in it but men tunnelling in different directions, by the dim light of wretched lamps in an atmosphere rendered foul by blasting, I decided to forgo the experience.



ENGRAVED TURQUOISE, CAMEOS, SEED TURQUOISE, AND PIECES OF ROCK SEAMED WITH TURQUOISE.

Emerging from the cave, we found half-a-dozen men, perched close together on a ledge, breaking with small hammers the fragments of rock as they were brought up from below, and filling little bags at their sides with the rough turquoises, which are all sent to Meshed to be dressed. On other narrow ledges above the cave, a number of half-naked urchins were sifting the soft *débris*. And a couple of overseers were carefully watching both men and boys, to prevent them secreting any of the precious stones—or, at least, to note the fact if they saw them doing it, so that in the evening there might be a fair division of the spoil. The bags came up pretty fast, and seemed

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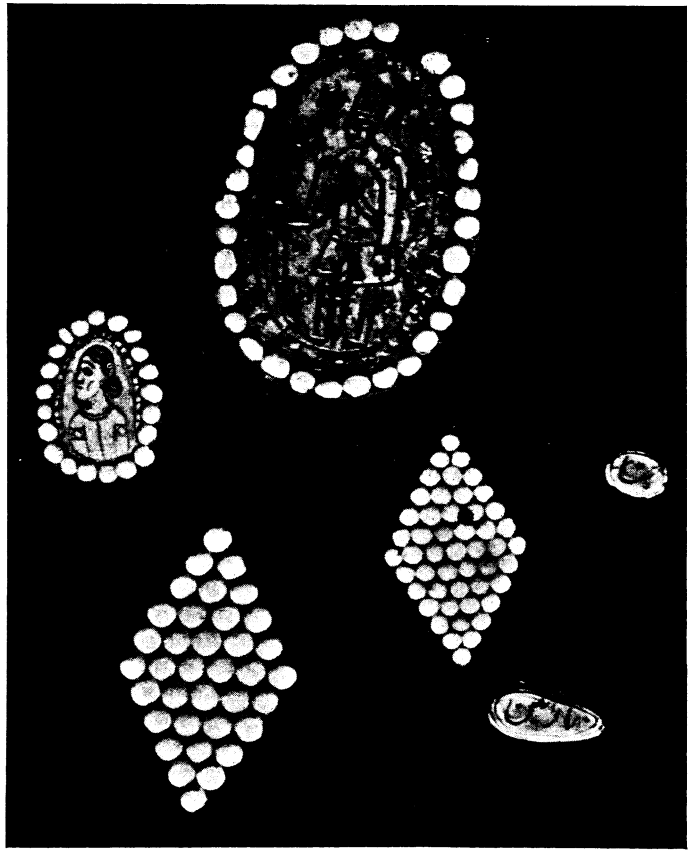
to contain a vast number of turquoises—of sorts. Unfortunately, though this mine is very productive, the colour of its turquoises cannot be depended upon, and is liable to fade.

I afterwards visited all the mines of note. There were said to be a hundred with names and a hundred without, but neither the Háji nor any of the miners could name more than twenty. Of these, eight or nine were formerly very extensive, but all had fallen in or become dangerous. There were five or six other mines of modest proportions. The rest were mere burrows, with just room enough for one man to enter them in a cramped position, and extended only a few yards down in a diagonal direction.

Originally the mines were worked by the Persian Government, and were then well directed, and had vertical shafts and lateral galleries for light, air, and entrance; but as soon as they were leased out, the farmers (who are liable to be ejected at any moment, and who consequently strive against time to recoup their outlay) cut away the rock wherever turquoises were visible, and, as a consequence, the mines fell in. Some of them were of vast extent. The old Zaki mine, for instance, has now a vertical shaft 250 feet in circumference and 60 feet in depth to its fallen-in roof, and a burrow of another 60 feet through this roof, and yet even at this depth there is no trace of the original mine. The old Abdul Rezái mine, which is on the extreme east, was also of immense size, and produced abundance of superb turquoises of lasting colour, but it fell in a few years ago, and I found it in the possession of one solitary individual, groping among its huge mounds of *débris* in the hope of alighting on a valuable stone. This was the last of the great mines to fall in, and now the perfect turquoise is only to be found occasionally at the mines and in the detritus which has been washed down from the hill.



CAMEOS AND SEED TURQUOISE.

The work in the Khaki (earthy) mines—*i.e.*, in the detritus, is light and easy, and generally undertaken by old men, women, children, and the indolent, who pay a *kran* a day each for the privilege. All they have to do is to dig up two or three feet of the soft soil and to sift it, and as a rule they just about earn their bread, supported always, however, by the hope that some day a treasure will turn up which will put them beyond want for the remainder of their lives. I employed four men, with an overseer as detective, on this work for one day, with, naturally, no result; for, as the Háji was kind enough to explain, if one of the men had, unobserved, discovered a good stone, he would have swallowed it, and if observed, it would have been sold and the proceeds shared by the party. The diabolical appearance of the overseer impressed me with the conviction

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that the turquoise formed his chief article of diet.

But though of late years perfect turquoises are seldom found, an abundance of fair and imperfect stones are turned out daily and sent to Meshed. All Orientals prize them, and the very poorest like to possess even a green and spotted one set in a ring of tin. In Russia, too, they have been greatly esteemed for a long while past, and on other parts of the Continent; and recently they have become fashionable in England.

The perfect turquoise should be of a deep sky-blue colour and of conical shape; the flatter the stone, the less its value. All over Europe the turquoise of a very light blue shade seems to be generally preferred, but it is not nearly so beautiful to the eye of the expert as that of a deep cerulean (not British sky, but Mediterranean) blue. Besides colour, however, the perfect turquoise must have an unmistakable quality, difficult to describe, which the Persians call Zát (caste). The reader will perhaps faintly comprehend me if I say that the turquoise of good Zát has a dreamy appearance about it, and looks more like a piece of sky than a stone. Zát is to the turquoise what Charity, according to St. Paul, is to the Christian, and without it, colour and shape are of no avail. The slightest tinge of green in a turquoise renders it practically valueless; yet one sees constantly in the windows of eminent London jewellers absolutely green turquoises magnificently set in diamonds; many of these, no doubt, were originally of good colour, but after a time faded or assumed a green tinge, which could never happen to a really good stone. The fact is, English jewellers know very little about the gem. Sometimes a mere speck on one will develop into a large blur and spoil it; and it should be especially borne in mind by intending purchasers that dampness will often temporarily revive the colour of a faded stone. No one in Meshed would dream of buying a turquoise of any reputed value without keeping it by him for a few days. At Ma'adan, the miners generally brought their turquoises to me at night (when the colour cannot be distinguished), and always in their mouths, disgorging them into their hands, unobserved, as they thought, before entering my tent. These I would never look at, but waited for the men who came in daylight with their turquoises, and pressed me to take them on trial. In short, there is no precious stone so liable to prove deceptive to the purchaser as the turquoise, unless he be skilled in reading it.

Formerly, superb turquoises could be obtained at Meshed without trouble for a few shillings, but the suppression of Turkoman raiding by the Russians and the opening of the Transcaspian Railway made the town easy of access and raised their value tenfold, and now they are as dear there and as difficult to procure as in London. Most of the stones, immediately they are cut, are sent in the gross direct to Moscow.

There is little doubt that the hill still contains abundance of good turquoises, but the lessees, fearing ejection, will neither go to the expense of reopening the old mines nor of sinking fresh shafts. Only an infinitesimal portion of it and that on the south side has been excavated, but everywhere there are evidences of the mineral. The cavities on the hillside are seamed with it, and for some distance before the mines are reached the ground is littered with it in every stage of composition. In one of the earlier stages it is a sort of soft, cream-coloured chalk, which is said to have medicinal properties, and which I saw the people eating with apparent zest. Near the mines one can pick up turquoises the size of a walnut or larger, but full of flaws and of a dirty green colour, and therefore valueless.

Shortly after my return to Meshed I sent for a *hakkák*, or stonecutter, to come to my house with his apparatus, and dress some of the turquoises I had brought in a rough state from the mines. Accordingly, at the appointed time, a venerable old gentleman, named Kalbi Reza, or the dog of Reza (the saint over whom the celebrated shrine at Meshed is erected) presented himself, accompanied by his *shagird*, or pupil, a very small, dirty boy carrying a large, dirty bag. This boy will for years apparently do nothing but carry the bag, run messages, and, while his master is at work, sit idly contemplating mischief. Nevertheless, some day, when he is bigger, he will suddenly kick over the traces and start on his own account as an *ustád*, or master, and will then be found to be a perfectly skilled workman. It is thus in Persia with every trade—baker, shoemaker, tailor, etc. The master employs the boy on no wages (except a piece of bread) to carry his implements or to run messages, and tries to prevent him from acquiring knowledge of his art, lest he may soon lose him; but the young mind is receptive, and the work having become a sort of forbidden fruit, the shagird feels it a point of honour

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to strive every moment the ustád's back is turned to master it, and consequently soon becomes expert. I recommend this system to the promoters of technical education.

The old hakkák was possessed of charming manners, and was so deferential that I could not prevail upon him to fix his wages for half a day's work. He declined to discuss the matter, declaring that he wanted no remuneration at all, and that it was sufficient that I had honoured such a poor slave as himself by summoning him to my palace. So, finding it hopeless, I dropped the subject and invited him to get to work.

He then selected a spot under a large, shady tree in my garden, and desired me to supply him with a nice carpet to sit upon, which I did, and after feeling its texture and appraising it to himself quite audibly at ten times its value, he leisurely proceeded to make himself quite comfortable on it, paying me compliments all the time.

Presently he commenced to put his machine together. He first placed on the ground in front of him a little plank of wood with two holes in it a foot and a half apart, into which he inserted two upright posts, each a foot in height; then he ran a rod through the centre of an exceedingly hard disc, made of emery and gum, eight inches in diameter, and placed the ends of the rod in the nicks at the top of the two upright posts; lastly, to steady the machine, he laid one end of a bar across the plank and seated himself on the other end. He then set the disc in motion with the antiquated fiddle-bow seen everywhere in the East. With his right hand he rapidly worked the bow, and with his left pressed the rough turquoise against the side (not the edge) of the spinning disc, removing it every few seconds to examine it and to dip it in water. With wonderful rapidity the shell or rock was removed, and the stone expertly ground to the most suitable size and shape. The turquoise in its original state is roughly reniform—*i.e.*, kidney-shaped. Perhaps it will have one or more flaws in the centre, when the hakkák will, if possible, make two or more stones of it, or it may fall to pieces of itself. The first he started upon appeared to be the size of an almond, of a lovely blue colour and excellent Zát, and even this wary old man believed I had secured a treasure, but the result was only three small good stones. The next, he said, would turn out to be an Arabi (showing brown cracks on it) and only worth two krans (9*d.*); but as he proceeded with the cutting it improved immensely, and he deemed it politic to hedge by remarking: "If God wishes, it will be a good stone." Then he went a step further and said: "Please God the Merciful, it has no defect." But now a defect appeared, and when I invited the oracle to pronounce a further opinion, he replied testily: "I am not inside it; God knows best." In the end it turned out to be a fairish stone, worth a few shillings. I then asked him what caused the cracked appearance of the Arabi stone, and, not knowing, he replied: "God didn't want that there shouldn't be a defect."

He gets the stone into shape, but it is still rough and unpolished; the hakkák therefore changes the disc for one a little larger of fine sandstone (*margal*), which in a few revolutions renders it completely smooth. The final polish is given by rubbing the stone on a piece of Russia leather (*bulghár*) about ¼-inch thick, on which is spread some turquoise dust. This is called *jelá dadán* (to give it brightness), and renders the face of the turquoise, in a few seconds, like enamel. The whole cutting and polishing of a stone takes but a few minutes. Turquoises which are too small to be held in the hand against the disc are glued to the end of a stick and then rubbed on a slab of sandstone.

At midday I retired for breakfast, and the old man despatched the shagird for his. When I returned an hour later, I found him just commencing his repast, and he pressed me in the most graceful and tempting manner to join him. "I have cheese and hot bread," he said, "and a delicious *ásh*" (a sort of stew) "flavoured with pomegranate, a nice ripe melon, and some excellent grapes." But I replied that I was satiated (the correct expression in Persia), or nothing would have given me greater pleasure. He then uttered the word "Bismillah!" ("In God's name!") and attacked the viands with remarkable appetite, chatting freely all the time. At the conclusion of the meal he said "Alhamdolillah!" ("Thank God!"). Then he had half an hour's repose, and ultimately concluded his labours between three and four o'clock. He had dressed a dozen stones for me, and had done altogether, I suppose, a solid hour's work. For this I handed him three days' wages, which, without even counting, he silently and promptly returned to me. I then bid him "Good day" and started for my evening ride.

In three hours' time, when I returned, he was meekly standing on the very spot where

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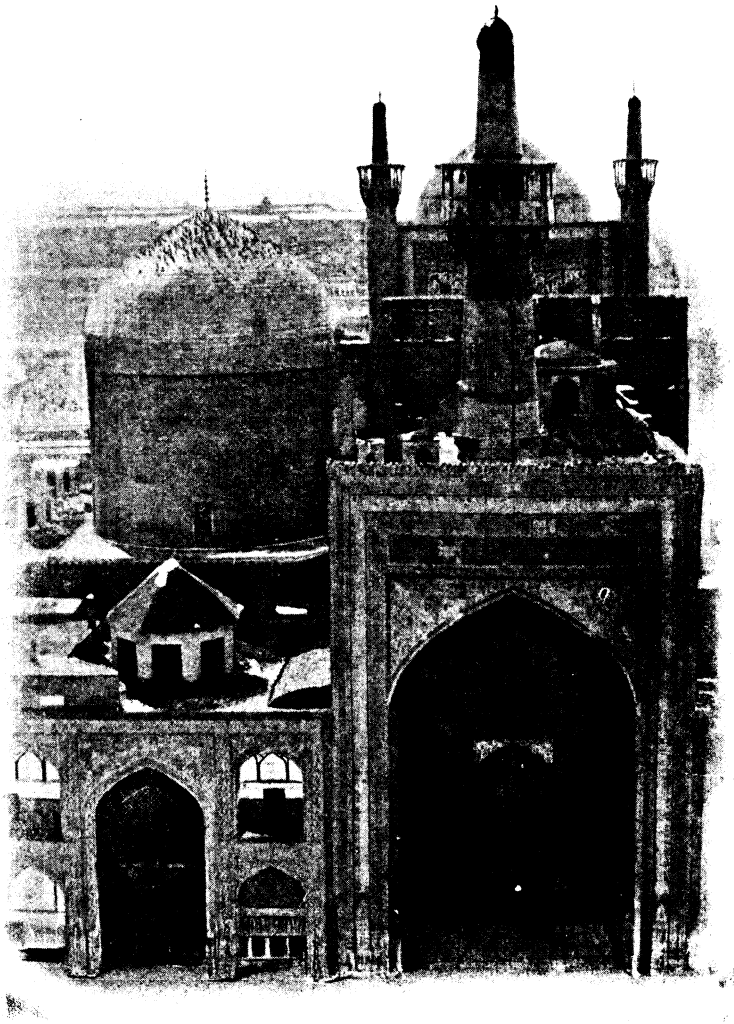
I had left him. Presently he came forward and represented to the service of my excellency that he would like his wages, but I reminded him that he had been offered and had refused treble the amount which was due to him, and that there was, therefore, nothing more to be said; the business was ended.



MESHED: THE SHRINE OF THE IMAM REZA.

He then appealed to me not to disgrace my good name in the bazaars—*i.e.*, he threatened to expose my infamy. At last I got rid of him by throwing the boy an extra kran, which he transferred to his own pocket.

As I have stated, it is difficult to procure a good turquoise in Meshed, even at a high price, but of fair and inferior stones there is no lack, and the petty dealers contrive to present them for sale in the most attractive form and to conceal blemishes by many artful methods. The usual method of covering flaws, specks, and other defects on turquoises is by means of inscriptions in gold cunningly engraved upon them. The Persian alphabet is more or less a kind of Morse code of dots, curves, and dashes, which can be manipulated with the addition of a few flourishes to conceal all blemishes and to convert a comparatively worthless stone into one of great value. The inscriptions are generally love-mottoes or terms of endearment—such as "Náznín," which means "Darling" (and is written نازنین); "Fidáyat shavam," "I am your sacrifice" — *i.e.*, "Yours, body and soul"; "Bia," "Come," and so forth. Sometimes a verse of the Koran will be inscribed, or a couplet from Sa'adi or Hafiz, such as: "Waiting is the cure for separation, but what can I do; I am not able (to wait)?" These engraved turquoises are generally sold in Meshed glued on to the ends of pieces of stick, around which red paper has been neatly wrapped to set them off. They are used for various purposes of ornamentation, especially for studding the metal heads of *kalians* (pipes). Sometimes turquoises are carved as cameos or made into seals. They are, in fact, utilised in manifold ways.

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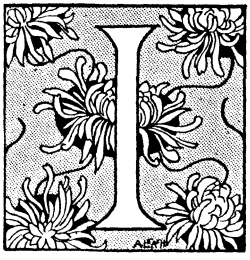
Mrs. Algy's Delightful Morning.

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN.



If there is, in the way of facial expression, anything to equal what Tony Walsingham has christened the Glidden grin, it is certainly the Glidden glower.

And the Honourable Algy possesses both these gifts to a remarkable degree.

His wife, who was a Glidden-Henning, possesses them to an only slightly less great extent, and that fair May morning, after a peculiarly bitter row (a quiet-voiced row, for the Gliddens are never loud), on the subject of the plumbing and other things in the new house, the two separated with glares of concentrated hatred that sent shivers down the sensitive spine of Henry Bubb, the new footman, who was not yet used to the family talents.

"As I told you," Algy said with awful civility, at the door, "Harry Errington is coming to lunch. I am sorry, but I cannot find him to put him off. I hope you will feel better by that time." And he looked at her with a most murderous lowering of his eyebrows and a hideously thrust-forward chin.

With the expression of a skilled poisoner she answered that he might invite whom he liked to his own house, and then they separated, each in a luxurious motor, the Juggernautical look on their two faces changing, with the dazzling suddenness peculiar to their race, to smiles of celestial sweetness as they bowed to some quite casual acquaintance as they sped away in the sunshine. The new house was in Pont Street, and Amy made straight for it, for, having been detained in the country for the past fortnight by the illness of a sister, she longed to behold the horrible blunders that Algy had, in his muddleheaded way, perpetrated during her absence.

Algy was not at all muddleheaded in reality, nor did she think him so, but for the moment her hatred of him was boundless, and her scorn as deep as the sea.

Some day I shall write a scientific article on the subject of the Glidden peculiarities: the violence of their quiet rages, and the amazing whole-souledness of their sudden reconciliations. The beauty of them is their lack of shame in either point. When angry, everyone may know, and then, later, the whole world is welcome to hear their frantic cravings for pardon, their wild self-accusations of devilish malignity, of utter imbecility. But this is only the story of one morning.

Amy, then, small and somewhat American-looking in her unangular thinness, veiled like an operatic prophetess, her little straight body swathed in a loose-fitting white coat, her face changing, as she greeted someone or mentally turned to Algy, from the grin to the glower. This, by the way, is why Lindsay failed so utterly in his portrait of her, for at the time of the fourth sitting she and her sister-in-law Lady Brantingford had their terrific quarrel about the Persian kitten, and the poor painter found himself confronted by a sitter whose face changed so rapidly that all his skill failed to master it. At the door of the Pont Street house that morning in May, the frown dominated, for the sight of the place brought back again to her mind the outrageous behaviour of Algy.

Was she not to behold the fruit of that behaviour, the servant's room done in blue wash instead of pink, and white tiles in her bathroom, instead of those exquisite pale green glass ones? Oh, if she had only married Major Hythe, or Harry Percy, or de Valmont or von Brencken! Why had she so foolishly married Algy, whom now, after fourteen short months, she was constrained to hate?

Up the stairs she went, frowning fiercely. She inspected the unbearable bathroom, the degrading room for the servant, who, if she had any self-respect, would certainly refuse to occupy it, and then opening the dining-room door, ran straight into the arms of a tall man, who, drawing hastily back, stood staring in blank amazement at her as she beamed at him—a sudden, bewildering beam as incomprehensible as had been the scowl with which she had precipitated herself on to his breast.

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"Oh," she said, looking up at him, "I nearly knocked you down, and I am so sorry!"

Then realising his great height, she burst out laughing.

"I—I hope I did not hurt you," he returned, setting his irreproachable hat down on a keg of nails. "I am just taking a look round. Mr. Glidden told me I might; I have just come back to town——"

"Mrs. Algy."

A sudden light dawned on her. "Oh," she cried, holding out her hand, "you are 'Harry'!—we were talking about you at breakfast. He is so fond of you!"

It was awkward having forgotten the dear friend's name, but she had concealed the fact fairly well, and he had apparently not noticed it, though he seemed a little embarrassed.

"It is—kind of him," he returned; "he has been very good to me. Is he not coming here this morning? There is a suggestion I should like to make to him—about the bathroom belonging to your room."

"Oh, *do* tell him that you loathe those wretched tiles! I chose such lovely green ones, and he forgot and ordered those horrible things. It looks just like a hotel bathroom."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Glidden," he began, but she interrupted him: "Oh, *I* am not Mrs. Glidden; that is my mother-in-law—I am only Mrs. Algy!"

"I knew, but I thought I should——"

"No, no! And you must not look on me as a stranger, you know. Even though we have never met before, I have heard so much about you, I feel as though we were old friends!"

"You are very kind," he murmured, so stiffly that all the Glidden love of shocking people bubbled up in her, and she answered gaily: "Besides, in a month it will be 'Amy' and 'Harry,' you know. We are all of us as friendly as puppies, and I don't know the family name of lots of my intimate friends." After a moment's pause, she offered to show him the rest of the house, and they started on the tour.

"He certainly told me to meet him here this morning," Harry said, as they stood by one of the library windows, looking out over a glittering roof. "He said he might be late, but that I might take a look at the house. Evidently he has forgotten all about it."

"Evidently. We are all hopelessly casual, you know. He told me that you were coming to lunch, but said nothing about the house. How do you like this ceiling? It is copied from one we saw in Venice."

"Ah, yes, Venice. Very pretty indeed.

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I—there must be some mistake about the lunch, however——"

Mrs. Algy beat her hands together, a tragic look of absolute despair in her eyes.

"Oh, he is awful, *impayable!* Do you mean to say that he forgot to ask you? I really believe he must have softening of the brain. When did you see him?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Exactly. And yesterday morning he came and told me that you were coming—how delighted he was to see you—'dear old Harry'—about you playing together as children, and how he had quite lost sight of you until this week, etc. Oh, I am ashamed!"

"Please don't bother, Mrs.—Mrs. Algy. I—hadn't any idea that he was going to ask me to lunch. I—in fact, I have an engagement——"

In vain she pleaded. Algy's forgetfulness had evidently hurt his feelings, though he assured her of the contrary, and he clung fast to his engagement.

Mrs. Algy was sorry, for he was distinctly good-looking and very smartly dressed, and in his dark eyes glowed the light of admiration for her own small self.

They are all flirts, the Glidden women, and as the Glidden men are all jealous, this enchanting Harry would have been a fine instrument in her hands against Algy!

"Please come," she coaxed, fluttering her eyelashes sinfully. He flushed and drew a long breath, but insisted that he had promised to lunch at his club with some men.

"Then—I shall not ask you again; but Algy will be most awfully hurt, and—he will scold me——"

"Oh, no, surely not!"

"But 'surely yes.' He will say that I have been rude to you because—I don't mind telling you that we had a horrid row at breakfast, and he'll think I was not cordial just to spite him."

She sighed and smoothed her little left-hand glove with a pointed right-hand finger.

It was evident to the meanest powers of observation that the old school-friend of her husband was an impressionable person. He reddened and then he paled, and his language was jerky and confused.

"If he blames you," he murmured, "he is a—a conf—that is, a br—I mean to say, he cannot blame you. And——" She looked down, but she saw him just the same. Some women can see through their eyelids.

"You will come some other day, then, Mr.—Mr. 'Harry'? I am so sorry, but I have forgotten your name. He has spoken of you as Harry."

"My name—oh, yes, Mrs. Algy, if I really may, I will come to tea. But—you are quite sure he would not mind?"

"Mind? Oh, you mean he might be——Well," she went on with a little laugh, "you *do* remember him well! But, then, he really *isn't*, any more than all the other Gliddens; and Reggie is much worse. But of course you must come. He will look you up to apologise, and ask for himself. Do you ride?"

"Of course I do. I love it."

"Then"—she looked at the little watch in her bracelet—"we must ride sometimes together. Or perhaps you will have engagements *then*, too!"

He wiped his forehead with a delightfully fine handkerchief before he answered: "You are unkind to—to tease me. You *know*—I mean, you must be used to—men finding you—attractive. I am *sure* he won't let you ride with me; but if he *would*——"

No words could be as eloquent as that pause, and for a moment she looked down, apparently abashed, but inwardly chortling.

Then her face burst into all the radiance of the famous Glidden grin as she held out her hand.

"I must be off—*au 'voir*. And—I am sure he *will*, and I—it has been a delightful morning, and *I'm glad he didn't turn up!*"

Then she flew down the steps and was tearing down the street in her motor before he knew she had gone. He was really too charming, and so big. All the men were so small that season! And he was also head over heels in love with her. Such a joke on that boundless duffer, Algy!

All her anger towards that criminal having vanished, she burst into the drawing-room ten minutes later, beaming entrancingly.

"Oh, Algy, you old brute!" she cried, tearing off her gloves and throwing them at him, "I've had the most delightful morning with 'Harry'! He *is* a dear, and finds me a phantom of delight; and you forgot to invite him, so he wouldn't come——"

"My word, Amy, what are you talking about? Come here, Errington, and let me introduce you to this lunatic."

A little man with a glass in his eye appeared from behind a tall chair as he spoke, and bowed correctly if uninspiredly.

Amy gasped. "Errington!" she repeated aloud.

"Of course, Harry Errington. Surely you haven't forgotten——"

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"Then with whom have I been talking?

"She burst into the drawing-room ten minutes later."

Who is *my* Harry?" she cried tragically. "A tall man with a profile—he said you said you'd meet him at the house, and thought you'd forgotten——"

Algy burst into a great teethy bellow of laughter. "My dear girl! A dark chap, beautifully dressed?"

"Be quiet, Algy, and don't roar so. Yes, he was. And we had a most delightful morning together! And he went to school with you——"

"Of course he did, poor chap! And he's a very decent sort, too, only—you urged him to come to lunch?"

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"Of course I did. Who was he?"

Her face was scarlet with anger, her hands clenched. But for a full minute Algy continued to bellow, while the other Harry looked on in mild amazement.

"Poor chap! poor old Henderson! He'd have given an eye-tooth to come! It's his dream to know people; but one must draw the line somewhere. Well, my dear Amy," suddenly sober and wiping his streaming eyes, "it is my duty to tell you that your delightful morning was passed with Henry J. Henderson, the junior member of Wilson and Henderson, the—plumbers!"

"The plumbers! Oh, Algy! And I—I flirted with him, too," she went on with the beautiful frankness of her race, quite unheedful of little Errington.

"I asked him to—to *ride* with me!"

Algy shouted again. "Poor devil! Of course he refused. He's a very decent chap indeed. Must have thought you a raving maniac, though. I discovered him quite by chance the other day, and was really glad to see him. His father was one of my governor's tenants, and we used to play together. Oh, by Jove, you and your delightful morning!"

As they went in to luncheon, Mrs. Algy looked at the small and somewhat chubby Errington with regret.

THE SCENT OF LILAC.

THE scent of lilac fills the house,
As it filled that night of May
So long ago, except in years,
Such centuries away.

I waited then, as I wait here now,
In the dusk of this selfsame room.
She sprang from the shadows, how I saw
Her whiteness pierce the gloom!

She took my flowering branch of life
Between her little hands,
She stripped it slowly, flower by flower,
Only the stem now stands.

The scent of lilac fills the house,
As it filled that night of May,
Rousing old ghosts by its heavy sweet
To haunt again Life's way.

EDITH C. M. DART.

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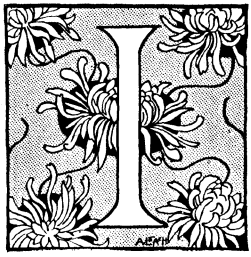
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRUMBY.*

BY A. J. DAWSON.



I HAVE heard that a picture of me once appeared in a weekly newspaper in Sydney. If that be so, I suppose my appearance is familiar to the world. But, on the other hoof, I am no great believer in men-people's stories; the whole report may be mere whinnying, for aught I know, and, in any case, I will tell you what sort of a horse I am to look at.

If you have listened to the windy talk of those men-people who go to race-meetings, and on their homeward way make hideous noises, and drive their horses as though a mob of hunting stock-riders were in full cry behind them—if, like these folk, you fancy yourself learned in the ways of my people, their paces, powers of endurance, and so forth, you will probably snort and say—

"Oh, a brumby! We all know brumbies. An undersized, weedy brute, no doubt!" But that will be because you know nothing of me, and a good deal less than there is to be known about brumbies.

I will tell you a secret. You know the horse you men-people all but worshipped, who won your Melbourne Cup twice, and was given a set of golden shoes? (Shoes! And for an able-bodied horse-person!) Well, now, I have it on the authority of the king of one of the largest mobs of brumbies in Queensland, that that particular phenomenon had a brumby stallion's blood in him, and that no farther back than the fourth generation. Speed! Why, I have seen a ti-tree-coloured mare that—— However!

I am a real grey; no mushy fawn and earth colour, you understand, but the hardest sort of real grey, with black points and iron shadings. And I know (of knowledge learned in bitterness from men-people) that I stand nearer sixteen than fifteen-and-a-half hands at the shoulder. And in anger or surprise, it's my belief I should go well over sixteen. I used to swear by my tail, the heaviest and handsomest in New South Wales; but I don't do that now. I will tell you why presently.

Well, then, as to legs. If a straighter, harder, sounder pair of fore-legs than mine can be found in the Colony, I'll chew my own withers. My fetlocks are slim as a lady's wrist, and I've a pastern—well, it is not for me to say these things, but there is not a mare in our Bush that wouldn't leave her mob to join mine to-morrow, if I so much as cocked an ear in her direction; and I am rising twelve now. My head is small, like my ears (no mule about *me*, my word! —if you will excuse the Australian slang), and my nostrils are square and thin. I have been modest so far, but in justice I must just add that for depth and breadth of chest, symmetry of loin, swiftness and dexterity in wheeling, I will even now match myself against any stallion this side of the border, and fight his head off if he can beat me. I say nothing about tails and manes. To speak of these things to men-people would set my heels a-dancing even now. My eyes are black as thunder, full and soft; and, so far as I was able, I always wore my forelock long. It helps to keep off flies and stinging people.

I was born on the dear flat green patch just under the crest of the biggest hill in the Tinnaburra. My mother was a beautiful, upstanding black mare, the least thing weedy in front, perhaps, but perfect in her quarters. My father, on the other hoof, was the White King of Upper Tinnaburra—a big and powerful stallion, as all Bushfolk know, and leader of a very fine mob of mares, yet hardly built on the breedy, racing lines which a horse who knew me would suppose and expect. But, "bullocky" or no, as some of the Lower Tinnaburra mares have asserted in their gossip, my father was indubitably a king; and that he smashed three of the ribs of the Roan King of Lower Tinnaburra, in a fight in which that long-hoofed leader had two mares helping him, is now history.

I was born into a notable mob of colts and fillies. For that matter, putting aside all

* Etymologists (as their way is) differ regarding the derivation of this word. Plain men say it is a portmanteau word, the "u" sound in which comes from "un," the rest from "branded." Be that as it may, Brumby is the name applied to all wild horses in Australia, and signifies an animal unbranded, or unappropriated by man.—A. J. D.

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family differences, I will say that, Upper and Lower alike, there were never any odd lots, or rag, tag, and bobtail, in the Tinnaburra. The fact is that on such hill-runs as ours weedy foals don't stand a chance. They cannot live the pace that our mobs lived, on ground like that. Our fallen trees, and boulders, and rabbit and bandicoot holes, were all hidden in the scrub, you know; and a youngster had to cover a good stretch of Bush every day to fill his belly and keep in touch—aye, or even to keep his ribs covered at all. And those who couldn't stay the pace always dropped out as yearlings, particularly the colts. There were far more fillies than colts born, and somehow they never dropped out as easily as colts did.

I was born at rather an odd time, just after the first rains, and at the beginning of cold weather. To this I have always attributed my exceptionally fine coat and remarkable hardiness. No one ever saw my eyes glazed and nostrils choked (in the Bush), and when I get hot, I dry warm, not clammy. I lived very happily through the first three years of my life, learning with my sister, Bluegirl—a fine, long-barrelled blue filly, eighteen months my senior—all the various lessons which a foal must learn, to be fit for running with a Tinnaburra mob. I learned never to go near the King, my father, without whinnying softly to prevent my approach startling him, for the king of a mob is, as you may say, all ears; 'tis the business of his life to listen. I learned never, with or without warning, to graze within reach of a mare's heels; never to bite other foals, unless out of sight of their mothers; never to feed to windward of my elders, nor to run before them when the mob was moving, either for sport, or by reason of a man having been seen; never to turn my head in galloping; never to kick hard, unless in serious fight; and *never*, though the sky fell, or a mare other than my mother offered me a share of sweet grazing, never to forget that snake-folk are everywhere, but especially on creek banks and about fallen timber, and that sooner or later, your plunger or reckless, blind galloper frightens them, is bitten, and himself bites grass for the last time.

These, and many other matters, I learned of from my dam, whilst gambolling beside her with Bluegirl, along the breezy, sun-kissed spurs of the Tinnaburra. I learned how to behave in a stampede, when something had frightened our own or some other mob. (In their proper senses, no strange horses ventured near our mob. "Bullocky" or no, my father had death-dealing heels, and jaws that could wring the withers of any brumby I ever winded.) The dodge for a foal is to scurry straight to the nearest big tree, and stand, rump-on, to its trunk, without moving till its dam directs it. To forget this rule means sudden death for a foal in anything like a real stampede; or, at the worst, broken legs, and a horrible lingering end by starvation. I learned, too, that it isn't the stallion that snorts the loudest that shows the best legs in a fight or a chase; and I learned that a stallion's most thunderous wrath is a pleasanter thing to face than a mare's silent spite. I ought to have learned, also, for I was taught it plainly enough, that prowling round about other mares' fillies after dark, however pleasantly they whinnied at you in the afternoon, was a game in which a colt could lose a lot of hair and skin, and win sore bones in plenty.

The grass under one's nose never looks so fresh and sweet as the feed one saw yesterday, or as that which lies ahead; but, remembering all that, I am bound to say that, right up to my third birthday, I had a really green and juicy time, of day-long gambolling and night-long browsing, with delicious, peaceful, well-guarded naps between. And then I was introduced to brumby-hunting—a fatal introduction, though my parents had survived long knowledge of it, and held their freedom yet. The White King was a wary leader, and the men-people of the runs among the foot-hills of the Tinnaburra were either peacefully inclined or much otherwise occupied during my youth.

We were all happily dozing or browsing on the very highest ridge of our mountain, some three or four hours after sun-up on a spring morning. I remember that at the time I was pretending to have found something rich in the way of green shoots among the lower limbs of a sapling. I had found nothing really, but I knew that a two-year-old bay filly named Scatterlegs (she had a quaint looseness in her gait; rather pretty, I thought) was watching me over her mother's withers, and my nosing after shoots showed my best parts—my height, and my beautifully curved, strong neck. I was quite serious about that filly at the time; the Bush alone knows what her fate has been since.

Suddenly the air shivered, and my withers also, to a cry from the White King, who had been feeding quite close to me. My speed, what a cry that was! A roar, a scream, a whinny, a bellow, a snort, all in one, and mostly roar. I tell you, noses left

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"'Come on, boys!' he shouted."

grass pretty smartly when the White King spoke in earnest.

"What in the Bush is wrong now?" I muttered to Bluegirl. And then I saw something that closed my jaws so far as questions went.

Fifty paces distant there stood a yellow mare with a blazed face, and on her back sat a tall, thin, laughing devil of a young man, with hat thrust far back on his head, and a short whip-stock in his hand, with a fifteen foot fall of green hide to it.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted. I heard other horses scrambling behind him. "To the home-yard! It's the big white stallion's mob! Coo—ee! You take the lower track, Jim! Coo—ey! Oh, good business!"

And he cracked his horrible whip as a gun is fired, so that I nearly jumped out of my fine spring coat. But by that time our mob was properly marshalled, and we were thundering down towards the foot-hills; the White King leading, his great snowy tail erect, and mouth wide open, the mares and

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us youngsters plunging in a three-cornered bunch behind. Fortunately we had no foals in the mob just then, though there were a couple of rather weak-kneed yearlings, still a longish way from their two-year-old wind.

We reached the first of the lower spurs in about half the time it takes to fill your gullet at a creek, and how those yearlings' legs stood it I cannot think, since, for rolling stones, and hidden holes and timber, that particular hillside would have been hard to beat, and the pace was cruel. The mares did not dare to slacken up for their youngsters at all, for, as he galloped, my father spoke once or twice, and, smash my knees, but a suckling foal would have known enough to obey that voice!

I was in the forefront of the triangle bunch behind the White King, you may be sure. But even I, with the thunder of the mares and colts in my ears, could hear distinctly enough the steady, *heavy* galloping of the ridden horses behind us. They were not racing as yet, of course. The man-person has yet to be foaled who could race a horse at top speed down Tinnaburra—and live. But they were travelling as fast as they dared, in order to be able to sight us on the lower ground. They did not want to frighten us (the Bush knows there was no need), and I heard no shouting or whip-cracking.

As we neared the flat land the White King swerved (with a trumpeting snort of warning to us) the least thing in the Bush towards the off-side, and I knew he must be making for Wattle-Flat by Ti-Tree Gully. Sure enough, we were headed straight for the narrow gully pass, and I heard Scatter-legs' dam grunt with satisfaction at the prospect of better going.

Then a horrible thing happened. Just as the White King was within a dozen strides of the pass, a great red-bearded man-person on a flea-bitten grey mare—a raking big creature—dashed out from a clump of wattle, cracking his whip almost in my father's face, and shouting like a broken-kneed colt. The White King's fore-feet bit right into the earth, and his rump touched the grass, as he slowed and swerved. We were almost atop of him, some of us, not knowing as much as he did of such manœuvring.

It was a bad business, but there was no choice. We could not wheel to the right rear, for our pursuers were thundering down towards us that way. To the right, in front, was the red-bearded outlier (he ran alone apparently); to the left front was the solid rock wall of the gully; the left rear was our only course, and that took us over ground strange even to the White King, always avoided by us because too much in the track of the station men-people.

The White King was silent now. It may be that, like the rest of us, he had little wind to spare. But somehow, through the silence, news travelled to the lankest yearling among us, and we knew in our bones that this was a mighty bad hunting.

Suddenly a great roar of "Coo-eys," and whip-crackings arose in our rear. I felt, rather than saw, my father swerving to the near-side, and, looking ahead, I saw on our off-side the splintery grey beginning of a fence, an unmistakable man-made fence, of posts and rails.

"My speed, we must be all yarded!" panted Scatterlegs' mother in my off-ear. "That's a fence!"

It was also death for one of the yearlings. The White King's swerve was too much for this small filly; she splayed, slid, went down all ways, and was spurned by a dozen hoofs, while her dam neighed shrilly. The poor young thing never rose again.

And now we were galloping diagonally away from the fence we had seen, when there came into view the end of another fence, directly ahead of us. The White King saw it, and lengthened his stride, steering to leave the thing on his off-side. It was then that I tasted the bitterness of racing against mounted men-people. They swept along behind us, bearing in from our near-side flank. It is humiliating, but necessary, to confess that on level ground a clever man-person can ride a horse faster than an unridden horse can gallop. With his knees and his rein, the man manages to hold his horse together, to perfect the balance, to ensure a certain, solid stride, in place of an uncertain, jarring, plunging gait.

"Coo—ey!" yelled the men-people; and the whips cracked like trees about to fall. I could see now that all their efforts were centred upon heading the White King *inside* the fence before us. The long-legged young man, the first we had seen, on his blaze-faced yellow mare, was distinctly gaining on my father. Yet the White King was unbeaten, and would have escaped the fence, but just before we reached it disaster came upon us.

The yelling and whip-cracking behind us was close and heart-sickening now. The other yearling, blown and mad from fear, slipped and fell under a mare's feet. The

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"She splayed, slid, went down all ways, and was spurned by a dozen hoofs."

mares screamed, swerved, and the worst happened. Two yelling men galloped within whip-reach of us, and the mob split. Leaderless, we plunged furiously on, seeing nothing. The White King trumpeted in vain, and then swerved in his turn, rather than forsake us, and, racing to our head, in the midst of cries from the men-people in which I detected a new note now, a ring of triumphant mastery, he led us flying over the flat grass along the *inside* of the fence.

The pace was terrific, and the men-

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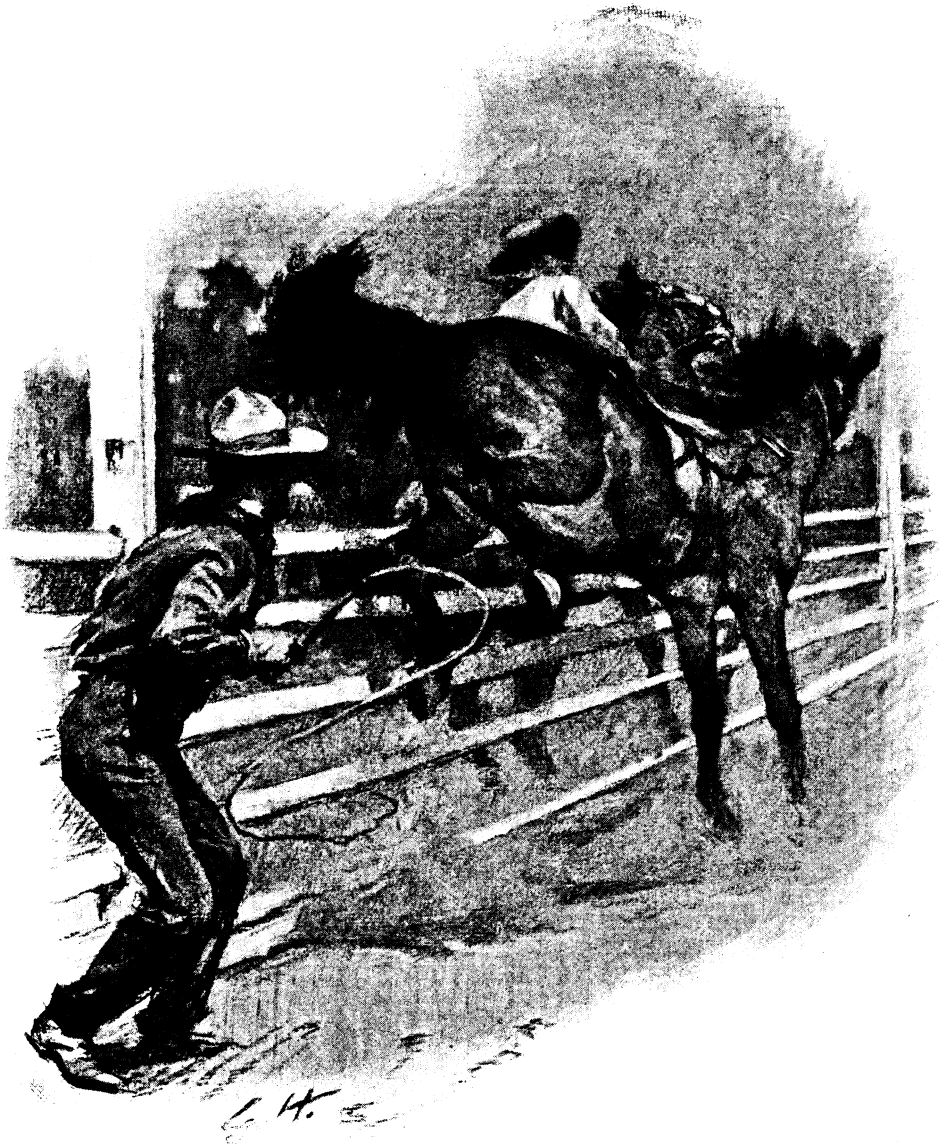

"Of course I lashed out at him, but my heels only struck the yard rails."

people were lashing their horses now. Another moment, and a glance to the off-side told me we were between two fences. Half a minute more, and our fenced path had narrowed to a couple of lengths across.

Then came a burst of deafening yells and cracks from our rear. Like a lightning flash I saw my father pass between two posts as big as trees, and slide to a standstill. I drew up my quarters and stiffened my knees. With a crash like thunder we surged together to a halt, a squealing, sweating, quivering mass, and half-a-dozen great bars dropped into their places between the two posts behind us.

"Hooray! A warm finish!" I heard one of the men-folk shout, as he slid from his horse. We were penned like sheep in a great stock-yard, the top rails of which were high above our heads. "It's six years since the day I first set out to run this white old man's mob, and now we've got 'em. My oath, but they're beauties! There's hardly one of 'em that's not fit for Sydney."

This was like so much snake-talk to me at

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"I scraped my body against tree-trunks till blood ran down my legs."

the time, not to be understood. And indeed my folk were not in a position to understand anything very well. We were all blown. The dust of the great cattle-yard was caking on our heaving flanks. Our legs were shaking like leaves, and as we stood huddled in a corner of the yard, our noses dripped blood and foam. The men-folk sat on the rails above us, spitting in the dust, cutting tobacco in their palms, swearing, laughing, and criticising our nakedness.

"Ah, well, they'll be tamer before their bellies are empty," laughed one.

That was at high noon, and the sun was shining very hotly. We stood in six inches of dust. Presently the men-people left us. Slowly, slowly, the sun worked down in the West, and at last was hidden. Then a chill dew began to fall, and a cold wind to rise. The sweat-encrusted dust on our flanks was a covering, but we were cold. For my part I could not feel the cold for the horrible, burning, choking thirst that stung in my dusty throat.

The sun rose and beat down upon us through a long spring day. Just before it sank again some men-people came to the rails with water, in horrible, jangling vessels of iron. But it was real water, though it smelt vilely of men; and when they had departed we crept up to it, one by one, and drank. Immediately then I realised that I was hungry, more hungry than I had ever been before. For two days we had stood in the choking dust, and not eaten. Next day the men-people threw us some bundles of curious, dry, hard grass, quite dead and harsh to the palate, like bark. But we ate it, after

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they left us again, and I know now that when one is hungry, hay, even thistly, weedy trash such as they gave us, is not altogether valueless.

After four days' starving, I was driven into a corner of the yard and cut off from my own people. There I was penned in what men call a "crush," while a halter was dangled before me on a long stick, till at length it caught me and was drawn tight, so tight that I breathed with great difficulty. By these means my head was drawn hard up to a post and bound there. Then a man on the rails managed to clinch a saddle on my back.

Now certain rails were drawn away, and a big roan horse with a man on his back was sidled hard against me. Of course I lashed out at him, but my heels only struck the yard rails. A piece of wood had been fixed over my nose, and I had to go the way I was pulled, or it squeezed my nose past bearing. So I was led to and fro, plunging and quaking, beside the patient old roan horse, while a man who stood on the ground plied the hissing fall of his green hide whip about my quarters at every plunge.

Then I was roped in a small crush, and suddenly thrown upon my side by ropes at my feet. This knocked all the breath out of me. A sack was flung over my head, and a man sat on that. I found that ropes bound me tightly everywhere. Suddenly I felt an excruciating pain on my shoulder, and smelt fire and burning through the sack. I struggled till it seemed my heart must burst in sunder; but the ropes were strong as death. Then the pain of my shoulder was forgotten in a tearing, cutting agony in the thick part of my tail.

Release came at long last, and shame and horror with it. My freedom was gone. A brand had been burned into my flesh. My beautiful mane had been clipped to the skin; my great tail had been cut off where the flesh of it was nigh as thick as a man's arm.

From that station homestead I entered a place more horrible than the stock-yard: a steamer's hold. That time was more dreadful, while it endured, than the living death that follows the breaking of legs in the Bush.

In Sydney I was enclosed between shafts, harnessed to a wagonette, or four-wheeled cab, by a man who named me "The Demon." Ah, my speed, but I could tell you stories of that summer in Sydney's reeking streets! And men-people say it is wondrous sweet and clean, for a city. I dare say. For me, the rankest, slimiest swamp in all the Bush were fragrant and homely by comparison. But the whole of it is too much to tell of, and a weariness; my skin twitches at the thought of it: the writhing whip, the straining collar, the dragging load, the horrible clatter, and the thrice horrible and jagging bit!

And at the last of it came the day when they say I set men-folk talking, and writing—drawing even, and swearing that my name of "The Demon" was well earned. It fell at the end of that red-hot summer, and just why I acted as I did the Bush alone knows. My driver picked up a man who wished to be taken a weary long way, past miles of houses, to the verge of real open country, the first I had seen since the agony of the steamboat. We drew up at length, before a house that stood alone, the last of its kind.

"Stand there, Demon! But I guess there's not much move in you now, anyway!" said my driver. And then he went within, with the other man, carrying a box. I was leg-weary, and stood with my head held low. Suddenly a puff of real air smote my nostrils, bearing with it the very breath of the golden wattle. It stirred like leaping fire in my blood. My head swung up to meet the clean fragrance of it.

"By my speed, I am a horse, a brumby!" I whinnied, forgetting my burned shoulder. And with a snort I galloped out to meet that breath of wattle blossom.

Crash! My carriage smashed into a tree-trunk and brought me to my haunches. But I bounded on, and my heart leaped to find that I was free. The carriage remained beside the tree. A shaft and a ruck of harness cluttered about me, but it was little I cared for that. I galloped and galloped, till all around me was real Bush. I scraped my body against tree-trunks till blood ran down my legs; but only an odd strap here and there of the harness remained to hamper me. And again I galloped and galloped. I stayed to drink by a running creek—my speed, how sweet and cold it was!—and my collar fell about my ears. I scraped it on a stump till it fell from me, fearing lest Bush-folk should see the hateful thing near me; and—on again, in the open Bush.

And now I have long since forgotten the feel of the shoes worn off my hoofs. Remains, you say, my brand? Aye, and my poor lopped tail, and scrubby mane. But see my yearlings yonder! Does any horse in this Bush lead finer?

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THE BUFF GAUNTLET.

By FRED M. WHITE.

IT was a bitter pill to swallow; still, there was grim satisfaction in the fact that the garrison had been a thorn in the side of Cromwell for three years past. But Basing House had fallen at last, and the great general had engineered the attack in person. The noise and roar of the fight had not yet died away, the chill October air rang to the clash of steel and the bursting of petronels, here and there the conflict spurted up again like a fire that is unquenched.

The rooms of the big house reeked with the smell of powder, on the walls the tread of heavy feet thundered, beyond in the darkness of the courtyard lay a huddled heap of the garrison. Cromwell had been in the thick of the fight awhile ago, and now he was no more to be seen. Not that it mattered much, seeing that the house was won and the long siege ended. There was a high wind outside, and the hangings of the walls bellied fiercely to the draught. A woman came scudding across the great hall and ran into the refectory to the right. Colonel Harker's brows knitted as he noticed her beauty and the richness of her dress.

"This is no place for you," he said sourly. "You should have gotten away with the rest. Unless it may happen that you are a spy."

"I am no spy," the woman said. "I am looking for my husband. If he is here——"

The girl—for she was little more—came to an abrupt pause, as if fearful that she was saying too much. She seemed to be timid and in great distress, though there was a suggestion of firmness in the little mouth, and the big, blue eyes did not lack courage.

"Who are you that comes here in a case like this?" Harker demanded.

"I am Sybil Harcombe, at your service, sir," the girl replied—"wife of Sir Walter Harcombe, who lies either dead or seriously wounded here. I came——"

"You came over here from Harcombe in the thick of the fight!" Harker exclaimed with uplifted eyebrows. "True 'tis that these children of evil do not lack courage. I must tell my Lord General of this. It may be no secret to you, madam, that Cromwell is anxious to meet your husband—a traitor like that."

"My husband is no traitor," Lady Harcombe replied hotly. "He came amongst you with his life in his hands to learn your plans. That he tricked and fooled your master I hold to be greatly to his credit. Do you call your creature Claypole a traitor? And yet he came into the garrison with the foul intent of betraying the house, as he has done."

"Claypole's service was rendered to the Lord," Harker said with a certain sour enthusiasm. "Your man serves the Host of Darkness. If he is here——"

Harker tapped the hilt of his sword significantly. Sybil Harcombe did not need to be told what would be the fate of her husband if he fell alive into the hands of the Roundheads. It was sufficient that he had weaned himself into the confidence of the Protector and gained more than one valuable secret. It was the kind of thing that Cromwell did not forget nor forgive.

And there was a new savour in the successful siege in the fact that Walter Harcombe was behind the walls of Basing House. A fresh blast of wind shook the arras again, a sound of strife burst forth, a man cut and bleeding staggered into the room. There was a sally of the garrison, a last despairing effort in the courtyard, he said. With something on his lips that would have passed for an oath from a Cavalier, Harker hurried away. The heavy door banged sullenly behind him, but still the arras stirred. Then a slim hand with rings upon it pushed the heavy stuff aside, and a voice whispered the name of Sybil. She crossed the floor as quickly as a fawn.

"Walter!" she whispered. "Walter! Surely God is very good to me to-night."

"My faith! but that is open to doubt, dearest," the man huddled on the floor behind the arras groaned. "Here am I with

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my sword-arm broken and a hole in my leg as big as a Roundhead's hypocrisy. I managed to crawl here with all the fight gone out of me, and old Noll standing there not ten yards away, looking as if he's lost his self-respect and found his true value. If he had only known!"

Sybil Harcombe shivered as she bent down and kissed the speaker. The spirit and flush of conflict had not yet quite died away, the clash of steel could be heard, and the sounds of musketry-firing. The sounds moved as the fugitives were chased from one part of the house to another. When order was restored, doubtless a careful search would be made, and the fate of Walter Harcombe was as good as sealed.

And yet there was a smile on his face, and naught of fear in those dark, insolent eyes of his.

"Cromwell will be back again," Sybil whispered. "'Tis said that he had raised the siege two days ago and pressed north, where he and his Ironsides are badly wanted, but for it that you were within the walls. Though why he has so fierce a hatred of you——"

"Because I know too much, sweetheart," Harcombe smiled. "There were private papers I became possessed of—the story of an early youth none too well spent. Ecod, mistress, that man is at heart still one of us! Is he not the grandson of old Sir Harry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook, who was the very pink of what a good Cavalier should be? Did not my father hide Noll himself at Harcombe Place what time——"

"Hush!" Sybil whispered. "We are burning the golden moments. They know not how I came here, they know nothing of the passage from here to Harcombe Place. Lie there till I see that the coast is clear. There is no time to be lost."

Sybil sped away, as if eagerly and piteously looking for some dead friend. The last embers of the fight had been stamped out under the heels of the Ironsides, the guard had been set in the big courtyard, Colonel Harker and the rest were making a hasty meal in the hall. Sybil came back presently with her finger to his lips.

"Come on," she said. "With the blessing of Providence, we shall reach the staircase. Lean on me, dear husband. Courage! You are worse hit than I thought for. But once at Harcombe Place, and you shall have all the attention possible."

They crawled painfully across the hall and up the flagged staircase. Sybil had snatched off her husband's wig and wrapped him in a cloak that she had taken from a Parliamentary soldier, who had no need of such things in future. These were stern, hard times, and the girl's fingers did not so much as tremble. A big Puritan stood at the top of the stairs, with his petronel in the hollow of his arm. He would have challenged the couple as they came near, only Sybil signed for him to let them pass. Before the fellow could make parley, Sir Walter had tripped him neatly, so that he came clattering headlong down the stairs, and lay yelling and moaning there as if the Father of Lies were after him.

"Now quick!" Sybil cried. "You must make an effort, dear heart. Lean on me; let me bear the whole weight of your body. God be praised, we are here at last!"

With a desperate strength Sybil dragged Sir Walter into a little closet and closed the door behind. She was trembling and wet with her exertions. She fumbled along the wall till her hand touched an iron knob, and on this she pressed, with the result that the stone wall swung round, and a long, dark tunnel stood like the throat of a wolf. As the wall fell back again, there came yells and cries from the staircase. But the danger was past, and Sybil stood trembling in the velvet folds of the darkness, crying now like a very woman. Harcombe's uninjured arm was about her, and she was weeping on his shoulder.

"Come, mistress," he said, "do not give way yet. You are as brave as you are beautiful, and no man can say more than that. The danger is done."

"I am not so sure of that," Sybil said as she pressed forward. "Cromwell used to come here in the brave days—aye, and to Harcombe Place in your grandfather's time, too. Maybe he, too, had heard of the secret passage."

"Maybe," Harcombe said grimly. "But there is another secret at Harcombe Place that is known only to you and I and one other. If Noll comes there, you will know how to act."

"Aye, I shall know how to act," Sybil said with a certain fierce indrawing of her breath. "Whatever happens to me, you shall be saved, because the King has need of you. The knowledge that you possess may crown the King's troops with victory yet. It was a cruel, hard fate that shut you up in Basing House so long. If you had thought of the passage——"

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"Dear heart of mine, I did think of it.

But there were traitors in the house. I was watched night and day. And if those traitors had known, they had killed me treacherously and filled the house with Ironsides from Harcombe Place by means of the passage. I tried it once, but the danger was too great."

"A woman came scudding across the great hall."

In the darkness the passage seemed to be interminably long, but the end came at length. Sybil had studied the place till she was as much at home in the pitchy darkness as she had been in broad daylight. Her slim fingers found the spring, a panel slid away, and a dazzling shaft of light came pouring into the tunnel from the hall at Harcombe Place. The old house, with its deep moat—the old house, part of which was below the bottom of the moat—seemed strangely, painfully silent after the turmoil of Basing. Harcombe could still hear the hum of conflict, like a revolving wheel in his brain.

"Get me a cordial, sweetheart," he said—"strong waters of some kind; and then old Andrew shall carry me to bed, for my arm hurts me grievously. It is good to get away from there—in the name of our Lord the King! what is that?"

Harcombe pointed with his long, buff gauntlet to a conical object lying on the oak, gate-legged table in the centre of the hall. It was nothing more nor less than a soft felt hat with a buckle at the side, a strange object to be seen in Harcombe Place, where everything that had the slightest savour of Puritanism was rigorously excluded.

"I am not suffering from any noisome vapours," Harcombe went on. "My mind is quite clear. So, therefore, that is the hat of an Ironside soldier, who is evidently making himself quite at home here in the house of my forefathers—some low scullion who should find a proper place in the kitchen. What has become of Andrew, that he——"

Sybil suddenly laid a finger on her husband's lips. For from the dimness of the stairway an aged servant was signalling violently. The house was strangely quiet. Harcombe caught the suggestion that there was danger of some kind in the air. Sybil crept up the stairs to the old servant, whose face was white and agitated. He looked like a dim vision of fear in the light of the torches in the corridor.

"What is it, old friend?" Sybil asked. "Where does the danger lie?"

"There in the dining-parlour," the old man muttered. "Fierce men searching the house; a party there outside, so that retreat is cut off; and the devil himself in the parlour."

"The devil himself! Andrew, do you mean to say——"

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"Aye, indeed, my dear mistress. He came just in and took possession, for all the world as if he had been born to it. Nobody else but Oliver Cromwell."

Sybil could scarcely refrain a cry. Cromwell there in the house! How could he have guessed—how could he possibly have found out? Sybil was too astonished to do anything for the moment. Then the vividness of the danger came back to her with startling force. Cromwell was there; he had his bodyguard with him; and only the thickness of an oak door stood between him and the man he needed.

"Where are the servants?" Sybil asked. "Where are——"

"All taken away but me," Andrew said sadly. "I was too old and feeble, mayhap. But the others were swept off as if they had been chaff. Dear mistress, what is there for us to do? If my lord and master tries to escape by way of the open moor——"

"Your master is sorely wounded," Sybil interrupted. "It is only that great heart of his that keeps him going in the face of danger. Did he go far, he would die. And Cromwell may come out of that room at any moment. Get your master away, Andrew, get him safe to the hiding-place, whilst I go and parley to gain time."

Sir Walter came very slowly up the stairs. His face was set and stern as he listened, yet his eyes were full of passionate affection as he talked to his wife. He would have said something, but she waved the speech aside.

"It is to be one or the other of you," she said. "I will go and reason with him. If he refuses to listen, which I expect, there must be no hesitation. There is the bare chance that you may get away yet. And if so, send me your gauntlet; let it be the message on the floor. If that comes down, I shall know that you are free. Praise be to God that there are none of our people in the house! It may be 'Good-bye'——"

The door of the parlour creaked, and Andrew drew his master back. He snatched the hand of his wife and kissed it passionately. The next moment he had vanished in the darkness of the corridor. With a firm step, and a heart beating none the faster, Sybil slowly descended the stairs. She had her part to play now, and she was not going to flinch. There was desperate danger here, but at any cost the precious life of Sir Walter Harcombe must be saved. It mattered little how Cromwell had come to know that Harcombe had found his way back home, seeing that his danger was going to be as great, if not greater, than that of the master of Harcombe Place. If Walter succeeded in getting away, well and good; if not, the price would be a heavy one.

Quite ready for all that was going to happen, Sybil pushed her way into the parlour. The Protector stood there, moodily poking the wood fire with the toe of his riding-boot. The expression of his strong, heavy face did not change in the least.

"I sent for you," he said. "Why did you not come before?"

There was a harsh command in the question that brought the blood flaming to Sybil's face. Had this rude boor once been the close companion of gentlemen? she wondered. She had heard tales of Cromwell's early youth that did not tally with his middle age.

"I was abroad," she said. "I did not know of the honour before me, or I had been back sooner. Your courtesy and your kindness, sir, touch me to the heart. It is a sweet and blessed privilege that Harcombe Place boasts to-night."

The expression on Cromwell's face seemed unchanged. Sybil caught herself wondering whether or not there was a heart somewhere under that rugged breast.

"Shut the door," he said, unmoved. "Shut the door and let us talk."

"Talk by all means, because we must; but as to the door, shut it yourself, if such is your good pleasure. Have you consorted with kitchen-wenches so long that you have caught the manner of their lives? But I am wasting my time. What do you do here?"

"I came here on an errand that you can guess," Cromwell said. "I came here to seek your husband. How he escaped my men to-night passes my understanding. He was not with the dead nor with the wounded; he was nowhere to be found. That he had been sorely mauled, I had from one who was part of the undoing; and yet he has escaped me. The wounded fox creeps back to his earth. That is why I am here to-night."

"You expected to find my husband waiting for you with open arms?"

"Well, perhaps not that, mistress," Cromwell said, with a near approach to a smile. "If he is not here, then he is not far away. If he comes not here, then he goes to his friend Lord Mornington, at Carew Grange, where there are those who are ready to say 'Nay' to that."

"And if my husband does fall into your hands?"

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"Then he will be shot," Cromwell said hoarsely. "An example to traitors, be it understood. We have been too easy with them in the past."

"Oh, yes, kindness of heart is ever your stumbling-block," Sybil said bitterly. "Man, have you no mercy, no feeling, no bowels of compassion? Here in this very house your own grandfather, then old Sir Harry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook——"

"My ancestors are no part of me," Cromwell interrupted. "It was men like my grandfather, pandering to a profligate and wasteful—— What was that?"

II.

It was only a grating sound, like the turning of a key in a lock, but it brought the gleam of suspicion in the eyes of Cromwell. Sybil smiled as she saw his hand go to his side. It was good to know that this hard man had nerves and feelings.

"There is no cause for alarm," she said. "I am merely a woman, whose servants have been sent away, and your menials are close at hand. Do not be afraid."

"It sounded like something down below," Cromwell said. "My men are searching there in the vaults and passages in the basement of this old place. Mayhap they are on the right scent; but certain places here have been cunningly contrived. There is the iron cell, for instance."

"So you know of the iron cell!" Sybil cried. "But I had forgotten that you once enjoyed the full hospitality of this house. In return for all that kindness——"

"It is no time to speak of kindness," Cromwell burst out harshly. "When a kingdom as fair as ours is at stake, why—— But how should a woman know anything of such matters? I heard a sound like the turning of a key in a lock—it seemed to come from below. I have a curiosity to see that iron cellar of yours."

Sybil smiled to herself. Her face was deadly white now, her eyes gleamed with some strong tenacity of purpose. There was a suggestion of the martyr about her.

"And also the contents of the chamber," she said sneeringly. "You hope to find my husband in hiding there. Well, I have nothing to conceal. Follow me, and you shall know all there is to know about the iron cell. This way, sir."

Cromwell followed, his iron heels clanging on the pavement. Presently Sybil led the way down a long flight of stone steps which gave upon a slimy passage, the walls of which were green with some kind of growth; great drops fell from the arched roof. They were below the level of the moat now, in the oldest part of the house. In times gone by, prisoners had been kept in those damp vaults, unseen and unrecorded crimes had taken place there; for there had been Harcombes in those days whose names were as a white terror to the whole countryside. There were tales and legends still half-believed; but they were being forgotten now, seeing that the head of the family was a popular hero with his people.

Most of the cell doors stood open, but one was tightly closed. The door was of iron, with great brass studs on it, the handle was stiff, and taxed Sybil's strength to the uttermost. Cromwell stood by, impotent to help, for the secret of the door lay in the turning of the handle. The big, iron sheet rolled sullenly back at last, disclosing a black interior. A clanking footstep came down the corridor, and a sour-looking trooper, with a lantern in his hand, strode along.

"Give me your light, fellow," Cromwell said. "There are plenty of lanterns among you, and we need one. Have you found anything yet?"

"It has not yet been vouchsafed to us, my lord," the man said with a snivelling drawl; "but our feet are on the right path, peradventure."

Sybil smiled with some contempt. She took the lantern from the hand of the trooper and, passing up the steps that led to the door, held it high over her head. There was no moisture in the iron cell save for the beads on the walls, and the place was empty.

"There is nothing here," Sybil said. "Had I told you my husband was not concealed here, you would not have believed me. So your memory is a good one, and you have not forgotten some of the secrets of the house. Do you know *all* about this iron cell?"

The question was put with such significance that Cromwell stared at the speaker. He replied sullenly that he supposed that nothing had been concealed from him.

"Then you are quite wrong," the girl replied. "This cell is sheathed with iron. Do you know why it is so sheathed, whilst the other cells are of plain granite? Do you know why you have to come up a flight of stairs to reach it from the corridor?"

Sybil pointed to the short flight of steps that she and her companion had ascended to reach the iron room. Cromwell nodded, with

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the air of a man who takes little interest in the proceedings. All he knew or cared to know was that an enemy was concealed here, and that enemy must be driven from his hiding-place and destroyed. The man was doubtless down here in this curious underground world, and the troopers would move him presently.

"I see you don't know everything," Sybil said, "so I will proceed to explain. First, I will shut the door, so that we need not be disturbed. . . . There! Now you are a prisoner; and unless I chose to show you the way, you could never open that iron sheet. I could keep you a prisoner here as long as I liked. Do you understand that?"

"I understand that I have company; and that so long as one is a prisoner, he is not without a companion. Come, mistress, you are concealing something from me."

"Not for long," Sybil said in a hard, even voice; "I am going to explain everything. Did you ever hear how the old house was raided by the Hoptons, and their terrible fate?"

Cromwell waved his hand impatiently. He had heard some century-old story of the feud between the Hoptons and Harcombes, and how the castle of the former had been destroyed.

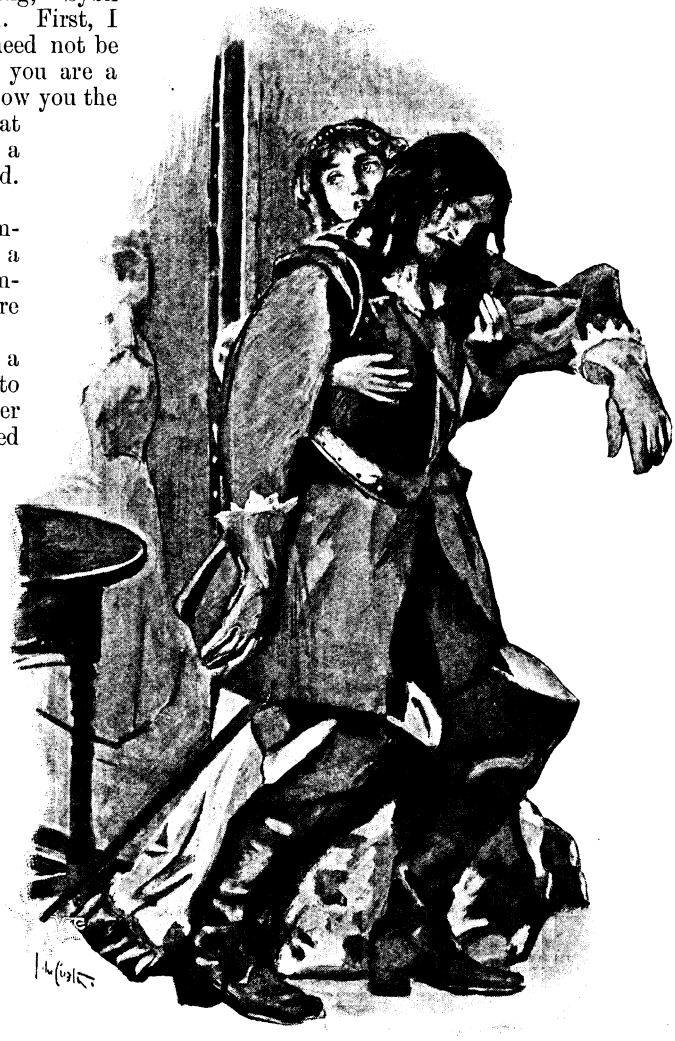
"Ah! it is by no means a dull story," Sybil said in the same hard, even tones. "They came here treacherously in the dead of the night—one hundred and nine of them—and our people fled to the vaults, where they were followed. The foe fell into the trap. And what happened? Next day, one hundred and nine corpses, fair and dark, rich and poor, lay out in the courtyard, and our people buried them. The Hoptons were wiped clean out, and we pulled their castle down stone by stone. Have you heard of that?"

"In my youth," Cromwell said impatiently. "The silly lie of some kitchen-wench."

"It was not a lie; it is absolutely true. And the only loss our people sustained was a young girl who had a hopeless passion for the then ruling head of the family. Somebody had to perish to save the house, and that girl chose to do so. The fact that she was dying at the time made the story the more touching—to people possessed of feeling at all."

"Meaning that I have none," Cromwell said sourly. "What really happened, mistress?"

"Oh, I see that I interest you at last!



"'Courage! You are worse hit than I thought for.'"

The moat was tapped. The moat can be tapped from here, and these vaults and passages flooded with a great rush of water. In time the water would rise until this iron room were filled to the roof; there would be no end to it, because the moat is fed from the lake on the high ground over against Basing village. It was the rush of

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those cruel waters that wiped the Hoptons out of existence."

"But the girl need not have died," Cromwell protested. "If she had cut off the flow of water——"

"She could not," Sybil went on. "The pressure from without is too great. Our machinery is too imperfect for that. The raised gates have to be forced down from without. They refused to work on that fatal night because the lake was in flood—a fact that had been overlooked. And so the heroine died, and the Hoptons raided the land no longer. It was a brave thing to do."

"It was a brave thing to do," Cromwell echoed. "For a woman it was a noble act."

"It was. We all think so. She did it to save the house she loved, as I might do it to save the man I loved. What one woman can do, another need not shrink from."

Cromwell started. Moody and preoccupied as he was, the full significance of the speech was not lost on him. The sombre eyes sought Sybil's face keenly. He saw a deadly white face, with a pair of eyes gleaming dangerously; he saw resolution—almost inspiration—and the fact was borne in upon him that his life was in peril.

"Do you mean to threaten me?" he asked.

"No," Sybil said gently. "I mean nothing of the kind. My husband's life is in danger; he is, as you say, sorely wanted. And he is not very far off. Your ferret instinct has not played you false. If my man is taken now, the King's cause would suffer. The King has need of him. His life or death may change the whole fortunes of the day."

"We will not argue that," Cromwell muttered. "Those despatches——"

"And your private papers. It is your pleasure to call Walter Harcombe a spy and a traitor, and proclaim the fact that you are going to shoot him. Now, if you will write a message to your men outside calling them off, and send these roundheaded, prowling rats of yours from the house, I may——"

"These be brave words," Cromwell cried. "Woman, are you talking to *me?*"

"Aye, I am," Sybil said between her teeth. "And I am going to play the woman to-night. My husband must escape, or I pay the penalty with my life. I did not bring you here to threaten or to abuse. If my husband does not go free under an order from your own hand, you and I die. I will play Jeanne d'Arc to you; I will rid England of a cold-hearted tyrant, who plays the tune of his ambition to the melody of religion. Aye, I am not boasting."

There was danger here, and the great Parliamentarian gripped it. They were locked in there together, and the secret of the way out of it was known only to a woman who had lost her senses for love of her husband. Cromwell crossed the cell and gripped Sybil by the wrist.

"There is not likely to be any danger now," he said.

"You think not?" The girl made an effort to free herself. "You may go if you can find the way out. Presently, when the moat is at flood, a great log of wood will glide down past the spies as if the stream had carried it down, and on that log will be my husband. He will get away right under the eyes of your vigilants. If they shoot him down, should he attempt to lower the flood-gates, then your fate and mine is sealed. And I shall be a saint in the memory of my husband. I shall go down to posterity as the woman who rid free England of a tyrant. Let me go!"

Sybil wrenched herself away suddenly and jumped heavily on a square plate let in the floor. She laughed as a hollow clang rang out, and almost instantly the silence of the place was broken with a shock and a roar, as if the whole house were in the throes of an earthquake. Every stone and every stick of timber creaked and groaned; the roaring came nearer and nearer, till the rush of it drowned every other sound. Sybil had been as good as her word; she had tapped the lake, and the flood was streaming through the house already.

Then she crossed over and pulled back the iron door. Already the passage outside, at the foot of the flight of stairs, was a white, foaming torrent. As Cromwell looked, he could see that the seething stream was rising higher and higher.

"Can you swim?" Sybil asked, pointing to the shimmering force below. "You cannot? Well, it would make no difference. Nobody could live in that dreadful whirlpool—the fall is too great. It joins the river in the water-meadows below the house. See how it is creeping up—up, still higher, till it reaches the floor where we are standing. Oliver Cromwell, if there is any sincerity in your prayers, you will need them now. Look!"

The girl pointed with a steady hand to an object that came turning and twisting with the flood. It was the dead body of a

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"'Follow me!'"

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man in full uniform—the trooper who had provided Cromwell with the lantern.

"Aye, well, you have reason to be proud of your work," Cromwell said bitterly.

"I am not proud of the thing which is no better than murder. Yet there is no shame to me when I think of the murder that you have planned. Come, if I can yet save your life, will you take terms from me?"

It was a long time before Cromwell replied. He did not do so until the shining flood had risen above his ankles.

"You are the stuff that heroes are born from," he said with a certain grudging admiration. "It is because England has need of me, because God has called me to right a great wrong, that I yield. I dare not go and stand in the presence of my Maker feeling that I have betrayed His trust to save my stiff-necked pride. Your husband is free of me if you can stay the crime that you have done."

"I may fail," she said; "but presently the flood will bring me a message. If my husband's buff gauntlet comes down, I shall know that he has got beyond the confines of the house. That was the signal that he promised me. If he has been taken, then you and I die together. Have you ink and powder and a pen in your doublet?"

Cromwell signified that he had writing materials about him. He watched the waters rising almost up to his knees, the fear of death danced before his eyes. Presently along the shining bosom of the floor came the signal in the form of a buff gauntlet. Sybil snatched it up and took a tiny scrap of paper from the bosom of her dress.

"Now write a message on that, and write quickly," she said. "There is no time to be lost. The glove will float down the stream and out on the margin of the water-meadows. Old Andrew will be waiting for it; for Andrew and myself have tried the scheme more than once before, little dreaming how soon we should make use of it.... Is that writing done?.... There!"

Sybil flung the glove afar out into the stream, and it slid away beyond the circle of light made by the lantern. Still the water crept up, until it reached the deep chest of the soldier, and nearly to the shoulders of the woman. The flood was very cold; but Sybil made no sign, for within she glowed with the consciousness of a great victory.

The water was not moving now, it came no higher. Had the signal reached its destination? Cromwell asked himself. It was characteristic of the man that he displayed no kind of feeling, and yet his face lightened invisibly as he saw the horn buttons of his coat emerging one by one as the stream began to subside. There was a steady, sucking noise in the corridor, the steps crept in sight one by one, until the floor appeared once more.

"Now, sir," Sybil said. She spoke bravely enough, though a deadly fear was gripping her. "Now we can get to the level of the house again, where no damage will have been done, and you and I can exchange pretty courtesies by the side of a roaring fire. I take it that you feel a certain inconvenience from your adventure?"

"Some dry clothing?" Cromwell said.

"It shall be forthcoming. I pray of you to go upstairs and take the first room to the right. I go to change my own attire. Then perhaps you will permit me to extend my hospitality, seeing that the house is not strange to you. As a mark of my distinguished favour, I have shown you a secret of the house which is not revealed to every stranger. Ah! I hear Andrew."

Old Andrew had come back to the house, his withered face broken with many emotions. When the great Parliamentarian came down to the parlour, clad in dry clothing, he found Sybil awaiting him. Her face was flushed now and her eyes unduly bright. In a deep chair on the other side of the fire sat Sir Walter Harcombe. One of Sybil's hands was on his shoulder, the other he held proudly and lovingly.

"'Sdeath, sir!" he said; "but these be brave times. And so you have measured your wit against that of a woman, and gotten a fall, as many a better man has done before you. Presently, when you are gone, I shall try and tell this dear wife of mine what I think of her. Come, sir, you will drink a cup of the best to the sweetest heroine who ever risked her life for the sake of the unworthy fellow who was privileged to call himself a husband. As a courtesy, as a medicine, as a toast—call it what you will. And shake hands upon it."

"As a toast, then," Cromwell said in a deep voice, as he raised the needed cordial to his lips. "Madam, my profoundest respects to you. But the draught is a bitter one, and my stomach likes it not at all. So if you will suffer me to depart——"

He raised his fingers to his cap and saluted gravely. Then he turned on his heels and quitted the room, clanging the door sullenly behind.

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Martha and the Village Idiot.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

HAT a night! The wind howled and moaned in the eeriest way round old Martha's lonely little cottage, and the cold rain came driving in sudden, savage gusts against the lattice-windows.

Tick-tick! Tick-tick! The grandfather clock, serene and dignified as ever, told the hour of nine. Mrs. Box, Martha's one neighbour, had looked in, as usual, to see that the old lady had everything she required for the night. It was black as pitch outside, she said, as she opened the cottage door, picked up her skirts, and drew her shawl tightly about her.

"That's no reason why you should go lettin' all the rain in," Martha replied snappishly. It was Martha's privilege to be snappish.

The old lady's candle burned dimly. She snuffed it with shaky fingers. Then, stick in hand, she hobbled across to the door and put up the bar. Now for a final glance at the windows to see if they were properly fastened. Jane Box was a decent enough sort of soul in her way, but it didn't do to—

Ah! What was that?

Old Martha started back from the window with a cry of alarm. Her nerves, as she was wont to boast, were stout, but a haggard face peering in at one's window from the depths of a wild, dark night is a fair excuse for "the jumps."

The face grinned, and the old lady, recognising the features, raised her stick and shook it angrily. It was Crazy Jim, the village idiot. Wait till she got a fair chance at him! She'd teach the fellow to go frightening folks by looking in at their windows.

How white he looked! And what was he doing so far from the village at this time of night? His father, Martha remembered, had just gone to gaol for another three months, and maybe his mother, the drunken drab, had turned the lad out of the house. It was no night for anybody to be sleeping out. Martha hesitated a moment. Then common humanity won the day. She took down the bar and opened the door.

Who-o-o! cried the wind. Swish-swish! came the rain.

"Crazy Jim!" called the old lady in a querulous, piping voice.

The boy appeared in the doorway. He wore no cap, and his wet hair hung over his forehead in snaky wisps. His coat and trousers, all too small for that lanky frame, were soaked through and through. The foolish grin still wreathed his lips, but his eyes were wild with hunger. He trembled with cold.

"What be doin' out this time o' night?" shouted Martha, sheltering her old body behind the door.

Jim sniggered. "Mother, she turned I out. 'Er be rare an' drunk."

"Come along in, then, an' let me get this door shut. I ain't goin' ter catch my death o' cold fer the likes o' you."

The idiot shambled gladly into the warm kitchen. His sopping boots left great wet patches on the stoned floor. Martha noticed the patches as she closed the door again, but, oddly enough, she made no comment.

"What did you do ter make yer mother turn yer out?"

"Nothin' as I knows on."

"A parcel o' lies! I'll be bound you was up to some mischief. 'Ere, get across to the fire an' take yer coat off. A nice thing ter come disturbin' anybody at this time o' night! 'Ave yer 'ad yer supper?"

"No, nor me dinner."

The old lady grunted, and hobbled to the cupboard for the loaf, butter, and cheese. Jim's lips worked feverishly at the sight of food. He looked like a famished dog.

"I s'pose you must 'ave a cup o' tea," grumbled Martha. "Put the kettle on the fire."

This was jolly. The half-witted boy felt glad that his mother had turned him out. Cheese and butter were almost unknown luxuries at their house, and nobody ever cared whether he was cold or wet.

He warmed his bony fingers at the blaze

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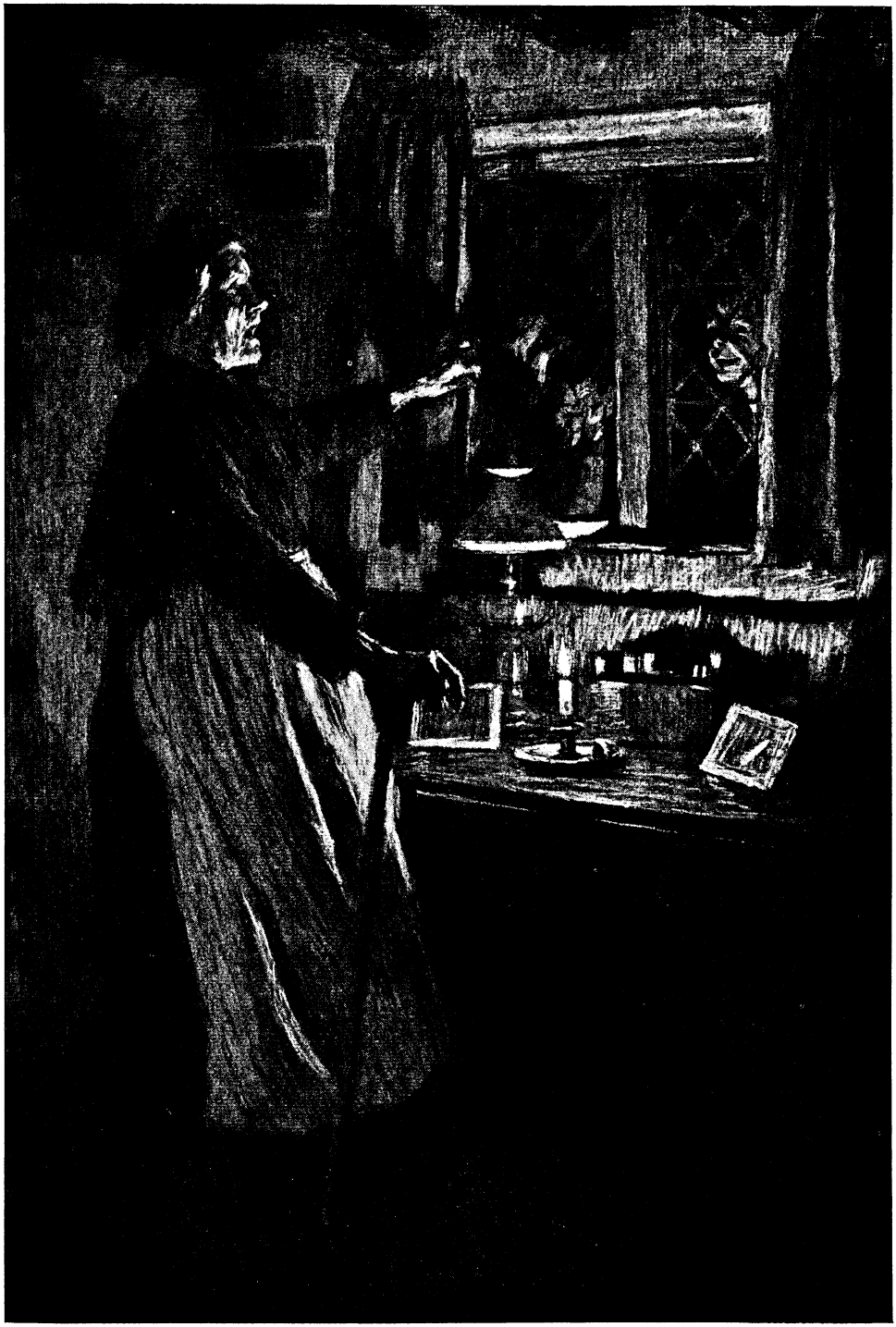

"Old Martha started back from the window with a cry of alarm."

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and rubbed them together. His coat steamed as it hung over the back of a chair, and his trousers and boots would soon be dry. What a nice little cottage Martha had! He sometimes peeped in through the open door in the summer-time, but he had never actually ventured inside it before.

He began to wonder why all the folks in Little Snitterfield were so frightened of Martha. He would tell them to-morrow how brave he had been. Nobody else would have dared to peep in at her window. It was all very well to call him Crazy Jim, but some of the other lads——

He began to nod. Martha tapped him smartly on the back with her stick.

"Finished yer supper?"

"Aye."

"Where be goin' to sleep?"

He sniggered again foolishly and looked at the streaming windows.

"Goin' 'long 'ome?"

"Not me."

"Why not?"

"Mother wouldn't let I in."

"Where be goin' ter sleep, then? Come, wake up! I wan's ter get ter bed meself."

"Maybe in Farmer Price's barn."

"Aye, an' get the dogs set on yer. I shud 'ave thought you'd 'ave known Farmer Price by this time."

The old lady considered. It was not a night to turn anybody out, least of all a lad that hadn't the wit to take care of himself. She supposed that she must let him sleep on the hearthrug before the fire. He was honest enough, according to the folks.

"Now, look 'ere," she said, catching his attention by shaking a threatening finger at him, "if I let you sleep on my 'earthrug, will you give me your word of honour not to meddle with anything, nor take anything that doesn't belong to yer?"

The boy nodded eagerly and repeatedly.

"Very well, then. And don't go touching the fire, mind. Let it just burn itself out."

Crazy Jim stretched his thin form on the rug. Martha took up the candle, opened the door that led to the stairs, passed through it, shut the door after her, and climbed the creaking stairway.

So long as he heard her moving to and fro overhead, the boy lay still. He did not close his eyes, though; the unexpected good fortune excited his weak brain. He was all alone in old Martha Smith's kitchen! She had actually gone to bed and left him to do as he liked. Perhaps there was some cake in the cupboard!

The footsteps ceased. He heard the old lady's bed creak as she crawled into it. The idiot stood up and crept on tiptoe to the cupboard. The fire gave a good light.

No, there was not any cake, and he had eaten as much bread and cheese as he fancied. After all, he might just as well go to sleep. It was nice and warm by the fire, and the hearthrug was thick and soft.

Presently another thought occurred to him. Would the fire last through the night? He had been told not to touch it, but there could be no harm in putting on some more coal. That was a fine big lump! Now some small lumps on the top of it and all round. What a splendid blaze it would make! They never had a fire like that at home.

Crazy Jim laughed softly to himself as the long, red flames came leaping to eat the coal. Then he lay down again on the soft rug and fell asleep.

II.

THE boy had done his stoking well. Higher and higher shot those hungry tongues, until the far points of them were lost in the blackness of the chimney. The little kitchen was aglow with the warm light. The smooth, polished surface of the oaken dresser reflected vaguely the lithe flames and Martha's empty chair.

Crazy Jim, warm to his very marrow and freed from the pains of hunger, slept soundly. The weak mouth hung open, the thin hands clutched feebly at the rug. In the room above, old Martha, too, was sleeping. The rain beat angrily on the lattice-windows; the bleak wind cried about the eaves.

The hours crept by and the fire burned less fiercely. The body of it had been eaten away, leaving but the upper part of the big piece of coal, the corner of which rested on the top bar of the grate.

Suddenly, this lump fell with a crash into the bottom of the grate, and broke into little bits. Some of the fragments jumped through the wide bars into the fender; one, more venturesome than the rest, landed on the thick hearthrug.

A smell of burning cloth stole through the kitchen. Crazy Jim turned on his side and slumbered more heavily than before. A wisp of smoke rose into the heated air and lurked among the cross-beams. A tiny ring of red showed itself in the rug and spread stealthily outwards. The smell of burning was pungent now, and the ceiling near the high mantelshelf was almost obscured by the smoke.

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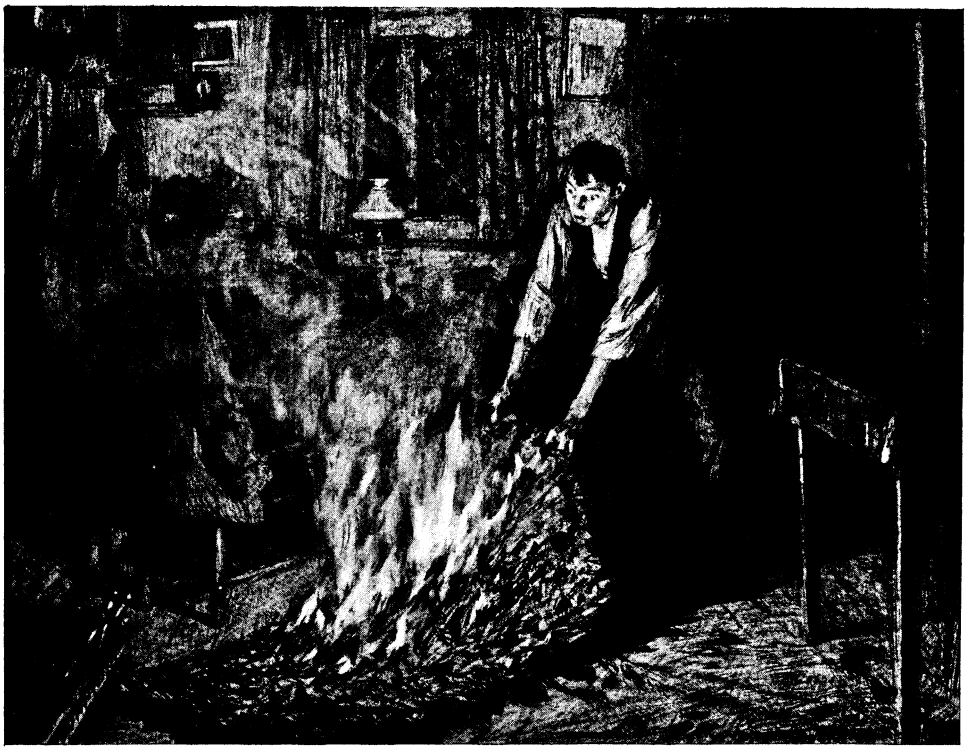

"He advanced upon it boldly, seized it in both hands, and lifted it from the floor."

The ring of red was no longer tiny. It gained courage as it grew, and beneath it came other rings, deeper in colour and of a tortuous, sinister shape. . . . The boy threw out one of his arms, and it rested on the glowing patch.

With a cry of terror, too brief and too stifled to carry through the ceiling of the kitchen to the ears of the old lady, Crazy Jim sprang to his feet. The light from the reawakened flames showed him at once that the hearthrug was on fire. The thick smoke choked him as he stood agape at the sight.

His first thought was for his own safety. There was nothing as yet to be feared from the smouldering rug, but he was thinking of Martha's stick. He stepped back a pace or two, in order to be clear of the smoke, and listened intently. Not a sound from the bedroom. She was still asleep.

He crept on tiptoe towards the door. He had only to take down the bar, let himself out into the road, and run away. Yes, that was the plan. He grinned to himself as he realised the simplicity of the thing.

And yet, with his hand upon the bar that secured the door, he paused. What would happen to old Martha if she went on sleeping? If the whole kitchen caught alight, she would be burnt. Crazy Jim did not like to think of Martha being burnt. It would not matter very much, of course, but she had been kind to him that night, and given him things to eat, and let him go to sleep in front of the fire. Martha was worth preserving. Perhaps she would let him sleep in front of the fire the next time his mother got drunk and turned him out of the house.

He decided to drag the rug out of the cottage into the road. Yes; but it must be done quietly. Martha would be angry if he woke her up. Very softly, then, he took down the bar, raised the latch, and opened the door.

Phew! The angry wind had been trying all night to get into the kitchen. Here, at last, was the chance. A great gust swept with savage glee through the low doorway and pounced upon the smouldering hearthrug. The dull glow changed in an instant to flame.

Crazy Jim was surprised, but not frightened. It was the more necessary that the rug should be dragged into the road. He advanced upon it boldly, seized it in both hands, and lifted it from the floor.

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The wind approved of that. It could get under the red mass as well as over it. The flames wrapped themselves about the boy's hands, and felt, like a hot, passionate breath, for his face. . . . As he gained the doorway, they found his face.

Never mind! He had flung the burning thing into the roadway at last, and the puddles below and the rains above were overcoming the fire. His face and hands smarted horribly, but he was glad that old Martha was not to be burnt in her bed. She would call him a brave fellow when she awoke in the morning, and put something on his hands and face to stop the awful smarting, and perhaps give him some nice tea. . . . He felt very, very thirsty.

But suppose—and his eyes grew wide with terror as the idea dawned — suppose she accused him of having set fire to the rug? He remembered that he had put a lot of coal on the fire just before he went to sleep. She had told him not to touch the coal. She would certainly discover that some lumps had been taken out of the coal-box. This was terrible. He must get away as quickly as possible—get a long way away before the dreadful old woman woke up.

He discovered, as he shut the door of the cottage very quietly from the outside, that his hands were shaking in a queer, new way. His legs, too, felt very funny. They seemed to end at the knees; somehow or other, he could not be sure of the exact moment when his feet would touch the ground.

An inclination came over him to lie down beneath the hedge. His face and hands were still hurting him frightfully, and he kept stumbling as he walked. The road swam in the faint grey light of early morning. . . . Now it was moving up and down, as though he were walking on the sea. . . . He must round the bend, and then Martha wouldn't be able to find him.

There was another cottage just the other side of the bend. Crazy Jim thought it would be a good plan to lie down in front of that cottage. When the people came out, and saw him there, they would put something on his face and hands, perhaps, to stop the smarting. . . . Nobody could bear such smarting as that for very long. . . .

How nice and cool the road was . . .

* * * * *

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Box, as she drew up the blind of her bedroom an hour later and peered through the rain-blurred window.

"What's the matter now?" growled Mr. Box from the middle of the bed.

"If there isn't a man lying out there in the roadway in all that rain and mud!"

"Serve 'im right!" growled Mr. Box.

"No, it isn't a man, now I come to look at 'im; it's a boy. Why, bless me, if I don't think it's that there poor Crazy Jim!"

Mr. Box snored.

It didn't take Mrs. Box, that maternal soul, very long to slip on a skirt and a jacket and run out to the succour of this poor, feeble creature who had fallen by the way. She found some difficulty in rousing him, but at last she got him indoors.

"My face!" moaned the boy. "Oh, my face, my face!"

Jane saw at once that he had been badly burnt. She knew what to do, though, whilst Jessie ran down to the village for the doctor, and she did it deftly.

"Don't let 'er get me!" cried Crazy Jim suddenly. "Don't let Martha get me! It warn't my fault! Don't let 'er beat me!"

"Nobody shan't 'urt yer," said Mrs. Box soothingly. None the less, she wondered what old Martha had had to do with the business.

As soon as convenient, then, she slipped down the road. She was relieved to note, on turning the corner, that the old lady's cottage had not been burnt to the ground.

As she drew nearer she saw something that looked like an old hearthrug lying at the side of the road. She turned the sodden mass with her foot. It was half-destroyed, yet she recognised it as the one that always lay before Martha's fire. What in the world had Crazy Jim been up to?

Martha was seated in her chair, rubbing her toothless gums one against the other in a veritable frenzy of rage.

"Why, whatever's been 'appening?" asked Mrs. Box, bustling into the kitchen. "You look all of a——"

"Oh, don't come talkin' yer foolishness ter me!" raged Martha. "It's the last time as ever I'll show a kindness to anybody, let it be 'oo it may. The young thief!"

"What's the matter with yer 'earthrug? 'Ow did it come to be——"

"Aye, yer might well ask. It's been stole, Jane Box—stole out o' my cottage, while I was sleepin', by that young rascal as the folks calls Crazy Jim. That's what comes o' bein' kind to lads 'oose fathers are in gaol and 'oose mothers get drunk and turn 'em from the door. Took 'im in, I did, and give 'im some supper and let 'im sleep in front o' my

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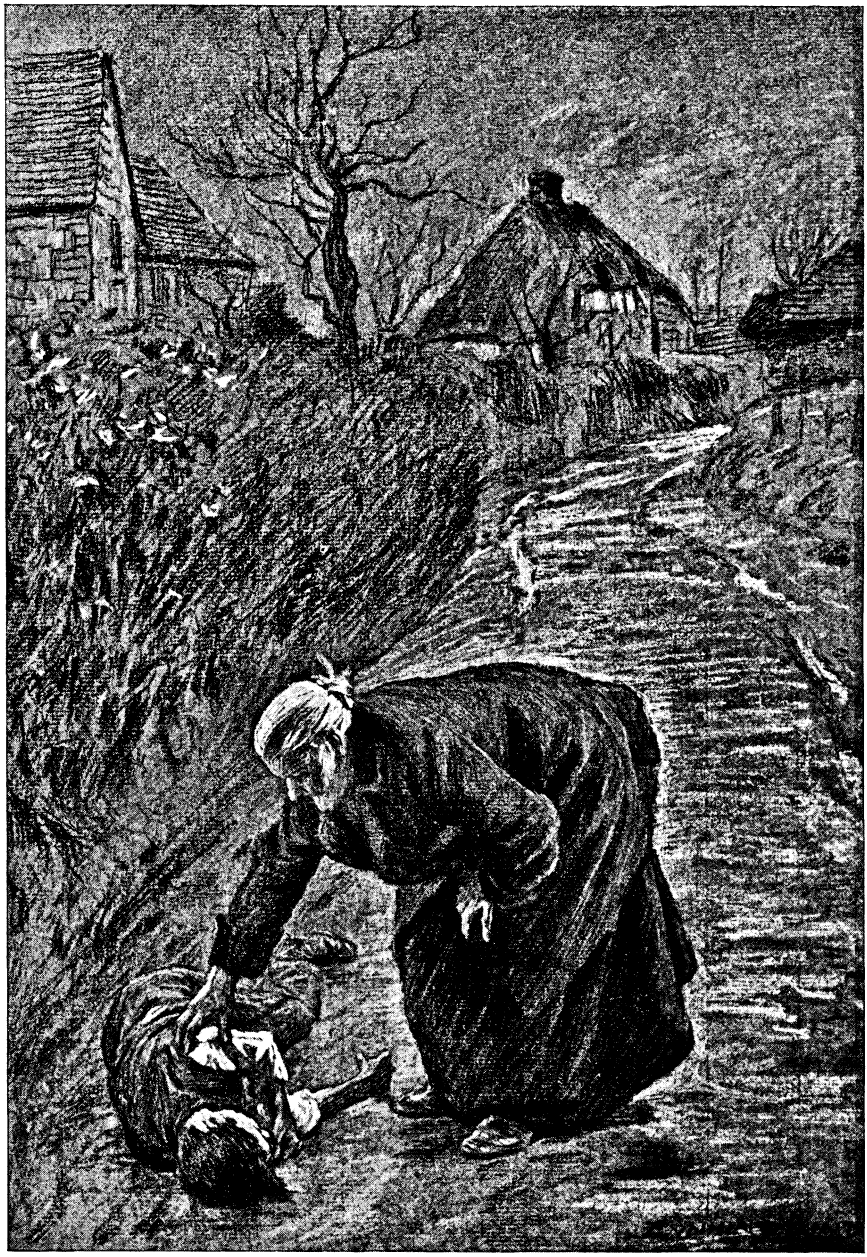

"She found some difficulty in rousing him."

fire, and then 'e pays me back by makin' off with my 'earthrug. The young villain! But I'll 'ave the law of 'im! 'E shall join 'is father in Warwick Gaol. That's the place fer the likes of 'im. The thievin'——"

Mrs. Box began to understand.

"Nobody ain't stole yer rug," she interrupted. "It's lyin' out there in the road, with a 'ole burnt in it nigh 'alf as big as that there table."

Martha gaped.

"My rug? In the road?"

"Aye, that 'tis; and, what's more, I found Crazy Jim lyin' outside my cottage this mornin' with 'is face and 'ands all scorched somethink fearful."

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"What's it mean, then? What did 'e say fer 'isself?"

"Love yer, the poor lad couldn't 'ardly speak, an' the doctor says as it'll be more'n a day or two afore 'e gets over the shock. But it's my belief, Martha, as 'e saved yer from bein' burnt in yer bed. A bit o' coal must 'ave dropped on to the rug and set it alight, and Jim must 'ave dragged it out inter the road, and that's 'ow 'e got 'is face and 'ands all scorched, I'll be bound."

"Why didn't 'e stop an' tell me about it in the morning, then?"

"Maybe 'e was afeard as yer'd think 'e set it alight 'isself. 'Don't let Martha get me,' 'e says, when 'e come round a bit. 'It warn't my fault,' 'e says. Depend upon it, Martha, that's what 'appened."

Martha said nothing, and Mrs. Box, indignant with her for such ingratitude, was for marching out of the cottage. But the old lady stopped her.

"Wait a bit," she said. "Don't be in too much of a 'urry, Jane Box."

She rose, took her stick, and toiled slowly and painfully up the stairs. Her bed was still unmade. Martha drew aside the bolster and pillow and pulled down the lower sheet. Then she slipped one gnarled old hand through a little slit in the covering of the mattress.

When she withdrew it, she was grasping a half-crown. It was one of the two that the Squire had given her to buy extra coals. Martha returned to the kitchen and laid the coin on the table with an air of indifference.

"Give 'im that," she said briefly.

Jane Box stared.

"Oo's it for? Crazy Jim?"

"Aye, o' course, stoopid."

"That's a lot o' money, Martha. D'ye think yer can afford it?"

The old lady faced round on her neighbour with an angry frown.

"What I can afford," she said, "an' what I can't afford, is my affair, Jane Box. Be off with yer!"

CORIN'S COMPLAINT.

OH, you that drink of Chloe's looks,
And dream the draught is true,
Beware how others to those brooks
And pools have come like you!

How others at those wells have sunk
The bitter cup of learning,
Or dipped therein hot lips, and drunk
The draught, without returning!

Nay, see you not, when glance or smile
Sets all the ripples talking,
How down within those depths the while
The ghosts of men go walking?

I, too, once looked and found them fair:
Till, ah! 'mid faces foreign,
Most drowned of all the drowned ones there,
I met the face of Corin.

Oh, would but love put forth his strength
And smite fair Chloe blind,
Perchance there would be rest, at length,
For those poor ghosts behind!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

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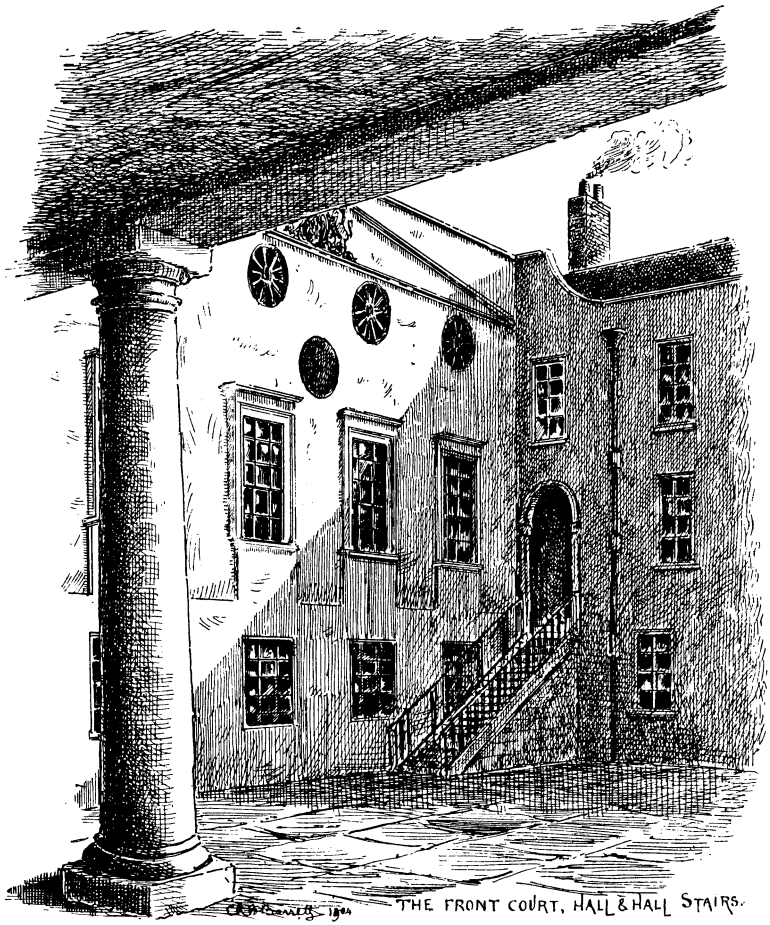

THE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES OF LONDON.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. R. B. BARRETT,

Author of "The History of the Society of Apothecaries."

AMONG what, in common parlance, are styled the "City Companies," the Society of Apothecaries of London holds a position which is in certain respects unique. For not only does it possess officials, grades of membership, court rules and by-laws, founded on the model of more ancient guilds, but it is, in addition, a Society which, acting as an examining body, has the legal right to grant diplomas which fully qualify the recipient to practise in medicine and surgery. It is also a private manufacturing body, engaged in the preparation of pure drugs, and, besides this, at its private store retails the drugs so made and also dispenses prescriptions.

Formerly the Society acted as an educational body, especially in botany, but the physic garden at Chelsea has now been relegated to another authority; the lecturer in botany is no longer appointed, examinations in that science are no more held in connection with the garden, and the botanical prizes and medals are things of the past.

There has, however, been in recent years at least one attempt at the revival of the old "simpling days," or botanical excursions, but whether this will be retained as an annual custom remains to be seen.

The home of the Society is at Apothecaries' Hall—an old-world building in that narrow thoroughfare, Water Lane, Blackfriars, E.C.

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Of the points of interest (and they are many) to be found at the Hall, mention will be made hereafter. First, however, it is fitting in the briefest manner to sketch the rise of this now important Society.

Of the status and the functions of the apothecary before the time of James I. very

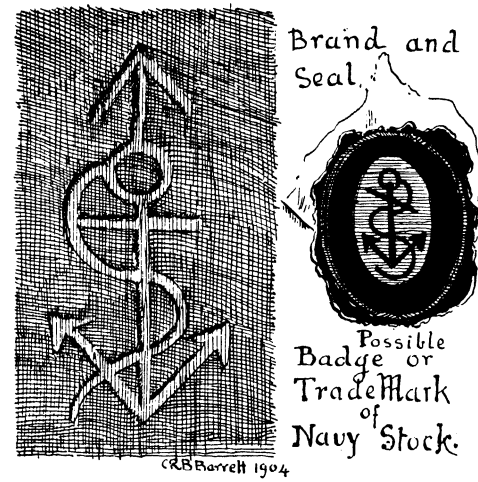
THE ARMS OF THE SOCIETY

little indeed is known. Here and there mention is made of the profession or calling. Legend credits, and probably without any foundation in fact, that Richard FitzNigel, or FitzNeale, Bishop of London, acted in that capacity to Henry II. The first documentary mention is to be found in Rymer's "Fœdera," in which Coursus de Gangeland, styled "an apothecary of London," is stated to have been granted a pension of sixpence per diem for attending Edward III. while lying sick in Scotland.

The first Act of Parliament directly concerning doctors was passed in 1511, and was designed to prevent "ignorant persons" from practising physic and surgery. By it the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's, aided by four doctors of physic and of surgery, or other expert persons, were to examine candidates. In 1518 the Physicians were incorporated, and in 1540 the Barber-Surgeons. In 1543, as these two bodies allowed abuses to creep in, another Act was passed which gave leave for "persons being no common surgeons" to minister "outward medicines." These "persons being no common surgeons" were undoubtedly the forerunners of the later on incorporated Apothecary. It was not until the year 1606 that Apothecaries obtained recognition by charter, and this recognition they had to share with the Grocers, with whom they remained allied till December 6, 1617, when King James I. formed them into a separate Company under the designation of the Master, Wardens, and Society of the Art and Mystery of the Apothecaries of the City of London.

This Charter, under which the Society still holds, is a most voluminous document; its translation occupies no less than twenty closely printed quarto pages. From it, the King would appear to have been moved towards its granting by the advice of Theodore de Mayerne and Henry Atkins, Doctors of Physic, his "discreet and faithful Physicians." It is important to mention this, as the common tradition at Apothecaries' Hall obtains, that the founder of the Society was one Gideon de Laune, the Queen's Apothecary. In the Charter, however, the name of de Laune only appears as one of the Assistants. Some years later, when his name was proposed for the Mastership, his election was the subject of the first contest for that position. It should be remarked that de Laune was an alien. How the tradition arose cannot be traced, but this much may be said: that neither in the Minute Books of the Society—which are perfect—nor in the inscriptions beneath the bust and portrait of de Laune, is this honour claimed for him.

Now, it would be interesting here to draw attention to the class of men who were members of the Society in its early days. That they



were of superior standing is shown by the fact that most of them were cadets of old and well-established county families. A glance at the armorial border of the last page of this article shows this. The coat-armour there given is derived from authentic sources, heralds' visitations, etc. It must be

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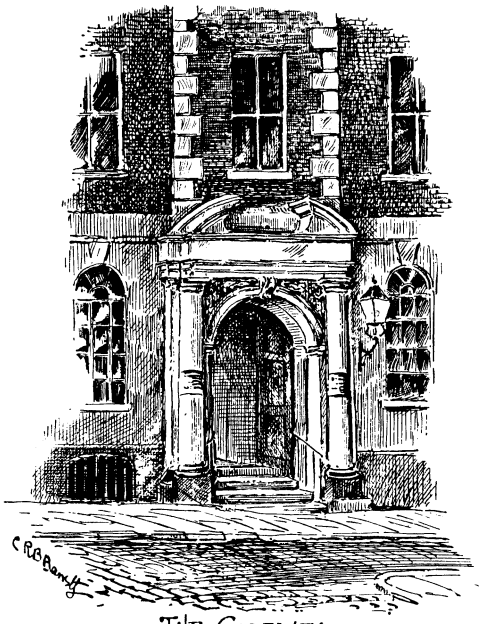
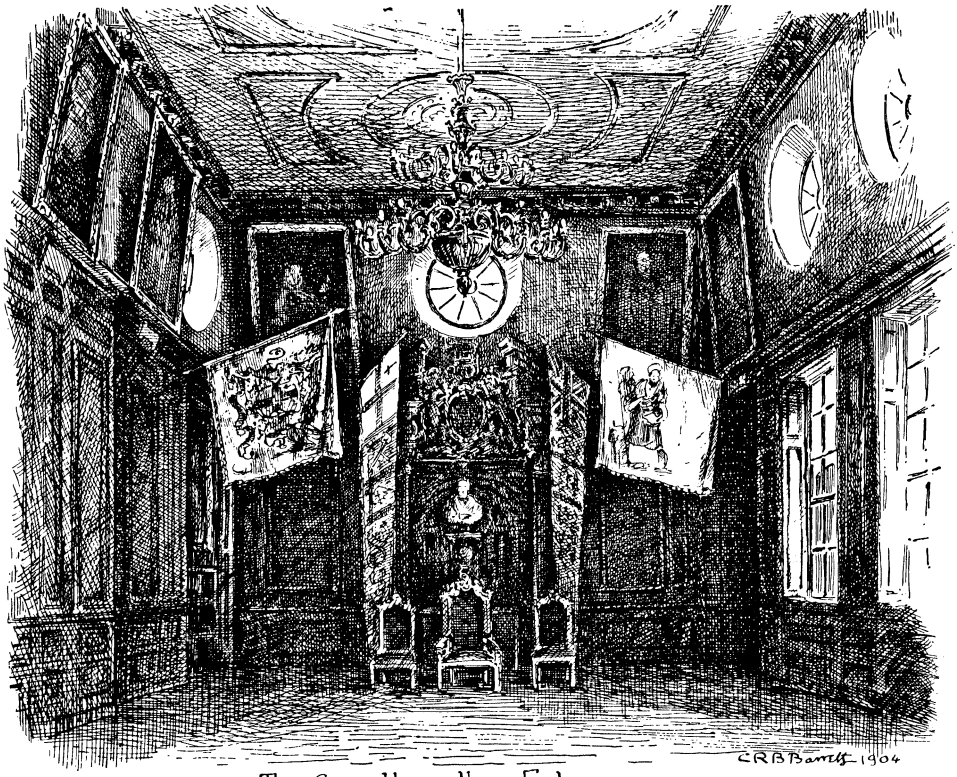


THE GATEWAY.

remembered that we had reached that period in the history of our country when younger sons had migrated and were migrating to London, to enter into trades and professions. They were not the heirs to ancestral acres, and had to make their way. When one goes into the question, it is surprising what an amount of "blood" there was in the traders and professional men whose names crop up in Tudor and Stuart times.

Thus, then, the Apothecaries, separated by Royal Charter from the Grocers, began their corporate existence. All was not, however, plain sailing. The Grocers were a wealthy body, the Apothecaries were unendowed. The Grocers, wealthy though they were, objected to the loss to their Company which the separation of the Apothecaries involved. The Apothecaries—at least, a portion of them—resented the separation on the ground that they were well enough off as they were, and that the establishment of a new Company would be to them personally expensive. An agitation to obtain the revocation of the new Charter was begun. In this agitation the City Corporation joined, a request being even made to King James, through the Recorder of London, to again reunite the Companies by a new Charter; or, if this could not be granted, as an alternative, that all apothecaries should not be compelled to join the new Company. Meanwhile the City delayed the enrolment of the Charter. But King James, who could be both firm and wise on occasions, would brook no interference with his expressed intention, and the City was peremptorily ordered forthwith to complete the establishment by the formal enrolment of the Charter. The first meeting of the new Society took place on December 16, 1617, when the Master, Edmund Phillips, the Wardens, Stephen Higgins and Thomas Founes, and certain of the Assistants, took the requisite oaths at Gray's Inn before "Mr. Attorney General,

THE LIBRARY



THE GREAT HALL. Upper End.

Mr. Dr. Atkins, and Mr. Dr. Mayerne, the King's Phiscons," being "thereunto authorised under the Great Seal." Of other officials elected we find Robert Metcalfe was the first Clerk, Tobias Wincke the first Beadle, while the honour of being the first Freeman of the Company rests with one Christopher Bridges. We have said that the Minute Books of the Society are perfect, and, this being so, readers will not be astonished to hear that they furnish in their lengthy series much matter of considerable interest. All of them are in MS., of some the writing is crabbed indeed, of others the pages are of the neatest copperplate. From them a curious series of stories may be gleaned, by which the struggles, the rise, the increase in importance, and finally the high position attained by the Society in the present day, can be ascertained in full detail. But space is limited, and it is only possible to touch here and there on the recorded transactions of nearly three centuries.

Here is one instance. By the Charter the duty of searching for defective and bad medicines was imposed upon the Society; and to them was committed the charge of punishing offenders in this matter. Searches began as early as September 9, 1618, and they continued as late as 1833, the name of the last delinquent being Thomas Porter, of Bishopsgate Street. The first was one Hanck, a weaver, who, in conjunction with a fellow-sinner called Pelwell, was as a beginning admonished "neither to make nor to sell any more medicines." This right of search was a disagreeable duty. It often led to small cases of assault by the parties accused. Abusive language was at times bestowed on the Master and Wardens who searched the shops, on one occasion the Master's beard being pulled by an irate drugseller, whose faulty goods were burnt before his door. One of the first scientific duties undertaken by the Society was "a schedule of all medicines belonging to the art of an Apothecary."

Early in the existence of the Society the apprentice question forced itself to the front. The rules insisted on certain qualifications being displayed by candidates for apprenticeship, and the examinations were for those days severe. An equal degree of severity marked the examination of those who, having

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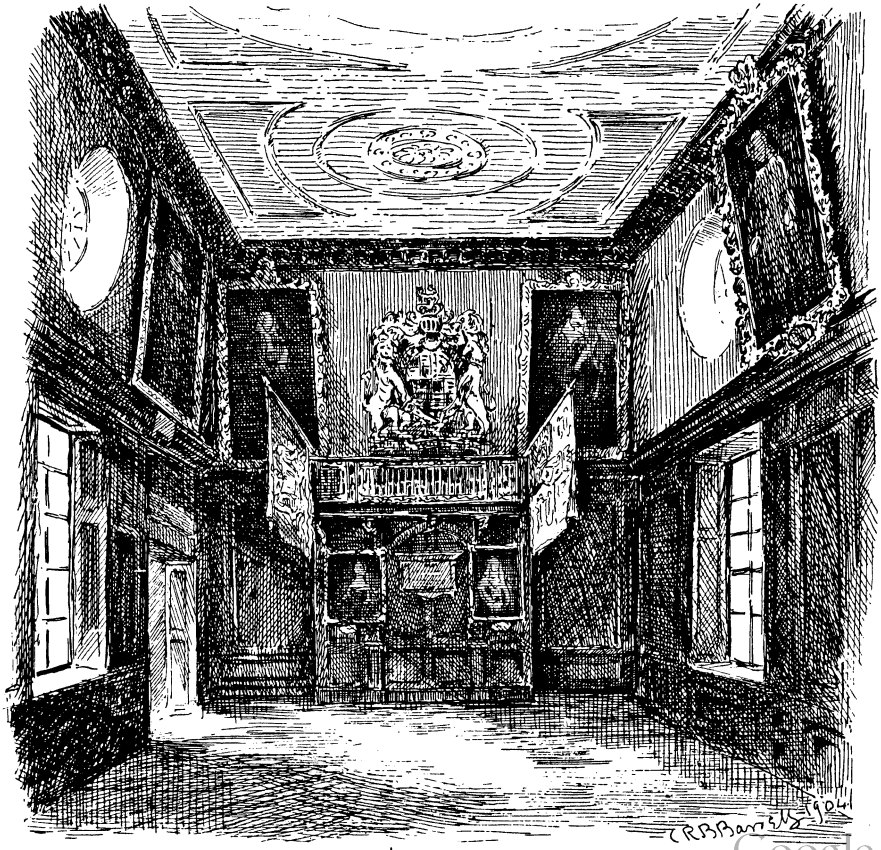
served their time, desired to become Freemen. From the very first, rejection was frequent, and it may be added that to this day the high standard of examination merit required from those seeking the diplomas of the Society to practise in medicine and surgery, carries on the traditional severity of the early apothecaries.

Now, being an unendowed Society, it will be easily understood that there was no home or hall, at first, in which the business could be carried on. The early meetings took place at the private house of the Master, but this was, of course, found to be inconvenient, and a movement was initiated to purchase a house in "ffoster Lane" which belonged to a Mr. Trappe. The title not proving good, it was then determined to rent, at a cost of £10 per annum, the Hall of the Paynter-Stainers. Here the Society was located till they purchased their present estate in Water Lane. This purchase was not carried out till November 23, 1632, when Cobham House was sold to them by Anne Lady Howard of Effingham, for the sum of £1,800. This house was destroyed in the Great Fire, after which the present building was erected.

Into the trials, troubles, legal disputes, and civic opposition which the young Company had to undergo while struggling towards consolidation, it is impossible to enter fully. The contentions with the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons would fill a volume, not to mention those with various civic corporations, such as the Distillers. How petition after petition was forwarded to the Council by all and sundry concerned, with a view to disestablish or to curtail the powers of the Society, can here be but named. Nor can more than mention be made of the fact that for years Acts of Parliament were frequently introduced which were intended to be detrimental. Twice the very existence of the Society was imperilled by a "Quo-Warranto"—*viz.*, in 1634–5, and again in 1684. In the latter case the temporary surrender of the Charter followed. But all these attacks cost money to repel. The



THE GREAT HALL, LOWER END.

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Minute Books are full of counter-petitions, proposals for Acts of Parliament, opinions of learned counsel, and bills of costs of proceedings in all kinds of Courts, from the Star Chamber downwards. Yet the fact remains that, despite all odds, the Society of Apothecaries has decisively defeated all its antagonists in the long run and stands in its present proud position.

To return to Cobham House. Thither as soon as the purchase was completed, and the licence in mortmain passed, the goods and chattels, plate, deeds and property of the Society were removed. The place was in a somewhat ruinous condition, however, and quaint accounts remain showing the repairs needed to render it habitable. By gifts the plate-chest was gradually being filled with tankards, covered cups, salts, and other valuable possessions, and, moreover, the customary present of a spoon, "silver or silver guilt," which was made by new Freemen on admission, added to the Society's worldly wealth. The first spoon was given in 1620, and the custom only ceased in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Alas! of all this noble collection hardly anything remains. As "old and unfashionable," frequently these fine old specimens were sold. A little modern plate has been added recently, but beyond the few objects figured in the illustration, and the mace, of which nothing is anywhere said in the Minute Books, the plate has vanished. Gideon de Laune gave some fine

THE STAIRCASE.

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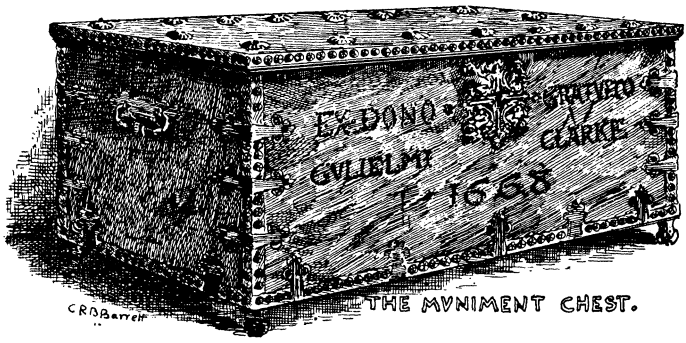
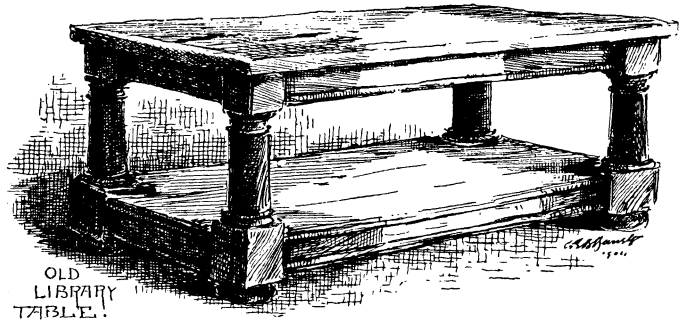


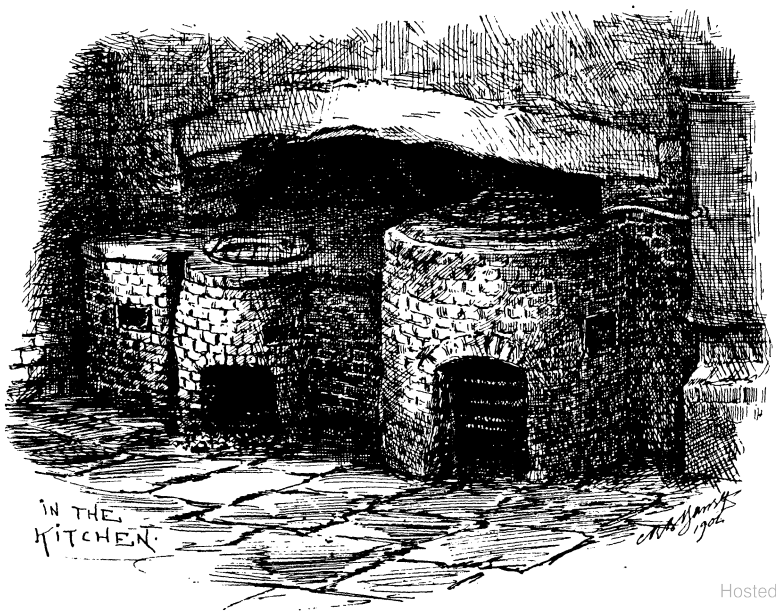
THE MVNIMENT CHEST.

cups, and these were sold in 1759, yet de Laune is the traditional founder of the Society. Of the coronets or crowns, three in number, which were worn by the Master and the Wardens at the installation ceremony always held in August, no mention is made, either, so that it cannot be fixed when the custom began, or where the crowns were made, and we know not when they disappeared.


OLD LIBRARY TABLE.

That they existed we learn from a MS. programme drawn up as a guide for the installation of the Master and Wardens for 1780. The ceremony was a quaint one. It began with a breakfast off a sirloin of beef at noon. This lasted an hour, when the Court adjourned in procession to church. Of course, a band of music was in attendance in the courtyard, and lined up on one side, the other being occupied by the Stewards. The Stewards, it may be remarked, did not go to church.

When the company returned, feasting began, and this, as the programme tells us, "ought to be over by five o'clock." Then the Master and Wardens and Assistants withdrew to the Court Room, where they put on their livery and coronets and returned to the Hall in procession. The Assistants, it may be added, were "uncloathed," which ambiguous term, however, means that they did not wear their livery gowns. This procession was to officially show the old Master and Wardens for the last time. Then a strange proceeding took place. The Master and Wardens selected three Assistants to personate them in a new procession. This formed up and re-entered the Hall, where a search was made among the company assembled to find the Master and Wardens designate. These, of course, had been already elected, but it was etiquette for them to hide themselves, as if modestly unwilling to accept the great honour thrust on them. There were three hide-and-seek processions — one for the new Master and


IN THE KITCHEN.

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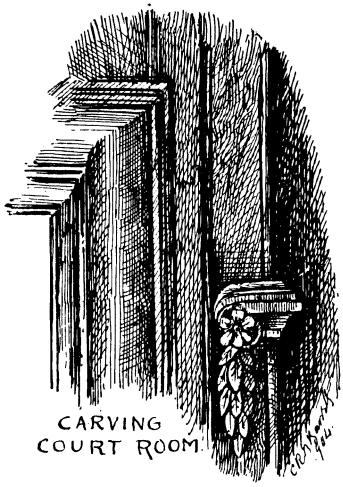
one each for the new Wardens. All this time the loving-cups of "negus" for Master and Wardens were going around, and the band was engaged in discoursing such melodies as the "Conquering Hero," "Rule, Britannia!" and "God Save the King!" When the ceremony was completed, the new Master and Wardens took the oaths in the Court Room, and after votes of thanks to the retiring officials the Court adjourned.

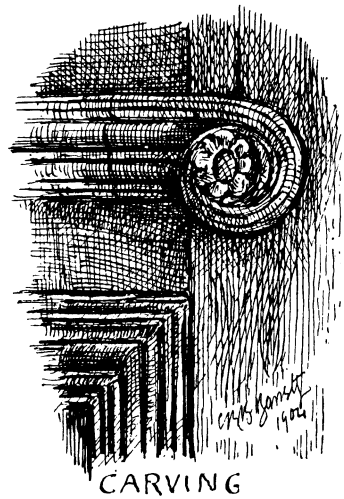
This account relates the most elaborate ceremony traceable in the records of the



CARVING COURT ROOM.

Society. Of dinners there were in early times many, and the expense thereof fell very heavily on the various officials, who had but a slender allowance made to meet the costs of hospitality. Here and there we find that abuses crept in. Once or twice the proceedings became almost rowdy, and it was needful to pass resolutions at the Court to check such misbehaviour. Balls used to be given in the Hall at one time, but as an annual custom this did not long obtain. Quite early in the history of the Society it was found that, owing to the heavy drain on its resources, economy must be practised, and edicts against excessive feasting were issued as early as 1642. As a matter of fact, had not wealthy members of the Society come forward time after time with loans of money, bankruptcy must have occurred. As an instance of how hardly pressed for money the Company was, it may be noted that the Hall was let to a Lady Darcy in 1640, during whose tenancy it became a regular rookery. Later there was another queer tenant, one Richardson, a dancing-master, who carried on his select dancing-academy there, for youths and maidens, with the sole proviso that "no apprentices" should be permitted to join his classes. But when the Guards of Dutch William were quartered on the premises the dancing-classes came to an abrupt end. The buildings, as they at present exist, are nearly what they were when erected after the Great Fire. In this connection it is strange that the reference to this calamity in the Minute Books is confined to a few words only. It is perhaps even more strange that, except being called "the Sickness," the Great Plague is similarly neglected; true, it is recorded that a dinner did not take place, in consequence.

Let us now consider the buildings. Entering from Water Lane by the very modest gateway—a gateway which on its inner face bears a lengthy Latin inscription recording the rebuilding of the premises after the Fire—we reach a stone-flagged courtyard. In front,

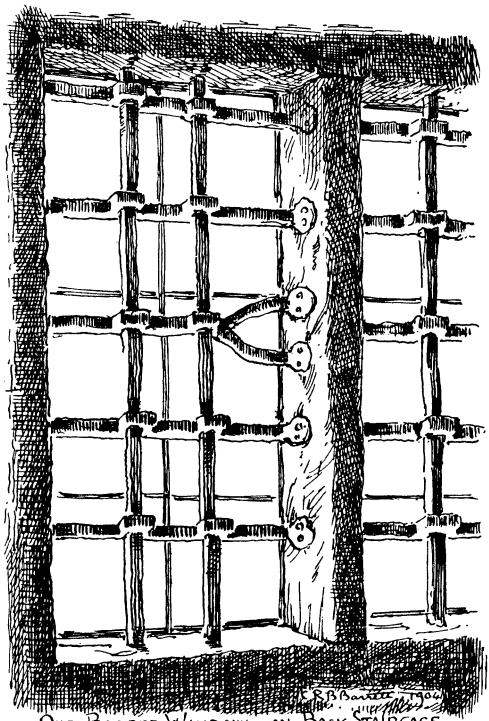


CARVING COURT ROOM.

on the first floor, is the Great Hall, one of the entrances to which is by an external staircase in one corner of the "quad." Beneath this Hall are the offices of the Accountant of the Society. The factory for the preparation of drugs lies behind it, and also the new and extensive Examination Rooms. On the right hand of the courtyard the premises have been let off; on the left is the Colonnade, a glazed-in portion of which encloses part of the present retail drug store. Beneath the Colonnade is a door which admits to the grand old oak staircase. What that

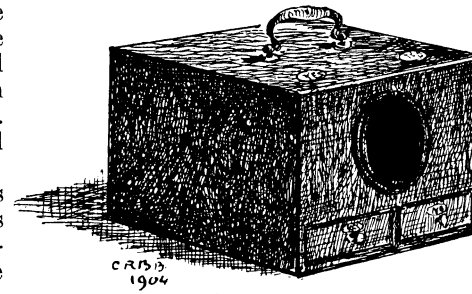
staircase is like the illustrations will give some idea. By a passage just beyond the entrance to the staircase admission is obtained to the old-world kitchen, a small portion of which is shown in another illustration. Along the side of this passage is to be found the carved beam cornice.

Ascending the stair, the first landing is reached, and this portion of the premises contains what one must call the State Apartments. These consist in the Library, the Great Hall, the Court Room, and the Parlour. The Library, as the sketch shows, is a long, narrow, oak-panelled room; it was originally



OLD BARRED WINDOW ON BACK STAIRCASE.

a "gallery" extending over the Colonnade, and is so termed in the earlier notices thereof. Down one side is a bookcase, which contains part of the library of the Society. It may be remarked that some of these books are of considerable interest and of no inconsiderable value. The fireplace at the end of the room is of good type and well carved. Each side of the fireplace are two deep cupboards, the original "repositorie" for the library. It should here be mentioned that the existence of a library was owing to a chance free gift of "a booke called Gerrard's herbal" by a Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Snow Hill, as far back as 1633. The library books



OLD BALLOT BOX.

luckily escaped the Fire in 1666. The windows of the Library contain a little armorial glass, and on the wall hangs a copy of the Grant of Arms to the Society. This Grant from Camden (Clarenceux) is dated December 12, 1617, and was viewed and approved in the visitation of London by Henry St. George (Richmond) in 1634. Oddly enough, from the Minute Books we find that the Grant was not applied for until April 6, 1620. As a specimen of heraldry the blazon is of the debased order of the period: Apollo, the first physician, with sunrays, dart, and bow, and bestriding a dragon, is on the shield, unicorns for supporters, and a medical rhinoceros as crest. Of heraldic decoration there is very little indeed to be found on the premises: three or four representations of the Arms of the Society in glass and oak, the Royal Arms of Stuart and Hanoverian times, and two coats on glass dated and bearing the names of Masters of the Society. One of these purports to belong to John Lorymer, but the arms are those of Lowman; the other bears the name correctly of Jacob Lowe Wheeler. In the Library is to be found a most massive ancient oak table, which is the most antique piece of furniture in the possession of the Society.

The room known as the Parlour is lofty but unpanelled, and has at some period been the subject of alteration, in that its original

A RELIC of the OLD BARGE COURT ROOM.

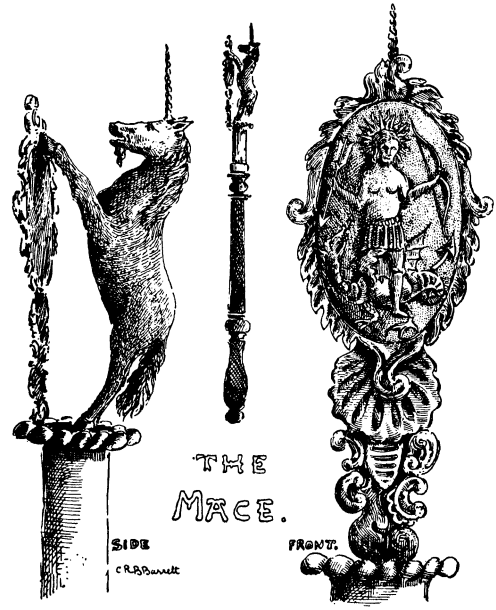
doorway has been blocked up, and a fresh opening made into the Court Room. It contains eleven pictures, mostly portraits of Masters of the Society or officials. One, the portrait of an unknown man in an oval frame, is perhaps the best. A large picture of William III. making his entry into Exeter is interesting from an historical point of view, though hardly of such importance as the picture by Hilliard, painted in 1577, and representing the review by Queen Elizabeth of the Fleet after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This hangs in the Corridor, very high up and in almost darkness. It was presented by Mr. Nussey, an Assistant, in 1846, and as a picture by Hilliard is mentioned in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting."

The Court Room, which communicates both with the Parlour and the Corridor, is a very fine chamber. It is lofty and nearly square, panelled throughout in good brown old oak, except where the former doorway existed leading to the Parlour. It contains a handsome cornice, boldly moulded panels, and a dado string-course with very peculiarly carved finials at the corners and doorposts. The arrangement of the panels is most uncommon, as each large one contains within its frame three smaller ones, so arranged as to be flush with the surface of the outer panel. Above the fireplace is the fine portrait of Gideon de Laune, and attached to the beam is a piece of carving once belonging to the Society's barge.

A beautiful twelve-light brass chandelier hangs from the centre of the ceiling. This was presented by Edward Mills, Master in 1766. It bears his arms and those of the Society. Two other pairs of brass sconces of fine workmanship are to be seen on the walls. Among the pictures here is a sketch (the original) of Reynolds's portrait of John Hunter. There is also a fine panel portrait of James I., and beneath it a beautiful miniature of Mary Queen of Scots. But perhaps the most alluring picture in the room is Hudson's fine portrait of Cornelius Dutch, Clerk to the Society for no less than thirty years, 1726–56. The quaint old fellow in his green coat laced with gold is one at whose presentment one cannot but look and look long.

In the Court Room as well as in the Parlour the Society shows a really wonderful collection of chairs, a collection not easily to be surpassed. In this, which is the official room of the Society, the ballot-boxes are kept; one of these, the older of the two, dates from 1784, and was the gift of Mr. Field, a Warden.

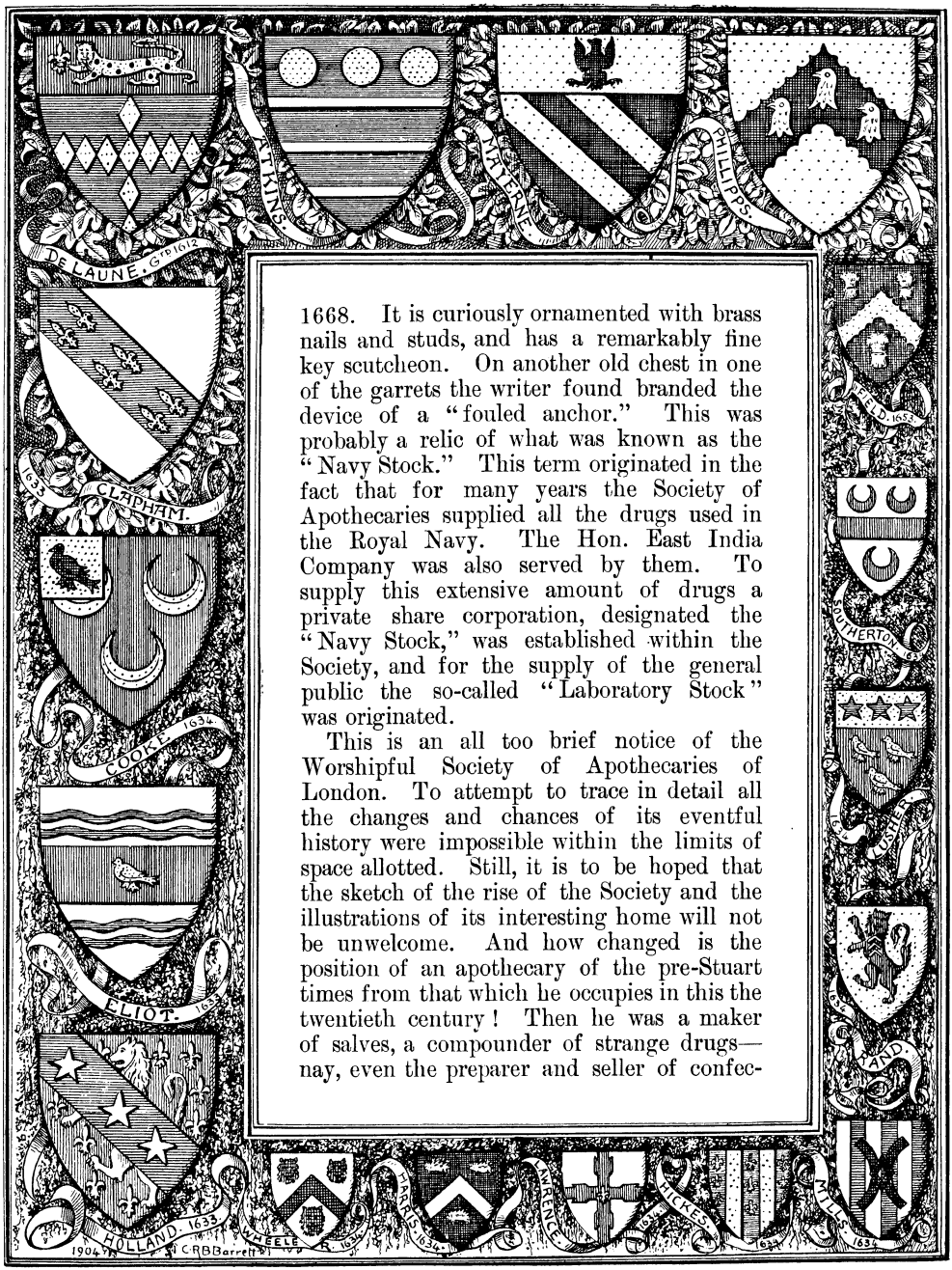
Before passing to the Great Hall, it may be well to mention the upper flights of the Staircase and the garrets. In the Staircase wall is to be found the only old window remaining. It is heavily barred. The Great Hall, which is some sixty feet in length, is a noble apartment. For about half its height it is panelled in oak, and on the panels are recorded the names of all those who have contributed to the many charities of the Society. At what is now the upper end of the Hall, the fine carved oak screen which once cut off the lower end near the external door has been moved back to the wall; and the former upper end of the Hall is now occupied by a Gallery. From the Gallery and at



the other end hang four old banners, belonging to the Society, which used to be carried in procession on festive occasions, such as on Lord Mayor's Day. There are in addition two of the old barge streamers, which date back to before the nineteenth century. The writer had the pleasure of superintending the careful repair of these some few years ago—one banner was in more than two hundred pieces. The fine brass chandelier of twenty-four lights was presented by Sir Benjamin Rawlins, Kt., Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1737. The bust of Gideon de Laune stands at the upper end of the Hall, beneath the Arms of the Society. One or two interesting chests are still preserved. One of them is of immense size, and was presented by a member named Clark, in

1668. It is curiously ornamented with brass nails and studs, and has a remarkably fine key scutcheon. On another old chest in one of the garrets the writer found branded the device of a "fouled anchor." This was probably a relic of what was known as the "Navy Stock." This term originated in the fact that for many years the Society of Apothecaries supplied all the drugs used in the Royal Navy. The Hon. East India Company was also served by them. To supply this extensive amount of drugs a private share corporation, designated the "Navy Stock," was established within the Society, and for the supply of the general public the so-called "Laboratory Stock" was originated.

This is an all too brief notice of the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries of London. To attempt to trace in detail all the changes and chances of its eventful history were impossible within the limits of space allotted. Still, it is to be hoped that the sketch of the rise of the Society and the illustrations of its interesting home will not be unwelcome. And how changed is the position of an apothecary of the pre-Stuart times from that which he occupies in this the twentieth century! Then he was a maker of salves, a compounder of strange drugs—nay, even the preparer and seller of confec-



ARMS OF EARLY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

tionery of sorts. Later he became a dispenser of physicians' prescriptions, and began to practise as well as dispense. Later, again, by authority of Parliament, he was permitted not only to practise in medicine and surgery—to become a "general practitioner," in fact—but beyond this, by means of the Society's Examination Board, to grant fully qualifying diplomas to medical students. One wonders how many thousand diplomas have been sealed on the old oak table in the Library.

[Our illustrations are selected from the wealth of drawings made by Mr. Barrett for his large volume on the history of the Society, and are here reproduced by permission of the publisher, Mr. Eliot Stock.—Ed.]

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The Outrageousness of a Mere Boy.

By ASHTON HILLIERS,

Author of "Memoirs of a Person of Quality," "The Mistakes of Miss Manisty," "An Old Score."

"OH, Mr. Merrick, do look! I believe I'm in a strong position, but I don't in the least know where to go next."

White half-turned within her rug, the cane deck-chair giving to the movement of her slight, elastic body; she was a bonny, clear-skinned creature of twenty. Red, a long, lean young fellow, three years older than his sister, glanced up from his pieces with just the faintest of frowns, but submitted.

"Yes, come along," he said in ungracious assent to the unspoken question in the eye of the boy who slouched up and overlooked the board. Merrick was an angular eighteen-year-old, whose quaint, irregular features were at the moment smudged with coal-dust, of which they were sublimely unconscious.

"Good gracious, what a state you are in!" said the girl, withdrawing her wraps from possible contact.

"Yes—been stoking her. I won't touch you. Aha, ye—s——" He rubbed a downy chin with an appallingly black finger.

"It is almost lunch-time," hinted Red, sniffing warm oil and cotton-waste.

"Ye—s, I want a brush-up; but time for this first. Suppose we declare mate in four moves, Miss FitzPetre?"

"I should prefer to play it out, if it's the same to you," said Red, with hauteur. Brothers are bad losers; he had thought himself winning, but was about to be undeceived.

"*Es stimmt*," murmured the boy softly, and turned to go.

"What a head you have!" cried the girl in admiration, but her ally was already rattling down the companion to his cabin.

"You'll play with that cub until you have trouble with him. I know the sort," said her brother unkindly, gathering the pieces.

The girl tossed her head, "Is it feeling pooh-lie to-day, then?"

The steward announced luncheon. She bowed distantly to Mr. Scobie, the boy's tutor (a holiday engagement, its terms not too literally construed), and more affably to the captain, who came down beaming, leaving the deck to his First. "Yes, lovely weather. She is making a good run of it. I'm more than pleased with her. We should raise Gib before you are up to-morrow morning, Miss FitzPetre. Pleasant lunching without the fiddles, isn't it? I've laid a course a little inshore of our usual, that you may see Mafra."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Sibley," said the lady. (She didn't address the man as captain, knowing that his class dislike it.) "And do you not think that we might have our bull's-eyes open for a little? See, she scarcely rolls an inch." The captain consented upon terms which the girl secretly determined to break. The boy came to table with the fish, and was chaffed by the captain upon his exploits. His tutor ignored him. Brady, the Second officer, a Yorkshireman, conscious that his manners were hardly level with the requirements of his owner's lady daughter, fed silently apart or conversed with the boy upon the salvage methods of the "Filey Pirates." "Oh, but I say, now, you don't really? What, board a ship that has carried something away without leave, hustle the master off the bridge, drive the watch below, and keep 'em there while you take charge? My eye!" murmured the delighted youngster.

The *Birmingham*, steamship, 2,500 tons, was the latest addition to the Clarion Line, FitzPetre & Merrick, towards the founding of which some years earlier the former had contributed the cash and the latter the experience. The partnership had been commercially successful; but although the elders worked amicably, the young people of the two families had never hit it off. The FitzPetre boys had not taken to business; they respected their blood and spoke with pity of the pater's sacrifices. With them we have nothing to do save with the younger, Mr. Salvin FitzPetre, a medical, who having caught three septic throats running in the course of his studies, had been advised to take a voyage in one of the Line. His sister had shipped with him, for the man had been low enough at starting, albeit the Bay had picked him up nobly. Judge of the disgust of the young gentleman upon finding that,

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in place of having the saloon to himself, as he had gratuitously assumed, it must be shared with young Merrick and young Merrick's bear-leader. "If there had been a lot of other passengers, it wouldn't have mattered. But that's out of the question; it is her first voyage, and she's not licensed yet; we are all rated supercargoes."

"I am rated under-stewardess," said his sister, "and I don't object to the creatures; they seem sufficiently harmless. But then I never could see any especial evil in the Merrick lot, as you call them. This boy amuses me."

Her brother grimaced; he retired early, a lazy fellow, Salvin. To his sister pacing the poop in the brief, luminous dusk came the boy.

"She begins to feel it, don't you think?" he asked, as the liner lifted upon the ghost of a swell. "We are losing the shelter of the land, you see. And, oh, Miss FitzPetre, as I passed your cabin just now, I saw your light open. I—er—just stepped in and shut it, you know. You don't mind?"

The lady drew away from him. "You—went—into my——? But, I do mind. What could you have been thinking of? Really!"

"But water might be coming in any moment now."

"Good night, Mr. Merrick."

"Good night, Miss FitzPetre!" penitently. He leant upon the port rail, frowning; women were so unaccountable; a fellow would have thanked you. He heard the girl descend the companion, heard her stop and cough half-way; it was stuffy below. The under-steward was at it again, cleaning his brass-work with paraffin. There was a click just below him, the light from the girl's cabin fell more clearly upon the water; she had reopened it. Again the *Birmingham* lifted, and the boy, leaning far overside, saw the shine of the wash half a plate higher than it had been.

"Bed!" said Mr. Scobie sententiously, shutting his book and addressing his charge for the first time since dinner. "There's a wee bit more motion"—lurching slightly. "You'll not be sitting late?" He did not exact an answer; the boy was left in possession of the saloon. The steward peeped in, nodded, and retired; the captain was upon the bridge; First and Second in their cabins under the spar-deck; Merrick had the place to himself. Off came jacket and vest, shoes and socks; the door of his own cabin he fastened open by the hook, his railway rug he laid handy, towel and top-to-toe change he placed in one of the empty bunks; which done, he seated himself opposite to the door of the lady's cabin and awaited the event. Eight bells struck; he yawned; the sounds of changing watch began, the gruff voice of Sibley in converse with his relief, his foot upon the companion. She was rolling more now, and at that moment dipped sidelong to a bigger sea than she had met for days; followed the sounds as of a bursting street main, the hammering of waters driven under pressure, and a choking scream.

"Light open, hang it all! *Which?*" snapped Sibley, but the boy, who knew, had flung himself at the lady's cabin door like a bull-terrier. The bolt gave. Into a horror of darkness he plunged and found the ring of the glass. A second discharge took him flush in the face; but he hung on, braced by a foot against the bunk behind him, and, the worst momentarily over, forced the bull's-eye home, cramped the hinged angle-bolt and locked it with the nut. Someone was coughing and shuddering behind him, the captain was roaring for a light (the *Birmingham* was not fitted with electrics). But the boy knew what he was about. The weight of water was holding the door. He wrenched it open by main strength and followed the flood into the saloon, staggering beneath the lady retching desperately, wrapped in a sopping blanket. "Oh!—oh! put me down, please! I can walk!" Her preserver, silent and expeditious, carrying out a preconceived plan, wrapped his captive in the dry rug, steered her to his own lighted cabin, and shut her in. "You'll do there until daylight," said he.

"And you?" asked the captain, returning from tightening that nut, and finding the boy rubbing down preparatory to a shift. "My word, Mr. Merrick, but you are thrown away ashore. Take up navigation. Never saw anything smarter in my life! All right, gentlemen, thank you, it's all over," this to Scobie and FitzPetre.

The Rock, as everybody knows, lies north and south; from its western face runs out the New Mole, breaking the southerly rollers for craft moored within the Arsenal basin. There is a light at the seaward end of the mole, and beneath the light stands a sentry-box. It was under the lee of this stone stage, and not thirty feet from it, that the *Birmingham* lay. She had cracked the cover of her starboard condenser whilst off the Pearl Rock—a week's job, at the least. Her company had shaken together. Scobie,

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indeed, was one by himself, the FitzPetres disapproving of his neglect of his charge; but the man, who was writing his novel, cared not for their disapproval. The medical tolerated the boy—was prepared to patronise him; but the creature was not to be patronised, and being upon friendly terms with every soul on the ship, from Tomaso, the Maltese cook, to Sibley himself, and free of every corner of the vessel, from the fore-peak to the tin-lined bread-store in the overhang of the stern, where he slew rats, was seldom at the disposal of the dullest man on board. The First officer was teaching him navigation, the Second splices; he was decorating the boats with the painted semblance of the firm's house-flag; Tomaso let him experiment with the soup.

The girl was alternately kind and severe with him. He had placed her under an obligation as to which he was resolutely silent. She thirsted for an opening for rebuke, maiden-like resenting his rough handling. To have bundled her in a blanket, to have held her reversed across his shoulder (how strong he must be!) was unpardonable. She grew hot at the recollection of these humiliating liberties, for, the influx once stopped, she had been capable of walking. Alack for the virginal pride which will sooner stumble than be stayed! Then Sibley and his men were in a plot, as it seemed. Was she never to hear the last of it? This was the way to spoil a boy; he would naturally be struck with himself. She set herself to correct his point of view, but fitfully and with a girl's caprice, sewing on a button for him to-day in place of leaving the matter to the stewardess, her nominal superior, to-morrow belittling him to his face in elder-sisterly sort. He needed repression, also stimulation; she would apply both.

"Boys" (he winced) "are so disastrously juvenile. You have no ideals beyond your stupid games, scarcely a glimmer of self-confidence or—or——"

"Initiative," suggested Scobie, without raising his eyes from his page. The girl did not acknowledge the assistance. Her brother opened one eye, regarded her with pity, and closed it again. The boy flushed—it was true—true.

"Go it, miss, give it him!" grinned the First, whose cabin-shelf creaked beneath a complete set of Carlyle. "Yes, we are none of us fit to command a ten-knot tramp until turned forty. But if a plate starts, or something carries away, whose call is it? Not the—ahem—elderly person's; he's apt to be stiff in the joints. Pugh! this is a peaceful, old man's planet: war, bloody war is the test. How old were the men who made the French Revolution? Youngsters!"

"But how is a fellow to *begin*?" asked the boy, squirming. "If I did see an opening (I don't), it would be blocked with grown-ups three deep. No fellow has a show these times."

"You must dare!" said the girl sweetly, fixing him with eyes in which was the living mischief. The boy met them, looked long and with gravity, feeling the while a peculiar physical change within him, slight breathlessness and pressure beneath the fourth button of his waistcoat, counting from the bottom. Those eyes seemed to be looking into him, not at him. Later, at the fore-cross-trees, whither he retired for reflection, he remembered that they were deep, limpid, grey eyes, with a darker rim around the iris.

"What a shame!" grinned the First, moving forward. FitzPetre growled impartial disapproval of his sister and her censor.

The days dragged; they had seen as much of the Rock and its defences as the restrictions permitted; had visited Algeciras. Tangier was too far. The girl drew and read, her brother smoked and slept; the boy fished, scrambled to the limits of the permissible and beyond, pervaded the ship, had learned to make butcher-like joints of a sheep's carcass under the eye of Tomaso, had man-holed beneath the boilers. What had the boy not done?

An interminable evening had succeeded to a long, lazy day; the convalescent had turned in. Scobie was writing below; the watch, released from duty on board a ship at her port moorings, yarned in the fo'c'sle; the boy was in possession of the deck. The black ridge of the Rock, the town lights at its feet, cut into the constellations; the night was dark, but clear, with southerly gusts, the anchorage dotted with riding-lights.

Near at hand, beneath the molehead light, paced one of his many acquaintances among the sentries, enjoying plug supplied by the boy an hour before. They passed the time of night in brotherly wise. The youngster gazed across the low whale-back of the breakwater into the eye of the wind with some vague prescience of adventure; sea-scents and sea-sounds were blown in upon him, a whiff of garlic, the wiry twang of a distant mandolin, a nasal falsetto in song, the steady rush of water other than waves.

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"Staggering beneath the lady, wrapped in a sopping blanket."

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A strange, great, southern star (Fomalhaut) hung low over Africa. Suddenly it was eclipsed. A tower of shimmering canvas loomed up, tier above tier caught the ghostly pallor of the light; then, in the twinkling of an eye, the red and green of sea-lanterns shone and grew. The sentry halted and challenged with sudden energy, and the music stopped.

"Ship *ahoy!*" yelled the boy. "*Ship ashore!*" and heard the *Birmingham* leap to life beneath his feet. The quiet midnight broke like a shell. There was the babel of gibberish orders blown from across the mole, the roar of escaping cable, the thunder of loosened canvas, the threshing of slack sheets, and before and between, and above all, every tongue of the Levant wept, prayed, and jabbered; one bull voice over all, the padrone's of the barque, venting the roar of a spanked eight-year-old. But Sant' Antonio was elsewhere. A wooden stem crashed upon the stonework, ran up and hung, whilst things came down from aloft like a fall of scaffold. Adventure? Here was a wreck in mid-harbour; some benighted lubber had rammed the Admiralty mole!

A shore-boat lay at the quarter-ladder, ill-caulked, her bottom-boards afloat. Into her tumbled a scratch crew, the boy for one, and were round the mole-head and into the tumble of a head sea and under the lee of the strand within the minute. "She lies badly," said Sibley; "it's a miracle her sticks are standing. Put your backs into it! *Ahoy, there!*"

A fat, black man hung over the rail, weeping. "Oh! oh! Is you ze tog?"

"Tug? No, but we'll jolly soon get you one."

"Oh, do—do. Quveek! oh, quveek! Oh, yaas, ve vill pay——"

"Salvage? You bet you will! Now, mind, this is our job."

"Yaas, oh, yaas; bot go quveek!" the poltroon blubbered shamelessly.

Back to the *Birmingham*, her deck aswarm with volunteers by now. Her long-boat was weighed out from its chocks, plugged, lowered, manned, and away up harbour for the old *Rainbow* tug, the boy in her stern-sheets exulting silently in the grim, swift, orderly movements of all concerned. The stretchers bent and the heavy boat travelled.

Two things troubled Sibley—the wind had fallen, a calm would put heart into those craven dagos; and, worse, he had neglected to put a salvage crew aboard. "Lord, sir, if I'd only been in that first boat!" groaned Brady. "But ye were not, so dry up!" The *Rainbows*, old friends of Sibley's, flung themselves into the game with zest, and, whilst making steam, endorsed the Filey man's counsel to get away back and take possession. "Bundle 'em over side if possible; land 'em on the mole, anywhere! But, whatever you do, don't get carrying any fool kedges out astern to foul my floats."

Back to the prize as fast as straining sinews could drive. Alas, the calm held, the padrone had dried his tears, sounded his well, and found—a miracle—his old tub reasonably tight. The fellow had made a merit of necessity, had got a couple of hawsers out forrard and hauled himself as taut to his enemy as all hands at the windlass could effect. Berthed thus, he couldn't sink by the head, and unless the weather freshened might possibly effect his own repairs—a disgusting contingency.

For the rascal repudiated his obligations. Want a tug? not he. He waved his salvors off.

This was no way to treat a Filey man. Brady was in her main-chains, others followed, the boy with the rest; she was boarded in force. Sibley sounded the well, Brady was for slacking those hawsers ("to give her a chance"). But it wouldn't do. Knives shone in the lantern-light; overside tumbled the salvors, the boy last, and getting a lift with a sea-boot to quicken his movements. The long-boat falls off and fouls a hawser amid gruff and sudden whisperings, "*Quick! a knife, there! Cut and be hanged! Oh, blame it all, what are ye waiting for?*" "*And him a-looking? — likely!*" They drift clear, leaving that cable intact, exchanging broadsides with the dagos and mutual recriminations among themselves. With three Filey men—nay, with a couple—Brady would have done much, but with this scratch crew of Wapping Jacks——!

Plainly their last chance had been let slip. Honest Englishmen (as usual) were about to be robbed of their dues. A beast of an Italian (*Christina Arqueroni*, barque, with maize and cockroaches, from Galatz to Millwall)—a stinking Genoese, they say, had come ram-jam into a British harbour without pilot or look-out, and would have sunk a disabled steamer only she had to pile herself up first upon the jetty, *and was going to have her fun for nothing*. It was the old story: "Providence cares more for these (adjective) foreigners than He does for His own countrymen." They lay upon their oars awaiting the tug. She comes, but is theatrically

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dismissed: "Vot ve vant vit you tog?—go 'ome, Bill Bailey!" They had a cosmopolitan humorist aboard that barque.

All were sick, and sickest was the boy. He had been kicked, and by a miserable foreigner, and had failed in getting in his counter-blow. These men must have seen it, their silence was a delicacy of which he felt himself unworthy. She would hear of it. That beast of a brother would grin. Could he hold up his head again?

Sibley and the tugmaster decided to lie by until morning. The weather was on the change, clouding up; alternate gusts swept up and down the harbour, now shaking the *Birmingham* at her moorings, now grinding the stranded forefoot upon the stone. Something might yet turn up; they would at least put in a night at it, to justify their claim for services rendered.

Said the boy: "I can't do any good here, Mr. Sibley, can I? No; well, if you'll just pull under the lee of the mole next time you go about, I'll jump ashore and—er—turn in, perhaps."

Weary-eyed men kept the boat upon the move. The dagos had got their head-lights inboard, were trimming their cargo aft. Rain fell; it was very dark. The sentry upon the molehead coughed and stamped.

Yes, it was blowing up for a Levanter; the ground-swell, its forerunner, came nosing around Europa Point, lifting the strand and letting her fall again at long intervals with a grinding thump. The half-gale that was already piling a surf into Catalan Bay on the east face hung long fingers over the cresting ridge to clutch at loose top-hamper among the anchored shipping beneath—this barque's ill-stowed top-sails, for instance—a sight to sicken seamanship.

"Here comes another flurry from above," said the tugmaster, after the shovels had sounded within the forehold for hours.

"Yes," replied Brady, "she is down by the stern now, anyway; and if those hawsers would only part, she'd slip off into deep water like a launch off greased ways. That takes her aback!—there!—*and, by George, they have parted*, both of 'em! It's a *merricle!*" The barque went astern as he spoke.

"Give way, men! Lay her aboard, Mr. Brady!" rapped Sibley under his breath. "She's adrift in the fairway, a danger to navigation, unlighted, and they don't know it! Not a word, now, until I tell you. Bring your stretchers. This time we'll do the trick." He was in the mizzen-chains; he raced forward, his fellow salvors at his heels. There was no watch, the barque's entire company was below deck, insolent padrone and all, superintending, amid much discussion and hammering, the removal of the forward bulkhead, to enable more corn to be trimmed aft. Caught thus, he and his knew nothing of their predicament until the hatches were clapped-to above them and made fast. Later they heard the tug grinding abeam, and were only released from durance to find the *Christina Arqueroni* in dry dock, salved!

* * * * *

"You were out of that little game, Mr. Merrick, more's the pity."

"Um, yes," replied the boy. Sibley and he were pacing the spar-deck before breakfast. Below them upon the main-deck, Tomaso, at the door of the galley, was cursing someone who had been misusing his meat-saw.

At table nothing was spoken of but the event of the past night. Scobie realised that he had lost much incident and local colour. Even FitzPetre was roused. The girl patronised the boy sympathetically. "To have seen the find, got away so well, and then to have lost the finish, did seem a pity."

"Yes, I was sorry to be out of that boarding," replied Merrick sedately, yet his tones gave no indication of acute chagrin. "It must have been simply ripping, just like an old French war cutting-out."

He was bearing his disappointment well, she thought. In fact, she did not understand his face; his eye sparkled, his mouth was barely under control, it worked like a terrier's over a bone. Yes, there was latent power in the young fellow.

Behold, then, the *Birmingham's* starboard watch scrubbed and in shore-going rig at the Port Admiral's office, marshalled by Sibley. The girl was there. The boy's silence, pallor, and air of mystery amused her. Her brother had been prevailed upon to accompany her. Scobie went, version-book in pocket, scenting copy. The tug's crew were there, beneath the eye of their master, well-drilled and all in a tale: this was not their first case. The captains conferred in undertones, agreeing details, their legal friend assisting.

Up from the Italian Consulate came the *Christina Arqueronis*, by daylight a not wholly unprepossessing set of Southern men, running somewhat to curls, copper earrings, and multi-coloured silken kerchiefry. Their consul and interpreter led, to whom Brady: "This all your push? Where's your hurdy-gurdies? Who's got the white mice?"

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"'Oh, yaas, ve vill pay!'"

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But the Registrar had taken his seat, and the case was called. The claims of the *Birminghams* must wait, for here was the Italian consul laying a criminal information against Sibley and his fellow-corsairs; piracy it was not, but barratry seemed his mark. His clients had been forcibly boarded, cut adrift, assaulted, flung below, and battened down.

The man overdid it: his witnesses, under cross-examination, having much to conceal, gave half his case away.

Sibley was great in cross-examination, greater in reply. The stranding spoke for itself, and for much else. He, Sibley, had boarded the barque within two minutes of her taking the ground; she was then in imminent danger, and the greatest possible demoralisation prevailed on board. Her master had entreated him to fetch a tug and stand by. Upon returning with the tug, he had found the barque adrift, had followed her down harbour, found her unlighted, no watch on deck, no one at the wheel. She was a danger to navigation and had four feet of water in her well. *Her entire company were below in liquor, fighting with knives and shovels. Had been compelled to keep them under hatches.* And to this the *Birminghams* swore as one man, whilst much of it was attested by the *Rainbows*. The dockyard police deposed to finding the port and starboard lanterns below when the hatches were raised.

There is no cross swearing like the cross swearing in an Admiralty case.

His Honour, who had been there before, drove straight through this quickset of perjury to the padrone's one salient charge. "You allege cutting adrift—what is your evidence?"

The Genoese fairly danced. "Would but the signor see for himself the hawsers?—chopped short, square as catheads! Hemp does not part thus from overstrain, no!"

The Court made a note, would view those cables presently. Nobody remarked that a big, loose-limbed lad, a spectator apparently, slouched slowly out of court, yawning.

Ten minutes later the garrison artillery sentry at the molehead was accosted by a voice from behind his box, a friendly, youthful sort of voice: "I say, Tommy, old chap, I want you as a favour to keep facing just so—not to look round, you know. I've put a packet of Tony Lumpkin and a nice little briar behind this rabbit-hutch of yours. You'll see them fast enough presently; but, meantime, I want you to be able to swear that you haven't seen me."

"Right y'are, sir!" said the sentry, who knew the boy by repute. "What's yer gyme?"

"That's what you'd better not know; put it at sheep-stealing, if you like. All I want is for you to keep an eye upon the shore-end of this groyn, and when you see a mob of civilians coming, tip me the office, that's all."

* * * * *

Cleave a thing with a sharp instrument, and the ends will correspond. But these cable-ends did not correspond. Those on board ship in dry dock had most evidently been cut (by whom?), those at the molehead bollard bore the plainest marks of having parted from friction and over-strain.

"Your client asks the Court to believe that he stood and watched Captain Sibley cutting these cables? Well, I take his answer."

Sibley grew ironical. "I think I see myself swim ashore in a white squall from the tug, land here just under the light, on the weather side of this jetty, chip through a couple of three-inch hawsers (with a pipe-cleaner or a quill toothpick, was it?), shove her off (an eight hundred ton barque) and swim back to my men in time to call the tugmaster's attention to the fact that the dagos were making a stern board to Ceuta. And all this full in view of the padrone; he says so; that's his case? And what was *he* doing all the time? And what was the sentry doing? It's a bit thick, your Honour."

The Registrar's judgment was a foregone conclusion—substantial salvage to *Birmingham* and tug in equal shares. The consul bows, leads off his gang of perjurers gesticulating. All ends happily.

Later, the foundry people having repaired her condenser, the *Birmingham* was ready for sea. The Rock faded astern; the far, white peaks of the sierras gleamed faintly through the northern haze; Cape de Gata loomed ahead; the ship resumed her interrupted routine. FitzPetre, tiring of chess, at which his sister, with the help of the boy, always beat him, played solitaire if it was possible to keep the marbles on the board. Scobie was weaving into his story a most unconvincing stranding to which his pupil could have given verisimilitude if asked.

As for the boy, he had grown a couple of inches, morally, had put away his childish things, stopped the tattooing of his arms at

the first artistically possible point, and was all for working out the ship's run and position daily as a duty. He took more care of himself, but still dressed badly. To the lady his attitude was that of a grave and eager politeness.

This would never do. She would take him in hand again, if only to pass the time, albeit in the affair at Gib he had come out but poorly. He should be taught to make the best of himself, to wear a less preposterous tie. Motherless she knew him, and there had never been a sister in that family; she, as lady preceptress, would supply natural deficiencies and awake latent capacities.

They paced the white planking of the poop side by side, she scolding him prettily for his good, he accepting it all in excellent part, swinging in a disengaged left hand by its lanyard a heavy, nickel-handled "Colonial" knife, a very arsenal of miscellaneous cutlery.

Scobie, from his deck-chair, watched them pass and repass until their countermarching got upon his nerves. His novel had come to nothing. For its sake he had neglected his charge so flagrantly as to have drawn upon himself the blunt censure of Sibley and the First. But the boy repulsed his belated advances, would have none of him. The FitzPetres ignored his presence. This lady—a charming person—must be playing with him; to suppose that she preferred this oaf to a cultured man of letters, was absurd. Jealousy, or a poignant loneliness, spurred the man to thrust in at any risk.

"Merrick, I say!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss FitzPetre," said the boy, turning to his tutor a face of curbed impatience.

"The weather seems so set," drawled Scobie, "and the—ah—fœtor below deck so pronounced, that I should be glad of your help with my bull's-eye. The steward? My dear fellow, yes, I know, but I can't tell you how I dislike asking that person to do anything. I'm nothing but thumbs, you see, whilst you are naturally mechanical, and have a reputation" (sniggering) "for 'charming magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas,' eh? (Keats, you know.)"

"What are Keats?" asked the boy blankly. His tutor, sighing, extended pathetic hands for the lady's pity, but took nothing. Merrick looked his man over coolly. "I'll speak to the steward for you . . . As you were saying, Miss FitzPetre——" They moved out of earshot. "Naturally I know, but I prefer to keep a bounder of that sort at arm's length. Why, I've every word of the Ode by heart for years past. Could I repeat it? I expect I could. You are sure it won't bore you? Listen!"

The lady was an epicure in poetry, and to hear her favourite poem—one of the half-dozen perfect pieces in our language, by the way—admirably rendered in Merrick's sweet, vibrant baritone, lifted her above herself.

"Oh, thank you! How beautiful! I need not tell you, for you must know, that you recite splendidly." (He did.) "Oh, what a memory! And it only makes it harder for me to say what I have to say." She looked long at the coast-line, and again at her companion, conscious of a novel diffidence. Was this the boy she had rebuked and petted, or a new personality?

"You are fickle, Mr. Merrick—if you don't mind my saying what I think. 'Tis all for your good." The boy bent sedately beneath the chastening hand. "Why, now, do you never finish anything?—never stay until the end? That painting, for example——"

"We ran out of gold-leaf——"

"Don't interrupt, please. Quite lately at the Rock I observed your—instability—may I call it? Yes, you left the long-boat's crew to watch the barque, and came back aboard to bed. Yes, and you grew tired of hearing that interpreter person's '*He sa—ay.*' So did I, but I didn't slip out of court for a ramble and lose the climax. I looked everywhere for you at the dry dock, and again at the molehead. It was quite dramatic at the end. Do you take me? You are gifted, but you fail in pertinacity."

The boy acknowledged this qualified compliment with a couple of abstracted nods. "You looked 'everywhere'? Not quite, I think, Miss FitzPetre," said the creature, in no wise abashed, and paced the length of the poop beside his companion twice before explaining himself. The girl's side glance gave her a novel impression of the rugged power and imminent maturity of the grave, strong face. Had she carried it too far? He was about to speak.

"If I tell you something, Miss FitzPetre, you won't misunderstand me. I'm not bucking. But a fellow doesn't like being set down for a fool—at least, I don't like you to set me down for one." He glanced momentarily at her brother asleep over his marbles, and at Scobie chewing his pencil-stump, as if their judgments mattered less.

"Yes?" returned the girl hardily, but

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"'You see that tenon-saw, Miss FitzPetre.'"

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with an undertone of misgiving. What could be coming?

* * * * *

"Good gracious, Mr. Merrick!" she exclaimed faintly. "You didn't really? You never mean it! You wicked, wicked boy! But," faintly, "you are joking."

The new Merrick stood self-revealed, no boy, but a man. The girl's assumed superiority slipped from her shoulders, leaving her bare and shy, a mere woman, in presence of this bewildering male enigma. Here was the courage, the unscrupulous energy of the stronger sex. She shrank into herself.

They had reached the break of the poop overlooking the curved iron plating of the maindeck. Beyond the after-hatch arose the mast, and beyond that again the spar-deck, pierced with port and starboard gangways to the foreship. The galley door stood open, the cook's copper pans and paraphernalia shone in the sun.

"You see that tenon-saw, Miss FitzPetre; that was what did the trick after the boat's crew thought I had turned it up."

Could it be that this—this boy had dared what two ships' companies of grown men had shrunk from attempting!

"But, those frayed ends, Mr. Merrick?" still incredulously.

"Yes, that was an oversight, I admit. There was one minute during the hearing when I turned cold. But something had to be risked. You saw me nip off. I fairly sprinted back to the mole and got to work upon those shore-ends that looked so natural. All faked; the bradawl and stone-pick in this knife here were just made for teasing out loose strands. I flatter myself that Sibley and the first were as completely had as the Registrar," he chuckled.

"But, wasn't it criminal?" Her round eyes shone with admiration.

"So is perjury. And those Genoese didn't stick at much to win their case, as far as I heard it. Anyway, I'm even with that padrone. He—he assaulted me. You heard? No! Well, I thought they told you. And I couldn't take that lying down; especially——" he paused, and answering her unspoken question"—after—after the way you have been talking to me lately."

"I, Mr. Merrick?" It was coming, after all. What an idiot she had been! He was looking her through and through with burning eyes—a man's eyes, too. There was no blinking the fact that this was a man of action in the making, if not already made. He would go far. The girl began to tremble, for she discovered at that moment that the mistake was not all on one side. ("And he says he did it for my sake—*mine!*")

"Oh, don't, Mr. Merrick! Oh, please stop! you really must not. Consider——"

"All right, I have considered. But, look here, Miss FitzPetre, there are only two years between us—will you wait for me?"

THE SPAE-WIFE'S GARDEN.

ONCE I stretched upon my toes,
I saw the Spae-Wife's Garden Plot:
There were twisty stems in rows and rows,
And broken leaves, a lot;
And in a Ring Grey Gnomes ran round
And threw torn petals on the ground.

There were bits of sunflower, bright as bright,
And rose, and stock, and daffodil;
The Spae-Wife blew with all her might:
And the Gnomes kept still as still:
I saw the Flowers spring up, and bend,
And fill the Plot from end to end.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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OF COURSE!

"WHAT are you two children doin' with yer hats on in the house?"
"We're goin' to the shop to buy sweets."
"Where's yer penny?"
"It's—it's in yer pocket!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

AT an annual series of races "for all comers," the sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line.

The patience of the starter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted. "Bring him up!"

The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Cockney, yelled back: "I can't! This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till he hears the door shut, an' I ain't got no door!"

THE proprietor of a large business nouse bought a number of signs reading, "Do it Now!" and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterwards a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with three thousand pounds, the bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office-boy went off to become a highwayman."

AL FRESCO.

THIS is the time for roses,
For lazy, perfumed air,
For Strephon to disclose his
Affection, if he dare.
The Chaperon reposes
On softly cushioned chair.

This is the time to capture
Slim fingers in his own—
Now, nightingales, adapt your
Duet to deeper tone;
For fingers touch—oh, rapture!
Still sleeps the Chaperon.

This is the time for burning
And whispered worship; this is
The time for boldly earning
Sweet, unexpected blisses;
For Chloe is returning
The first of many kisses.

Jessie Pope.

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NEARING THE END.

CUSTOMER: That stuff you sold me for my 'air don't seem to make it grow much.

HAIRDRESSER: It certainly do not, sir.

CUSTOMER: Well, I don't mind drinking one more bottle, but this must be the last.

"THE most absent-minded man in the world occupied my chair this morning," said a barber to a new-comer. "He came in and sat down near the door to wait his turn. I yelled 'Next!' at him two or three times when my chair was vacant, but he was dreaming and didn't hear me. Finally I touched him on the shoulder and told him I was ready for him.

"'What do you want me to do?' he asked.

"'Why, get in the chair if you want anything,' I replied. 'This is a barber's shop.'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, and then he got into the chair. He leaned back, so I let the chair down and shaved him. He didn't have a word to say. When I finished him up, he got out of the chair and took the check over to the cashier. He paid and started out. When half-way through the door, he stopped.

"'Say,' he said to me, 'what did you do to me?'

"'I shaved you,' I said.

"'Just my luck,' he replied; 'I wanted a hair-cut.'"

A KIND old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw, I don't read 'em," replied the lad.

A SUCCESSFUL business man, and the proud father of several daughters, was endeavouring to find out a certain young man's intentions in visiting his house.

"Yes," said the old man, "I am proud of my girls, and should like to see them comfortably married. I have made a little money, and they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her two thousand pounds when she marries; then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her four thousand pounds; and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have six thousand pounds with her. Ahem!"

The young man reflected a moment or so, and then inquired: "You haven't got one about fifty, have you?"

THE last chicken had gone to roost, all was still in the barn and yard. The evening lamp was burning, none too brightly, on the centre table in the sitting-room of the old farmhouse.

Looking up from his magazine, the farmer said vehemently to his wife one night—

"Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Yes," she answered. "You'd have settled down in Corsica, and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."

THE MANNER OF THE MESSAGE.

JONES: I am sorry my wife could not come to you this evening, but she said, as she has been out enjoying herself every night this week, she would be better off at home to-night.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

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Two little girls were playing in the street, and a well-dressed lady passed them with a swish and a whirl. By the noise it was evident that she wore a silk petticoat.

"What makes that noise?" whispered one little girl, with a wondering look.

"'Sh!" said the other child in a low voice. "Don't you know she's got money?—rich folks always rattle."

On one occasion the clergyman delivered a sermon of but ten minutes' duration—a most unusual thing for him.

Upon the conclusion of his remarks, he added: "I regret to inform you, brethren, that my dog, who appears to be peculiarly fond of paper, this morning ate that portion of my sermon which I have not delivered. Let us pray."

After the service the clergyman was met at the door by a man who, as a rule, attended divine service in another parish. Shaking the good man by the hand, he said—

"Doctor, I should like to know whether that dog of yours has any pups. If so, I want to get one to give to my minister."

The omnibus had stopped at a crowded corner, and the conductor had just raised his arm to pull the bell for starting, when the occupants of the omnibus were startled to hear a voice in the rear say: "Wait, conductor, until I get my clothes on."

Everybody looked surprised, and necks were craned in all directions to see who made this unusual remark. What really happened was a small boy trying to get a large laundry-basket on to the omnibus.

A well-known judge, who is a widower and the father of two charming daughters, is also something of a wag. During his vacation last summer he sent the following telegram to his daughters: "Have just married a widow with six children. Shall be home to-morrow." The next day he arrived alone, and found his daughters in tears.

"W-where is Mrs. ——, the w-widow?" they sobbed in unison.

"Oh, she's fine, my dears," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eye. "There, there, don't cry. You see, I couldn't help it—ah—well—I married her to another man."

NOT PLEASANT TO THINK ABOUT.

Dolly (reflectively watching her cat and her canary): Mummy, if I am an angel and have wings when I go to heaven, will the cats take *me* for a bird?

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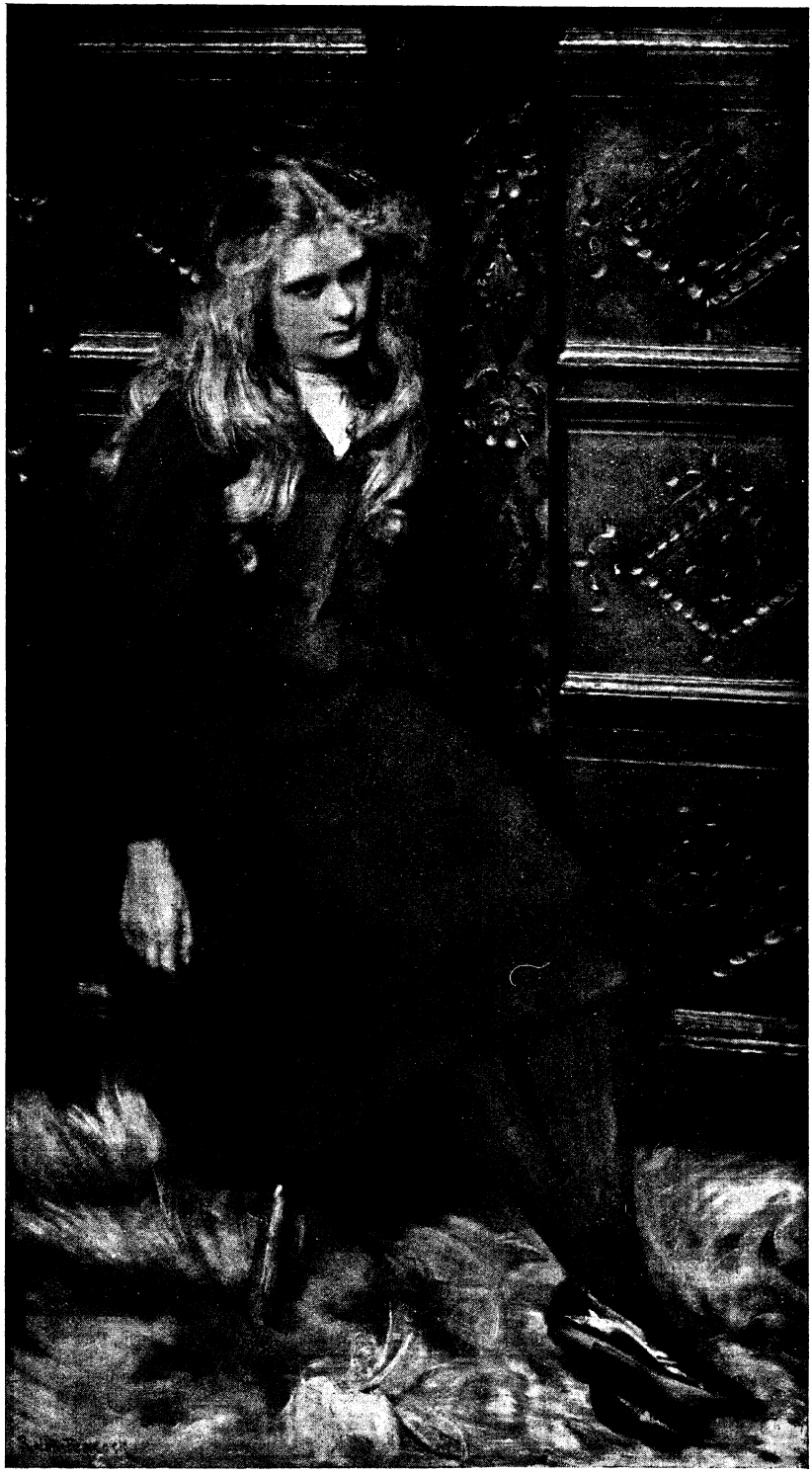

"ETHEL." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

From the picture in the Chantrey Collection at the Tate Gallery. Reproduced from the large plate published by the Autotype Company, New Oxford Street, W.

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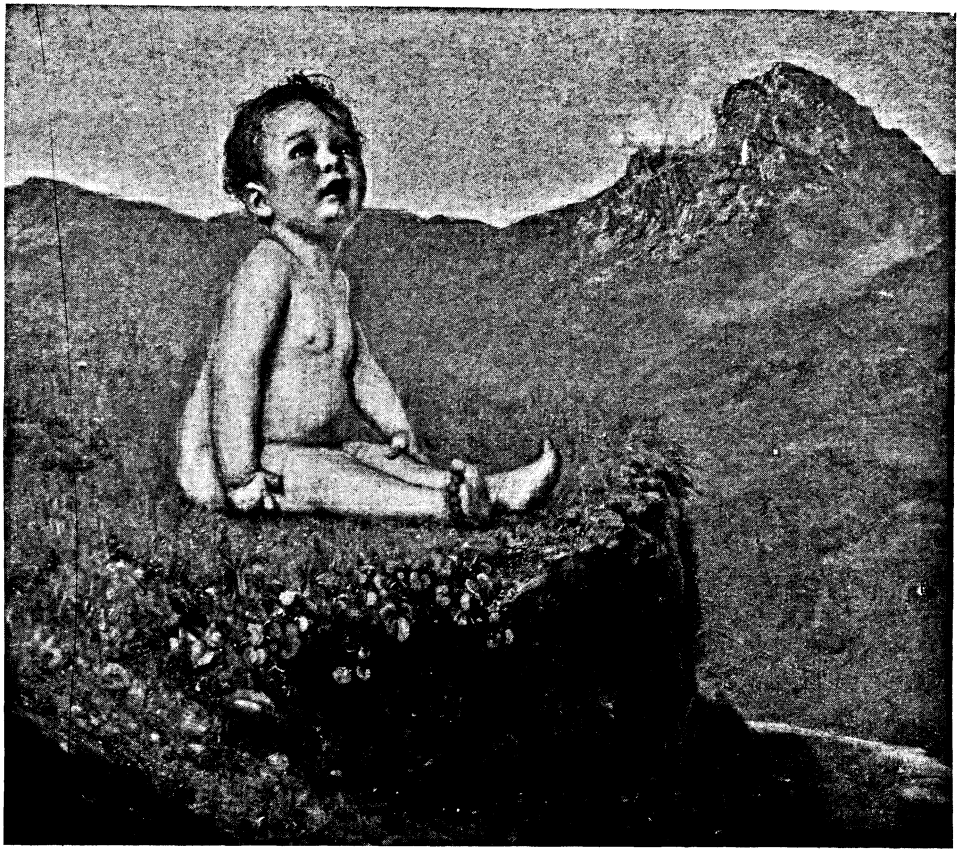

"DAWN." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

"Where did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of everywhere into here."—GEORGE MACDONALD.

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THE ART OF MR. RALPH PEACOCK.

BY R. C. TRAFFORD.

THE stories of the lives of most painters sound, as a rule, in the ears of ordinary mortals, quite conspicuously uneventful; for the artist, seeking a refuge from a certain vulgarity found in the actual world, crosses its border into that strange, enchanting land which exists for him beyond the humdrum daily life of utility—a land of beauty, peopled by fellow-enthusiasts, men who have, as Chaucer says, "lustie thoughts fulle of great longinge." Mr. Ralph Peacock has led one of these seemingly uneventful lives, one into which his activities have reduced themselves into a giving of himself to his art. He was born in 1868, and is consequently on the pleasant hither side of forty. It was the intention of his parents that he should enter the Civil Service, and he was, indeed, preparing for that culminating test of education, a stiff public examination, when the accident of John Pettie, R.A., being shown the first of his portrait-studies changed his destiny. Looking at this work, which was a portrait of one of the young man's family, Mr. Pettie, seeing in it promise beyond customary, encouraged him well and wisely: his "Well, I should give the boy a chance" decided Mr. Peacock, senior, to allow his

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son to give up the contest for official place and to depend upon his own industry and artistic talent for career.

It was a hazardous counsel to give, a grave responsibility to assume ; and it does marvellous credit to Mr. Pettie's powers of insight that he should have seen and recognised such latent talent lying within the rampart, youthful inexperience, as to make him not hesitate to give the counsel and assume the responsibility. Probably he felt that the youth who has art in his nature need have no fear that he cannot learn to express himself in paint.

Already the young Ralph Peacock, who was, at the time of which we are writing, not yet eighteen, had had his artistic love greatly fostered and received some instruction in the rudiments of art, for, while preparing for the Civil Service in the daytime, he had for some years—since, in fact, he was fourteen—attended the South Lambeth School of Art for two evenings a week. He was, therefore, well prepared for the year's instruction at the St. John's Wood Schools which, on Mr. Pettie's advice, immediately followed, and this enabled him, the next year, to enter as a student at the schools of the Royal Academy. These he left in 1891, when, on having entered himself for the biennial competition for the Academy's Gold Medal, he was successful in obtaining it and the travelling scholarship by the picture, "Victory." The scholarship money was spent in a tour through southern Spain and Italy—a year's travel, divided pretty equally between Granada, Cordova, Seville, Tangiers, Italy, and Switzerland; and the spell of the last country lies on Mr. Peacock now, and, whenever he can spare a few weeks from work, it is to some of those wonderful passes in the Swiss Alps that he goes to study the anatomy of Nature.

"VICTORY." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

The Artist's Gold Medal Picture.

After his year of travel he came home and followed up his subject-picture of "Victory" with one from "Don Quixote" —"the most chaste lover and the most valiant knight that has been known in these parts these many years . . . and the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, in my opinion," wrote Cervantes, "you find united

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"DON QUIXOTE." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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"A ROSE, A LILY, A DOVE, A SERPENT,
A LITTLE HONEY, AND A HANDFUL OF CLAY."

By Ralph Peacock.

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and described all the squire-like graces which are scattered up and down in the whole bead-roll of the books of chivalry."

Mr. Peacock also painted the single figure of a woman, which he called "A rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, and a handful of clay."

"In the beginning," said a Persian poet—we quote from William Smart's "Monograph on Fair Women in Painting and Poetry"—"Allah took a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple, and a handful of clay." The rose had a thorn, the lily was frail, the dove was timid, the serpent was guileful, honey was cloying, and the handful of clay was a handful of clay; yet when Allah looked at the amalgam, lo! it was a woman.

It is often difficult to determine the exact cause which makes of one man a landscape

MAUD, DAUGHTER OF VICTOR CAVENDISH, ESQ., M.P.
BY RALPH PEACOCK.

BERNARD, SON OF P. R. PARSONS, ESQ.
BY RALPH PEACOCK.

painter, of another the chronicler of historic or emotional events, or guides a third into portraiture. With some the determining influence lies deep, with others that which urges them to a particular course is the comparatively trivial breath of fashion or success; but, as a general rule, we may take it that each of these diagnoses in art originates in personal predilections to be found in individual minds, and in these minds sensitiveness to external or emotional influences. In the case of Mr. Peacock it is easy to trace the mental process which has impelled him into this last channel, portraiture.

Mystery, romance, and poetry attract him in the work of others, and these qualities so much so that one would find, probably, on questioning him, that a man who indulged them in paint to the extent Watts did is his ideal painter. But he himself defines his interest as being in the essential facts of

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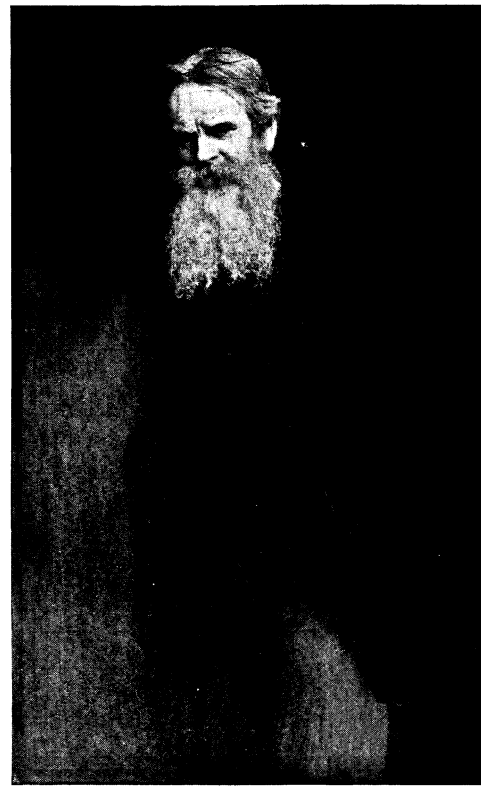
Nature; and he believes, as an article of faith, that any and every quality of a man may show itself within these limits.

He likes, in fact, to deal with actualities. He paints portraits and landscape, therefore, because by their means he gets down to bedrock, Nature. This predilection for simplicity it is which makes him, when he goes into the country, choose untrodden paths and seek to escape, as much as is possible in this twentieth century, from the signs of conventional life.

"Portraiture," says that delightful writer, Cardinal Newman, "should furnish an abstract representation of an individual; the abstraction being more rigid, inasmuch as the painting is confined to one point of time. The artist should draw independently of the accidents of attitude, dress, occasional feeling, and transient action. He should depict the general spirit of his subject—as if he

LORD KNARESBOROUGH. BY RALPH PEACOCK.



MR. W. HOLMAN HUNT. BY RALPH PEACOCK.

were copying from memory, not from a few particular sittings. An ordinary painter will delineate with rigid fidelity, and will make a caricature; but the learned artist contrives so to temper his composition as to sink all offensive peculiarities and hardnesses of individuality, without diminishing the striking effect of the likeness or acquainting the casual spectator with the secret of his art." Not that the obvious characteristics which Fate writes upon our faces need necessarily be excluded from our portraits; but the something of native worth which lies behind should certainly be suggested, and it is with this hidden quality that the great painters take counsel. Mr. Peacock is striving for this inward vision, and seems to have taken Benjamin West's advice to Constable to heart: "To keep in mind the prevailing character of his subject rather than its accidental appearance."

Writing on the number of artists who in England are devoting the better part of their energy to portraiture, and including in the list of the strongest of these the name of Ralph Peacock, Mr. Spielmann says: "Generally,

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"PORTRAIT OF A LADY DANCING." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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"BUNNY." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

From the picture in the West Australian Gallery.

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the school of portraiture can be praised for its sturdy vitality. It has thrown aside most of the empty conventions by which it was once hampered; and it has gained from the French influence just enough freshness of idea to increase in the right way its power of initiative to enhance the value of its effort. The men who belong to it are plainly convinced of the necessity for bringing to bear upon their work a proper spirit of investigation. They observe far more closely than did their predecessors of half a century ago, and they analyse and depict character with a much shrewder perception of shades of

DORIS, DAUGHTER OF ROWLAND KENNARD, ESQ.
BY RALPH PEACOCK.

individuality. But the school as a whole has lost none of its British essentials; it has, indeed, recovered much of the breadth and dignity which made it so remarkable in the eighteenth century, and it has advanced in understanding of technical devices."

Mr. Spielmann writes as though the younger generation of men had, in portraiture, regained something of an almost lost art; whereas, as a matter of fact, the thread of genius in England has fortunately never been broken, and strung upon it we find a succession of names connecting the brilliant performances of Charles Furze with those of Nicholas Hilliard. Mr. Peacock has had many marvellous predecessors working in the same field. The *magnum opus* of Orchardson

IVO, SON OF LORD DESBOROUGH.
BY RALPH PEACOCK.

is his "Master Baby," a portrait. Whistler lives, and will live, by the portraits of Miss Alexander and his mother. Beechey, Raeburn, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, Dyce, and Sir Joshua, are each great in the same line. To be a portrait-painter to-day

MONICA, DAUGHTER OF LORD DESBOROUGH.
BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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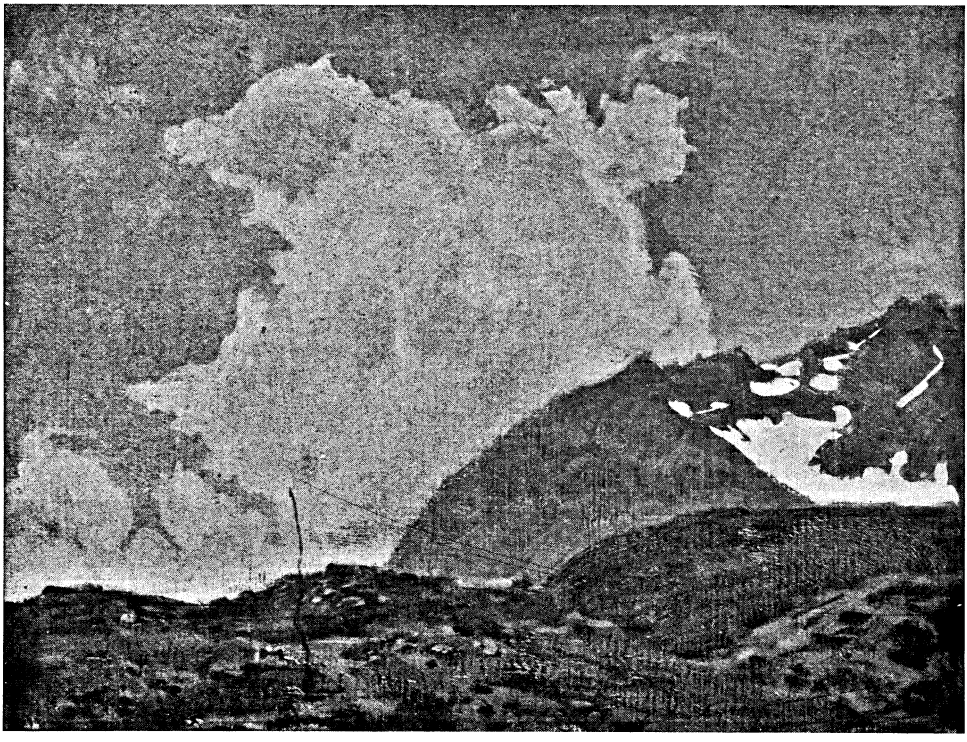
is to have the hope that in the future one's name may be bracketed with these. Many cannot approach Sir Joshua, but to touch hands with Dyce would be no small thing; for, perhaps, with the exception of "The Age of Innocence" and "Penelope Boothby" nothing more delightful than William Dyce's "Harriet Macconochy" has ever been painted—the ingenuous quaintness of it, its simplicity, its direct mastery of expression! Who, to paint portraits like this, would not relinquish all attempts to solve, in paint, the problems of sentiment?

Sir John Millais, during the last twenty-five years of his life, abandoning imaginative and didactic scenes, turned to Nature, and to this period of his life belong a number of pictures of children, actual portraits, although he gave to them fancy titles like "Cherry Ripe," "Little Miss Muffit," "Bubbles"; and there belonged to it, also, those charming studies of girlhood of which "Sweetest eyes were ever seen" and "Cinderella" are perhaps the most remarkable, distinguished, as they are, by a delightful sense of style.

Mr. Sargent also, to mention one of the



"THE TOP OF THE PASS." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

It is interesting, too, to note how from purely personal predilection for simplicity we can trace the interest of all these extremely gifted men to have lain neither with the emotional or incidental, nor overmuch even with men or women, but particularly and especially with children; with the elementary forms of human nature—nature before the manifold, ever-multiplying combinations of thought and feeling, the multifarious complexities of life, have shaped it into commonplace mould; for, alas!

Morning cannot last till noon,
Nor spring till summer.

most prominent living painters, has made his greatest success in the same line, for who would now challenge the right of "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" to a place amongst classic pictures? It enchants with its melodious quality, its rare and unique harmony of colour, its subtle passages of tone. Since those days in which the picture was painted Mr. Sargent has gained much in dexterity, but has perhaps lost something of that enthusiasm which tells of youth, in this special picture, in so surprising a way.

Thus there is precedent—and magnificent precedent, too—for those limits which Mr.

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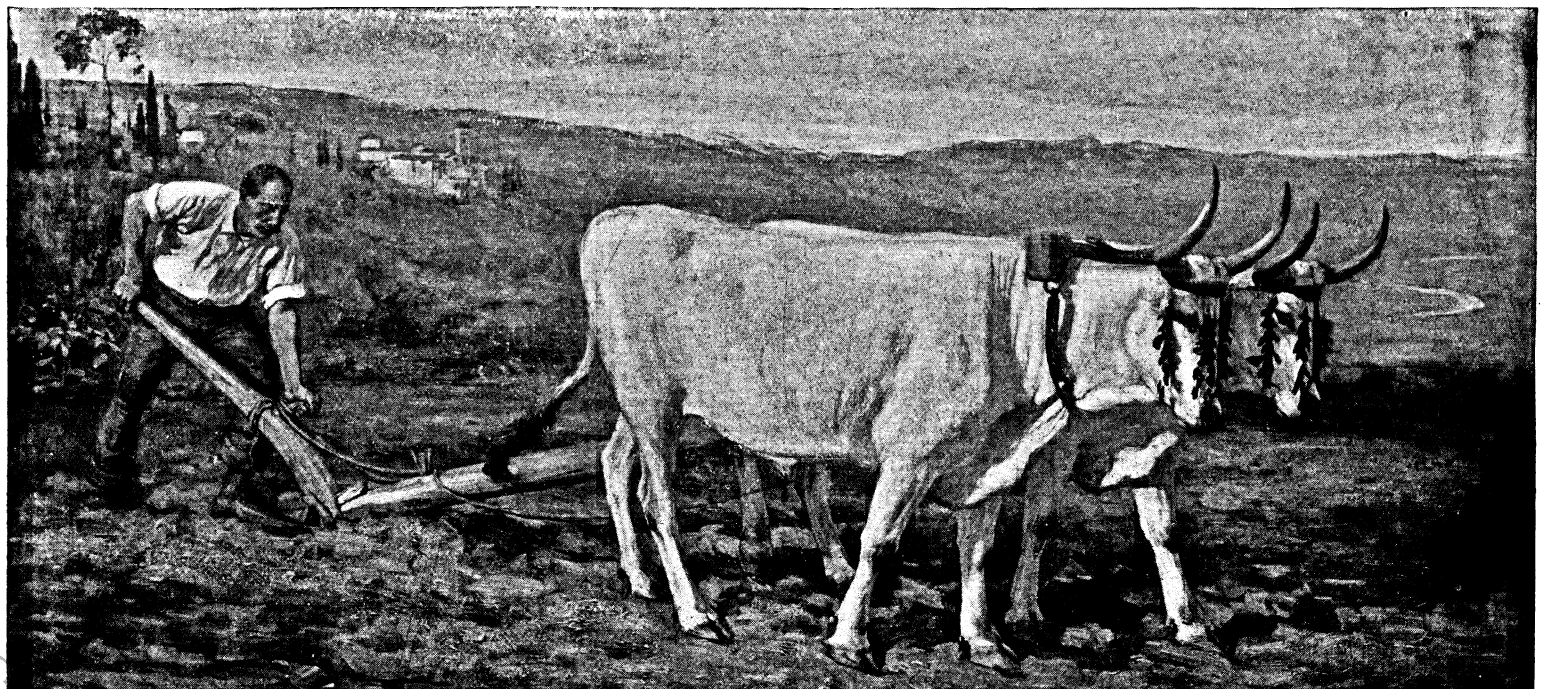

"IN TUSCANY." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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Peacock is inclined to place upon his art, and these from no incompleteness of resource, but from personal choice. His "Ethel," a Chantrey purchase from the Academy of 1898, is a case in point—

> Childhood here,
> A moon crescent in simple loveliness serene,
> Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
> Not entered them.

He began to paint, as we have pointed out, in his picture "A rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, and a handful of clay," as an idealist, and now, in his treatment of a sitter, we are sometimes impelled to recall this. We do so when looking at "The Sisters," which is also in the National Gallery of British Art, at Milbank. The pose of each figure is of the simplest, the charm of the whole lying in the peculiar grace given to the trait of pure affection, the placid emotion of sister fellowship.

A current of sentiment here underlies ostensible portraiture—is, in fact, the real subject. He has happened upon a scene of deep feeling, as it were by accident; has blended the charm of it with his art of line and colour, and so has become an illustrator of the very "story" he supposes himself to avoid.

THE MARQUIS OF TITCHFIELD. BY RALPH PEACOCK.

YETTA, DAUGHTER OF C. DUNLOP HILL, ESQ. BY RALPH PEACOCK.

How much a painter owes to his sitter is a sum no man has yet totalled! Romney painted one woman in such a way that "he chiefly lives as that one woman's painter," and "the worship in paint which he possessed for Emma Hamilton is comparable in its kind and in its degree to that which Dante practised for Beatrice in poetry," and perhaps Mr. Peacock's picture, in this case, owes something of its charm to the sisters themselves.

Idealism, too, is recognisable in his "Portrait of a Lady Dancing," which received a medal in Paris, in 1900. Here we seem to see that dancing is, as Homer called it, the most perfect of human enjoyments.

Locke points out in his treatise on education that the effects of dancing were

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LOUISE, SARAH, AND MARGARET, DAUGHTERS OF C. HAMILTON PAINE, ESQ.

By Ralph Peacock.

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"BABY CRAWLING." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

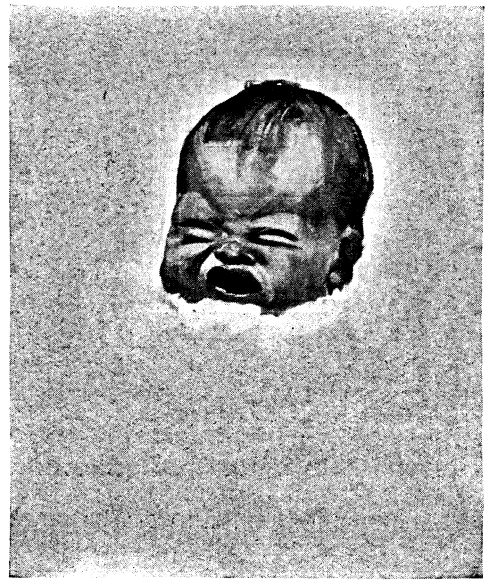
maturity. When, in the due course of time, the boy, who was born in 1895, becomes tenth Duke of Devonshire, there is nothing rash in the prediction that it will give him pleasure to look upon the presentment of the small Edward Cavendish, record of whose appearance would otherwise have passed out of range; for, as Sir Walter Scott said, it is impossible to conceive work more interesting than that which exhibits, before our eyes, ourselves as we once were. "By blowing alone, you cannot play the flute; you must also use your fingers," wrote Goethe, and, by a sort of inversion of thought, this saying, which applies to the playing of the flute, applies equally to the painting of children, breath as well as fingers having to be employed. In an insidious manner, the young sitter, who suffers a sense of injustice at being brought within the walls of a studio, has to be beguiled from his attitude of self-conscious injury, or his expression becomes stereotyped, unintelligent, and void of interest, if not stiffened to a conventional grin. He has therefore to be amused. It may be thought that the telling of fairy tales is no part of a painter's business; but let him be a bit of an actor, as Meissonier declares all good artists are; let his mind be filled with green and gold fancies; let him remember how, at his sitter's age, he loved to hear of knights questing adventure, rescuing damsels, vanquishing dragons, and depleting giants of unnecessary heads; let him by eloquence rouse enthusiasm in his sitter as to the ultimate fate of the heroine who is hard pressed by circumstance until a jack of clambering skill hurtles to the rescue and, in the swirl of chivalry, delivers her from the very arms of an ogre; let him help boys to sniff the joys of battle, and girls see the golden tissue of Cinderella's gowns; let him, in fact, rouse imagination, and the little affair of sitting for a portrait is concluded to the satisfaction of both painter and subject alike. Fairy filaments connect the two. Over the child's head there floats

> The blue bird singing of beautiful and impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happen, of things that are not,

and the painter is able to depict the happiest expression of childhood's happiest mood, romance being the natural intoxicant of youth.

Mr. Peacock understands all this; and his sitters having satisfied themselves by the end of the first day that everything which ordinary Olympians hold to be absurd is, by him, considered natural and sensible; that he never seeks to decoy them to interest over a story with a moral—to which all nice children have a staunch objection; but that he shares with them both fine perception and happy intuition, and no murmur is heard against the ordeal of the sitting.

"Bunny," bought by the West Australian Gallery, and "Dreams" are peculiarly happy specimens of Mr. Peacock's work; so, too, is the portrait of the small Marquis of Titch-



"BABY CRYING." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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"ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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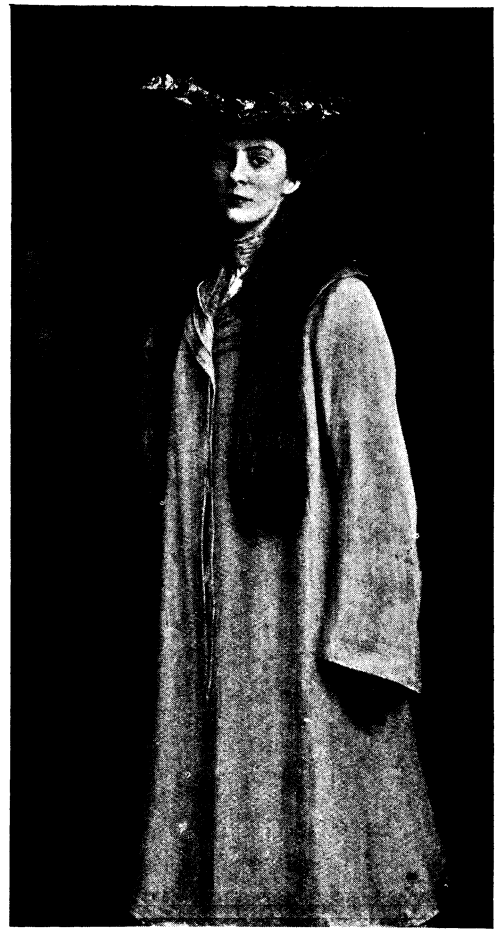
MOLLY, DAUGHTER OF GERVAISE BECKETT, ESQ., M.P. BY RALPH PEACOCK.

field, the Duke of Portland's son, whilst the sketch of a child crawling and the one of the yet younger one crying are extraordinarily true to life. A great number of Mr. Peacock's pictures are familiar to the public, as there have been well-hung in the Academy the group, "Louise, Sarah, and Margaret, the daughters of C. Hamilton Paine, Esq.," to which we have already alluded as demonstrative of the artist's methods; the portraits of "The Marquis of Titchfield"; of "Bernard, son of P. Ranford Parsons, Esq."; of "Yetta, daughter of C. Dunlop Hill, Esq."; of "Monica, daughter of Lord Desborough"; of "Edward son of, and Maude daughter of, Victor Cavendish, Esq., M.P."—to instance children's portraits alone. Amongst other portraits of people of larger growth we have the admirable one of Mr. W. Holman Hunt, Gertrude, daughter of Mr. Ellis Denby, Lord Knaresborough, Lady Lilian Grenfell, painted for the Duke of Marlborough, F. B. Mildmay, M.P., Daisy, daughter of Mr. Edwin Tate, Canon Julian; the portraits painted for Mr. G. S. Mosenthal and Mr. Edwin Heywood. Lately the fame of Mr. Peacock's admirable work has spread to America, and during the last year he has painted no less than five portraits, all of which have found their homes on the other side of the Atlantic.

Now and then, since there is no department of painting in which he is at a loss, Mr. Peacock has been beguiled from portraiture into the realisation of some expressive and significant scene of drama, as in "An Angry Man"; or he has painted some aspect of landscape, as in "The Top of the Pass," where he shows us the snows of Switzerland; and, yet again, as in the pale, sad, grey, earthen slopes of the South, of "In Tuscany," that delightful land where the



"MRS. ROBERTS." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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"AN ANGRY MAN." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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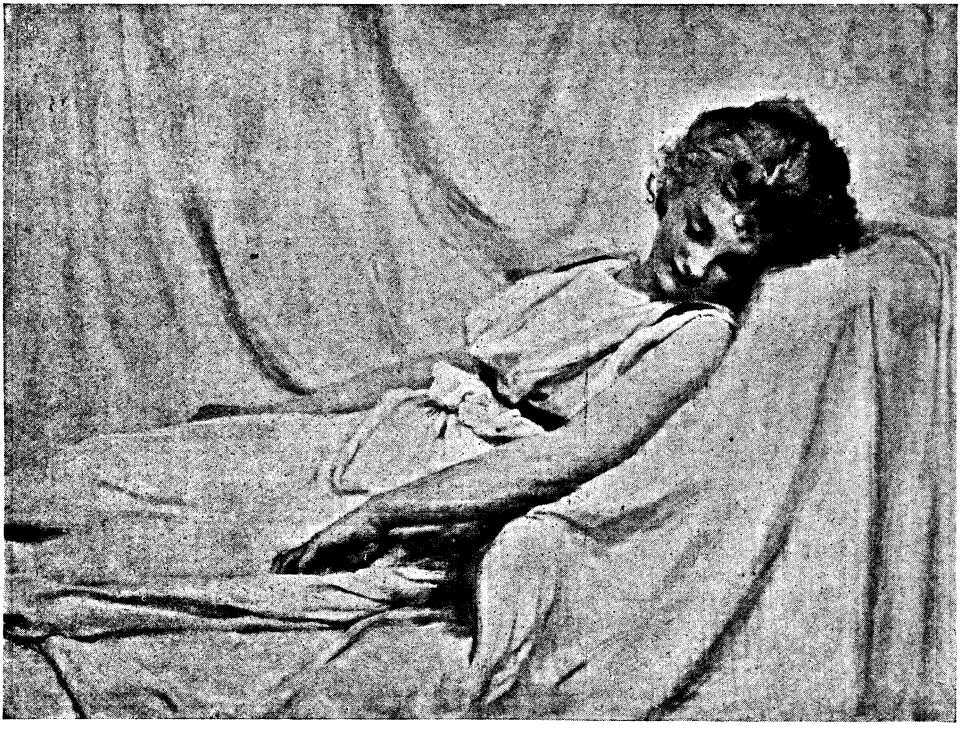
labour of the husbandman is pursued with peculiar grace, where the white-horned oxen move slowly through the marl, and man, to-day, bends to press home the plough, the same in shape as that which Virgil knew. And always his work, whether in portraiture, drama, or landscape, shows harmony of parts, dignity of line, unity of conception, and a very great feeling for values. It is early yet to prognosticate as to the precise place to which Mr. Peacock's art may attain, for he is still far from the meridian of his powers; but by the inclusion of two of his works in the Gallery of British Art the nation has shown a discriminating and wise recognition of distinguished talent.



"DREAMS." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

From the picture in the Durban Gallery.

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HELENA'S PATH.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Common opinion said that Lord Lynborough ought never to have had a peerage and forty thousand a year; he ought to have had a pound a week and a back bedroom in Bloomsbury. Then he would have become an eminent man; as it was, he turned out only a singularly erratic individual. Miss Gilletson had been studying the local paper, which appeared every Saturday, and reached Nab Grange on the following morning. She uttered an exclamation and read out to the Marchesa:—"'Lord Lynborough, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Leonard Stabb, the well-known authority on prehistoric remains, and Mr. Roger Wilbraham, his private secretary, arrived at the Castle on Friday.'" Helena Vittoria Maria Antonia, Marchesa di San Servolo, was now in her twenty-fourth year. Born of an Italian father and an English mother, she had bestowed her hand on her paternal country, but her heart remained in her mother's. She was early left a widow—stepmother of adult Italian offspring—owner for life of an Apennine fortress. She liked the fortress, but disliked the stepchildren, and England—her mother's home—presented itself in the light of refuge. Nab Grange was in the market. It had served for the family's dower-house, till a bad race-meeting had induced the squire of the day to sell it to a Mr. Cross of Leeds. The Crosses held and the Marchesa bought it a year before Lord Lynborough came home. Now, it had long been the custom for residents at the Castle to gain the beach by a short cut through the grounds of Nab Grange, but the Marchesa would have preferred that strangers should not pass across her property, in full view of her windows, without her permission, and thus it happened that on a Sunday morning in June, Captain Irons and Mr. Stillford, walking back through the Scarsmoor grounds from Fillby church as they had proposed, found the gate leading from the road into the Grange meadows securely padlocked.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MESSAGE OF A PADLOCK.

"Lord Lynborough presents his compliments to her Excellency the Marchesa di San Servolo. Lord Lynborough has learnt, with surprise and regret, that his servants have within the last two days been warned off Beach Path, and that a padlock and other obstacles have been placed on the gate leading to the path, by her Excellency's orders. Lord Lynborough and his predecessors have enjoyed the use of this path by themselves, their agents, and servants, for many years back—certainly for fifty, as Lord Lynborough knows from his father and from old servants, and Lord Lynborough is not disposed to acquiesce in any obstruction being raised to his continued use of it. He must therefore request her Excellency to have the kindness to order that the padlock and other obstacles shall be removed, and he will be obliged by this being done before eight o'clock to-morrow morning—at which time Lord Lynborough intends to proceed by Beach Path to the sea in order to bathe. Scarsmoor Castle; 13th June."

THE reception of this letter proved an agreeable incident of an otherwise rather dull Sunday evening at Nab Grange. The Marchesa had been bored; the Colonel was sulky. Miss Gilletson had forbidden cards; her conscience would not allow herself, nor her feelings of envy permit other people, to play on the Sabbath. Lady Nora and Violet Dufaure were somewhat at cross-purposes, each preferring to talk to Stillford and endeavouring, under a false show of amity, to foist Captain Irons on to the other.

"Listen to this!" cried the Marchesa vivaciously. She read it out. "He doesn't beat about the bush, does he? I'm to surrender before eight o'clock to-morrow morning!"

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"Sounds rather a peremptory sort of a chap!" observed Colonel Wenman.

"I," remarked Lady Norah, "shouldn't so much as answer him, Helena."

"I shall certainly answer him and tell him that he'll trespass on my property at his peril," said the Marchesa haughtily. "Isn't that the right way to put it, Mr. Stillford?"

"If it would be a trespass, that might be one way to put it," was Stillford's professionally cautious advice. "But as I ventured to tell you when you determined to put on the padlock, the rights in the matter are not quite as clear as we could wish."

"When I bought this place, I bought a private estate — a private estate, Mr. Stillford—for myself—not a short cut for Lord Lynborough! Am I to put up a notice for him, 'This Way to the Bathing Machines'?"

"I wouldn't stand it for a moment." Captain Irons sounded bellicose.

Violet Dufaure was amicably inclined. "You might give him leave to walk through. It would be a bore for him to go round by the road every time."

"Certainly I might give him leave if he asked for it," retorted the Marchesa, rather sharply. "But he doesn't. He orders me to open my gate—and tells me he means to bathe! As if I cared whether he bathed or not! What is it to me, I ask you, Violet, whether the man bathes or not?"

"I beg your pardon, Marchesa, but aren't you getting a little off the point?" Stillford intervened deferentially.

"No, I'm not. I never get off the point, Mr. Stillford. Do I, Colonel Wenman?"

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"I've never known you to do it in my life, Marchesa." There was, in fact, as Lynborough had ventured to anticipate, a flush on the Marchesa's cheek, and the Colonel knew his place.

"There, Mr. Stillford!" she cried triumphantly. Then she swept — the expression is really applicable — across the room to her writing-table. "I shall be courteous, but quite decisive," she announced over her shoulder as she sat down.

Stillford stood by the fire, smiling doubtfully. Evidently it was no use trying to stop the Marchesa; she had insisted on locking the gate, and she would persist in keeping it locked till she was forced, by process of law or otherwise, to open it again. But if the Lords of Scarsmoor Castle really had used it without interruption for fifty years (as Lord Lynborough asserted)—well, the Marchesa's rights were at least in a precarious position.

The Marchesa came back with her letter in her hand. "'The Marchesa di San Servolo,'" she read out to an admiring audience, "'presents her compliments to Lord Lynborough. The Marchesa has no intention of removing the padlock and other obstacles which have been placed on the gate to prevent trespassing—either by Lord Lynborough or by anybody else. The Marchesa is not concerned to know Lord Lynborough's plans in regard to bathing or otherwise. Nab Grange: 13th June.'"

The Marchesa looked round on her friends with a satisfied air.

"I call that good," she remarked. "Don't you, Norah?"

"I don't like the last sentence."

"Oh yes! Why, that'll make him angrier than anything else! Please ring the bell for me, Mr. Stillford; it's just behind you."

The butler came back.

"Who brought Lord Lynborough's letter?" asked the Marchesa.

"I don't know who it is, your Excellency—one of the upper servants at the Castle, I think."

"How did he come to the house?"

"By the drive—from the south gate—I believe, your Excellency."

"I'm glad of that," she declared, looking positively dangerous. "Tell him to go back the same way, and not by the—by what Lord Lynborough chooses to call 'Beach Path.' Here's a letter for him to take."

"Very good, your Excellency." The butler received the letter and withdrew.

"Yes," said Lady Norah, "rather funny he should call it Beach Path, isn't it?"

"I don't know whether it's funny or not, Norah, but I do know that I don't care what he calls it. He may call it Piccadilly if he likes, but it's my path all the same." As she spoke she looked, somewhat defiantly, at Mr. Stillford.

Violet Dufaure, whose delicate frame held an indomitable and indeed pugnacious spirit, appealed to Stillford; "Can't Helena have him taken up if he trespasses?"

"Well, hardly, Miss Dufaure. The remedy would lie in the civil courts."

"Shall I bring an action against him? Is that it? Is that right?" cried the Marchesa.

"That's the ticket, eh, Stillford?" asked the Colonel.

Stillford's position was difficult; he had the greatest doubt about his client's case.

"Suppose you leave him to bring the action?" he suggested. "When he does, we can fully consider our position."

"But if he insists on using the path to-morrow?"

"He'll hardly do that," Stillford persuaded her. "You'll probably get a letter from him, asking for the name of your solicitor. You will give him my name; I shall obtain the name of his solicitor, and we shall settle it between us—amicably, I hope, but in any case without further personal trouble to you, Marchesa."

"Oh!" said the Marchesa blankly. "That's how it will be, will it?"

"That's the usual course—the proper way of doing the thing."

"It may be proper; it sounds very dull, Mr. Stillford. What if he does try to use the path to-morrow—'in order to bathe' as he's good enough to tell me?"

"If you're right about the path, then you've the right to stop him," Stillford answered rather reluctantly. "If you do stop him, that, of course, raises the question in a concrete form. You will offer a formal resistance. He will make a formal protest. Then the lawyers step in."

"We always end with the lawyers—and my lawyer doesn't seem sure I'm right!"

"Well, I'm not sure," said Stillford bluntly. "It's impossible to be sure at this stage of the case."

"For all I see, he may use my path to-morrow!" The Marchesa was justifying her boast that she could stick to a point.

"Now that you've lodged your objection, that won't matter much legally."

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"'Tell him to go back the same wav, and not by the—by what Lord Lynborough chooses to call "Beach Path."'"

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"It will annoy me intensely," the Marchesa complained.

"Then we'll stop him," declared Colonel Wenman valorously.

"Politely—but firmly," added Captain Irons.

"And what do you say, Mr. Stillford?"

"I'll go with these fellows anyhow—and see that they don't overstep the law. No more than the strictly necessary force, Colonel!"

"I begin to think that the law is rather stupid," said the Marchesa. She thought it stupid; Lynborough held it iniquitous; the law was at a discount, and its majesty little reverenced, that night.

Ultimately, however, Stillford persuaded the angry lady to—as he tactfully put it—give Lynborough a chance. "See what he does first. If he crosses the path now, after warning, your case is clear. Write to him again then, and tell him that, if he persists in trespass, your servants have orders to interfere."

"That lets him bathe to-morrow!" Once more the Marchesa returned to her point—a very sore one.

"Just for once it really doesn't matter!" Stillford urged.

Reluctantly she acquiesced; the others were rather relieved—not because they objected to a fight, but because eight in the morning was rather early to start one. Breakfast at the Grange was at nine-thirty, and, though the men generally went down for a dip, they went much later than Lord Lynborough proposed to go.

"He shall have one chance of withdrawing gracefully," the Marchesa finally decided.

Stillford was unfeignedly glad to hear her say so; he had, from a professional point of view, no desire for a conflict. Inquiries which he had made in Fillby—both from men in Scarsmoor Castle employ and from independent persons—had convinced him that Lynborough's case was strong. For many years—through the time of two Lynboroughs before the present at Scarsmoor, and through the time of three Crosses (the predecessors of the Marchesa) at Nab Grange, Scarsmoor Castle had without doubt asserted this dominant right over Nab Grange. It had been claimed and exercised openly—and, so far as he could discover, without protest or opposition. The period, as he reckoned it, would prove to be long enough to satisfy the law as to prescription; it was very unlikely that any document existed—or anyhow could be found—which would serve to explain away the presumption which user such as this gave. In fine, the Marchesa's legal adviser was of opinion that in a legal fight the Marchesa would be beaten. Her best course, if fight she must, was to fight on the defensive—to leave Lynborough to prove his case. But even that would not help her much. His own hope lay in compromise; if friendly relations could be established, there would be a chance of a compromise. He was sure that the Marchesa would readily grant as a favour—and would possibly give in return for a nominal payment—all that Lynborough asked. That would be the best way out of the difficulty. "Let us temporise, and be conciliatory," thought the man of law.

Alas, neither conciliation nor dilatoriness was in Lord Lynborough's line! He read the Marchesa's letter with appreciation and pleasure. He admired the curtness of its intimation, and the lofty haughtiness with which the writer dismissed the subject of his bathing. But he treated the document—it cannot be said that he did wrong—as a plain defiance. It appeared to him that no further declaration of war was necessary; he was not concerned to consider evidence nor to weigh his case, as Stillford wanted to consider the Marchesa's evidence and to weigh her case. This for two reasons: first, because he was entirely sure that he was right; secondly because he had no intention of bringing the question to trial. Lynborough knew but one tribunal; he had pointed out its local habitation to Roger Wilbraham.

Accordingly it fell out that conciliatory counsels and Fabian tactics at Nab Grange received a very severe—perhaps indeed a fatal—shock the next morning.

At about nine o'clock the Marchesa was sitting in her dressing-gown by the open window, reading her correspondence and sipping an early cup of tea—she had become quite English in her habits. Her maid re-entered the room, carrying in her hand a small parcel. "For your Excellency," she said. "A man has just left it at the door." She put the parcel down on the marble top of the dressing-table.

"What is it?" asked the Marchesa indolently.

"I don't know, your Excellency. It's hard, and very heavy for its size."

Laying down the letter which she had been perusing, the Marchesa took up the parcel and cut the string which bound it. With a metallic clink there fell on her

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"'With Lord Lynborough's compliments.'"

dressing-table—a padlock! To it was fastened a piece of paper, bearing these words: "Padlock found attached to gate leading to Beach Path. Detached by order of Lord Lynborough. With Lord Lynborough's compliments."

Now, too, Lynborough might have got his flush—if he could have been there to see it!

"Bring me my field-glasses!" she cried.

The window commanded a view of the gardens, of the meadows beyond the sunk fence, of the path—Beach Path as that man was pleased to call it!—and of the gate. At the latter object the enraged Marchesa directed her gaze. The barricade of furze branches was gone! The gate hung open upon its hinges!

While she still looked, three figures came across the lens. A very large stout shape—a short spare form—a tall, lithe, very lean figure. They were just reaching the gate, coming from the direction of the sea. The two first were strangers to her; the third she had seen for a moment the afternoon before on Sandy Nab. It was Lynborough himself, beyond a doubt. The others must be friends—she cared not about them. But to sit here with the padlock before her, and see Lynborough pass through the gate—a

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meeker woman than she had surely been moved to wrath! He had bathed—as he had said he would. And he had sent her the padlock. That was what came of listening to conciliatory counsels, of letting herself give ear to dilatory persuasions!

"War!" declared the Marchesa. "War—war—war! And if he's not careful, I won't confine it to the path either!" She seemed to dream of conquests, perhaps to reckon resources, whereof Mr. Stillford, her legal adviser, had taken no account.

She carried the padlock down to breakfast with her; it was to her as the Fiery Cross; it summoned her and her array to battle. She exhibited it to her guests.

"Now, gentlemen, I'm in your hands!" said she. "Is that man to walk over my property for his miserable bathing to-morrow?"

He would have been a bold man who, at that moment, would have answered her with a "Yes."

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF WAR.

An enviable characteristic of Lord Lynborough's was that, when he had laid the fuse, he could wait patiently for the explosion. (That last word tends to recur in connection with him.) Provided he knew that his adventure and his joke were coming, he occupied the interval profitably—which is to say, as agreeably as he could. Having launched the padlock—his symbolical ultimatum—and asserted his right, he spent the morning in dictating to Roger Wilbraham a full, particular, and veracious account of his early differences with the Dean of Christ Church. Roger found his task entertaining, for Lynborough's mimicry of his distinguished opponent was excellent. Stabb meanwhile was among the tombs in an adjacent apartment.

This studious tranquillity was disturbed by the announcement of a call from Mr. Stillford. Not without difficulty he had persuaded the Marchesa to let him reconnoitre the ground—to try, if it seemed desirable, the effect of a bit of "bluff"—at any rate to discover, if he could, something of the enemy's plan of campaign. Stillford was, in truth, not a little afraid of a lawsuit!

Lynborough denied himself to no man, and received with courtesy every man who came. But his face grew grim and his manner distant when Stillford discounted the favourable effect produced by his appearance and manner—also by his name, well-known in the county—by confessing that he called in the capacity of the Marchesa's solicitor.

"A solicitor?" said Lynborough, slightly raising his brows.

"Yes. The Marchesa does me the honour to place her confidence in me; and it occurs to me that, before this unfortunate dispute—"

"Why unfortunate?" interrupted Lynborough with an air of some surprise.

"Surely it is—between neighbours? The Castle and the Grange should be friends." His cunning suggestion elicited no response. "It occurred to me," he continued, somewhat less glibly, "that, before further annoyance or expense was caused, it might be well if I talked matters over with your lordship's solicitor."

"Sir," said Lynborough, "saving your presence—which, I must beg you to remember, was not invited by me—I don't like solicitors. I have no solicitor. I shall never have a solicitor. You can't talk with a non-existent person."

"But proceedings are the natural—the almost inevitable result of such a situation as your action has created, Lord Lynborough. My client can't be flouted, she can't have her indubitable rights outraged——"

"Do you think they're indubitable?" Lynborough put in, with a sudden quick flash of his eyes.

For an instant Stillford hesitated. Then he made his orthodox reply. "As I am instructed, they certainly are."

"Ah!" said Lynborough drily.

"No professional man could say more than that, Lord Lynborough."

"And they all say just as much! If I say anything you don't like, again remember that this interview is not of my seeking, Mr. Stillford."

Stillford waxed a trifle sarcastic. "You'll conduct your case in person?" he asked.

"If you hale me to Court, I shall. Otherwise there's no question of a case."

This time Stillford's eyes brightened; yet still he doubted Lynborough's meaning.

"We shouldn't hesitate to take our case into Court."

"Since you're wrong, you'd probably win," said Lynborough, with a smile. "But I'd make it cost you the devil of a lot of money. That, at least, the law can do—I'm not aware that it can do much else. But as far as I'm concerned, I should as soon appeal to the Pope of Rome in this matter as to a law-court—sooner, in fact."

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Stillford grew more confidently happy—and more amazed at Lynborough.

"But you've no right to—er—assert rights if you don't intend to support them."

"I do intend to support them, Mr. Stillford. That you'll very soon find out."

"By force?" Stillford himself was gratified by the shocked solemnity which he achieved in this question.

"If so, your side has no prejudice against legal proceedings. Prisons are not strange to me——"

"What?" Stillford was a little startled. He had not heard all the stories about Lord Lynborough.

"I say, prisons are not strange to me. If necessary, I can do a month. I am, however, not altogether a novice in the somewhat degrading art of getting the other man to hit first. Then he goes to prison, doesn't he? Just like the law! As if that had anything to do with the merits!"

Stillford kept his eye on the point valuable to him. "By supporting your claim I intended to convey supporting it by legal action."

"Oh, the cunning of this world, the cunning of this world, Roger!" He flung himself into an armchair, laughing. Stillford was already seated. "Take a cigarette, Mr. Stillford. You want to know whether I'm going to law or not, don't you? Well, I'm not. Is there anything else you want to know? Oh, by the way, we don't abstain from the law because we don't know the law. Permit me—Mr. Stillford, solicitor—Mr. Roger Wilbraham, of the Middle Temple, Esquire, barrister-at-law. Had I known you were coming, Roger should have worn his wig. No, no, we know the law—but we hate it."

Stillford was jubilant at a substantial gain—the appeal to law lay within the Marchesa's choice now; and that was in his view a great advantage. But he was legitimately irritated by Lynborough's sneers at his profession.

"So do most of the people who belong to—the people to whom prisons are not strange, Lord Lynborough."

"Apostles—and so on?" asked Lynborough airily.

"I hardly recognise your lordship as belonging to that—er—er—category."

"That's the worst of it—nobody will," Lynborough admitted candidly. A note of sincere, if whimsical, regret sounded in his voice. "I've been trying for fifteen years. Yet some day I may be known as St. Ambrose!" His tones fell to despondency again. "St. Ambrose the Less, though—yes, I'm afraid the Less. Apostles—even Saints—are much handicapped in these days, Mr. Stillford."

Stillford rose to his feet. "You've no more to say to me, Lord Lynborough?"

"I don't know that I ever had anything to say to you, Mr. Stillford. You must have gathered before now that I intend to use Beach Path."

"My client intends to prevent you."

"Yes?—Well, you're three ablebodied men down there—so my man tells me—you, and the Colonel, and the Captain. And we're three up here. It seems to me fair enough."

"You don't really contemplate settling the matter by personal conflict?" He was half amused, yet genuinely stricken in his habits of thought.

"Entirely a question for your side. We shall use the path." Lynborough cocked his head on one side, looking up at the sturdy lawyer with a mischievous amusement. "I shall harry you, Mr. Stillford—day and night I shall harry you. If you mean to keep me off that path, vigils will be your portion. And you won't succeed."

"I make a last appeal to your lordship. The matter could, I believe, be adjusted on an amicable basis. The Marchesa could be prevailed upon to grant permission——"

"I'd just as soon ask her permission to breathe," interrupted Lynborough.

"Then my mission is at an end."

"I congratulate you."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, you've found out the chief thing you wanted to know, haven't you? If you'd asked it point-blank, we should have saved a lot of time. Good-bye, Mr. Stillford. Roger, the bell's in reach of your hand."

"You're pleased to be amused at my expense?" Stillford had grown huffy.

"No—only don't think you've been clever at mine," Lynborough retorted placidly.

So they parted. Lynborough went back to his Dean, Stillford to the Marchesa. Still ruffled in his plumes, feeling that he had been chaffed and had made no adequate reply, yet still happy in the solid, the important fact which he had ascertained, he made his report to his client. He refrained from openly congratulating her on not being challenged to a legal fight; he contented himself with observing that it was convenient to be able to choose her own time to take proceedings.

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Lady Norah was with the Marchesa. They both listened attentively and questioned closely. Not the substantial points alone attracted their interest; Stillford was constantly asked—"How did he look when he said that?" He had no other answer than "Oh—well—er—rather queer." He left them, having received directions to re-barricade the gate as solidly and as offensively as possible; a board warning off trespassers was also to be erected.

Although not apt at a description of his interlocutor, yet Stillford seemed to have conveyed an impression.

"I think he must be delightful," said Norah thoughtfully, when the two ladies were left together. "I'm sure he's just the sort of a man I should fall in love with, Helena."

As a rule the Marchesa admired and applauded Norah's candour, praising it for a certain patrician flavour—Norah spoke her mind, let the crowd think what it would! On this occasion she was somehow less pleased; she was even a little startled. She was conscious that any man with whom Norah was gracious enough to fall in love would be subjected to no ordinary assault; the Irish colouring is bad to beat, and Norah had it to perfection; moreover, the aforesaid candour makes matters move ahead.

"After all, it's my path he's trespassing on, Norah," the Marchesa remonstrated.

They both began to laugh. "The wretch is as handsome as—as a god," sighed Helena.

"You've seen him?" eagerly questioned Norah; and the glimpse—that tantalising glimpse—on Sandy Nab was confessed to.

The Marchesa sprang up, clenching her fist. "Norah, I should like to have that man at my feet, and then to trample on him! Oh, it's not only the path! I believe he's laughing at me all the time!"

"He's never seen you. Perhaps if he did he wouldn't laugh. And perhaps you wouldn't trample on him either."

"Ah, but I would!" She tossed her head impatiently. "Well, if you want to meet him, I expect you can do it—on my path to-morrow!"

This talk left the Marchesa vaguely vexed. Her feeling could not be called jealousy; nothing can hardly be jealous of nothing, and even as her acquaintance with Lynborough amounted to nothing, Lady Norah's also was represented by a cypher. By why should Norah want to know him? It was the Marchesa's path—by consequence it was the Marchesa's quarrel. Where did Norah stand in the matter? The Marchesa had perhaps been constructing a little drama. Norah took leave to introduce a new character!

And not Norah alone, as it appeared at dinner. Little Violet Dufaure, whose appealing ways were notoriously successful with the emotionally weaker sex, took her seat at table with a demurely triumphant air. Captain Irons reproached her, with polite gallantry, for having deserted the croquet lawn after tea.

"Oh, I went for a walk to Fillby—through Scarsmoor, you know."

"Through Scarsmoor, Violet?" The Marchesa sounded rather startled again.

"It's a public road, you know, Helena. Isn't it, Mr. Stillford?"

Stillford admitted that it was. "All the same, perhaps the less we go there at the present moment——"

"Oh, but Lord Lynborough asked me to come again and to go wherever I liked—not to keep to the stupid road."

Absolute silence reigned. Violet looked round with a smile which conveyed a general appeal for sympathy; there was, perhaps, special reference to Miss Gilletson as the guardian of propriety, and to the Marchesa as the owner of the disputed path.

"You see, I took Nellie, and the dear always does run away. She ran after a rabbit. I ran after her, of course. The rabbit ran into a hole, and I ran into Lord Lynborough. Helena, he's charming!'

"I'm thoroughly tired of Lord Lynborough," said the Marchesa icily.

"He must have known I was staying with you, I think; but he never so much as mentioned you. He just ignored you—the whole thing, I mean. Wasn't it tactful?"

Tactful it might have been; it did not appear to gratify the Marchesa.

"What a wonderful air there is about a—a *grand seigneur!*" pursued Violet reflectively. "Such a difference it makes!"

That remark did not gratify any of the gentlemen present; it implied a contrast, although it might not definitely assert one.

"It is such a pity that you've quarrelled about that silly path!"

"Oh! oh! Miss Dufaure!"—"I say, come, Miss Dufaure!"—"Er—really, Miss Dufaure!"—these three remonstrances may be distributed indifferently among the three men. They felt that there was a risk of treason in the camp.

The Marchesa assumed her grandest manner; it was mediæval—it was Titianesque.

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"She exhibited it to her guests."

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"Fortunately, as it seems, Violet, I do not rely on your help to maintain my rights in regard to the path. Pray meet Lord Lynborough as often as you please, but spare me any unnecessary mention of his name."

"I didn't mean any harm. It was all Nellie's fault."

The Marchesa's reply—if such it can be called—was delivered *sotto voce*, yet was distinctly audible. It was also brief. She said "*Nellie!*" Nellie, was, of course, Miss Dufaure's dog.

Nightfell upon an apparently peaceful land. Yet Violet was an absentee from the Marchesa's dressing-room that night, and even between Norah and her hostess the conversation showed a tendency to flag. Norah, for all her courage, dared not mention the name of Lynborough, and Helena most plainly would not. Yet what else was there to talk about? It had come to that point even so early in the war!

Meanwhile, up at Scarsmoor Castle, Lynborough, in exceedingly high spirits, talked to Leonard Stabb.

"Yes, Cromlech," he said, "a pretty girl, a very pretty girl if you like that *petite* insinuating style. For myself I prefer something a shade more—what shall we call it?"

"Don't care a hang," muttered Stabb.

"A trifle more in the grand manner, perhaps, Cromlech. And she hadn't anything like the complexion. I knew at once that it couldn't be the Marchesa. Do you bathe to-morrow morning?"

"And get my head broken?"

"Just stand still, and let them throw themselves against you, Cromlech. Roger! —Oh, he's gone to bed; stupid thing to do —that! Cromlech, old chap, I'm enjoying myself immensely."

He just touched his old friend's shoulder as he passed by: the caress was almost imperceptible. Stabb turned his broad red face round to him and laughed ponderously.

"Oh, and you understand!" cried Lynborough.

"I have never myself objected to a bit of fun with the girls," said Stabb.

Lynborough sank into a chair murmuring delightedly, "You're priceless, Cromlech!"

CHAPTER VI.

EXERCISE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

"LIFE—" (The extract is from Lynborough's diary, dated this same fourteenth of June)—"may be considered as a process (Cromlech's view, conducting to the tomb) —a programme (as, I am persuaded, Roger conceives it, marking off each stage thereof with a duly guaranteed stamp of performance)—or as a progress—in which light I myself prefer to envisage it. Process—programme—progress; the words, with my above avowed preference, sound unimpeachably orthodox. Once I had a Bishop ancestor. He crops out.

"Yet I don't mean what he does. I don't believe in growing better in the common sense—that is, in an increasing power to resist what tempts you, to refrain from doing what you want. That ideal seems to me, more and more, to start from the wrong end. No man refrains from doing what he wants to do. In the end the contradiction—the illogicality—is complete. You learn to want more wisely—that's all. Train desire, for you can never chain it.

"I'm engaged here and now on what is to all appearance the most trivial of businesses. I play the spiteful boy—she is an obstinate peevish girl. There are other girls too—one an insinuating tiny minx, who would wheedle a backward glance out of Simon Stylites as he remounted his pillar—and, by the sun in Heaven, will get little more from this child of Mother Earth! There's another, I hear —Irish!—And Irish is near my heart. But behind her—set in the uncertain radiance of my imagination—lies her Excellency. Heaven knows why! Save that it is gloriously paradoxical to meet a foreign Excellency in this spot, and to get to most justifiable, most delightful, loggerheads with her immediately. I have conceived Machiavellian devices. I will lure away her friends. I will isolate her, humiliate her, beat her in the fight. There may be some black eyes—some bruised hearts—but I shall do it. Why? I have always been gentle before. But so I feel towards her. And therefore I am afraid. This is the foeman for my steel, I think—I have my doubts but that she'll beat me in the end.

"When I talk like this, Cromlech chuckles, loves me as a show, despises me as a mind. Roger—young Roger Fitz-Archdeacon—is all an incredulous amazement. I don't wonder. There is nothing so small and nothing so great—nothing so primitive and not a thing so complex—nothing so unimportant and so engrossing as this 'duel of the sexes.' A proves it a trifle, and is held great. B reckons it all-supreme, and becomes popular. C (a woman) describes the Hunter Man. D (a man) descants of the Pursuit by Woman.

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The oldest thing is the most canvassed and the least comprehended. But there's a reputation—and I suppose money—in it for anybody who can string phrases. There's blood-red excitement for everybody who can feel. Yet I've played my part in other affairs—not so much in dull old England, where you work five years to become a Member of Parliament and five years more in order to get kicked out again—but in places where in a night you rise or fall—in five minutes order the shooting squad or face it—boil the cook or are stuffed into the pot yourself. (Cromlech, this is not exact scientific statement!) Yet always — everywhere — the woman! And why? On my honour, I don't know. What in the end is she?

"I adjourn the question—and put a broader one. What am I? The human being as such? If I'm a vegetable, am I not a mistake? If I'm an animal, am I not a cruelty? If I'm a soul, am I not misplaced? I'd say 'Yes' to all this, save that I enjoy myself so much. Because I have forty thousand a year? Hardly. I've had nothing, and been as completely out of reach of getting anything as the veriest pauper that ever existed—and yet I've had the deuce of a fine existence the while. I think there's only one solid blunder been made about man—he oughtn't to have been able to think. It wastes time. It makes many people unhappy. That's not my case. I like it. It just wastes time.

"That insinuating minx, possessed of a convenient dog and an ingratiating manner, insinuated to-day that I was handsome. Well, she's pretty, and I suppose we're both better off for it. It is an introduction. But to myself I don't seem very handsome. I have my pride—I look a gentleman. But I look a queer foreign fish. I found myself envying the British robustness of that fine young chap who is so misguided as to be a lawyer.

"Ah, why do I object to lawyers? Tolstoy! I used to say—or, at the risk of advanced intellects not recognising one's allusions, one could go further back. But that is, in the end, all gammon. Every real conviction springs from personal experience. I hate the law because it interfered with me. I'm not aware of any better reason. So I'm going on without it—unless somebody tries to steal my forty thousand, of course. Ambrose, thou art a humbug—or, more precisely, thou canst not avoid being a human individual!"

Lord Lynborough completed the entry in his diary—he was tolerably well aware that he might just as well not have written it—and cast his eyes towards the window of the library. The stars were bright; a crescent moon decorated, without illuminating, the sky. The regularly recurrent beat of the sea on the shore, traversing the interval in night's silence, struck on his ear. "If God knew Time, that might be His clock," said he. "Listen to its inexorable, peaceful, gentle, formidable stroke!"

His sleep that night was short and broken. A fitful excitement was on his spirit: the glory of the summer morning wooed his restlessness. He would take his swim alone, and early. At six o'clock he slipped out of the house and made for Beach Path. The fortified gate was too strong for his unaided efforts. Roger Wilbraham had told him that, if the way were impeded, he had a right to "deviate." He deviated now, lightly vaulting over the four-foot-high stone wall. None was there to hinder him, and, with emotions appropriate to the occasion, he passed Nab Grange and gained the beach. When once he was in the water, the emotions went away.

They were to return—or, at any rate, to be succeeded by their brethren. After he had dressed, he sat down and smoked a cigarette as he regarded the smiling sea. This situation was so agreeable that he prolonged it for full half an hour; then a sudden longing for Coltson's coffee came over him. He jumped up briskly and made for the Grange gate.

He had left it open—it was shut now. None had been nigh when he passed through. Now a young woman in a white frock leant her elbows comfortably on its top rail and rested her pretty chin upon her hands. Lady Norah's blue eyes looked at him serenely from beneath black lashes of noticeable length—at any rate Lynborough noticed their length.

Lynborough walked up to the gate. With one hand he removed his hat, with the other he laid a tentative hand on the latch. Norah did not move or even smile.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Lynborough, "but if it does not incommode you, would you have the great kindness to permit me to open the gate?"

"Oh, I'm sorry; but this is a private path, leading to Nab Grange. I suppose you're a stranger in these parts?"

"My name is Lynborough. I live at Scarsmoor there."

"Are you Lord Lynborough?" Norah

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sounded exceedingly interested. "*The* Lord Lynborough?"

"There's only one, so far as I'm aware," the owner of the title answered.

"I mean the one who has done all those—those—well, those funny things?"

"I rejoice if the recital of them has caused you any amusement. And now, if you will permit me——"

"Oh, but I can't! Helena would never forgive me. I'm a friend of hers, you know—of the Marchesa di San Servolo. Really you can't come through here."

"Do you think you can stop me?"

"There isn't room for you to get over as long as I stand here—and the wall's too high to climb, isn't it?"

Lynborough studied the wall; it was twice the height of the wall on the other side; it might be possible to scale, but difficult and laborious; nor would he look imposing while struggling at the feat.

"You'll have to go round by the road," remarked Norah, breaking into a smile.

Lynborough was enjoying the conversation just as much as she was—but he wanted two things; one was victory, the other coffee.

"Can't I persuade you to move?" he said imploringly. "I really don't want to have to resort to more startling measures."

"You surely wouldn't use force against a girl, Lord Lynborough!"

"I said startling measures—not violent ones," he reminded her. "Are your nerves good?"

"Excellent, thank you."

"You mean to stand where you are?"

"Yes—till you've gone away." Now she laughed openly at him. Lynborough delighted in the merry sound and the flash of her white teeth.

"It's a splendid morning, isn't it?" he asked. "I should think you stand about five feet five, don't you? By the way, whom have I the pleasure of conversing with?"

"My name is Norah Mountliffey."

"Ah, I knew your father very well." He drew back a few steps. "So you must excuse an old family friend for telling you that you make a charming picture at that gate. If I had a camera—Just as you are, please!" He held up his hand, as though to pose her.

"Am I quite right?" she asked, humouring the joke, with her merry mischievous eyes set on Lynborough's face as she leant over the top of the gate.

"Quite right. Now, please! Don't move!"

"Oh, I've no intention of moving," laughed Norah mockingly.

She kept her word; perhaps she was too surprised to do anything else. For Lynborough, clapping his hat on firmly, with a dart and a spring flew over her head!

Then she wheeled round—to see him standing two yards from her, his hat in his hand again, bowing apologetically.

"Forgive me for getting between you and the sunshine for a moment," he said. "But I thought I could still do five feet five; and you weren't standing upright either. I've done within an inch of six feet, you know. And now I'm afraid I must reluctantly ask you to excuse me. I thank you for the pleasure of this conversation." He bowed, put on his hat, turned, and began to walk away along Beach Path.

"You got the better of me that time, but you've not done with me yet," she cried, starting after him.

He turned and looked over his shoulder: save for his eyes his face was quite grave. He quickened his pace to a very rapid walk. Norah found that she must run, or fall behind. She began to run. Again that gravely derisory face turned upon her. She blushed, and fell suddenly to wondering whether in running she looked absurd. She fell to a walk. Lynborough seemed to know. Without looking round again, he abated his pace.

"Oh, I can't catch you if you won't stop!" she cried.

"My friend and secretary, Roger Wilbraham, tells me that I have no right to stop," Lynborough explained, looking round again, but not standing still. "I have only the right to pass and repass. I'm repassing now. He's a barrister, and he says that's the law. I dare say it is—but I regret that it prevents me from obliging you, Lady Norah."

"Well, I'm not going to make a fool of myself by running after you," said Norah crossly.

Lynborough walked slowly on; Norah followed; they reached the turn of the path towards the Grange hall-door. They reached it—and passed it—both of them. Lynborough turned once more—with a surprised lift of his brows.

"At least I can see you safe off the premises!" laughed Norah, and with a quick dart forward she reduced the distance between them to half a yard. Lynborough seemed to have no objection; proximity made conversation easier; he moved slowly on.

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"Flew over her head."

Norah seemed defeated — but suddenly she saw her chance, and hailed it with a cry. The Marchesa's bailiff—John Goodenough —was approaching the path from the house situated at the south-west corner of the meadow. Her cry of his name caught his attention—as well as Lynborough's. The latter walked a little quicker. John Goodenough hurried up. Lynborough walked steadily on.

"Stop him, John!" cried Norah, her eyes sparkling with new excitement. "You know her Excellency's orders? This is Lord Lynborough!"

"His lordship! Ay, it is. I beg your pardon, my lord, but—I'm very sorry to interfere with your lordship, but——"

"You're in my way, Goodenough." For John had got across the path, and barred progress. "Of course I must stand still

"Lynborough laid the sturdy fellow on the grass."

if you impede my steps, but I do it under protest. I only want to repass."

"You can't come this way, my lord. I'm sorry, but it's her Excellency's strict orders. You must go back, my lord."

"I am going back—or I was till you stopped me,"

"Back to where you come from, my lord."

"I come from Scarsmoor and I'm going back there, Goodenough."

"Where you come from last, my lord."

"No, no, Goodenough. At all events, her Excellency has no right to drive me into the

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sea." Lynborough's tone was plaintively expostulatory.

"Then if you won't go back, my lord, here we stay," said John, bewildered but faithfully obstinate.

"Just your tactics!" Lynborough observed to Norah, a keen spectator of the scene. "But I'm not so patient of them from Goodenough."

"I don't know that you were very patient with me."

"Goodenough, if you use sufficient force I shall, of course, be prevented from continuing on my way. Nothing short of that, however, will stop me. And pray take care that the force is sufficient—neither more nor less than sufficient, Goodenough."

"I don't want to use no violence to your lordship. Well now, if I lay my hand on your lordship's shoulder, will that do to satisfy your lordship?"

"I don't know until you try it."

John's face brightened. "I reckon that's the way out. I reckon that's law, my lord. I puts my hand on your lordship's shoulder like that——"

He suited the action to the word. In an instant Lynborough's long lithe arms were round him, Lynborough's supple lean leg twisted about his. Gently, as though he had been a little baby, Lynborough laid the sturdy fellow on the grass.

For all she could do, Norah Mountliffey cried "Bravo!" and clapped her hands. Goodenough sat up, scratched his head, and laughed feebly.

"Force not quite sufficient, Goodenough," cried Lynborough gaily. "Now I repass!"

He lifted his hat to Norah, then waved his hand. In her open impulsive way she kissed hers back to him as he turned away.

By one of those accidents peculiar to tragedy, the Marchesa's maid, performing her toilet at an upper window, saw this nefarious and traitorous deed!

"Swimming—jumping—wrestling! A good morning's exercise! And all before those lazy chaps, Roger and Cromlech, are out of bed!"

So saying, Lord Lynborough vaulted the wall again in high good humour.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROAD AT NIGHT.

INTO the valley flows my road
Into the starlit valley, dim as a dream,
Whither, swift thro' the voiceless, odorous night
Eager, I follow, I follow.
Caught in the wayside grass at my hurrying feet,
Palpitant there in the dew,
Palely gleams the firefly's living gold;
Delicate wings brush for a breath my cheek,—
Elfin kiss in the white moth's velvet flight
As he hastes to the fainting lure of the amber moon
Drowning in mist at the mountain's shadowy rim.
Firefly's glinting lamp, and kiss o' the moth,
Wind from the valley dying among the pines,
Star-shine steady and clear on my dream-dim road,—
Then, ah then, at the end,
Your step in the throbbing dark,
Your voice, beloved, your outstretched, quivering hands,—
You, at the end!

WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES.

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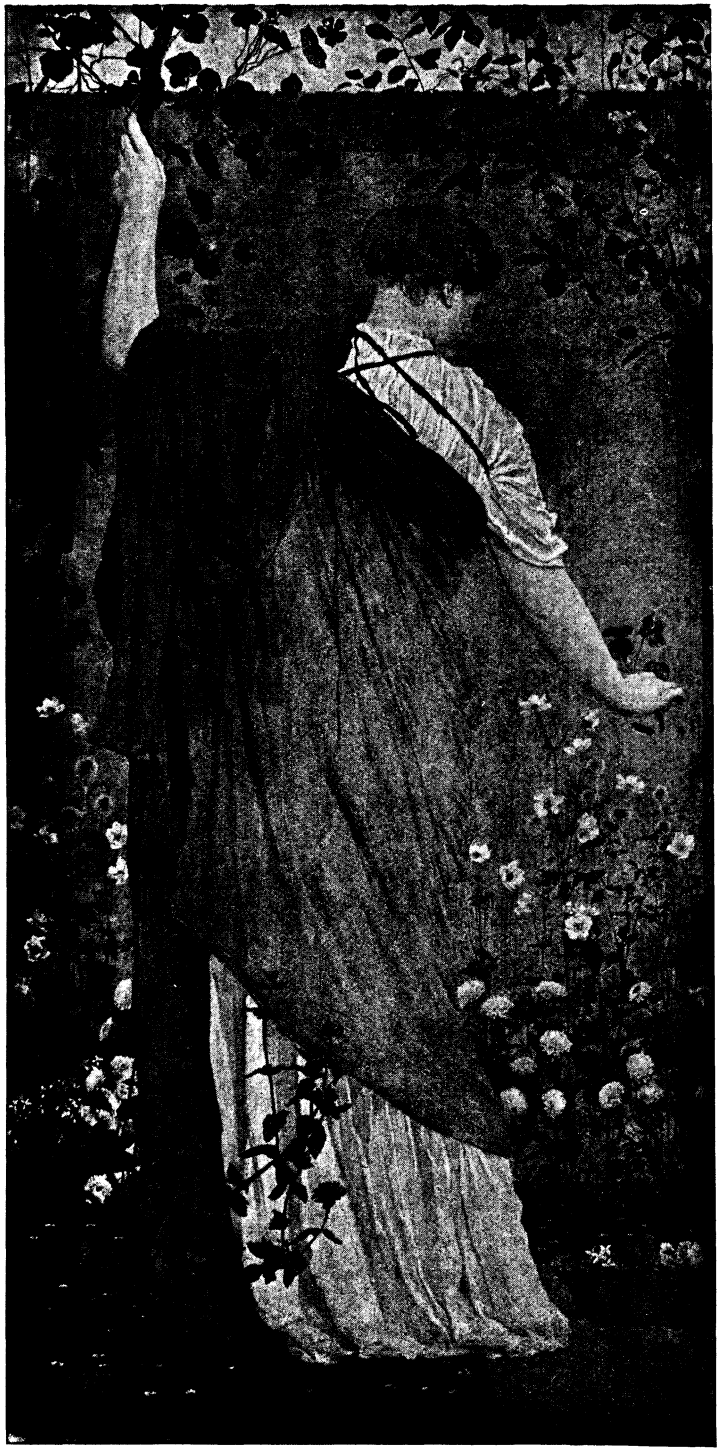

"THE GARDEN." BY ALBERT MOORE.

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What We Know About Mars.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

PROJECT yourself into the future, if you can, and imagine this Earth as it will be some millions of years hence. At that remote period its mountains will have been levelled ; its fertile areas will have shrivelled to arid deserts ; its gases will partly have floated away, and its atmosphere will consequently have been impoverished and attenuated ; its weather will have become so wearisomely unvaried, its skies so monotonously serene that the passage of a cloud will be chronicled by historians ; its seas and its lakes will have dried up utterly ; its oceans will have poured through cracks and caverns into its interior ; and all the water that now covers four-fifths of its surface will have dwindled to a small plain of ice and snow deposited about each Pole. That image of the Earth's future plight may be considered a fairly accurate picture of the present condition of Mars, as it has been unfolded by the more recent discoveries.

On a planet so withered and aged that its water is confined to the frozen seas at its poles, the annual melting of the snow and ice would be an event of vital moment if its inhabitants would save themselves from certain extinction—so vital, indeed, that the one absorbing problem would be the task of leading the polar water to those thirsty regions about the Equator which would still blossom if properly nourished. In a word, irrigation on a stupendous scale would be attempted, involving not merely the few hundred thousand acres of an American alkali desert, but an entire planet.

Evidence of the accumulation and melting of Martian polar snows was first gathered fully two hundred years ago. Indeed, the reality of the polar caps is perhaps the one physical phenomenon of Mars over which astronomers have not waged a wordy war. Measured in modern days, these caps, in the dead of winter, have been found to have a diameter that sometimes reaches two thousand miles. Unlike our terrestrial polar snows, they melt away to glistening patches a few hundred miles in diameter. Once they disappeared entirely. Strange as it may seem, we know more about the poles of Mars than we do about the poles of the Earth. It has been suggested by some carping astronomical sceptic that a white polar cap does not necessarily imply snow or frost, and that the white stains are perhaps merely a solidified gas. To Prof. Percival Lowell, of the Lowell Observatory, and to Prof. W. H. Pickering, of Harvard University, we owe the most convincing proof that the caps are actually snow or frost. As they wane with advancing summer, at the rate of hundreds of square miles a day, a dark belt appears, girdling each shrinking disc of white and keeping pace with it as it contracts. The belt is blue, the characteristic colour of water ; and that it actually is water Professor Pickering has demonstrated by the conclusive evidence of the polariscope—evidence which, because of its technical character, cannot be here presented. In that fleeting belt of blue we see a polar sea, a real body of water, dependent upon which is the life of an entire planet, if life there be. Because of the wonderful tenuity of the Martian atmosphere, rain is an impossibility. We must therefore attribute the formation of the polar caps to other causes ; and these causes are to be found in the precipitation of dew or frost. A Martian snowstorm, therefore, is not a howling, blinding gale accompanied by irresistible snowdrifts, but, at most, a soft zephyr attended by a gentle and almost impalpable deposit of snow.

It has been said that when our Earth has so far wasted away that its inhabitants depend for their water supply upon the melting ice and snow of the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, a gigantic effort will be made to devise some means of conducting the polar spring and summer floods to the parched equatorial and temperate zones. To Mars, the unlocking of the polar seas is of as much moment as the annual inundation by the Nile to Egypt. Assuming that Mars is inhabited by beings as intelligent as ourselves, it is reasonable to infer that they would dig huge trenches to guide the freshets of the poles to those regions where water is most sadly needed. If we would find signs of Martian intelligence, we must, accordingly, look for trenches and sluices. In the hands

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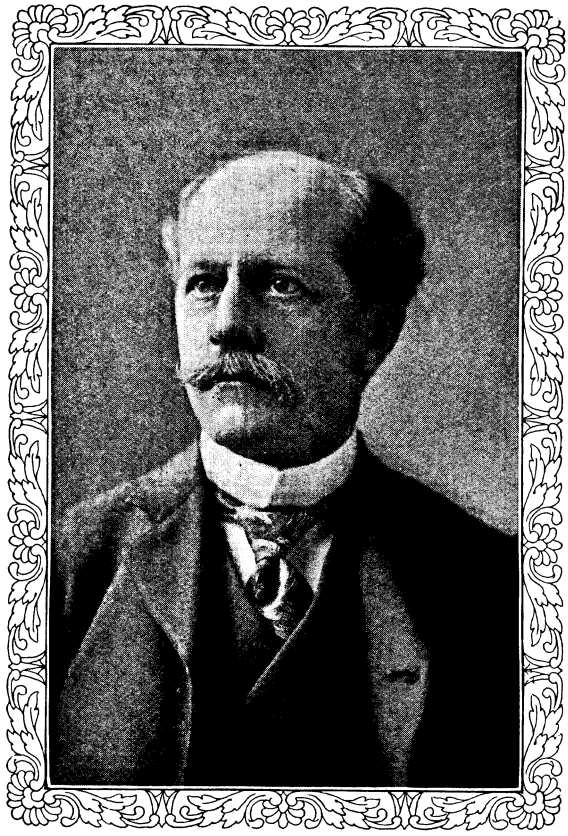
of Schiaparelli, Lowell, Pickering, and a few others, the telescope has revealed long, dark stripes which Schiaparelli called "canals," the discovery of which may well be numbered among the most noteworthy astronomical achievements of modern times. These stripes are, in truth, the life-lines of the planet. Their existence was doubted for years, because no astronomer, with the exception of Schiaparelli, who saw them first, had been able to catch even a glimpse of them. Long after a few painstaking observers at last succeeded in discerning them, their reality was doubted; for they appear only in flashes, as it were, by reason of the currents in our atmosphere. Some of the very men who had seen them refused to believe their own eyes, arguing that the stripes were merely optical illusions induced by eye-strain. Two years ago, Mr. Lampland, of Professor Lowell's staff, performed the very remarkable feat of photographing them, thereby for ever disposing of the assumption of their illusory character. Although of great astronomical value, Mr. Lampland's photographs cannot be here reproduced because of their small size, and the consequent difficulty of adequately printing their details.



PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL.

That the stripes are actually canals, the work of thinking beings, has no more forcible demonstration than the manner in which they are distributed. They are not scattered in a whimsical way, but laid out without exception according to a well-conceived plan. Starting from some clearly defined base, each stripe runs directly to a large, dark spot. There it meets still other stripes, so that towards a central spot several stripes may converge. Fittingly enough, spots and converging stripes embrace those portions of the planet which we have good reason to suppose are quite desolate. The stripes are either perfectly straight or uniformly curved. So fine and narrow are they that we see them chiefly because of their great length; for a Martian plain thirty miles in diameter would appear in a telescope about as large as the dot upon the printed letter "i." Even a city as vast as London could not be seen. If the Earth were viewed as we view Mars, from a distance that can never be less than, roughly, thirty-five million miles, all that we could see of human handiwork on this globe would probably be the extensive grain-fields of Kansas, as they wax and wane and change in tint with the seasons. So long are the canals that some of them would extend across the North American continent. Their average length of seventeen hundred miles surpasses that of any artificial waterway to which we can point. That the converging lines are not the result of a chance arrangement, you can prove to yourself very easily. Seat yourself at a table in a dark room. On a large sheet of paper draw a line. Lift your hand from the paper and draw another line which shall cross the first. Lift your hand again and draw still a third line which shall pass through the intersection of the other two. Repeat the experiment several hundred times. When you have examined your sheet of paper in the light, you will be

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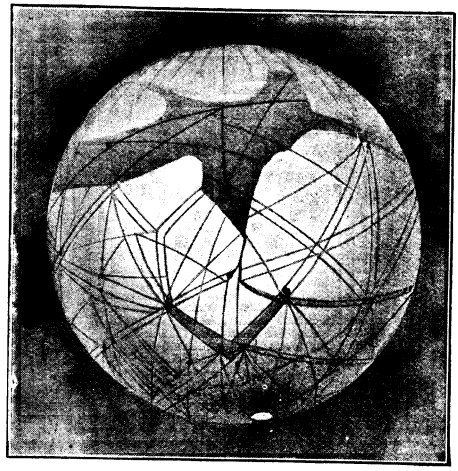
astonished to find that not a single series of three lines succeeded in passing through a common point. A mathematician would tell you that the law of chance was decidedly against your succeeding. And yet, on Mars, not only three, but even seventeen lines may run through a common centre. Nature is never so precise, so systematic. Wherever exceptional accuracy of form is found, there we may conclude that human brains and hands have been at work. The artificial origin of the mounds of Ohio was first suggested by their striking regularity.

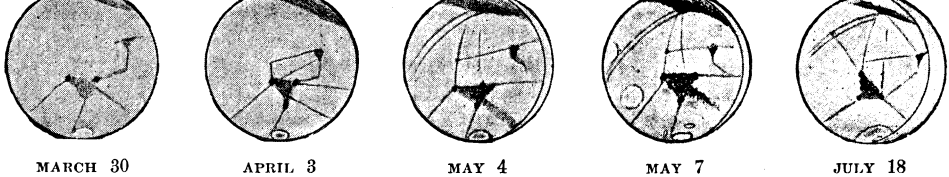
The mere existence of the canals is startling enough; yet the phenomena which they present are even more startling. At intervals a canal will rapidly double, and two will be seen where a few nights before there appeared but a single one. It was Schiaparelli who first saw the canals, and it was he who first saw their "gemination," as it is called. For years he laboured alone, undeterred by the scepticism of his fellow-scientists. The correctness of his observation is now generally admitted. Moreover, on the photographs taken at the Lowell Observatory, there are traces of this curious doubling. Even if we had no photographs to fall back upon, the doubling of the canals cannot be illusory, for the reason that the phenomenon is confined to particular canals. Out of the four hundred canals plotted by Professor Lowell, only fifty-one have at any time appeared bilateral. If the doubling were an optical illusion, it would affect all the canals. Just why the canals should double, no one knows. Perhaps seasonal and vegetal causes play their part in the phenomenon.



The surface of Mars is composed of blue and orange areas of irregular outline, interlaced by single and double canals, unnaturally straight. The blue areas are supposed to owe their colour to vegetation; the orange areas are probably deserts. As winter advances, the blue regions change in hue to orange, for the reason that their vegetation withers. The canals probably serve the purpose of irrigating the fertile provinces, and particularly the small, black oases which dot the planet.

Sometimes the canals are visible, and sometimes they are invisible, the darkening and blanching occurring with seasonal regularity. To the theory that a finite intelligence dug the canals in the first instance, it may be objected that at certain times of the year the same finite intelligence foolishly fills them again. This apparently eccentric procedure is easily explained. Professor Lowell attributes the gradual disappearance and reappearance of the lines to the decay and growth of vegetation. A time must elapse before the effect of the water so painfully conducted from the polar seas is apparent. The stripes that we really see are not stripes of water, but stripes of vegetation lining the canals. Moreover, they deepen in colour as the weeks pass, just as foliage deepens in hue with age.

So far as the telescope enables us to perceive, the surface of Mars may be considered a checkered expanse of blue-green and orange spaces. Before Professor Lowell began his exhaustive studies, it was the fashion to regard the blue-green portions as seas, and to christen them as fast as they were discovered with unastronomically poetic names, drawn mainly from the elegant but bewildering



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The canals of Mars appear and disappear with seasonal regularity. With the advent of spring and the consequent unlocking of the polar snows, water pours down to the tropical zones, and vegetation springs up along the banks of the canals, sharply defining their course. These five drawings, based on observations made by Professor Lowell, illustrate the development of certain canals as the year ages.

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nomenclature of classical mythology. They may have been seas once, these bluish provinces, but now they are all but waterless and are midway in their career from true seas to dry deserts. Because they are the lowest portions of the planet, they will naturally receive what little water the canals may conduct from the north and south. The orange territories, on the other hand, were once regarded as continents and were likewise named with picturesque inaptitude. From the conditions that must prevail on Mars, we know that there can be no large sheets of water. Moreover, the bluish areas are not always bluish. Their colour varies in the most unaquatic way, even merging into the orange tinge of the "continents." And that they are not water, Pickering has neatly established to our satisfaction by means of the polariscope, just as he showed that the curious belts that clasped the polar snows must be seas. The truth is that Mars is all land, the blues as well as the oranges, with this important difference: the orange regions are desolate, dead deserts, the bluish areas fertile land, irrigated by the canals, and painted, as we see them, by vegetation. That this must be so is evinced by the transference of blue into orange just at the time when the approach of winter would kill the foliage. Not yet reduced to the lifeless drought of the orange deserts, the blue areas receive the scant supply of water that pours from the poles and are accordingly fertilised each spring.

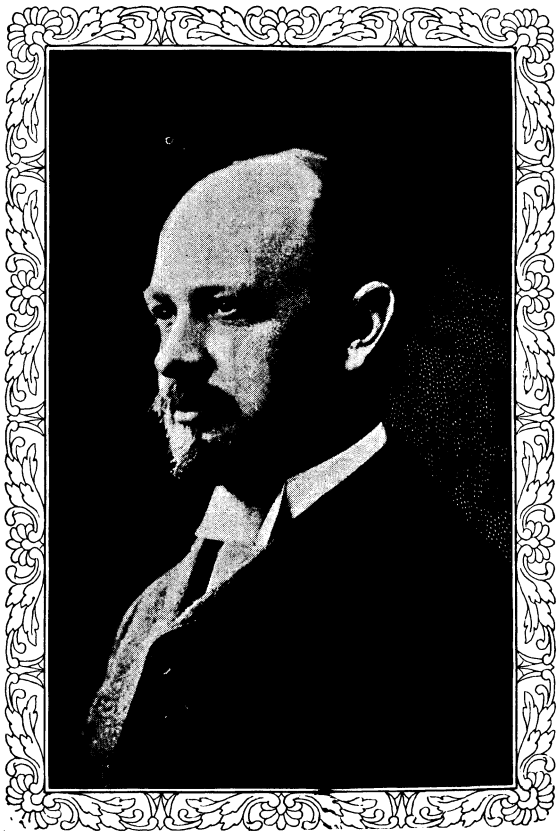
These presumably luxuriant expanses are defined in all cases by the elaborate interlacing network of the canals. And the canals, it has been said, always meet in spots. What are these spots? In no case isolated, invariably the centres of three or more radiating canals, and invariably connected with one another by canals, the spots must be regarded as the objective points of Martian irrigation, and in all probability the sites of Martian communities. Their regular formation is as striking as the mathematical straightness of the canals, and their configuration (geometrically the most economical) is such that they cannot be regarded as natural enlargements of the canals. Their diameters vary from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty miles. They appear and disappear with the canals, like so many eyes that slowly open and close—not simultaneously, however, but shortly after the growth and decay of the canals. Manifestly they are dependent the one on the other; both are seasonal in their quickening and decline. So long have these

GIOVANNI VIRGINIO SCHIAPARELLI.

spots been the object of astronomical thought, that they, too, have been theorised upon and duly christened. Not so very long ago they were held to be lakes. But the deepening in colour which they undergo is enough to dispose of that hypothesis. Moreover, Pickering's polariscopic observations have dispelled the idea that they are bodies of water. It seems more likely, as Professor Lowell asserts, that their seasonal darkening and fading is caused by vegetation, which flourishes at first, but which withers and dies in autumn. By assiduous observation, Professor Lowell has succeeded in locating one hundred and eighty-five of these spots. Located in vast deserts and resembling black pinheads when seen in the telescope, they may properly be considered oases, for the express

purpose of irrigating which the canals have been constructed. At all events, this simple explanation alone accounts for all the facts.

Despite the convincing, appealing simplicity of these theories of the origin and nature of the canals and spots, it was long before they obtained serious recognition. In order to escape the unpleasant supposition that other worlds may be inhabited as well as ours, the older school of sceptics persisted in regarding the caps as solid carbonic acid gas; the canals, either as scratches torn in the Martian surface by meteors—although meteors have never been known to produce furrows with geometrical accuracy, and could not, for other reasons, have caused the markings we see—or else as cracks formed by internal explosions—regardless of the fact that explosions never act in so curiously systematic a way. Born of the same nebulous mass out of which the Earth sprang, Mars is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and subject to the same cosmical laws. We have, accordingly, the right to assume that primeval protoplasm has evolved on Mars, as it has evolved on the Earth, to produce a highly organised, intelligent race, capable of preserving itself from extinction.



PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING.

If the canals, the spots, and the oases are indeed the handiwork of intelligent creatures, naturally the question arises: What manner of beings are they? Some few deductions we are justified in making from our knowledge of the physical attributes of the planet. We know, for example, that because of the exquisitely rare atmosphere of Mars, we, of this Earth, could hardly live there; the conditions would be much the same as if we dwelt miles above the Rocky Mountains. The Martian must be constructed, therefore, to breathe that thin air and live. The air capacity of his lungs must be considerably in excess of our own, and his trunk and lungs fashioned accordingly. Beyond that, however, we are unable to picture him with any degree of certainty. We cannot even guess if he resembles a human being. Mars is old, eons older than the Earth. If the laws of Nature apply to it, as they must, its inhabitants must have long outstripped us in intellectual achievements. Utterly different evolutional conditions may have selected for the dominant type a thinking organism quite unhuman. It must not be forgotten that man's supremacy on this Earth is an accident, that he owes his regal position to his brain alone, and that physically he is surpassed by some of the lower animals. That the typical Martian must be a creature immensely more powerful than our professional Samsons, we may well believe. This we may deduce from the lesser pull of gravity on the surface of Mars, due to the fact that the planet is but one-ninth as massive as the Earth. A very awkward Martian could perform feats that would astonish the most nimble terrestrial acrobat. He could run one hundred yards in three or four seconds; he could leap with playful ease over a moderately high tree; he could kick a football a quarter of a mile. Because of the lesser attraction of gravitation, he must be at least three times as large as the average human being, and his muscles twenty-seven times more efficient than ours. Assuming that the Martian is a creature thus constructed, and regarding him merely as a machine with

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brains, his canal-excavating possibilities, on a planet where bodies weigh only one-third as much as on the Earth, become truly awesome. A Martian labourer could perform as much work in a given time as fifty or sixty terrestrial ditch-diggers, and keep pace with a powerful Panama dredger. Two and one-half tons would be the average load that he could toss over his shoulder.

All that we know about Mars is very largely the result of pure reasoning based on observed facts. Of the difficulties which beset the astronomer in gathering these facts and founding his conclusions upon them, some conception may be formed if we place ourselves in the position of a Martian astronomer bent upon unravelling the mysteries of this Earth. The Martian would readily recognise our polar snows and interpret them correctly; he would behold our deserts as yellow blotches and would rightly consider them dead territories; and the green portions he would, no doubt, identify as vegetation. The great blue seas, however, would baffle him. Never having seen such great basins of water, and observing no canals leading from them to the deserts, he would be puzzled as to their nature. Inasmuch as Martian vegetation sweeps down from the poles, he would marvel at the way in which the green hues of the Earth crawl polewards. He would wonder at our clouds, at our dense atmosphere, and at our great winding rivers, so utterly unlike the straight, artificial conduits with which he is familiar. the tremendous force of gravitation might lead him to conclude that no animal could withstand the terrific impact of falling raindrops, and that if there were living creatures, they must be armoured like turtles to withstand the bombardment. He would recognise in India the effect which the melting of the Himalayan snows has upon the vegetation of that country, for the area would be sufficiently large for him to note the play of colour as the seasons come and go. The oases in our large deserts, nourished as they are by natural and artificial wells, would mystify him; for no canals feed them with water.

If you were asked to read a printed page at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards, it is not conceivable that you would be able to decipher it with brilliant fluency. Yet the task of a Schiaparelli or a Lowell is even more difficult. Because the atmosphere is never absolutely calm, but constantly "boiling," Mars apparently trembles incessantly, and is often seen with a kind of quivering uncertainty. If your printed page, two hundred and fifty yards distant, were also made to dance, your ability to read it would not be improved. Is it not wonderful, then, that we know as much as we do about Mars?

THE SHADOWED WAY.

WHEN I go down along the shadowed way,
Towards the Silent Land,
Will you be waiting for me, on that day,
To take me by the hand?

I shall not fear if you are near to me,
If I may see your face,
And know that you will lead me tenderly
Into the blessèd place.

L. G. MOBERLY.

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"A RUGGED COAST." BY ELMER KEENE.

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THE KNOT-HOLE.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

RAMON PICADO, for the first time in a hard-lived life, was tasting the full bitterness of final defeat. Other men might die in their beds at fifty, but not Ramon Picado; no, nor at sixty, nor at seventy, nor at eighty. Therefore, when the barber-surgeon of Zorocaste told him the truth, he cursed him for a fool. Fontana might go nick chins in his shop—it was all he was good for; and, nothing loth, Fontana went. It was a debated point in Zorocaste whether Picado's vituperative or maledictory powers were the more highly developed.

Left to himself, the sick man doggedly drank himself drunk for three days, in a despairing effort to restore the sense of strength steadily ebbing from him hour by hour, and so give Fontana the lie. But the effort failed, as it was bound to fail.

Then followed one terrible night, through which the slowly dying, fictitious exhilaration of his drunkenness wrought conviction that Fontana was justified; and in the morning, humbling himself, he sent to Prior Luiz, of San Grandolphus, begging that the physician of the Brotherhood might visit him. The Order—an order of celibates devoted to good works—had no cause to love him, and Ramon knew it would be no more than plain justice if his request had been refused; but the fame of Brother Pedro was in the mouth of rich and poor in Zorocaste, and in his terror of death he risked refusal.

But there was no refusal. Prior Luiz was a man of too large a mind, too sympathetic a nature, to stoop to such a miserable satisfaction, and if Ramon Picado was left without earthly consolation, it was because Brother Pedro was too honest to hold out an evasive hope. Fontana was right, the end lay behind the door; and, with the half-doubt become wholly certain, that night was yet more terrible.

His lamp, snuffed low, was placed on a table by the bedhead, the baldachin curtains drawn half forward to shade the light from the eyes, and the door was shut. Thanks to Brother Pedro's composing-draught, he soon slept. But not for long. Not even the power of the drug could combat the fierce kicking against the pricks which, even in sleep, moved him to bitter resentment, and before midnight he woke with a weak cry, or seemed to wake.

Through his sleep he had dreamed uneasily, his mind a stage, whereon memory replayed the past. But now he was awake—the faint glare from the lamp across the bedfoot told him he was awake. What, then? Was it that he carried his dream into the awaking, or were these realities which thronged about him? Was the boom in his ears the wind on the shuttered casement, or the far off roar of surf thundering its league-long rollers on the Caribbean reefs he knew so well? Was that smell in his nostrils the fumes of the drug, or the old, familiar, acrid stench outpouring from the hold of the slave-ship, whose huge bulk burst the walls of his death-chamber and fell away into the immensity of the night? Were these sobs, these pleadings for the merciful relief of death itself, a trick of the brain, or were they—were they——? Ramon Picado, knowing what had been, fought the alternative from him. With the same dogged, indomitable spirit which for so many years south and west had known neither fear nor pity, he drove himself to face the truth open-eyed—then shivered back upon the pillows, moaning. The reality confronting him was beyond his fears, beyond, beyond.

They had been vague, confused, mere incoherencies of the mind, a grotesque blending of memories without clarity, dubious. But now—again he opened his eyes, this time as if under the compulsion of a will not his own. Now there was no dubiety. This was the actual. The voice in his ears was the voice of the girl dead twenty years—dead—one of many. How she died he had forgotten, now he remembered. Actualities, yes, actualities. The smell that fouled the air reeked from the living and the dead, chained limb to limb in their one grim charnel-house. Through a knot-hole in the shutters there shot a shaft of moonlight, and where it struck the floor was the face. Ramon Picado drew the sheet before his eyes, and through the linen the eyes of the face in the moonlight looked into his. This time he screamed.

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South of the Straits and west of the Azores for five-and-twenty years Ramon Picado had recognised no law but that of his own desires, no limitation but that of his power to gratify them. A thing done had been forgotten, lost from the memory as a breath is lost from a mirror; but now it was as if the sea had given up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and all that had been forgotten in five-and-twenty years crammed into the narrow limit of a night.

There were red decks; there were quiet seas, where the sharks fought for their food; there were flames leaping from tattered sail to tattered sail, lighting the faces of miserable wretches left to a desperate choice; there were gay cabins of tall ships, where the weak and helpless had fallen a prey; there were even—and this was the closest secret of all where a man would dwell in Spain—there were even altars profaned, altars stripped, altars baptised in the blood of those who served them, and houses of holy peace given over to fire and sack; but through all these, and more than all these, what drove Ramon Picado with the first of the morning to send a second time to Prior Luiz, was the face upturned in the moonlight and the eyes which never left his own. In a sense, what followed was the work of the knot-hole.

Nor did Prior Luiz refuse to listen to the pitiful cry. The power to assoil, granted by Pope Agapetus in 950 to the head of the Order and all brethren of over thirty years' standing, was one of their most cherished privileges.

"As eternity is to time, so is the need of the sick soul to that of the suffering body," said he to Picado's messenger. "Tell your master that I myself will go to him."

But he was in no haste, and, having taken counsel awhile with his own wisdom, sent for Brother Pedro.

"How long had this God-forgetting wastrel to live when you saw him yesterday?"

"Thirty hours; or at the most, thirty-six."

"And of these, twenty have gone. No doubt he will go out with the dawn. Is his brain clear?"

"As ever it was, and will be to the end."

"Then let him wait: to think upon his sin and nurse his fears awhile will be wholesome."

In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred the conclusion was a sound one, but Ramon Picado was the exceptional hundredth. With the opening of the shutters his room was his own again, and, left to itself, the brain which was to be clear to the end set its cunning to contrive how he might keep the wages of sin and yet not lose his own peace. For Ramon Picado had a son who—strange to find natural affection in such a man—was very dear to him.

It was almost dusk before Prior Luiz drew his chair to the bedhead and pulled back the curtains, the door being shut.

"You sent for me, my son—and it was time." The pause was significant in its double meaning, nor did the clear brain fail to comprehend the authority which spoke through the sympathy. But Ramon Picado had his shrewd answer ready.

"Less time than this morning, so little time that I cannot hope to tell you all."

"*Ex pede Herculem*," replied Prior Luiz drily. "That is to say, tell me what you can, and trust me to guess the rest."

And Ramon Picado told him as much as, in the interval, he had made up his mind to tell. It was not all, nor a fourth part, of what he would have said while the tireless eyes from the light in the knot-hole were fresh in his fears. It was a wash of grey closed on the landscape of a turbulent life, and not the lurid storm of thunder and lightning which was the truth. But it was enough; and when he broke off with a breathlessness which was not altogether simulated, Prior Luiz drew back in thought behind the curtain. At last—

"Two things there must be," he said, stooping forward so that he leaned above the pillow; "two things—repentance and restitution."

"I do repent," answered Picado, meeting the keen, grey eyes of that lean face bravely. They were alive, and he had no fear of the living. "If I did not, would I have sent for you at all? As for the other——"

"As for the other?" repeated Luiz, the significant authority in his voice deepening.

"How can that be, when they—you understand whom I mean—when they are—are—gone?"

"The poor you have always with you, and we are their almoners."

"A tenth?"

"Fourfold, if that were possible. But since all has come by unrighteousness——" He broke off as the light of a sudden passion leaped to the dim eyes looking up at him unafraid, then went on: "It is restitution, and there is no half-way house between ultimate heaven and hell."

"I have a son."

"He shall be cared for."

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Then Ramon Picado shot his bolt.

"The Alcalde is on his way to witness the will. I think I hear him now upon the stairs. He was sent for as soon as you came."

"The Alcalde?"

"Why not? I purpose to make full restitution to the poor, if God wills; to the poor, if you understand me. Have I hope, my father?"

"With repentance and restitution, yes," and on the word the Alcalde entered.

Within an hour Ramon Picado had settled his affairs for both worlds, but it must be confessed that the thought of all three who were present were bent chiefly on that which now is. What lies nearest looms largest.

Briefly, the boy Hugo was heir to everything, but only at three-and-twenty. Till then he was the ward of the Brotherhood, and should he die, a minor of the Order succeeded. Through his minority, the revenues —"which," said the thin voice with a significance not lost on either of the listeners, "are large beyond expectation"—were to be divided between the Order and—the Alcalde. It was Ramon Picado's second bolt.

"The Alcalde?" repeated Prior Luiz.

"In recompense for his trouble in watching over these revenues till my boy is three-and-twenty," answered Picado.

"And watched he shall be till he is three-and-twenty," said the Alcalde, with an emphasis quite unbefitting the quiet of a death-chamber. "You may die with your mind easy on that point."

But as the two went down the stairs together, he put his hand on the Prior's shoulder with a friendly pressure.

"A sure bargain for you, Prior. Either way you win. If he lives, he joins the Order as a matter of course. You will see to that, and I make no objection. If he dies—but he won't die"; and again the pressure tightened, with a little shake of the still muscular hand. "He is as strong as a young goat, and we shall watch over him together—together, you understand, eh, Prior?" But Prior Luiz answered never a word.

That night Ramon Picado died, and thenceforward for Hugo the years slipped away with smooth ease. The Alcalde's hint was a shrewd one, and the boy's belief in his vocation grew with his inches. As will be seen, he was a biddable youth, and amenable to the influence of the moment. That his life should be linked to that of the fraternity appeared to him as necessary and as inevitable as that autumn and harvest should be linked to seed-time and summer.

Why not? No life could be fuller than his; no life less cramped. The days were compact of judicious variation. There was enough of study to whet the appetite for exercise, with enough of exercise to satisfy growing muscles and keep the spirit in health for study. As he grew older, the sterner side of the Order's rule receded into the background, and if the watchfulness and control sharpened in a score of ways, he was unconscious of the closer vigilance.

Then came a day when the plans of years and wisdom shrivelled, as wisdom and plans of age have oftentimes a way of shrivelling when a woman intervenes.

It was a *fête* day, with a gorgeous ceremonial in the great church facing the central square of Zorocaste, and a bull-fight to follow in the afternoon. At both Hugo was to be present in the charge of Brother Paul, his tutor; and it was while craning his neck in the crowd at the first of these that he became possessed of the devil. If that appears a harsh way of describing love at first sight, it must be remembered in explanation that from the days of Eden, Paradise has had quite other tenants besides man and woman.

In this case the instrument of Satan was the Senorita Lucia Artego, who, but for the wicked and wilful malice of her eyes, might have passed for an Agnes, an Agatha, or a Catherine. But by her eyes she was very human, if not worse, and by her eyes Hugo was ensnared. At the same time, he also thought that her nose was delicious and her mouth adorable; he really meant kissable, but being a lad brought up to pious ways, he never even imagined such a use for a mouth—at least, not at first. That came later. But truly it was curious. He had seen pink and white votaries by the score, passing them in review with little other thought beyond a marvel as to their reason for existence; now, a glance of the eyes, a droop of the lids, a light shot from underneath curved lashes, and not all the brethren of the Order could have persuaded him but that all women are outward and visible forms of the angels—for which heresy his youth must be his excuse.

"What a face! Ah! Brother Paul, Brother Paul, what a face!" whispered Hugo, pulling his tutor by the sleeve in proof of the innocence of his heart. Even above the murmur of the crowd the sibilance of the

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"'What a face!' whispered Hugo."

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underbreath rose so sharply that the lips of the face quivered an instant, and the eyes of the face danced.

"Um!" answered Brother Paul negligently, "the paint is over-thick on the cheeks, and the light too high in the eyes. In thirty or forty years she may be mellow, but for our day she is over-coloured."

"Paint? There's none there, none, not a touch. But you are looking the wrong way. See, there by the pillar, with the lace drawn under the chin and the fan to the mouth. Was there ever such another face?"

"She? Oh! I thought it was the new Madonna you meant. Yes, she's well enough, well enough. That's the Alcalde's niece from Cordova. It's a wise provision that we must wait thirty years before we confess——"

"I'll wait no thirty years, no, nor three," broke in Hugo, "and, please God, I'll confess one woman of one confession, and rest content all the days of my life." Whereat, altogether too late, Brother Paul took alarm, and that day there was no bull-fight for Hugo. The worthy tutor dreaded the fire for his already burned pupil.

But Prior Luiz refused to permit a tightening of the strings.

"Opposition breeds opposition," said he sententiously. "It is the very food of what this great calf calls love. You, Brother Paul, are guilty of one great cardinal error: you have forgotten your own youth. Let them meet; the Alcalde may be trusted to see it is with due decorum."

"But if they meet——" began Brother Paul.

The Prior cut him short.

"Your Latinity is something wonderful," said he, "but in certain things, Brother Paul, you are a fool," and with this flea in his ear Brother Paul retired. Big as Hugo was, he would have had him whipped, and fed on bread and water for a month, that the devil in him might be chastened.

So they met; and it is to be inferred that Senorita Lucia's heart was softer than her temper. Like a whirlwind—it was six months later—she burst in upon the Alcalde's siesta, just as the first delicious languor of rest was slipping into unconsciousness. The moment was ill-chosen. At such a time no man takes a benevolent interest in the love affairs of a mere niece. Therefore, the complaint of Hugo's faithlessness, over which Brother Paul had mourned, and which Hugo would have denied flatly, was listened to with scant patience.

"A plague on your old wives' gossip," said her uncle, turning on his elbow angrily. "Let Hugo philander with half Zorocaste if he likes. What does that matter, when marry you he will when he is twenty-three?—not a day before—or I shall have a word to say. You're a fool, Lucia, a fool, a fool!" he ended, which shows how the one epithet hits many human frailties.

"But, uncle, I will not endure that he should go ogling and serenading that hussy Anita Molina. I will not! I will not!"

"A fool!" replied the wisdom of age. "I'll prove it to you. Only a fool seeks to draw the reins tight when the bit is not even set in the mouth. Philander, indeed. Why not? I myself remember how——"

But Lucia already knew too many of Don Diego Sarrante's reminiscences, and so fled the room with her fingers in her ears. Whereat Don Diego unfastened another point of his doublet and sedulously sought out the scattered remnants of his siesta, muttering to himself—

"Hang the girl! does she think she is the only woman in the world?"

Rebuffed by a sleepy head, Senorita Lucia naturally turned to one which thought itself wide awake; nor was Brother Paul averse from proving that a man may forget his youth and yet not be a fool.

His plan had the great merit of simplicity. If your queen is in danger, what is the surest answer? Why, cry "Check!" to the king, and see how quickly the game will change. Women have their own way of doing such things, and without evil in thought or word.

"In such a matter as this," said Paul, "it is not for me to give advice. But if I know anything of some flowers of love, they languish in too much sunshine. Try the shadow upon Hugo, and turn the light elsewhere, that the shade may seem the deeper. Young Sebastian Mendez is not ill-looking."

So, he hardly knew how, but within five days Sebastian Mendez, on guard at the Castle, pulled his long moustache complacently as he meditated on another conquest. This time it was one worth the keeping: the Alcalde was both rich and childless.

To Hugo, Brother Paul was very tolerant when the hot blood of youth spoke out in hotter words, and, in place of giving the rebuke which was their due, met him with a gentle sympathy which placed the facts in as clear a light as might be.

"What would you have? The girl's a girl, and her nature will out. But perhaps the sword-knot counts for more than the man who wears it. Wait in patience, and

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when Sebastian Mendez tires, your turn may come again. Yes, patience, patience; that is your wisdom. And why? He has learned the game in Madrid, she in Cordova, you—here! What chance have you against such odds?"

"Patience!" retorted Hugo fiercely. "What a stock you are, Brother Paul! I tell you I shall win her in his teeth!"

"In his teeth! The teeth of the Captain of the Guard, with all his bravery! Tut, tut! be reasonable. The girl will tire, or he will tire. Wait, Hugo, wait, and then be thankful for small mercies. Perhaps he is less damned in reputation than men say. More than that, perhaps the whole story is a lie, and Lucia a maligned woman. Let us hope so. But if that be true, beware how you hint suspicion, lest the thought breed the fact, as it has done before this, many a time."

"If I could believe that, I would be satisfied."

"Believe what?"

"That rumour lies."

"Nothing more easy than to prove it for yourself. Watch to-night. No, not to-night—to-night our gay friend keeps guard at the Castle; but to-morrow, or the night after. Surely it is a pity he should carry her gage in his bonnet if all are lies."

Whereat Hugo ground his teeth, and the words came even hotter than at the first. But Brother Paul, remembering that he had forgot his youth, kept silence as if he had not heard them.

The next step in proof that the forgetter of youth is not necessarily a fool, was the dropping of Senorita Lucia's kerchief where Sebastian Mendez might pick it up, and be rewarded by a glance from eyes which could not hide a wicked twinkle, even though their owner but played her part in comedy. No wonder the Captain of the Guard thereupon thought to carry the fortress by serenade, and that night made his arrangements accordingly. In his experience, the thrower of the handkerchief not seldom herself followed the cast.

By dusk Hugo was on the watch, hidden by the growing shadows of the narrow streets. Calmly and dispassionately he had laid down his plan. If rumour were a lie, then good and well; he would put suspicion from him once for all. If rumour spoke truth, then he should curb his wrath and bide his time till the morrow before seeking a cause of quarrel. Anything would do—the cock of a plume, the cut of a beard; anything would serve as excuse for a sword-thrust, and a sword-thrust would set the rivalry at rest.

"But," warned Brother Paul, nodding approval, "there must be no night brawling. That would bring a scandal on us all. So, to keep out of temptation, unbuckle that sword-belt and leave the steel in my keeping till thou hast need of it to-morrow."

And Hugo, being as wax in the matter, did so, keeping only his dagger over his right hip.

Down the slope of the mound on which stood the Castle strode the Captain of the Guard, singing softly the refrain of his serenade—

Love of my life, awake! awake!

Aye, that should touch her, the tremor of the voice—

Love of my life;

there was a world of pleading in its skilful use. It had lured more than one shy bird from its bough. But now it was time he settled down, and next day the facing of that burly Alcalde uncle should be ripe.

"A plague on fathers and uncles!" he grumbled. "Why are not all the pretty girls orphans? A smooth tongue can talk down any woman, be she maid, mother, or duenna; but the fathers and uncles—pouf! that's a different tale.

"Love of my life, awake! awake!

"Um! it goes prettily"; and as the tremor quivered in his throat, Sebastian was well content with himself, his serenade, and his ultimate prospects of the Alcalde's ducats.

Down the mound from the Castle he swung on and on, round the angle of the first houses sheltering under the hill, and so into the gloom of the street. There he kept to the centre of the uneven roadway by a soldier's unconscious instinct against surprise, until he reached the fainter shadow and the silence of the Plaza. And down the street, from shadow to shadow, fared Hugo also at a reasonable distance, his heart fluttering madly against his ribs.

No mid-road path for him, but the friendly cover of the blackest shades he could find. It would be fatal to his purpose if game were started over-soon. Down the street, then, he went with cautious quietness, in haste but without noise, and so also into the Plaza. This he skirted by the further side, then crossed to the shadow in the centre, where stood the fountain of the market-place. There he crouched, listening.

Love of my life, awake! awake!

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Hang the fellow and his serenade! Was that a woman's face showing at the casement? Lucia herself? By all the saints, but that was too much!

"Hang Brother Paul and his caution!" he said, swearing impartially in his rising anger. It will be noticed that Hugo Picado had little of his father's sinewy fibre in him, and ran easily to extremes.

To be flouted in this way and to be swordless was maddening. Dark? But what of that? It's a poor hate that cannot see in the dusk, and there is always light to let blood. One stroke—one only—and all would be over. Unconsciously Hugo's hand dropped to his side, and, also unconsciously, the dagger came naked in his grip. A little nearer he slipped. But for the murky thickness of the gloom the white figure at the casement would surely see him; but she looks aside, intent only on the singer.

Love of my life, awake! awake!

A little nearer, foot by foot a little nearer; then a shadow springs from the shadow. There was not even a flash of steel; but the blade was lost in the grey of the throat, and before the singer could fall, Hugo was panting up the street, with every shadow in Zorocaste tearing at his heels and shouting murder in his ears.

That night Brother Paul kept vigil, waiting the swift ripening of the harvest for whose reaping a sword was to be the sickle. He looked for one of two things—that Hugo should return disgusted and disillusionised—a misanthrope; or else—he hardly dared admit it to himself—for the rash breaking in of an unarmed man on a none too scrupulous soldier with a sword by his thigh, and such a wound as would keep Passion to its bed for a month, and so cure its heat. But in place of one or other, Hugo, panting and distraught with the terror of crime, burst in upon his vigil. The lamb that went to be shorn had come home with the fleece!

The fires of passion had burnt out, and their ashes grown cold in that desperate course from the silence of the shadow of death to the House of the Order, wrath had died in those minutes of flight, and the provocation which had seemed so insistent and gigantic had dwindled and shrunk into nothingness. The stained dagger, which he still carried naked in his hand, was no longer the symbol of a righteous justice, but of shame and blood-guiltiness.

No words were needed for shrewd Brother Paul to fathom the truth to the worst darkness of its depths. His plan had failed, and now there was the ugly possibility of the stain of murder falling upon the House by reason of its connection with his pupil. That was bitter enough, but the more bitter that the loss to follow seemed irreparable. If Hugo died by the justice of the King, the same justice which claimed the life would claim the possessions too, and so make an end of Ramon Picado's restitution.

In face of Hugo's despair and his own failure, Brother Paul took humble counsel of his superior, and for full fifteen minutes Prior Luiz gave himself over to close thought. Then he said—

"Send thou to the Alcalde, and bid him come in haste, since there is one suspected of murder here. It is well that he should see to it, that the good name of the Order be not reviled."

"But," said Brother Paul timidly, "if Hugo hangs——"

"Thou hast been a fool in the past," answered the Prior curtly, "and it is always left to me to patch thy botched jobs. Be wise now and do as thou art bidden." Then Prior Luiz fell a-thinking again, reckoning time. Fifteen minutes to go for the Alcalde, who, he doubted not, had been roused by the brawl, ten minutes' wasted time while his messenger made explanation, and thirty more to return. Such was the calculation, and so he let three parts of an hour slip through his fingers before he flung open Hugo's door and, in the white heat of sudden stern wrath, faced the murderer.

The lad—for, after all, he was but little more—never stirred in his chair as the door swung open, nor even so much as raised his head to see who entered. The fury of passion had long since exhausted itself, and reaction had set in. The exultation of just vengeance was lost in the horror of a cowardly shedding of blood. Hugo would have pinned Sebastian Mendez to the wall, straight through the heart in fair fight, and have cocked his hat the higher ever after. It was not the shedding of blood, but the manner of shedding, that crushed him to despair.

"H'm," said the Prior, with a bitter contempt sharper than any denunciation. "A lier in wait. A common assassin, stabbing an unsuspecting man in the back under cover of darkness. They hang such men in Zorocaste."

For answer Hugo lifted his chin from his

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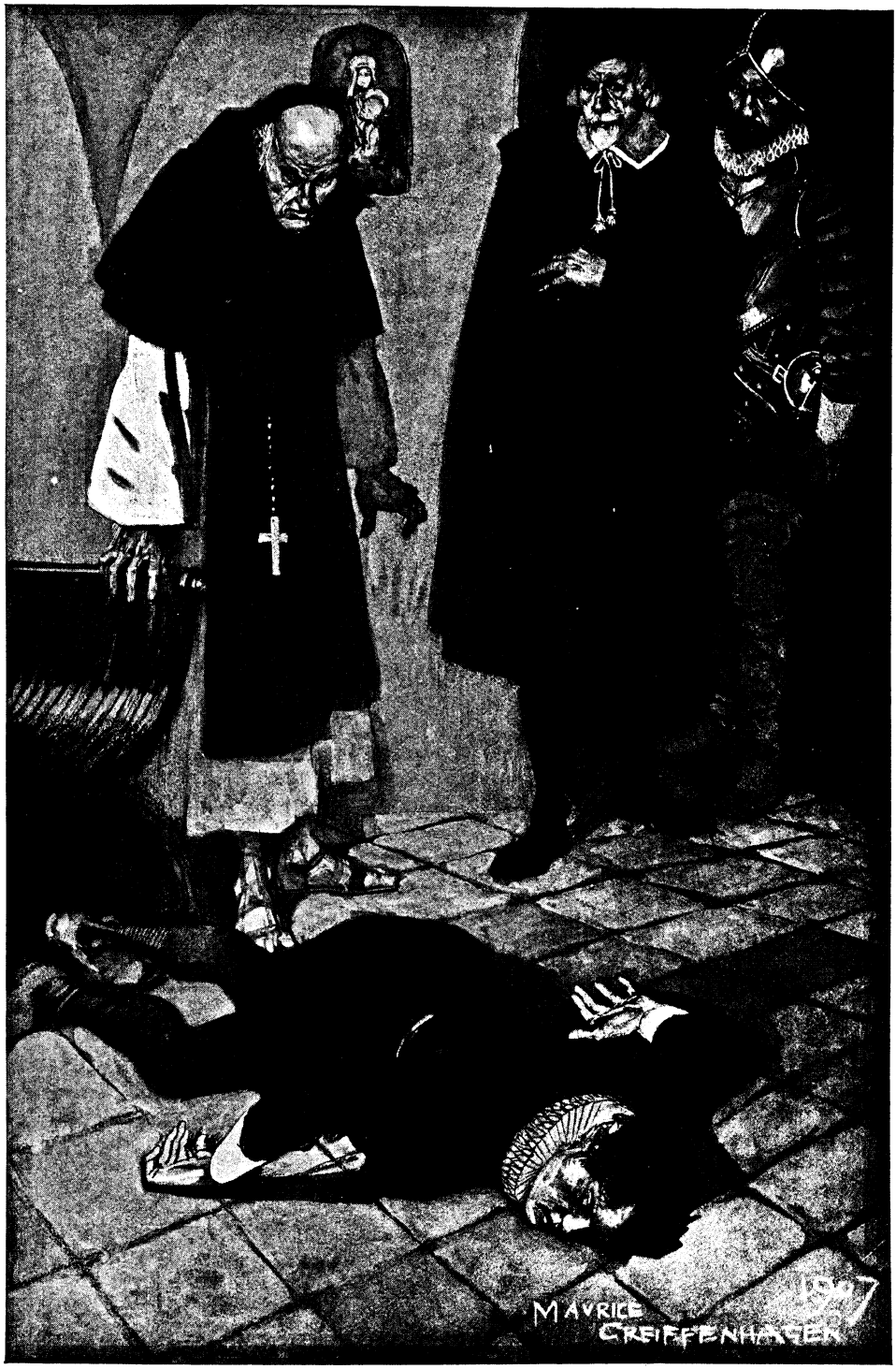

"Thus it was that Ramon Picado made restitution."

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breast, looked the Prior in the face an instant, then shrank back, shivering.

"When one says assassin, one says coward," and the black Prior drew a step nearer to the chair, then halted, with the dagger on the floor midway between Hugo and himself, where Hugo had, half unconsciously, dropped it.

"A coward," he went on; "and when one has to do with a coward, there is little use to talk of honour. What can a coward know of honour, and how can honour touch the spirit of a coward? And yet, even to an assassin there is a choice."

Again the chin rose from the breast, and this time the eyes were the eyes of life, not of death; of question, not of eternal negation; nor did they fall, as at the first.

"To the coward," went on the level voice, while the stern, clear eyes looked down into the dumb beseeching—"to the coward there is the wheel or the rope; the torment of the broken limbs crushed one by one, or the slow throttling in a hideous, struggling agony, the horror of the scaffold and the curious, callous thousands well pleased to see a gentleman die like such another dog as themselves. To the coward there are the few pitiful days of hopeless life, the nursing of the misery of shame and despair, with every moment the thousand deaths of expectation, and at the end—infamy."

The stern voice ended, as cold, as clear, as level as it had begun, and Prior Luiz held up his hand, listening.

Surely that was a stir in the courtyard? The ring of stout heels upon the pavement? The buzz and jar of voices strangely sharp in the night's silence? Surely that was the clatter of a drawn bolt? The shuffle of feet on the threshold of the outer door, and the tramp of armed men?

Now the voice sank in volume, but sank into an incisive whisper clearer than noisy declamation.

"To the brave man who, being tempted, has fallen, who, having sinned, has repented, who would wipe out blood by blood, there is another way, *another way*. Hush! they are at the door, and the way is one of haste and a sure hand. There is another way, and it is at your feet."

Round on his heel swung the Prior.

"Bear witness, Alcalde," he cried, "that I have held him here, prisoner to the law. Act thou now: my part is done."

Behind the black figure with its arms outstretched in denunciation, Hugo crouched forward, stopped an instant, stood upright, then lurched upon his face, and by his fall drove home the haft which had else stood out three inches from his ribs.

Thus it was that Ramon Picado made restitution.

MIDSUMMER.

SUCH an old world, this earth of ours,
We say; and yet she smiles in June,
With all her greennesses and flowers,
As though her age were scarce a moon.

As if her hawthorns laden white
For the first time with heavy bloom,
Hung to the meadows, goodly sight
Buttercup-golden spread at noon.

And man, forgetting all but these,
Hears only for a while her tune,
Played through the boughs of summer trees,
Sung by the little brooks—in June.

EDITH C. M. DART.

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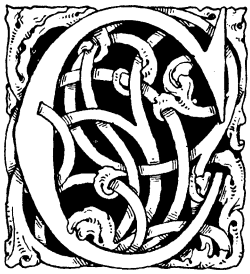
THE TIGER'S TAIL.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



URIOUSLY enough, a very curious thing happened to the other foreign curiosity that Johnson maximus sent to Dr. Dunstan. You may remember that Johnson, who is in the Merchant Service, brought the Doctor home a parrot and a tiger's skin, and that strange things overtook the parrot, especially after death. Well, strange things also overtook the Bengal tiger's skin, owing to me and Freckles and Smythe. I am MacMullen, and the real name of Freckles was Maine, and he came from Australia and had a great ambition to be a bushranger in course of time, and revive the practice of bushranging in New South Wales. Among other things that he had was an important bowie-knife—the same the Chinese boy, Tin Lin Chow, borrowed to commit "hari-kari" with and failed. Well, with his great feeling for sport, Freckles naturally felt a good deal of interest in the tiger's skin, and often went to look at it in the Doctor's study. It was a good one, no doubt—white and yellow and black, with a long tail and a very fine head. In this head were glass eyes, like life, and the mouth was open and pink, with terrific teeth worn smooth where the tiger had chewed his prey.

Then there came to Merivale a kid called Smythe. He was very small, but pretty solid and rather decent, and keen as mustard, and fiery in colour, too.

It's a rum thing with boys, that some get chums with the greatest ease, and some never do. And also the boys who often want to make chums never do, for some reason or other. But this kid soon made chums, though I couldn't tell you why. Of course, he was nothing to me, because I'm thirteen—in fact, nearly fourteen; but for a chap just nine he was all right, and other chaps of his own age found him interesting. He had a lot of rather peculiar knowledge, gathered up from his father, who was a very learned man and wrote books for libraries. And he believed in heathen charms and old sayings, and remembered many queer things that his father had told him. He wanted to be the caretaker of a museum some day, but said that he hoped to be allowed to travel round the world first, like Darwin did, and see dwarfs and giants, and write books, and shoot a few specimens of different things not often heard of.

Of course, he went through the ordinary adventures of new boys at Merivale, and it was in the matter of the "kid test" that he became so generally known as a kid out of the common.

There is, just beyond the cricket-ground, and before you come to the wood, a huge clump of rhododendrons that is covered with purple flowers in May. It is just the sort of place that a wild beast would choose for its lair, if there were wild beasts at Merivale, and it was a regular thing with kids to tell them that a savage animal did live there, and only came out at night. This beast was a test of the pluck of new kids, and the new kid who would walk past the rhododendrons after dark alone was considered to be all right. Of course, something was done to make it seem more terrible, and, in fact, till he left, John Batson, the gardener's boy, was always told to hide in the rhododendrons, and shake the bushes and growl when a test was being made. This he did very well, having a chronical sore throat, and a very harsh and growling voice, like a ferocious beast. But he had to go, owing to some row with the servants, and the new gardener's boy could only squeak, and was useless for the test. Generally, however, somebody in the Fifth could be got, and for some time Freckles kindly obliged when a test had to be made. It amused him, and he growled very fairly well, and could also imitate wolves in a state of hunger, which he had once heard at a menagerie.

Well, young Smythe was told about the mystery of the rhododendron bed, and seemed more interested than frightened.

"Hasn't anybody ever seen the thing?" he asked.

"No," answered Steggles, who was there.

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"The sound it makes is so frightful that chaps generally run for their lives, and never wait to see it."

Smythe was very keen about it.

"I wish my father could come up and hear it," he said.

"The point is," explained Freckles, "that each kid must go past alone. It only growls for kids, and doesn't growl for grown-up people. It is a test of bravery. There are chaps here still who have never been brave enough to pass after the first growl. They were chaps who turned out quite brave in every other way, too."

"What have I to do?" asked Smythe.

"You've got to walk out on an appointed night, after evening school, and go round the rhododendron bed twice, no matter what happens. It is a winter beast, and is never heard in the summer. So it is a winter test. You've just come in time for it," explained Fowle, who was also there.

Smythe had been at Merivale about a fortnight when he was asked to undergo the great kid test.

He thought a bit after this speech from Fowle. Then he asked a question.

"And what do you think the creature is?"

"Nobody knows," said Fowle. "Of course, if that was really known, something might be done."

"It ought to be shot," said Smythe; but Gideon thought not.

They all pretended to be serious, and Smythe quite believed the story, because he was very young. In fact, only one kid had ever refused to believe it.

"No," declared Gideon; "it may be the only beast of its kind in the world, and to shoot it would be a thousand pities."

"Then it ought to be photographed," said Smythe.

"Impossible, because nobody ever sees it," answered Steggles.

"That's no reason," said Smythe. "It might be done with Röntgen rays."

Which shows what a clever kid he was, though so ready to believe this rot about the beast.

"One person did see it, however," said Fowle, "and that was Jenkins, who went into a bank last term, and it left a great impression upon him."

"What did he say it looked like?" asked Smythe.

"A sort of thing between a tiger and a donkey," answered Fowle very seriously.

"Rum," said Smythe. "It might belong to the zebra family."

"Zebras don't growl," said Freckles.

"More they do," admitted Smythe. "They bray."

Then he went on to tell us some things we didn't know ourselves.

"If it could be killed, it would be a good thing," said Smythe; "and the chap who did it would have a very precious charm, because the skin or part of the skin of a savage beast is a very tremendous charm to the man or boy who gets it. The Choktaws, my father said—at least, I think they were Choktaws, or if not, Kinnatoos, or some other tribe—always wear the skin of a fierce beast next their own skin, and by so doing get the fierceness of the beast into themselves, and so nobody ever interferes with them, and they always have the most remarkable luck and live to a great age. So this fierce beast would be a good chance."

"You might have a dash at it," said Freckles, though he could hardly help laughing. "If you killed it and skinned it and wore a bit of the skin, it would be a fine thing for you."

"Yes, it would," admitted Smythe. "I'd risk a good deal; but I've got nothing to kill anything with except a catapult, and of course that's no good against a fierce and growling beast."

Everybody laughed, but young Smythe was as serious as possible.

"If anybody would lend me a decent knife, I'd have a go," he said.

"You'll be frightened when you hear its dreadful sound," declared Fowle. "I was, and I'm never ashamed to say so."

"Very likely I might be," admitted Smythe. "But often a jolly good thing has been done by a man who was in a funk at the time, and I'd have a dash, anyhow; because think if I succeeded and got a charm that would last for a lifetime!"

"I'll lend you my well-known bowie-knife if you'll be careful of it," said Freckles.

With that he took it out of his pocket, where it hangs suspended by a lanyard, so that Freckles can get it in a moment in time of need, when he goes on his hunting expeditions on half-holidays.

Young Smythe thanked him frightfully and took the knife.

"It's just been sharpened for me by the gardener," explained Freckles. "It can pretty well cut hairs, so you'd better be careful." And Smythe promised he would be.

Then it was decided that the test should take place that evening before evening prep. It was a good day to choose, because the

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"Freckles often went to look at it in the Doctor's study."

Doctor and Mrs. Dunstan were going out to dinner somewhere, and we always felt a sort of feeling of more freedom at such times.

When the kid had gone, I warned Freckles that he might be doing a dangerous thing; but he laughed and said not. Then Steggles had one of his terrific ideas, that nobody gets but Steggles, and he said—

"What a lark it would be if we could fake up a fierce beast and make it come out of the rhodo bed just as you let off a frightful yell, Freckles!"

Of course Freckles admitted it would.

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"With some kids one couldn't dare," he said. "Such a thing happening to North minor, for instance, would certainly make him go dotty for ever; but this kid doesn't know what fear is. It would be a lark to see what he'd do."

"You'd better be pretty careful, or he'll stab you," said Gideon. "He's jolly quick, and you'd look rather a fool if a new kid went and ran you through with your own bowie-knife."

"So I should," admitted Freckles; "but I'm not afraid. You forget my great power of seeing in the dark. I'm jolly near as good as a cat at it."

Then I suddenly had the most awfully fine idea, apart from machinery, that ever I did have. Little did I know what would happen; but, still, looking back, it is only fair to me to admit the awful fineness of the idea. I said—

"The Doctor being out, couldn't we get the tiger-rug and stuff it with pillows and stick it up on four cricket stumps just round the corner of the rhodo bed? Then, where we are all hidden behind the pavilion, we see the fun, and after it's over and the kid has bolted, we can take the skin back."

Freckles whistled and Steggles asked—

"Did you think of that all by yourself, MacMullen?"

And I said: "Certainly I did."

But Gideon thought it wouldn't do.

"In his excitement he might actually stab the skin," he said. "And that would lessen the value of it a great deal. The Doctor would be frightfully annoyed."

"Not that that matters," said Steggles.

"No," admitted Gideon, "not to us; but a treasure is a treasure, and just for the sake of swizzling a kid, it seems a pity to spoil a valuable tiger-skin worth three or four pounds at least, and perhaps more."

However, we didn't look at it in that light. Steggles and Freckles were a great deal taken with the idea, and Fowle, who was something of an artist, or thought he was, promised to make the tiger-skin look alive if somebody else got it. Of course he wouldn't have run the risk of taking it—such an utter footling coward as him. No more would Steggles.

I and Freckles both wanted to have the honour of getting it, and I argued that as the idea was mine, I ought to be allowed to do this; but Freckles said that as a much more experienced hand at adventures and dangers than me, he must do it.

He said: "If it was machinery, Mac, I should say nothing; but for breaking rules and doing daring things after dark, you are not in it with me."

Which was true. So he got the rug, and was late for prayers in consequence; but when Briggs reads prayers instead of the Doctor, many are late; because Briggs is short-sighted. Besides, the other masters generally don't come at all when Briggs reads them, though they never dare to stop away when the Doctor does.

Anyhow, Freckles got the rug, and Fowle, with some cricket-pads and Thompson's bicycle, faked up a most extraordinary and hideous monster looking out from the rhododendrons. It glared through its glass eyes and seemed ready to spring, and its tail was stretched into the path, with the point as it were wagging, like a cat wags her tail when she's in a bate. Even before dusk it looked terrible, but much more so when it began to get dark.

Then the time came, and we hid behind the edge of the pavilion, and Freckles practised a growl or two and got into the rhodo bed, and Steggles found young Smythe, and told him the time for the test had come.

Steggles said: "The playground is quite empty now, and I see the rhododendrons bending in the middle, so the beast is evidently there. You'd better be quick, and go and get it over—twice round, mind."

Smythe was pale, but firm.

"One thing," he said, "the chap called Fowle has been trying to funk me all the afternoon, and says the beast has killed two boys in its time, and that they were both red-haired boys. Of course, if that's true, it is rather serious, me being red-haired."

"You needn't mind what Fowle says," answered Steggles. "He never passed the test at all. I remember when he came as a kid—the nastiest kid that ever did come, for that matter. He was a coward to the backbone, and would rather have paid away his pocket-money for the whole of the term than go through the test."

"So I was told," said Smythe. "And I told him he was a coward, and that I didn't care for him trying to funk me. All the same, if it really and truly killed two boys with red hair——"

"It didn't," replied Steggles. "On my word of honour, it didn't. It feeds on poultry, I believe, and nobody can really prove that it ever killed a boy. You just show what you're made of, and you'll soon find you've got good friends up in the fifth form, including me myself. As for Fowle, since Travers licked him with one hand tied behind

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"A most extraordinary and hideous monster."

him, and since Johnson found the name of 'Maude' written thirty-two times in various letterings on his blotting-paper, nobody has cared to be seen with him. He can draw angels with haloes fairly well, owing to being a Roman Catholic by religion, though nobody wants them when they are drawn; and that's all he can do, but sneak and tell lies and be a cur in general."

So Smythe was comforted, and took out the bowie-knife lent him by Freckles, and went off, as he supposed, into the empty playground. But there were at least twenty chaps hidden there, to see what he would make of the beast that Fowle and Freckles and I had set up.

II.

WELL, young Smythe came boldly on, and only stopped when Freckles gave his first growl. Then the kid stood still, and then he pulled out the bowie-knife and opened it. He evidently felt that it would be better to do the deed pretty quick, before he had time

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to think about it; so, despite the sounds and howls of Freckles, he dashed round at his best pace, and was actually past the beast before he had grasped the horror of it. But he saw it all right, and he told me afterwards that the moment he saw it he began to stream with perspiration strangely enough, though the night was jolly cold. He also said that there came a very strange feeling in the pit of his stomach, but he couldn't be sure whether he felt frightfully hungry or merely that he was going to be sick. He waited a moment before making the second dash round, and we could see him dimly panting and his breath going into the air like steam. At the same moment the bell also rang, but nobody went immediately, because we wanted to see if Smythe would face the beast again. Freckles now began to imitate wolves in a state of hunger, and Steggles bet me sixpence that Smythe wouldn't go round again. But, of course, nobody but new boys, who don't know him, ever bets with Steggles, as he has never been known to pay when he loses. So I took no notice.

Then Smythe dashed round again, and we were just going to come out and rot him about it, and cheer him for passing the test, when he did a thing of the most astonishing character. He seemed now to have got a little accustomed to the horror of the beast, and he suddenly crept towards it with the bowie-knife of Freckles, ready to strike. He regularly stalked it, like a hunter stalks his prey, and Freckles, who was hidden just behind the beast, growled and roared all he could; but I think he roared rather nervously, for the kid looked frightfully keen, and evidently meant to have a dash at the beast, whatever happened. We were just going to rush out and stop him, but he didn't give us time. He suddenly screamed very loudly, partly to keep up his own courage and partly to distract the beast, and then he dashed forward and stooped down and cut the creature's tail off at a blow! He then leapt aside very cunningly—to avoid its spring, as he told me afterwards; but of course it didn't spring, but only glared. A moment later Smythe was flying for his life—with the tail!

As if this wasn't curious enough, still stranger things happened afterwards. Because the next difficulty was what to do about it. In fact, after young Smythe had hooked it with the tail of the Doctor's tiger-skin, the rest of us looked rather fools. Of course, the first thing to do was to get the skin back into the study, and this Freckles did; and the next thing to do was to get the tail back from Smythe; and this Fowle, who was prefect in Smythe's dormitory, promised to do that night.

But Smythe wouldn't give it up. He had most carefully hidden it, and absolutely refused to give it to anybody! The next day Freckles and Steggles and I had Smythe before us in the gym. and asked for an explanation. We told him all about the test, and applauded him for his bravery, but explained that the tail he had cut off belonged to Doctor Dunstan's tiger-skin, and that its loss would make an awful row in the school, and very likely end in his being expelled. Then he said that Doctor Dunstan couldn't expel him, because he wouldn't know he had had anything to do with the tail. Which was true; besides, the Doctor being so blind, it might be a long time before he discovered the tail was gone. Then Smythe argued jolly well for a kid. He said that, for all he knew, the beast that we had made was a live and furious and dangerous beast; therefore his bravery in cutting the tail off single-handed with the bowie-knife was just as great as if it *had* been alive. Freckles admitted this. He said that the bravery of Smythe was undoubtedly immense, and that, so far as that went, he richly deserved to keep the tail. He even said that if he could have spared it, he would have given Smythe the famous bowie-knife. But of course he could not do this, for it was his most important arm in all his own adventures when he practised to become a bushranger. Then Steggles asked Smythe what he had done with the tail; and Smythe made us promise faithfully not to tell, and we did so. Then he said that he was wearing it next his skin—round his stomach, in fact—and always should do so for the rest of his life, if it worked well.

He said: "It's awfully uncomfortable, and scratches something frightful, but that's a mere nothing to the advantages. I didn't, of course, kill the tiger, but in a way I might have; and, anyhow, I thought it was alive; and I'm going to give it a fair trial."

I asked him what he expected the tiger's tail would do for him, and he said: "Make me fierce. By rights the fierceness of the tiger ought to go straight into me, and I ought to fear nothing, in the same way that the tiger when it was alive feared nothing. But as I didn't actually kill the tiger, of course, it may not work as I hope."

He assured us solemnly that he believed the beast was alive when he dashed at it and

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cut its tail off; and he also assured us that he had never seen the Doctor's tiger's skin, and did not so much as know that he had a tiger's skin. And we believed him and let him keep the tail.

Steggles, however, warned young Smythe of one thing. He said: "Be jolly careful that Fowle doesn't see it when you're getting up or going to bed, or very likely he'll sneak. He hates you already for scoring off him, so mind you hide it from him."

Smythe naturally thanked Steggles a good deal for this kind advice, and said that he would be cautious, and that he already hated Fowle a good deal, and that if he really did become fierce pretty soon, Fowle would be the first to know it.

So there the thing was left, and when the Doctor found out that his tiger's tail was gone—which he did do, owing to one of his daughters pointing it out—nobody knew anything at all about it.

The Doctor made far more fuss than we expected, and was bitterly hurt over the loss, and seemed to be inclined to expel everybody, because nobody would confess. But, of course, from the business point of view he couldn't do that, because, as Gideon said, his occupation would have been over, and it might have taken many years for him to collect together one hundred and three boys again. Gideon also said that the competition was fearful among schoolmasters, and expelling was quite a thing of the past, owing to the difficulty of getting new ones.

"Fastened round pretty tight, just below his ribs, was the tiger's tail."

Then came the tremendous end of the whole business, and such fierceness as young Smythe had managed to get, after wearing the tiger's tail for three days, was as nothing to the fierceness of the Doctor when he found it out.

It burst upon us on a half-holiday, and the half-holiday, as such, was ruined by it. After saying "Grace" at dinner, Doctor Dunstan told the school to be in chapel—every boy—at half past two. Leave was stopped, and only the football team, which played a match that afternoon, was allowed to go. Everybody had theories during dinner, but nobody was right or anything like right. We noticed that the Doctor seemed thundery, and that he looked sometimes very fixedly at the bottom of the table, where Mr. Tomkins, the underest master of the lot, presided over the dinner of the lower school.

Then we all went into chapel, and those interested in the tiger's tail were all there, except Freckles, who is in the footer eleven.

"Boys," began the Doctor, "I have received an anonymous letter, and if any among you should be in doubt of the meaning of that word, I may tell you that it is derived from the Greek *a* and *onoma*, signifying 'without a name,' or 'nameless.' The letter is, in fact, unsigned.

"Now, in the ordinary course of events, I should disdain to notice such a communication. As I remarked during a newspaper controversy in '82 to an agnostic writer who propounded very infamous opinions and hid himself behind the *nom de plume* of 'Lucretius,' the man who fears to proclaim himself, and lacks the courage of his own views, *ipso facto* places himself beneath the notice of any serious antagonist. The discussion, which verged on the acrimonious, and to which two bishops contributed, was protracted through August and the earlier part of September. Then, having proved my points to the satisfaction of all religious men, I withdrew from the debate. That, however, is not what you are here to know, and, indeed, happened many years before any among you was born. What will more directly interest you is this: that for once I have decided to give weight to my nameless correspondent's communication. It is brief and printed in capital letters. I shall rehearse it to you."

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Then he read out these remarkable words :—

"*Dear Sir,—The tiger's tail is worn by Smythe next his skin, under his vest.*"

"That is all," continued Doctor Dunstan. "There is no clue—either to the sender or to his object in conveying this astounding information to me. Concerning him, I shall make researches anon, when we have proved the truth or falsity of his statement; but for the present we are concerned with the name of Smythe. Now, the name of Smythe may not be familiar to many among you. I find that Smythe is a new-comer. He has been at Merivale only since the beginning of this term. He is very young and unusually ignorant, but he is not too young and not too ignorant to know the meaning of such simple and straightforward Anglo-Saxon as I am in the habit of employing when I address my boys. He is aware that I have a tiger's skin, and that this interesting relic is dear to me as the gift of one who distinguished himself within these walls, and carried the moral lessons, and even a little of the scholastic erudition of Merivale School, into the larger life beyond, when he went down to the sea in ships. Huxley Smythe is also aware that this integument has been mutilated by some senseless and wicked hand. Then let him come forward and tell us more, if, indeed, he knows more than we all know. Let him step before me and explain the significance of these words from a nameless source. I hope with all my heart that he may proclaim them false, and, what is more, prove them false, for Huxley Smythe's father is a very distinguished and learned gentleman and a Fellow of the Royal Society. It is impossible too highly to esteem his discoveries and surmises respecting the customs of the Ancients. Such a man puts truth before all things; such a man will be cut to the heart if his only son should prove other than honest and upright. Come hither, Huxley Smythe!"

So Smythe went, and jolly cheap he looked. His face turned the colour of gooseberry fool, and his hair seemed to become many shades redder than usual as he walked up the chapel. He was naturally small, and he seemed much smaller than he was, owing to walking up the chapel all alone.

"Speak," said the Doctor, "and address your remarks to me. Do you or do you not know what has become of the caudal appendage of my tiger-skin?"

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Smythe.

"You do, sir! Then why, when I invited information on this subject, did you deny it to me?"

Smythe did not reply to this question. He merely said: "I cut off the tiger's tail, sir, in a moment of great excitement, and having once got it, I thought I'd keep it."

"Well may you have been excited, sir, at the moment of such an outrage! And what next, sir?" asked the Doctor.

The whole of the upper part of his body began to lift in a lump, as it always did when he got worked into a rage.

"Next, sir, I decided to wear it round my waist."

"And will you be so good as to enlighten us as to the reason for this extraordinary decision?"

"The Choktaws do it, sir, or else the Kinnatoos. My father told me that they——"

"Choktaws, sir! Kinnatoos, sir! What are the Choktaws to you, Huxley Smythe—or the Kinnatoos, either! Because certain heathen nations, as yet far from the light, indulge in gross superstition for their own benighted ends, and credit inanimate objects with imaginary virtues and grotesque qualities which we who are civilised know right well that they do not possess—because these things are so, is that any reason why a Christian boy in a Christian school should seek to emulate their misguided credulity? The question before us is not why the Choktaws do these things, but why you cut off my tiger's tail, sir, and wore it round your person?"

"To get fierce, sir," said Smythe.

The Doctor simply heaved in his indignation.

"To get fierce, sir!" he said, repeating Smythe's words in a tone of helpless despair.

"Yes, please, sir. By rights the fierceness of the tiger ought to go into me," explained Smythe.

"This is almost too much," said Doctor Dunstan.

"Because I thought that to be as fierce as a Bengal tiger would be useful, sir," Smythe ventured to say.

"Silence, sir!" roared the Doctor in such a simply tremendous tone of voice that Steggles whispered to me the Doctor himself must have been wearing about a dozen tiger's tails all his life.

"And how *dare* you want to be fierce, sir?" went on the Doctor. "You come among us a child from a Christian home—an inexperienced and ignorant youth of tender years. And yet at nine—for that is your age, Huxley Smythe—you develop an unwholesome yearning to deteriorate from the state of civilisation to which you are

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born; you debase your intellect and your morality by deliberate efforts to become demoralised; you seek to take a retrograde step and recover the ferocity of primitive—

"'Silence, sir!' roared the Doctor."

or, as we say, pre-Adamite—humanity. You have striven to acquire the physical brutality of palæolithic man, sir, and—worse, far worse—you deliberately endeavour to impress upon your nature the disgusting attributes of one of the most abominable and virulent feline animals that an inscrutable Providence has created and let loose upon this planet. He who could seek to secure the unconscionable attributes of the tiger, Huxley Smythe, must already possess the potentialities of the wild ass! Never in the whole course of my scholastic experience have I met anything quite so painful as this depravity in a child of nine. Shed no tears, sir," went on the Doctor; "the time has not yet come for tears!"

Because Smythe was blubbing a good deal at this dreadful view the Doctor had taken of him. Of course, he didn't understand a word of it, and that made it all the worse.

"And where is my tiger's tail now, sir?" finally asked Doctor Dunstan.

"On, sir," answered Smythe humbly.

"Then it had better be taken off, sir!" said Dunstan, and he roared again. "Divest yourself of your upper attire, wretched boy. Let this lesson not be lost on the least among us. Take off your clothes, sir, so that one and all of us shall be warned what evil instincts may and do still mar human nature in the most unexpected quarters. I mourn for your good father, Smythe; and still more for your poor mother. It was none too soon that they sent you into my care, young though you be. Go and stand beside the fire, sir, that the ordeal may not physically injure you."

The kid went to the chapel fire, which always burns in winter, and took off his coat and waistcoat, his collar and tie, and his shirt and vest. Under the vest, fastened round pretty tight, just below his ribs, was the tiger's tail. He looked awfully rum like this, and still cried a bit. A few chaps, including several in the Sixth, laughed out loud at the appearance of Smythe; but the Doctor soon shut them up.

"Silence! Silence!" he shouted out. "This is no laughing matter, Mathers; and you, Lawrence; and you, Cornwallis major. We ought to weep rather than to laugh. Here is sortilege, necromancy, black art in our midst! Here we find a boy permeated with the—with the fetishism, the thaumaturgy, the demonology of the savage and the

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cannibal. And, what is more astounding still, we find him at Merivale! Take off that tail, sir!"

Smythe undid the tail and took it off. There was a bright red mark all round his white body, and I should think the tail must have given him a pretty good doing. A tiger's hair is undoubtedly scratchy when applied to a tender part of the human frame like the stomach; and perhaps savages know this, and that is really the reason why they wear them. Because nobody who kept a tiger's tail under his clothes for any length of time could help getting fierce.

The Doctor ordered me to bring him the tail, because I happened to be near and he caught my eye. This I did, and meantime Smythe got back into his clothes. Then the Doctor told the school it could go about its business—all but the culprit; and he marched away solemnly and slowly with Smythe and the tail.

The tail was very skilfully sewn back into its original place, and nobody who did not know the truth could have guessed at what had happened to it. And Smythe told us afterwards that Dr. Dunstan talked to him till tea-time and then, suddenly reminded of the hour by the bell, flogged him, but very slightly. It is always a hopeful sign if the Doctor begins a row with talk; and the longer he talks, the less painful is the end. But if he begins with the licking and talks afterwards, it is bad, and adding insult to injury, as Steggles says.

One thing may be worth mentioning. The Doctor never asked for details, so Smythe never gave him any, and, as old Dunstan never heard about what Freckles did, or I did, we escaped intact. This made what Smythe had done seem far worse than it was. Of course, we richly rewarded the kid for being such a jolly good plucked one, and gave him many a thing worth having; and we also made it up pretty thoroughly to Fowle for writing the anonymous letter to the Doctor. It proved to be him, because nobody else in the dormitory ever kept awake after everybody else was asleep, which was in itself a beastly mean thing to do; and we made him finally confess that he had spotted the tail. With the help of a Chinese torture, that Tin Lin Chow had shown us, we made him confess. It is beautifully simple, and a kid can do it. And when Fowle confessed at the first twinge and said he did it for revenge, because young Smythe had cheeked him in front of about twenty chaps, we felt that he was beneath a fine thing like a Chinese torture, and just kicked the calves of his legs for a little while, and then arranged, as a punishment, for the whole school to send him to Coventry for a week. Which was done.

THE SINGING HEART.

MY shepherd has my heart: in joyous measure
His reeden pipes he blows from morn till noon,
Singing the gladness of this sweet new treasure
In one delightful tune.

My shepherd has my heart: in notes he'll wind it,
And blow it o'er the moors where daisies lie,
Where little fays with clinging wreaths shall bind it
Till shepherd lad comes by.

My shepherd has my heart: through woods a-ringing
He pipes it proudly, for it is his own;
And rather would it break, in his song singing,
Than live to grace a throne.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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THE REAL CATTLE-BOAT.

By TEST DALTON

THE cattle-boat of fiction and the one of reality are vastly different. For my part, I think that most descriptive stories on this subject have been overdrawn. The stories cling too close to the tragic, many of them are written by those who have petty grievances to air, they are for the most part too sombre, too hopeless, and in a large measure unjust and unfair, for conditions on a cattle-boat have undergone radical changes within the last decade. The cattlemen and foremen are of a higher grade, men of more parts and experience in their work, more humane and more intelligent, while cattle-shipping has become so important a factor of ocean traffic that the business has been lifted from a comparatively chaotic state to one that is as thoroughly organised as the mail or passenger service. The burden of proof of this advancement lies in the fact that formerly a third of the consignment was lost on a trip, while, to-day, on the better lines, the loss of a single bullock is considered a rare thing.

From Montreal, the Dominion Line, the Canadian-Pacific, and the Allan cross to Liverpool, while the Manchester Line departs for Manchester. Out of Boston, the Leyland Line, the White Star, and the Warren Line ship cattle to Liverpool, and the Allan Line to Glasgow. Hoboken has one line—the Phœnix, which sails for Antwerp, and from Baltimore; the Johnson Line runs to Liverpool. Three lines hail from Philadelphia—the Atlantic Transport for London, the American Red Star for Liverpool, and the Manchester Line for Manchester. From New York—the most important cattle-port in the world—the Wilson Line sends steamers to Hull, the Atlantic Transport to London, the White Star to Liverpool, the Allan Line to Glasgow, the Bristol City Line to Bristol, and the Lamport and Holt Line heads for Manchester.

The time of passage varies, the fastest boats making the trip in eight days, and the slowest vessels within fourteen. There are also a number of tramp lines of a worse class; they are sort of "renegade" boats, unsafe, of ill repute, and shunned by experienced cattlemen. These steamers carry cattle on the open deck tied to frail pens and exposed to the mercy of every storm. The cattlemen are of most unsavoury reputation—a motley crew of gaolbirds and deserters from sailing-vessels, who are over-anxious to return to England at any cost. So much has been written on this side of the question that current opinion has blackened cattlemen beyond redemption, and listed them as blackguards. The old lithographs of the hungry waves lashing over the tramp steamer, and carrying cattle and men overboard, were based on boats like these. To the voyager, however daring he may be, I would abjure him not to cross the Atlantic as cattle-helper on any of these steamers. Select only those boats where the cattle are stowed under sheltered decks and tied to stationary fittings. The danger of temporary fittings on an open deck is a menace to beast and man, and marine measures should be taken to stop their use.

The worst of their kind was what I held cattlemen in general to be, for I had heard many stories and talked to many people on this subject, with the lamentable result that I had gathered a long tablet of false impressions. I understood that all cattlemen were thieves, that they were beings who preyed by night and cursed by day, and in general were of the scum of the earth. Then I learned that cattle-helpers fed the cattle. Just how they did this and at what time of day was not made clear. I was assured that it was the hardest work one could find, and this was the fag-end of my knowledge. Everyone had a different tale, and you can readily understand my absolute bewilderment, for, to say the least, this storehouse of facts was exceedingly indefinite. There was nothing comprehensive or detailed, but I find that my shadowy ideas were not a whit less vague than those of most people who have tried to look into this matter at second hand. There was only one thing to do—find out for myself by

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actual experience, and set down my observations that others might profit thereby.

Cattle Lines.

I was fortunate in securing passage from New York on a fourteen-thousand-ton first-class passenger and cattle boat. It is my experience on this boat—as typical of the better conditions of the cattle transportation—that I set forth to show the true cattle-boat and cattleman. I wish to be perfectly fair, and give a clear, unbiased picture of what it means to cross the Atlantic as cattle-helper on a line of this standing.

The traveller may work his passage from Hoboken, Montreal, Boston, or Philadelphia, and in some cases be paid the sum of one pound for services. From ports other than New York, return passage is generally given with no work attached on the return trip, but you must board the same steamer, which means that you can only remain in England a few days. Out of New York, no cattle-helpers are given free transportation for labour, none are paid for their work, and no return passage is given, for the human transportation on cattle-boats leaving New York City is in the hands of agents, who charge an average of two pounds. This sum paid to them gives you the rare pleasure of feeding and watering cattle between that port and Hull, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, or London, as the case may be. You are not entitled to return on the same boat or any other boat of the line, nor is it possible to buy your way back as a cattleman—you must return as a passenger to New York. If you have mapped out a trip, and do not wish to put up with unnecessary trouble, I would advise you to start from New York, pay the two pounds, and return on a reasonably priced passenger steamer. By paying this fee, you can lord it, in a small way, by selecting your line and boat, and you will be with a better crowd of cattle-bosses and messmates—there is a different crowd, just as the balcony crowd in a theatre differs from that of the top gallery. You see the same play, it is true, but you are more comfortable and better located—and this distinction in regard to cattle-boats is of great import. For every advance in civilisation some people must suffer, and the pinched shoe of the cattle-helper is this little fee. Ten years ago this condition did not exist, but other conditions more serious than this were common along the whole line of the cattle-boat problem. For the great advance in comfort there still remains this one great imposition, but it is open and flagrant, and what can you and I do? There is, of course, this one recompense—not in favour of it, but as a sort of salve to one's feelings—the two-pound fee raises the standard of cattle-helpers, for it eliminates the wharf rats and saloon loungers—and that is some satisfaction, as the bunks of cattle-helpers are all in the same cabin.

The Plausible Agent.

The cattle-boat agents are a plausible lot, and have formed a sort of a trust—a most unbrotherly sort of arrangement, I should say, for they do not seem to trust each other; but against this may be balanced the full confidence placed in them by the unsuspecting seafarer. There are three important agencies in New York—one on Clinton Street, another on West Street, and a third on Lower Broadway, at Bowling Green. They are licensed and carry on business under State laws. You at least have the satisfaction of knowing where you are really going. As this is their means of livelihood, they are prone to enthusiasm. Without a qualm of conscience, the agents give one the impression that a cattle-helper's meals are as good as those served to the first-class passengers, if not a little better; and as for the bunks, you form an idea that you are to have a private saloon, with a steward detailed to look after your personal comfort. An agent told one of my messmates that all he had to do was to attend to two sheep. Another man was told he would like the work. The chap was under the impression that it would be so nice, he would want to come around every month or so and beg the agent to let him purchase passage on a cattle-boat, so that he could have some more of the nice work. And still another of my companions was told that the work was mere child's play.

The Departure.

The boat was due to depart at one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. At eleven I reported for duty. Outside the pier were wagons, carriages, and automobiles, clustered in the midst of a busy scene of boxes, trunks, provisions, porters, stewards, and the general curious crowd that assembles when nothing extraordinary happens. Within the shed, gathered together in one corner near their

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MESSMATES.

boxes, I found the cattlemen who were to be my companions. They were a lost, dazed lot, uncertain of their present and their future, and several transportation agents who had made arrangements for them were busily answering foolish questions. At noon the head cattle-foreman appeared—a tall, strong-built man with a square jaw and clear, straight eyes, evidently a man of command and of his word. When the purser of the liner came into the little office, the cattlemen were lined up to be filed past his desk, like labourers going out West for a railroad company. Their names, addresses, businesses (if any), nationalities, and amount of money concealed about them, were tallied in the book, their signatures were affixed, and then they were accredited cattlemen. There were no porters to take our luggage, we had to pile it on the van, push it up to the side of the ship, and the aft engines pulled our boxes up on deck, where we placed them temporarily near the first hatch. We dragged our bags up the cattleman gang-plank and dropped them near the trunks. Then we went to the side to look over, to see the dock again, our friends, the busy street, and dear old New York in the background. Someone warned us to keep our eyes on our goods if we wanted to be

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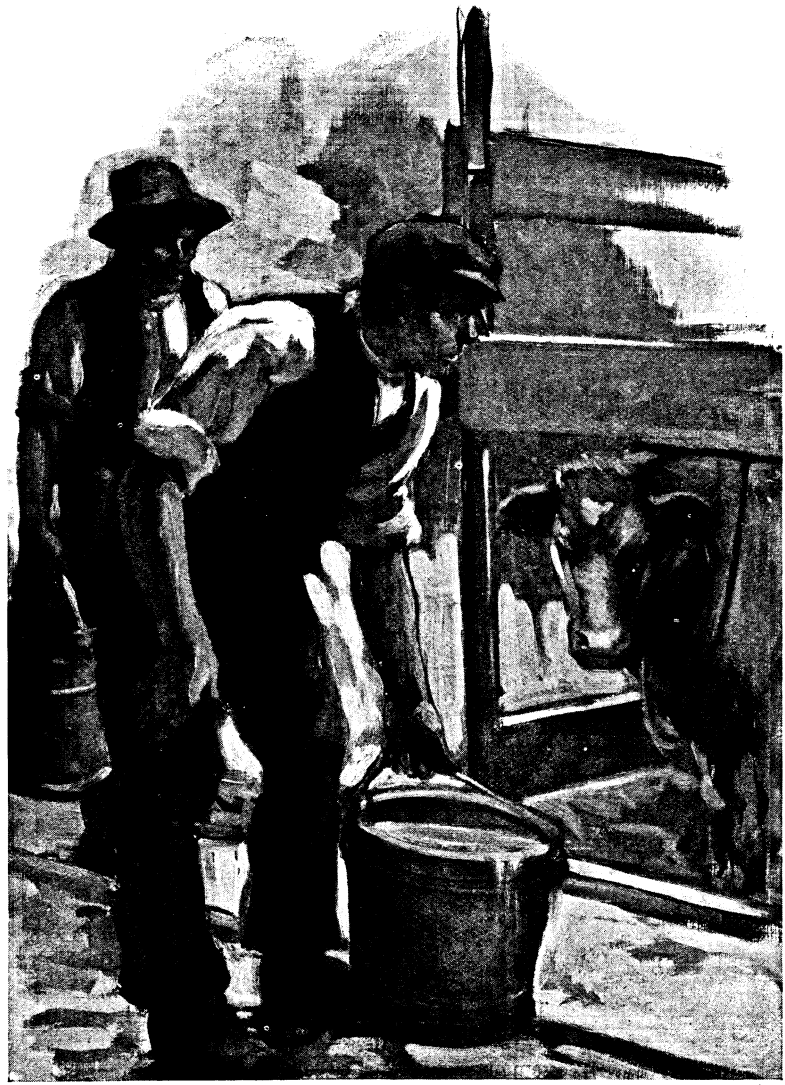
sure of them. We decided to take turns in watching, and thus for the first time came into talk and sympathy with one another; for nothing brings one closer than mutual protection, and nothing keeps people apart more than the mistrust of ignorance on a new venture, where your nearest companion may be your first robber. I well remember those next few moments when we stood about in disjointed groups, with the nameless fear of the unknown over us, and the disconsolate reminder of impending departure—the groaning pulleys and sharp commands branding into our thoughts the leaving for another land, and our absolute ignorance of what we had before us. We did not know whether we had to feed cows, bullocks, sheep, or horses, for there were no signs of cattle. One of the fellows thought we had to drive the cows up in sections of six every day to the main deck, so that the poor brutes could promenade and get a little fresh air, and I recall that we all laughed with a very wise laugh: but had he asked any of us our duties, we should not have been able to inform him—it was merely ignorance of different shades with all of us, so we waited and wondered.



WATERING THE CATTLE.

My Messmates.

Of my messmates there were thirteen—three Englishmen, two Americans (both middle westerners), two Germans, two Russian Jews (both very stupid), one Frenchman, one French Canadian (a real Canuck), one Welshman (we heard him sing), and one Egyptian, who started to sell things from the time we started until we pulled in at the Tilbury dock. It was a mixed gang of various tongues, and those of the same nationality naturally gravitated together.

One of the Americans was an electrical engineer who was working his way over to embark for South Africa. Mohammed Ali, the Arabian, was returning to Cairo to start a coffee-house with his father-in-law, an "Effendi," as he asserted. Mohammed

likewise informed us that he thought the "Pyramids was a fine antique." The Canuck was a brave lad who had worked for three months on a section road in the North-West Territory, and at the end of that time he was not paid, so he decided he would go back to the home of his grandfather in Normandy. He had walked from Winnipeg to New York (it took him six weeks), and the French consul in New York had given him enough money to go by cattle-boat to London, where he was going to work his way to the French coast, and foot it to the little village in Normandy. He was shoeless and almost clothesless when he came amongst us, but all of the fellows dug down into their belongings and rigged him out, so that he landed in London a happy and proud Canuck. The Germans were both gluttons, by trade butchers, and they were returning to "happy Hamburg." One of the Englishmen was a man of property—he had vast grants, he affirmed, out in Portuguese Africa, had lost his money through gambling in San Francisco, but would have more coin than he needed when his partner met him in London. We thought perhaps he might buy the boat, but found out afterwards that he did not even pay the cook who staked him to better grub. The second Englishman had some cattle on board, and thought they would be better looked after if he remained near them. The third Englishman was a tenor of a prominent opera company in the States, and was going over to London for the summer to improve himself under the great instructor, Mr. Shakespeare, and the cattle-boat was a means to an end—it almost ended him, as his face and arms were so burned by exposure as to cause him pain during the whole of the trip, and gave him a rich, vivid red complexion. One of the widely travelled gentlemen was the Frenchman—he claimed to be Parisian, but his accent savoured of Gascony. He had been out to India as stoker on a P. and O. liner—that was a terrible experience, he assured us; then there were other places, many of them, where he had been, and always he had worked his way; oh, yes, it was very hard, but still he concluded that it made a man of him. Then there were the Russian Jews: they were tailors by trade, and unfortunately butts by choice of the whole crowd. It always seems that Jews of this class were born to be baited, and it is with difficulty that cattle-foremen can save them from being seriously injured, so great is the general antipathy against them.

Here we were all gathered in a common cause, with a nine days' trip of hard work before us, and the first lesson we learned was not to trust the cattle-bosses. This came from the cattle-foremen, who are only responsible for the lives of the men under them, for up to that point the cattle-bosses control things, and it was soon borne upon us that the cattle were far more valuable than we, that their safe delivery was more important, and that while they were animal cattle, we were only human cattle.

First Impressions.

At last the hawsers were loosened, handkerchiefs waved in the air, good-byes were heard on all sides, and the great steamer pulled out slowly down the river, through the harbour, past the Statue of Liberty, and out into the ocean.

The spirit of novelty was over us, and someone suggested that we should take a look at our new quarters. We filed down, and finally pushed open a door, over which we read "Cattle Helpers." There were sixteen bunks—wooden frames, with woven steel bottoms. Two portholes gave ventilation. The cattle-helpers looked in dismay at their hard bed—no mattress, no pillow, no blankets. Then someone suggested that as it was summer we should probably have no need of covering, and that we should probably become accustomed to these monastery bunks. Already we were resolved to accept the inevitable.

The widely travelled Frenchman had been on cattle-boats, so with his superior knowledge he proceeded to initiate us.

"Someone must stay in here all the time," he said. "We have got to watch over things, for the cattle-bosses will steal everything we have. I have known them to kill a man for five dollars," he ended with dramatic emphasis.

We conjured visions of sudden violent death, and being tossed overboard on a dark, starless night.

Three of the cattle-bosses entered—it seemed as though this was their cue. They were a villainous-looking lot.

The shortest one bawled out: "Any of you fellows got any whisky?"

One of the Germans insinuated that even if he had, he wouldn't give it to them.

"You wouldn't, eh?" was the response, with a leer. Then he turned and addressed the crowd.

"You fellows take a tip from me, and don't let the Dutchmen run your show."

Unfortunately, at this moment he saw one

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of the Jews taking a drink. The poor fellow was sea-sick, and thought it would help him.

"Here, you Judas Iscariot," shouted the cattle-boss, "pass over the poison!"

The Jew was frightened and did not know what to do. They took it from him, passed it around, and thanked him with a kick. This ended the whisky and the incident, for one of the foremen appeared.

"What are you doing in here?" he yelled.

"We've just come in to see how the fellows were getting on," one of them responded lamely.

"Well, you just get out of here! You've no right in here, and I want you to keep out!"

After they had slunk away, he turned to us—

"Don't you trust any of those fellows."

He swung round on his heel and slammed the door after him.

This was our first impression, and we tried to gather its full import.

In the evening the head cattle-foreman told us to follow him. We went out past the galley and into the lower deck, where, in pens that extended the length of the boat, were over six hundred head of cattle. Traversing the length of the boat, we emerged through the forward hatch to the main deck, and were doled out two blankets and an eight-foot gunny-sack. We scrambled down again, filled it with hay, and carried the bed-tick back to the cabin. Things were beginning to look more promising.

We talked most of the night, and at last fell asleep, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. I have an indistinct remembrance of a last remark from Mohammed to the effect that if a cattle-boss interfered with his rights, he would knife him, and much blood would flow. Then I slept soundly to the song of the waves and the throb of the propeller.

The First Day's Work.

At an unearthly hour the door of our cabin was kicked in violently, and a loud voice awakened us. "Shake a leg! shake a leg!" was the command. I thought I was back in the old logging-camp in Maine, and with a jump landed in the middle of the cabin. Those who were too sleepy were pulled out feet first, and fell with a thud on the movable floor. Grumblings and mutterings were heard, but in half an hour all were ready, and at five o'clock in the morning we started the first day's work.

The six cattle-bosses each selected two men; we were given pails, and the bosses stood at the water-taps and filled the pails as we came up. Each bullock required about a bucket, and the whole number were watered in about an hour and a half. Then we had to wait an hour for breakfast—biscuits and tea. After a rest of an hour we were again routed out—by this time it was nearly ten o'clock.

The cattle-foreman and the bosses divided the men into two gangs for the handling of the cattle. Each foreman had three bosses and six or seven cattle-helpers—or "stiffs," as we were called—to take charge of the supply of fodder allotted to his half of the cattle. This equal division was necessary, as the cattle were shipped to England by two companies, who had their usual foreman in charge of the stock.

The morning's work, lasting until nearly ten o'clock, consisted of the men going in the hold and dragging bale after bale of hay to the opening of the hatch, where it was fastened to the tackle, pulled up, swung out, and lugged by the "stiffs" down the lines between the cattle. The wires were then cut, the hay shaken thoroughly from one end of the boat to the other, and tossed by folks into the pens. Bags of corn were also pulled up by tackle and given to the cattle. By one o'clock we were dead tired, and ready for dinner, which was a sort of thin soup and hunks of greasy meat.

At three o'clock the cattle were again watered, and more hay shaken out and fed to them, and the gangway between the pens throughout the whole boat was cleared of hay and swept clean for the night.

This mere chronicle of the general routine of the day does not imply that the work was particularly arduous—and it was not, after several days, when we had become somewhat accustomed to the work.

The first few days were dogged hard. Each bale of hay is no small weight, and dragging it half the length of the boat was somewhat exhausting. The bags of corn were about one hundred pounds each, and to throw one over your shoulder and walk with it—perhaps two hundred yards—requires strength and skill. The shaking of the hay on a hot day was a bit disagreeable, as a continual dust was caused by it, the stuff getting in your eyes and sifting through your clothes. No one wore more than was necessary, for it was stifling below the deck. The watering of the cattle was the least arduous of all the work. But, despite the hardships, the grumblings, the demand for

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better food, and the general dissatisfaction that is prevalent when people willingly chose and agree to accept existing conditions and then expect more, the general view of affairs was philosophic.

Of all my companions, the most pleased at the end of the first day was Mohammed. He said that one of the cows loved him, because he had kissed him with her tongue on his face.

CARRYING BAGS OF CORN.

The Cattle-Boat.

When we were accustomed to the routine, things went on very smoothly, and we soon found ourselves taking an interest in the cattle, in keeping our quarters ship-shape, and in working with some sort of system.

The whole length of the lower deck of the boat is used for the cattle. In this section is the galley, and a few cabins for petty officers. The fo'castle comprised the cabin of the cattle-foremen, and that of the cattle-bosses; aft larboard the cattle-helpers, and aft starboard the stokers.

The cattle-pens are formed by slipping boards into iron props which hold them securely in place. The cattle are tied firmly with an eight-foot rope, which is run through a hole in the hickory board, and tied on the outside in a figure eight knot. This board is the headboard, and the cattle are left about three feet leeway after being fastened for the entire trip. As they have a bed of hay, and plenty of food and care, their lot is not hard. There are times in winter when great gales blow up at night, when pens and head-boards are wrenched to pieces, and maddened cattle are flung about helplessly with gored sides and broken legs—then it is a matter of life and death for cattlemen to go among them in semi-darkness, and drive them back and bring some order out of the chaos.

If the "stiff," or "cattle-helper," wishes to risk being injured, his assistance is appreciated by the bosses and the foremen; but it is optional—this is not his duty, and he cannot be forced to go among the cattle against his will Unless a man knows how to handle bullocks, he had better not cultivate their acquaintance under trying circumstances, for he will be more of a hindrance than a help.

It is not often that a storm is so severe as to do great damage, for conditions of cattle-shipping have reached so high a degree of perfection that cattlemen are able to cope

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with any difficulty. I have seen cattlemen handle bullocks and meet situations that would unnerve a cowboy. There are no horses and lassoes, and no chance of escape—only men on their feet, with bare hands grappling wild cattle half maddened with fear.

On a large boat with twin screws, a fin keel, and powerful engines, there is only a slight motion, so the wind and storm has little effect. When all the hatches have been closed, and waves are sweeping the decks, there is hardly any motion on the boat, and the cattle are as peaceful as though in the stockyards.

The usual trip is without incident. Calm weather, watering and clearing up, with the spinning of yarns on deck when the work is over, and then sleep for another day's work. It is all very quiet and peaceful and healthy.

The Cattle-Bosses.

The cattle-bosses have direct charge of the "stiffs." As I have told you, this is the polite name given to all those who occupy the lowest rounds of the ladder in the experience of cattle-shipping. We are called "stiffs" because of our general ignorance and uselessness. Perhaps the name was originated by an ex-undertaker who afterwards became a cattle-boss.

I hardly know where to begin and end when speaking of the cattle-bosses. They lead a hard life, and as a class are a rough lot. Then I am immediately confronted with half-a-dozen cattle-bosses who are drifting on tramp lines somewhere between here and Rangoon—men whom I have known to share their last cent with a pal, and one man in particular who led as blameless a life as one could wish. He never swore, drank, nor smoked. He was interested in old cathedrals, and, strange to say, somewhat of an authority on Biblical history. At present he is a minister of the Gospel.

I call to mind another cattle-boss. He was an Oxford graduate, a man of good family, and in his drunken moods would reel off bits of the "Ars Poetica." He was always courteous, gentlemanly, and considerate. He drank—the demon, if it ever had a victim, had him by the throat. I have seen him fight against it, but it always conquered, and it would leave him inert and helpless, and always unhappy. The cattle-boat was a haven for him in one respect—for twenty days out of the thirty he could not drink.

Taking all in all, I have seen men far worse in all walks of life, but with this difference. The cattle-boss has no chance of a better influence coming into his life, for he does not remain long enough in any one place.

The Cattle-Foremen.

Of a different grade and calibre is a cattle-foreman. He must have been tried and found reliable, for the safety of men and cattle fall upon him. He must portion the supply of fodder so that it will last throughout the whole voyage. If any of the cattle become ill, he must know what to do. If the stock break loose at night, the foreman is the head and brains of all the men, and he must stay up until every bullock has been fastened again in its pen and everything is quiet and in perfect order; in a word, a cattle-foreman is a captain in the cattle-boat.

The foreman must be up at 4.30, and see that the water is fit for the cattle; then he must keep his eyes open and see that they are properly watered, and lend a hand when necessary. You will find, as is usual in cases of greatest responsibility in any business, that the cattle-foreman works harder than any of the bosses and "stiffs" under him. He is hard at work all day, from early morning until the last thing at night, and there are nights when he has no sleep at all.

The End of the Journey.

This subject of the cattle-boat is a most interesting and complex one. It seems simple, but one realises, when the boat steams up the Thames, and a tender comes out for the cattle, that this is just the threshold of a great enterprise. The cattle gang-plank is fastened to the side of a steamer, the pens are torn down, and the cattle are driven through the gangway to the tender, where they are jumbled promiscuously like so many sardines in a box. Then, when the lower deck is emptied of its animal cargo, and the steamer points nose towards Tilbury, with London Town in front, it all comes to you with a shock that the work is finished and that the journey will soon be at an end.

As I stood on the open deck, gliding past the lowlands, and coming closer and closer to our journey's end, I thought of the beginning of the trip—New York—nine days back—of my messmates, then strangers, now almost friends, and a thought crossed my mind of the best advice to give to a young man who wishes to work his passage as a cattle-helper. It is short and concise and practical, and it comes from a foreman: "Do your work and mind your own business."

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PULLING UP HAY AND CORN.

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"A RAINY DAY AT COOKHAM." BY FREDERICK WALKER.

From the picture in the South Kensington Museum.

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GILLATLY'S MARCH.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

IT was very hot in the little West African factory where trader Gillatly lay, with the perspiration streaming from him, propped up on his trestle bed. He was sick of fever, which, however, was nothing unusual in that country, and he had emerged from a sharp struggle with the malaria more often than he could remember. Still, it had left its mark on him, for he was gaunt, hollow-faced, and grim, a silent, self-contained man, who had made himself respected in a savage land, and, what was more to the purpose, had made the factory pay, in spite of the enmity of the bush magicians and Tuesday, the Mendi headman. It was, however, no fault of theirs that Gillatly was living still, for white men who incur the disapprobation of the dusky potentates occasionally die without apparent cause in that country, where there is nobody to hold an autopsy.

The black darkness of a great palm forest shut the lonely factory in, and no sound but the gurgle of the yellow river, down which the produce came, rose from outside, but a negro swathed in white cotton sat in a steamer-chair discoursing on politics in the musical bush tongue. He was also a trader and a comparatively honest man, and Carter, the book-keeper, listened anxiously, for there had been rumours of another native rising, which would interfere with the commerce of that factory. Gillatly, however, betrayed no particular interest until the bushman took himself away. Then he got up very shakily, moved across the room as though to test his strength, and dropped into a chair.

"It's serious. I think they mean it this time, and it's the first blow that counts," he said. "Unless Phillips has come up, there's only Jardine at the outpost."

It seemed to Carter that his superior was very ill that night, but Gillatly did not care to be worried about his health, so the book-keeper said: "You fancy Tuesday would risk a dash at the outpost?"

Gillatly nodded. "Every nigger who has a gun would join him if he burnt the place; and Jardine's very young. If you will order out the hammock-boys, I'll go along and warn him."

Carter protested. "It's a two-days' journey, and you're not fit for it. You will remember what the West Indias' doctor told you about your heart. If you are quite sure that fellow told us the truth, I'll go myself."

Gillatly smiled drily. "There has been something wrong with my heart the last ten years, and during that time I've kept my end up in spite of Tuesday and all his friends," he said. "I wouldn't like him to get ahead of me now; and if the outpost goes down, there will be very little trade done in this country. I've been through two risings, you see."

"I believe what happened at the last one was a trifle horrible?" said Carter.

Gillatly slowly clenched a clawlike hand. "It was too horrible to happen again. I was at the mission before the column got through, and I don't want to remember what I saw. Tinsley had his wife there, and a niece of his for female teacher. We couldn't tell which was which when we buried them together. But hadn't you better call the hammock-boys?"

Carter did so, and, when twenty minutes later a relay of woolly-haired bearers stood beneath the verandah, lifted Gillatly into the hammock. He gasped a little as he lay down, and Carter, who was not a demonstrative man, felt impelled to shake hands with him.

"I wish you had sent me instead," he said.

Gillatly smiled curiously. "You will be wanted here. For ten years I and headman Tuesday have spoiled each other's plans, and I'm not going to leave him a free hand now. The game has to be played out, and the stake is a big one."

Then the dusky bearers swung the hammock-pole to their woolly crowns, and faded into the night with a soft patter of naked feet, while Carter went back to the desolate factory. He had, when Gillatly was communicative—which was, however, not often the case—gleaned a few details of his ten-years'

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"Then he got up very shakily, moved across the room as though to test his strength, and dropped into a chair."

quarrel with the headman, and the black traders had told him more. It had been a bitter quarrel, fought out doggedly, one lonely white man, whose assistants usually died before they could help him much, pitted against the representative of the powers of darkness; but Gillatly had held his own, by open valour when it would avail him, and shrewd diplomacy. Once only had he called a detachment of the West Indias in, for he had found it wiser to play off the jealousy of the other tribes who dealt with him against the headman's schemes, and knew to a hair's-breadth how the balance should be adjusted. It was, of course, a risky game, but risks count for little in a land where no man

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knows how soon the fever may strike him down. Still, Carter, who did not like the curious greyness he had seen in Gillatly's face, was anxious about his chief that night.

In the meanwhile Gillatly's bearers were pushing on as fast as possible through the dripping forest aisles. Low-hanging withes of creepers smote them as they passed, thorns scarred their bare ankles, and rent the loose cotton robes that fluttered about them, while the way they trod was miry, and the black darkness thickened by drifting steam. They were not men who loved exertion, but Gillatly usually travelled in haste, and, sick or well, they were afraid of him. Black men passing through that forest without headman Tuesday's permit, were also not infrequently shot in the back with a gaspipe gun, and the bearers were woolly-haired aliens from Liberia. Accordingly, for their own sakes, they made what speed they could.

They halted an hour when the sun swung up above the forest and stray rays of brightness beat down into the steamy shade, and cooked a meal over a little fire, which was, for various reasons, put out as soon as possible. Gillatly, however, made his breakfast of a mouthful of brandy bitter with quinine, and said nothing to any of them. Then fresh bearers took up the pole, and the rest walked behind past endless colonnades of cottonwood trunks, until the foot-wide path plunged into a quaking swamp. Then, slashing a way with the matchet, they blundered through thickets of ten-foot cane, and floundered knee-deep, and sometimes waist-deep, in the foulest kind of mire, with a horrible smell of corruption rising about them, and the sunrays burning pitilessly down on Gillatly's hammock. It was afternoon, and every man was worn out, when they reached dry land again and hung the hammock between two palms. Frypan, the factory cook, stewed a sweet potato and sundry pieces of a fowl in yellow oil, and offered the mess to Gillatly, who abused him faintly and ate nothing. Frypan afterwards said his eyes were half-closed, and his lips the colour of a piece of cotton.

It was dark when they went on again, not because they wanted to, for they would much sooner have lain down to rest, but because everybody knew there were evil spirits in that forest, and men who now and then chopped travellers up with matchets, too, while the outpost was not very far away now. Still, they stopped again in an hour or two, and Frypan asked Gillatly if he wanted anything. He got no answer, and he and his companions stood silent about the hammock, with the mist, which was hot like steam, drifting past them. Their master was evidently very ill indeed, for, though one of them pinched him, he said nothing whatever.

Then fear came upon them, for as yet they had felt that if there was any difficulty with matchet-armed bushmen or spirits, Gillatly, whom they had confidence in, would deliver them. They had more than once seen him drive a mob of discontented customers, some of whom had gaspipe guns, out of the factory, when it was only by an effort he kept on his feet, but there was evidently little to be expected from a man who could not speak. Still, they could reach the outpost in another two hours' march, and they started, worn-out as they were, at a shuffling run. The hammock lurched and jolted, and once or twice the men who carried it fell down, but Gillatly made no protest. Their legs were rent by thorns, there was very little cotton left on some of them, but still, with the haste that fear gives, they held on.

In the meanwhile, Phillips, the officer of armed constabulary, who had just arrived there, sat talking with Lieutenant Jardine, of the West India battalion, in the outpost. A stockade straggled about it, and the handful of black soldiers, who had spent a few unpleasant weeks there, were asleep. Phillips' detachment were also asleep in another tottering shed, for the West Indias were troops of the Line, and looked down, with some little reason, upon the barefooted policemen. Their character, indeed, was not of the best, and in the case of one or two of the other detachments their presence in any district was not invariably regarded as a benefit; but Phillips, who picked Mohammedans when he could get them, had chosen and drilled his half-company well, and convinced them that it was a perilous thing to disobey him.

It was very stuffy in the bare room, and the big paraffin lamp diffused an unpleasant smell, though the door into the verandah was open, and the steamy draughts came in. It was also too hot to sleep, and Phillips lay, tired with the long march, in his chair. There was a good deal of mire still about him, and his uniform was considerably the worse for wear. His face was, as usual, almost expressionless, and he had curiously steady eyes, for he knew a good deal about that country, and what he had seen there would probably have sufficed to make most men grave. Jardine knew more about tennis and amateur dramatics, and was usually somewhat fastidious about his attire, though

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"Gillatly's bearers were pushing on as fast as possible."

he had very little beyond his pyjamas on just then.

"Of course I'm glad to see you, but it really wasn't necessary to send you up," he said. "My men are quite enough to keep order here, and the bushmen have been behaving in an almost suspiciously exemplary manner."

Phillips smiled a little. "Exactly," he said. "When they're unusually quiet, it's a sign there is mischief on hand. Have you seen Gillatly the last week or two?"

"No," and Jardine made a little gesture of impatience. "I went over twice, and he didn't seem especially cordial, though perhaps the fault was mine. You see, I'm in charge

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up here, and not Gillatly, and as he did not appear to recognise the fact, I had to remind him of it delicately."

There was a faint twinkle in Phillips's eyes, but he only said: "You have seen nothing that would suggest there is anything in the rumours about a rising?"

Jardine laughed. "No," he said. "A bushman came in and told me Tuesday was getting ready to cut the white men's throats; and when he asked for half a sovereign's worth of cotton, I gave it him. Next day another fellow came along and said the first one was a fraud and didn't know the right tale. He was prepared to tell it me, but he wanted twice as much cotton. There was, however, no making anything of what he had to say, except that I was not to believe the other fellow's story; and the fact is, I'm getting sceptical about the thing."

Phillips lighted a cigar. "Well," he said drily, "we will hope you're right; but the one white man who could tell us what is going on is Gillatly."

There was silence after this, and Phillips sat staring thoughtfully into the blue cigar-smoke. He knew nothing definite about what was happening in the bush, but he suspected a good deal, and one thing was plain. Any success that chief Tuesday might, if he came out, achieve would start a conflagration that a strong battalion of West Indias could scarcely extinguish. He had also lighted his second cigar when the hoarse cry of a sentry rose from beyond the stockade, and there was a shouting in the bush. Then a black policeman came up the stairway and raised his hand in salute.

"White man lib!" he said.

Phillips glanced at Jardine. "Gillatly!" he said. "We will hear something now."

They went down together, and the stockade gate swung open. A West India sergeant stood in front of it holding a lantern, and a barelegged policeman with bayonet glinting over his ordered rifle on either side. Then, amidst a patter of weary feet, the bearers came in, gasping, thorn-scarred, and tattered, with fear in their dusky faces, and a hammock jolting in the midst of them. They appeared vastly relieved when the stockade gate swung to behind them.

"Halt!" said Jardine. "This way with the lantern, sergeant. You seem to have come along in a hurry, Mr. Gillatly."

There was no answer, and Jardine laid his hand on the hammock awning, and, for no apparent reason, stopped a moment. Still, he could see the vague terror in the bearers' faces. Then, while the sergeant raised the lantern, he flung the awning back, and gasped. Gillatly, who did not move at all, was staring at him with glassy eyes.

"Good Heavens!" he said hoarsely, "the man is dead!"

There was a murmur of voices, for the bearers had also seen; but Phillips, who asked a few questions, raised his hand. "Silence there!" he said. "Bearers, march! Bring that lantern to the armoury, sergeant."

The bearers shuffled forward, and when Phillips made a sign, the sergeant, who did not seem desirous of lingering, went out with them, leaving the white men alone with Gillatly. Phillips glanced at him gravely.

"I wonder what he has to tell us," he said.

Jardine, who had been looking at something more pleasant, turned to his comrade. "Can't you understand?" he said a trifle hoarsely. "Gillatly will never tell us anything."

Phillips shook his head. "It was not without a purpose he left his factory, very sick; and when Gillatly took a thing in hand, he usually accomplished it. You see, I knew him. Yes, here's a pencil. Roll back the hammock-cloth."

Jardine did it with a shiver, and a little greasy pocket-book fell out. Phillips picked it up, and stood flicking over the pages with the lamplight on his face. There was no doubt in it, only a quiet expectancy, as though he knew what he would find.

"Trading accounts; lists of gum and rubber packets," he said. "Nothing on this page, either—but here it is. I knew he had brought a message for us."

He laid the book in Jardine's hand, which shook a little as he read, with difficulty: "Expect Tuesday and his fighting boys soon after you see me."

Phillips stood for a moment very straight beside the dead man, who stared up at him with sightless eyes, and swung up his hand to his big sun-helmet. Then he touched Jardine's shoulder and drew him away.

"He never wasted words, and the writing tells its story very plain," he said. "It is what one would have expected from Gillatly, and quite enough. He was a match for Tuesday, living, and he has struck a blow which, I think, will smash him, dead."

Jardine asked no questions, for he knew what men thought of Phillips. "I shall be glad to do what you suggest," he said.

Phillips called the black sergeant.

"Fall your men in as quietly as you can," he said.

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There was a patter of naked feet and a jingle of steel. Shadowy objects appeared in the compound and fell into line, broke up into little groups again, and moved towards the stockade. Then the gate swung open, and Phillips's policemen flitted out of it file by file. They sank into the blackness of the bush, the last faint footfall died away, and deep silence settled down again upon the lonely outpost. Still, Jardine's heart beat faster than usual as he stood in an angle of the stockade, staring at the darkness which encompassed him. He could neither see nor hear anything, and the impressive silence remained unbroken while an hour went by.

Then there was a crackle of undergrowth outside the stockade, a sentry cried out, and a gaspipe gun flashed. A howl came out of the blackness, and shadowy objects came running towards the stockade. They never reached it, for Jardine, who had grown suddenly and portentously collected, raised his voice. Then the blaze of a volley lighted the stockade and there was a smashing of undergrowth that was drowned by shrieks and cries. The ejector levers rattled—for the magazine had not come in then—the rifles flashed again, and headman Tuesday's bushmen melted away as silently as they came. They had doubtless expected to fall upon half-awake and unarmed men, but still, in place of the one they had intended, another surprise awaited them.

A crackle of riflery broke out in their rear, and Phillips's policemen met them as they fled. A few dropped their arms and stood still; most threw them down and ran, which was probably wise of them. Then, for Phillips risked no pursuit, the bugles rang hoarsely, and there was a shout from the West Indias when the policemen came back with a group of prisoners in the midst of them. Most of these were flung into the guardroom, where the West Indias tied their wrists and ankles; but Phillips led two or three into the light beneath the verandah, and pointed to one who held himself scornfully erect and was dressed in loose white cotton.

"This is a somewhat famous man who has managed to retard the progress of this district for at least ten years," he said. "I don't know if you recognise him."

"Headman Tuesday!" said Jardine.

Phillips nodded. "I want you to take especial care of him until I can march him to the coast. He is worth it. I did not consider it advisable to follow the others in the dark; but there will be no more talk of rebellion in this district now. It seems to me we owe a good deal to Gillatly."

The negro stopped him with a gesture. "If I had known that you were here, I would not have come, for I could have burned a mission and waited until the others joined me," he said in his own tongue. "Still, there is a thing I do not understand. You were waiting ready."

Phillips nodded, and signed to an orderly that he wanted a lantern. Then, as they passed the door of the armoury, with two files behind them, he opened it and flung the light within.

"It was," he said, "Gillatly who told me."

The headman glanced at the rigid object beneath the hammock-cloth and made a curious little gesture.

"That man's Ju-Ju is a great one. He is the one of you who knew everything, and for ten years he has mocked at me," he said. "But he is dead; and it was not my people who killed him."

Phillips smiled grimly. "Yes," he said. "He was dead when he told me. You were foolish, Tuesday. How could you expect to beat the white men, when one of them who had no tongue to speak with was too strong for you?"

"He had a great Ju-Ju," said the headman. "There are not many of you like him."

He was bestowed in a storeroom, with a policeman to keep him company and a West India outside the door; for headman Tuesday was not without his pride, and the African appears to possess a curious facility for shuffling out of this life which other peoples are not endued with. Phillips had also no desire that his prisoner should accomplish his own extinction, because he fancied the Government would prefer the task left to them.

A few injured men were brought in, a guard posted, and the white men went to sleep. But before the sun was high next morning the troops fell in again, and West India and barelegged policemen followed with arms reversed when Gillatly started on his last march. They stopped, however, beside an open trench where Phillips, standing bareheaded, recited as much of the last office as he could remember—and he had heard it more often than he cared about in that country. Four aliens in blue uniform raised the hammock and lowered it at a sign, there was a rattle of flung down mould, and with a rhythmic tramping and jingle of steel the rest came back again.

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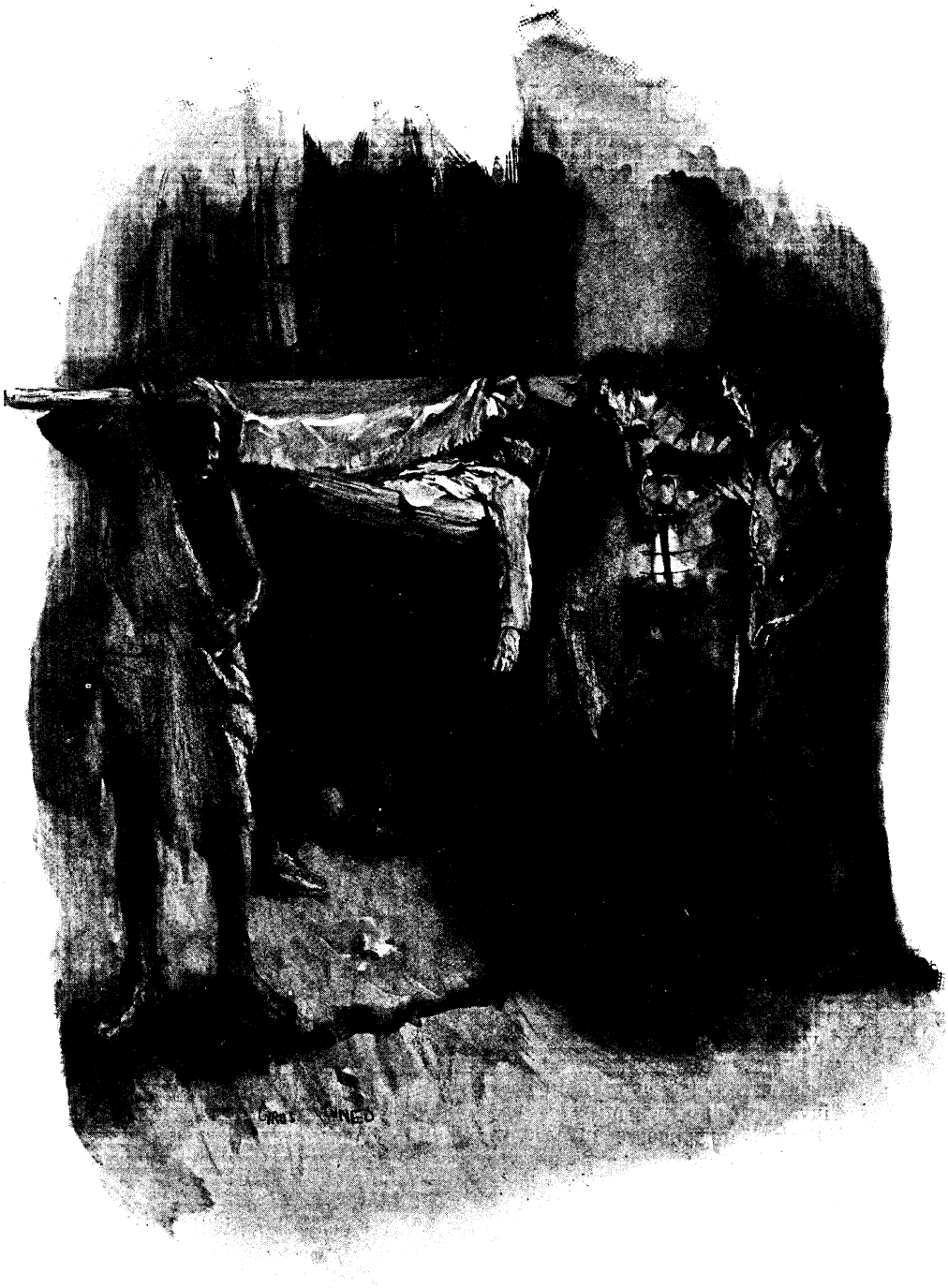

"'Good Heavens!' he said hoarsely, 'the man is dead!'"

Then headman Tuesday, who, seated with two guards behind him, had watched from the verandah, spoke to Phillips as he went by.

"He will not come back," he said. "Five years I waited, and, but for that man, I would have burnt this place and driven you into the sea. It will not be so the Government will bury me."

"No," said Phillips drily, "I don't think it will."

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THE PROFESSION OF PORSON.

By FRANCES RIVERS.

TO his acquaintances, Major-General Sir William Griffiths, K.C.S.I., C.B., presented the appearance of a soldier-like, shrewd-looking man; they had even been heard, when they wished to flatter him, to call him businesslike-looking. To his friends, a gleam of what might best be described as sentiment, which lurked in his eyes to betray him impressionable, forced them to dissent from this latter conclusion. The countenance which faced the General every morning, reflected in his shaving-glass, he himself, had he been asked to pronounce upon it, would have declared to be that of a man "never to be taken in."

Perspicacity! He could quote fifty instances in support of the fact that possession of this quality had, on as many occasions, saved that mirrored man from disaster.

Human nature! That man knew it both inside and out, and carried its measure in his waistcoat pocket.

Make believe! Even that springhead of civilisation couldn't deceive him.

In reality the instincts of the General sought, primarily, the gratification of others; but these instincts he forced to masquerade under the semblance of indulgence of self. His nature was, in fact, dual, being compounded in about equal parts of impulse and caution. Therefore, when he did foolish things, he invariably did them wisely; and when he did wise things, he as invariably did them foolishly.

It was as though with a conscious and half-humorous concession to this equipoise, that he persistently instructed the hall-porter of the Megatherium to say "Not in the Club," should Mr. Porson call; and then, when he did, eagerly to attract the attention of that gentleman by allowing himself to be discovered sitting on the bench outside its portals, where, from two to four o'clock, it was his daily habit to take the air during the London Season. The frequenting of this exterior vestibule of the Megatherium had grown into an institution with many of its members, who were wont to assemble there, and, whilst looking into Pall Mall, expound to each other their views on the general comeliness and uncomeliness of things.

Breathing the pleasant air, feeling the genial sun-heat, there they chattered and joked and laughed, drawing the tolerant attention, or none at all, of passers-by, according to the social status of the latter; resolving, amongst themselves, many knotty questions which related chiefly to the parsimony displayed by the Government in matters military, and the reprehensible want of resistance to such policy on the part of the War Office; the murmur of conversation rising melodiously above the hum of the traffic, deadened by distance, to an inobtrusive accompaniment.

Eleven steps, which every one of the eleven hundred members who frequented the Club climbed every day, counted, led from the pavement to this entrance-porch, and as Porson came up these steps on this particular afternoon the babble of conversation was at its height.

A stir of recognition, as a wave, moved the semicircle of people as, friendly, affable, with a word of recognition here, a smile there, he put his company up, as it were, to auction, to let it fall to the highest bidder. It fell now, as it had of late not infrequently done, to the General, who, inwardly pleased, outwardly wearing an exaggerated expression of reluctance, rose, and with a sufficiently amiable "Come along!" which had some similitude to a snapping growl, proceeded to take Porson to the smoking-room, there to offer hospitality, the acceptance of which needed no pressing.

The General hoped that the assembly which he left behind in the porch would note this apparent disinclination on his part to move, for he had lately detected, or thought that he had, a relinquishing, in his favour, of Porson's coveted society, which had grazed the edge of his sensitive vanity.

He sank back into the slippery ease of the big, red leather armchair, prepared to show some resentment, for although his nature was unvext of parsimony, he felt displeasure as

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"'We'll have those,' said he."

a suspicion of his friend's errand resolved to certainty. To the better whipping of his disposition to refusal point, he fell to consideration of the annoyance he was experiencing in being dragged in from the sunshine; of future days on which similar annoyances would be sure to happen; that the smooth course of his life would become nothing more nor less than broken up, as is a sentence by a parenthesis, unless the incursions of this man could be stopped; and, lastly, as though to brace himself to the strength of resistance required by conditions of self-preservation, and properly to repel further demands for help, he reminded himself that this, far from being the Golden Age in which gold was lightly scattered, was the practical twentieth century.

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He knew by past experience that he would need all these wedges of consideration to keep closed the doors of his generosity against the attacks of this persistent Irishman; knew that there was no remotely powerful imagery lying at the bottom of his mind that this man would not disinter and fling with all his force against them. Yet, following two trains of thought, as his mind often would, the General was conscious that he was really delighted to see Porson, for between the two there was a secret treaty of inclination in force, as there always is between the imaginative man and the ne'er-do-weel.

Porson had, for the General, an extraordinary power of attracting and attaching him to the unknown, making him constantly ask from himself the same questions which others, knowing him intimate with Porson, were as constantly asking from him.

He looked critically at his friend now, and was sharply conscious of his failure to classify him. He saw a tall, rotund, handsome, clear-eyed man, in appearance neither extraordinary nor abnormal, but whose profession, if he had one other than popularity, fought shy of detection, the difficulty being not in deciding

"'He was the only one who thought of paying the wife the compliment of bringing her flowers.'"

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what he was not, but in fixing what he was or had been. Even his age was a puzzling enigma to solve; he might be either a young man who looked old, or an old man who looked young.

He was not loud enough in the cut of his clothes for the City; yet, on the other hand, he was too conventionally garbed to hail from Prague. He was clean-shaved, but neither the mobility of the actor, nor the austerity of the Church, nor the cynicism of the Bar, was revealed by his mouth, of which the lines, turning upwards at the corners, removed him, also, by plausibility and versatility, from both combatant and scientific classes.

All that Sir William really knew of Porson was that he was ingenious, irregularly clever, perennially youthful, valiantly courageous, fighting manfully with his tongue, a weapon tempered by many tentative skirmishes with Fortune, in order to keep his self-respect from crossing that moral line of demarcation which usually so obviously exists between the beggar and the begged-from; above all, appearing to flourish in that wondrous state of irresponsibility that he himself, having no knowledge of, found, above all other things, most attractive.

He was apt to say that Porson had been content for so many years to take the Future upon trust, that, in return for this embezzled confidence, the Present extended over him a protecting, benignant hand.

In Porson's society, Griffiths saw the minds of other men, were they ordinarily ever so dull, become sharpened to a point that fell little short of brilliancy. No acquaintance with him could be so slight or so casual as not to leave upon the memory of the man who had achieved it an increased respect for his own powers of entertainment. The General also saw that Porson imparted to others, with indescribable art, his own ideas —ideas that set the faculty of risibility, in these others, bubbling and dancing like champagne, ideas that they imagined their own and saw poised in the air, sufficiently long time to call the originator's attention to and get labelled by him as wit, ere they dropped into Time's pit of oblivion; whence, when afterwards these men sought to disinter them, for the amusement of other friends, they never reappeared in the same humorous guise.

The General had heard it rumoured that, to the serious-minded, Porson discoursed of the merits of the Service at Farm Street; or could enlighten them on the subject of Christian Science Worship, as conducted under the ministrations of the priestesses, in Bryanston Street; that, by the more frivolous, he was relied on for the latest news, the latest scandal; and, although never ill-natured, that his stories of mutual friends were both piquant and personal. He knew his friend's range of subjects to be immense; his topics felicitous; that his mind, as a projected shadow, embraced, for the time being, those of his companions, no matter how great their number.

Porson always seemed—it was one of his many attractive qualities—to be approaching the point of imparting confidence; but in the opinion of the General, not even those who were most familiar with his I.O.U.'s had ever reached with him the point itself. Griffiths recalled that "how he lived" and "where he lived" were mysteries, which many who had had the inclination had never had the power to solve. "How he does live!" he had heard sighed by the improvident with envy, when the *chef* of a fashionable restaurant had shown special study of Porson's palate; and "How does he live?" he had heard ask by the provident, with wonder, when a brand of cigars with the recommendation, "Porson smokes them," had called their attention to his name.

In the opinion of Griffiths, Porson took Chance for his valet, and left it to look after, as weighty baggage, his obligations; whilst, as personal belongings, he carried a certain caustic wit, the weight of which he was ever on the alert to transfer to the weaknesses of any whom he might encounter. That wit—the General appraised it now, raising his glass of whisky-and-soda and conning over its rim his friend's face—the source from which Porson derived his income, which, somehow, succeeded in securing for itself regular payment, as if it had been a yacht's captain or Government annuitant, was a valuable commodity; and not the less so because the price was fixed by those who paid it. Porson, as its value, himself indicated no specific sum. It was possibly, the General acknowledged, a sign of his real cleverness, that he was, to all appearances, as willing to dine at a Soho restaurant as at the Carlton; and it stood largely to his credit that not one of his entertainers but felt, after dinner, perfectly satisfied that he had made the sharpest possible bargain with amusement and, in return for his hospitality, received full value.

The spirits of the General rose to the surface of good humour at this last recollec-

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tion. He shrewdly, if dumbly, determined that this day at least he would put a low price on his friend's marketable wares.

But, as the alkali of perversion warred with and softened the acidity of his determination, he also resolved that he would find some way of being gracious that would not involve the passing of a piece of waste paper, in his acceptance of which, when handing it to him, Porson had always made him feel small.

He beamed across the table, the gleam of sentiment before mentioned shining in his eyes.

Porson, always on the alert, recognised acquiescence in the presumptive request, winked familiarly from his friend's orbs, as though to proclaim that the propitious moment had come in which to proffer his demand. Then, as if by favour of an auspicious power, he, in the most happy manner, with that incomparable instinct for making the best of psychological moments which ever marks the true *chevalier d'industrie*, seized upon opportunity to its mastery. His imagination, quaint and far-reaching, never long at fault, flashed out now a most felicitous notion. The cause, when the time had come for him to produce it, had not been far to seek. His wife, that ailing, dearly loved, never-seen-of-his-acquaintances wife, must do, to the General, the duty she had fulfilled to others a hundred times before. Pathos, in conjugal form, was bound to appeal to him in his position of bachelor; so, Porson, with admirable persuasiveness, drew a touching picture of Cupid in spectacles and with the dragging gait of age, which is a guise sympathetic if not beautiful. He spoke with much earnestness, with an outlay of all the imagery of his Irish mind; with all the eloquence of which he was admittedly a master, and with a dexterity that surprised himself. There is a certain distinction, it amounts almost to romantic beauty, which attaches itself to the husband of a sick wife.

Griffiths felt the full force of the appeal, the point of which pierced the vulnerable place, romance, in his breast—the place that the fine broadcloth of his well-cut coat kept ill-concealed from the shrewd eyes of his visitor.

Because one man owed the other man considerable amounts of money, was it any reason why a kindly courtesy should not be performed towards that first man's poor, suffering wife? No, certainly not. Griffiths thought how much he would have appreciated such an act towards his wife, had he happened to possess one. Then, as a definite plan of campaign opened up to his view, the possibility of a strategic success, he laughed the satisfied laugh of one who gets, in an unsuspected way, the better of a friend.

"I think that I should like to be the means of giving your wife a little pleasure."

"Would you really?" asked Porson, alert, educing sudden hope from the smile that curved upwards the corners of the General's mouth. "That is very good of you. It happens," he calculated the credulity-gauge of the General, "that to-day is her birthday."

"Then come along," said Griffiths, pleased with his own little, harmless plot: its inception once certain, its growth was now one of steady progression, a triumph of subtlety. "You mustn't dictate to me; you must let me have my own way." Thereupon, with an inimitably cute expression on his face, he slipped his arm through that of Porson and propelled him gently towards the door.

Porson, with a provident eye on the coming benefit, was so anxious to assure the man beside him of his good faith and good feeling, that he would willingly have gone, not only arm-in-arm, but with arm round neck, had circumstances demanded and decorum permitted a manner so fallen from convention. Thus linked in friendliness, the two turned their faces towards that thoroughfare, worn smooth by well-shod feet, Piccadilly. Arrived at a well-known flower-shop, the General arrested his steps. Then Porson's attitude of affability suffered modification, he withdrew from within that of his friend his arm, and his spirits fell as a lark drops from mid-air, sudden, to the ground. Recovering himself from this disappointment, his first impulse was to laugh—the foolish, nervous laugh of a man on whom an irritating, practical joke had been played, as he followed the General into the shop.

Being a bit of a horticulturist, Griffiths brought to bear upon the choice of flowers, which he instructed the young lady in Foliman's to despatch to Mrs. Porson, that taste and judgment which confers even upon a commercial transaction a touch of refinement.

"We'll have those," said he, envisaging, from an invalid's point of view, some rare specimens of orchids, and indicating by a nod that they should be included in the basket. "Ah! my dear fellow," he turned to Porson, "had I only had earlier notice, I would with pleasure have sent to your wife,

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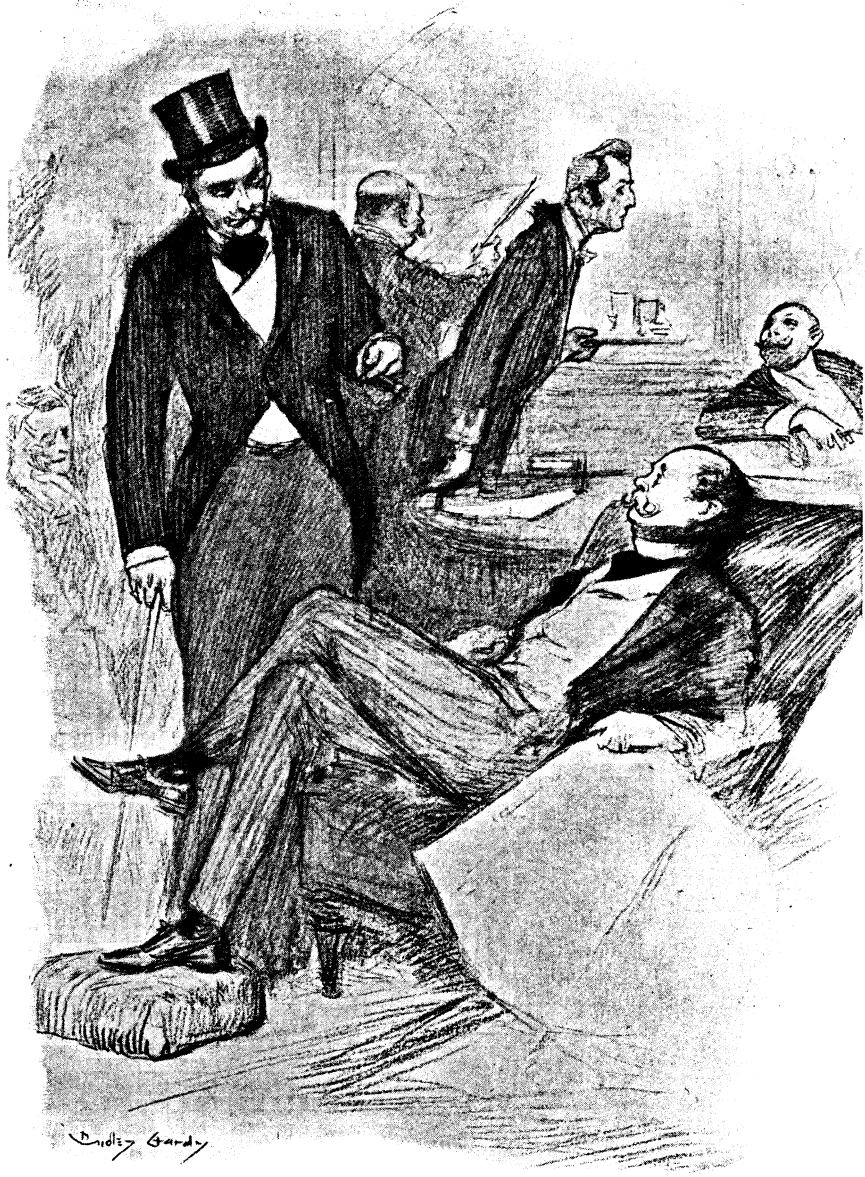

"'My wife thinks him one of the most interesting people she has ever come across.'"

from my own conservatories, something worthy of her acceptance; cheerfully have opened to her the doors of my own orchid-house."

Porson gave a wave of the head, as much as to say, of that even she was not worthy. He stood, at acrid gaze, whilst the General chose roses, lilies, stephanotis, and gardenias to be added to the pile; yielding himself to the enjoyments of his kindly instinct and revelling in the pride of doing more than would, in similar circumstances, others, either from want of knowledge or from economy.

The thanks of Porson were spoken with an admirable urbanity, and the General listened and smiled upon him with something that might have been described as a tinge of mockery in his eyes; and as alone he slowly took his way back to the Megatherium, several chuckles escaped from his lips.

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The next day, as, in the Club porch, Major-General Griffiths, according to his invariable custom, gleaned that scanty effulgence known to Londoners under the name of sun, he was accosted by his friend Davis. The conversation, as usual, worked round to Porson.

"What a charming fellow he is!" said Davis.

"Capital!" said the General, doubly acquiescent, being still pleased with the nimble imagination he had yesterday portrayed.

"Great friend of yours?"

"Great," said Griffiths.

"Such tact!"

"Enormous."

"And good feeling!"

"Hum," said Griffiths.

"You don't agree with me?" quoth Davis.

"Oh, certainly!" said Griffiths hurriedly. "It is his gift of romance I was, perhaps, for the moment more conscious of."

"Ah, yes! I can believe him quite romantic."

"But," said the General, puzzled, and trying to find why so much difference should exist between the substantive and the adjective, "I thought you hardly knew him."

"I didn't till yesterday, but as I was going off home to dinner, I stopped in Piccadilly to look into a print-shop; curiously enough, Porson stopped to do the same thing."

"Did he?" said the General.

"Then we got talking of things, and I asked him to come in and join the Tamasha the missus and I had on last night. You remember; you said you would not be able to come."

"Couldn't," corrected the General.

"Porson asked if you were to be there?"

"Did he?" said Griffiths, gratified. "But of course he couldn't join you, either?"

"He did; and was the life and soul of the party. And out of all the men who came, he was the only one who thought of paying the wife the compliment of bringing her flowers."

"Flowers! and did he take her flowers?" said the General.

"Yes; and not ordinary ones, either, but selected with the greatest care. My wife was enormously pleased."

"Was she?"

"Don't you think it a gracious, kindly thing to have done?"

"Excessively so," said the General.

"My wife thinks him one of the most interesting people she has ever come across. He's improvident, of course, for I hear he's over head and ears in debt."

"Always is," said Griffiths.

"Yes; but particularly so now."

"Why particularly now?"

"Because he told me, or rather let me drag it out of him——" Davis broke off. "Of course you know he has an invalid wife?"

"I've heard of her," said the General.

"Frightfully querulous, too, I should say, for she appears to drive that poor fellow about——"

"How?" interrupted Griffiths.

"How do you suppose he spent yesterday afternoon?"

Griffiths shook his head. He felt that the length of Porson's tether was morally, intellectually, and physically beyond his ken.

"Trying to get a man to pay him fifty pounds."

"Did he owe it to him?"

"Porson didn't exactly say so, but I understood him it was a debt."

"And the man wouldn't pay?"

"My dear General, do you find men ever pay?"

"No, I don't often find them pay."

"Well! Porson wanted this fifty pounds, that he might take his wife for a week to Brighton. It appears she's got a birthday coming off one day next week, and fifty sovereigns would have enabled him to give her the change. He said: "I give you my honour I haven't five shillings to my name."

The General shook his head; he knew the offered voucher as too worn to be of much value.

"Well?" he asked.

Davis hesitated. "I was quite nervous at offering to such a paladin so paltry a sum; but, gathering from all quarters my pluck, I did just muster up enough courage to say: "Would you accept from me a loan of fifty pounds and carry out your idea?"

The General's eyes swam in a glow of delighted amusement. "He took it?" he asked.

"With a delicacy that was an honour to the whole human race. I felt awfully grateful."

Then did Porson rise in the estimation of the General as he called to mind how La Rochefoucauld has said: "It requires a really great man to know how to derive benefit from every incident in his fate."

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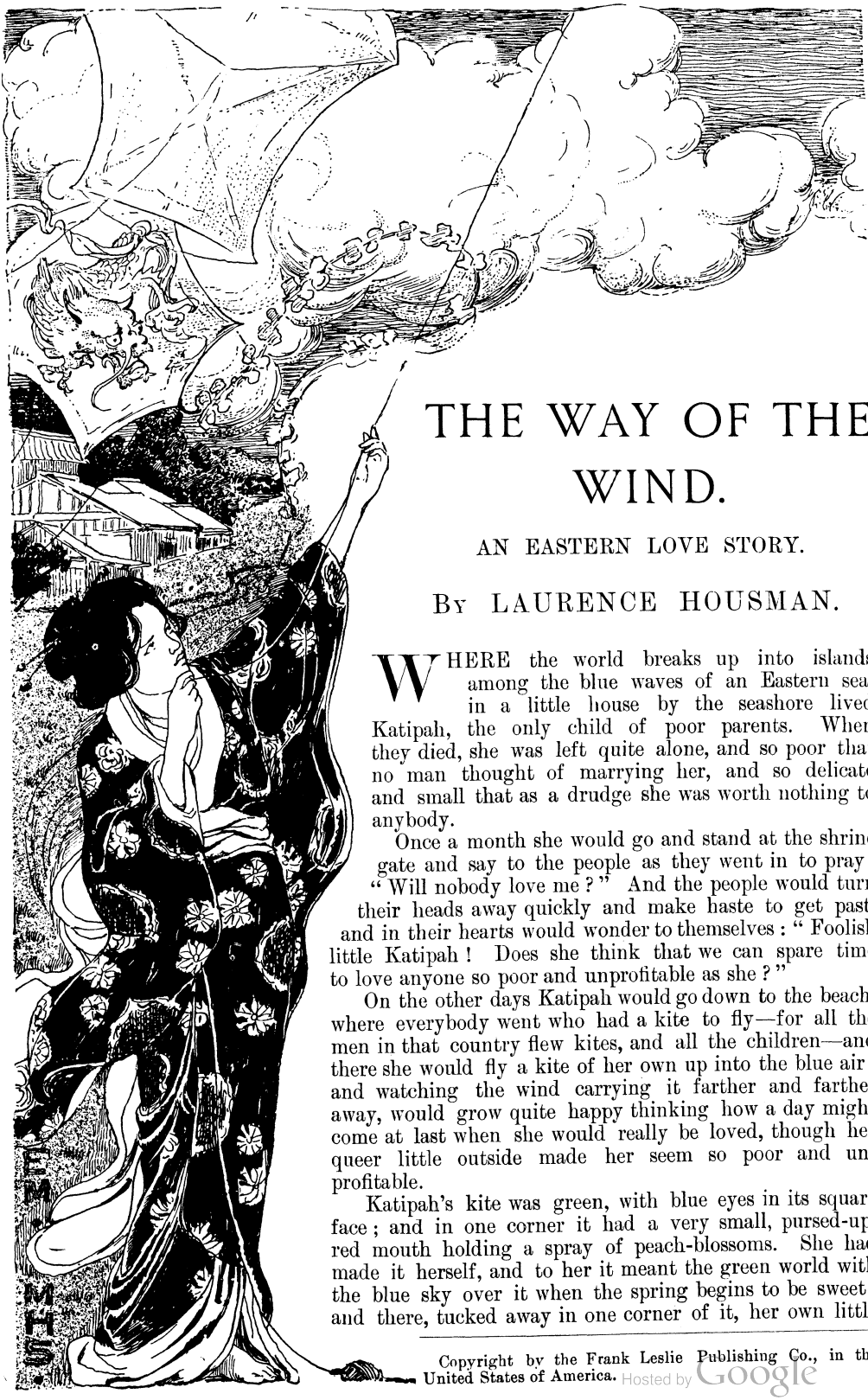

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

AN EASTERN LOVE STORY.

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

WHERE the world breaks up into islands among the blue waves of an Eastern sea, in a little house by the seashore lived Katipah, the only child of poor parents. When they died, she was left quite alone, and so poor that no man thought of marrying her, and so delicate and small that as a drudge she was worth nothing to anybody.

Once a month she would go and stand at the shrine gate and say to the people as they went in to pray: "Will nobody love me?" And the people would turn their heads away quickly and make haste to get past, and in their hearts would wonder to themselves: "Foolish little Katipah! Does she think that we can spare time to love anyone so poor and unprofitable as she?"

On the other days Katipah would go down to the beach, where everybody went who had a kite to fly—for all the men in that country flew kites, and all the children—and there she would fly a kite of her own up into the blue air; and watching the wind carrying it farther and farther away, would grow quite happy thinking how a day might come at last when she would really be loved, though her queer little outside made her seem so poor and unprofitable.

Katipah's kite was green, with blue eyes in its square face; and in one corner it had a very small, pursed-up, red mouth holding a spray of peach-blossoms. She had made it herself, and to her it meant the green world with the blue sky over it when the spring begins to be sweet; and there, tucked away in one corner of it, her own little

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warm mouth, waiting and wishing to be kissed; and out of all that wishing and waiting the blossom of hope was springing, never to be let go.

All around her were hundreds of others flying their kites, and all had some wish or prayer to Fortune. But Katipah's wish and prayer were only that she might be loved.

The silver sandhills lay in loops and chains round the curve of the blue sky, and all along them flocks of gaily coloured kites hovered and fluttered and sprang. And as they went up into the clear air, the wind sighing in the strings was like the crying of a child. "Wahoo! wahoo!" Every kite seemed to cradle the wailings of an invisible infant as it went mounting, spreading its thin apron to the wind.

"Wahoo! wahoo!" sang Katipah's blue-and-green kite. "Shall I ever be loved by anybody?" And Katipah, keeping fast hold of the string, would watch where it mounted and looked so small, and think that surely some day her kite would bring her the only thing she wished much.

Katipah's next-door neighbour had everything that her own lonely heart wished for; not only had she a husband, but a fine baby as well. Yet she was such a jealous, cross-grained body that she seemed to get no happiness out of the fortune Heaven had sent her. Husband and child seemed both to have caught the infection of her bitter temper; all day and night beating and brawling went on; there seemed to be no peace in that house.

But for all that, the woman, whose name was Bimsha, was quite proud of being a wife and mother; and in the daytime, when her man was away, she would look over the fence and laugh at Katipah, crying boastfully: "Don't think you will ever have a husband, Katipah; you are too poor and unprofitable! Look at me and be envious."

One morning in the beginning of the year, Katipah went up on to the hill under the plum-boughs, white with bloom, to gather field-sorrel for her midday meal; and as she stooped with all her hair blowing all over her face, and her skirts knotting and billowing round her pretty brown ankles, she felt as if someone had kissed her from behind.

"That cannot be!" thought Katipah, with her fingers fast on a stalk of field-sorrel; "it is too soon for anything so good to happen." She

picked the sorrel composedly and put it into her basket. But now, not to be mistaken, arms came round her and she *was* kissed.

She stood up and put her hands into her breast, quite afraid lest her little heart, which had grown so light, should be caught by a puff of wind and blown right away out of her bosom, and over the hill and into the sea, and be drowned.

But her eyes could not leave her in doubt: there by her side stood a handsome youth with quick-fluttering, posy-embroidered raiment. His long, dark hair was full of white plum-blossoms, as though he had just pushed his head through the branches above. His hands also were loaded with the same, and they kept sifting out of his long sleeves whenever he moved his arms. Under the hem of his robe, Katipah could see that he had herons' wings bound about his ankles.

"He must be very good," thought Katipah, "to be so beautiful! And indeed he must be very good to kiss poor me!"

"Katipah," said the wonderful youth, "though you do not know me, I know you. It is I who so often helped you to fly your green kite by the shore. I have been up there, and have looked into its blue eyes, and kissed its little red mouth which held the peach-blossom. It was I who made songs in its strings for your heart to hear.

"I am the West Wind, Katipah, the wind that brings fine weather. 'Gammon-gata' you must call me, who bring back the wings that fly, till the winter be over. And now I have come down to earth to fetch you away and make you my wife. Will you come, Katipah?"

"I will come, Gammon-gata!" said Katipah, and she crouched and kissed his feet; then she stood up and let herself go into his arms.

"To come with me," said the Wind, "you need to have much courage; if you have not, you must wait till you learn it. But none the less for that shall you be the wife of Gammon-gata, for I am the gate of the wild geese, as my name says, and my heart is foolish with love of you."

Gammon-gata took her up in his arms and swung

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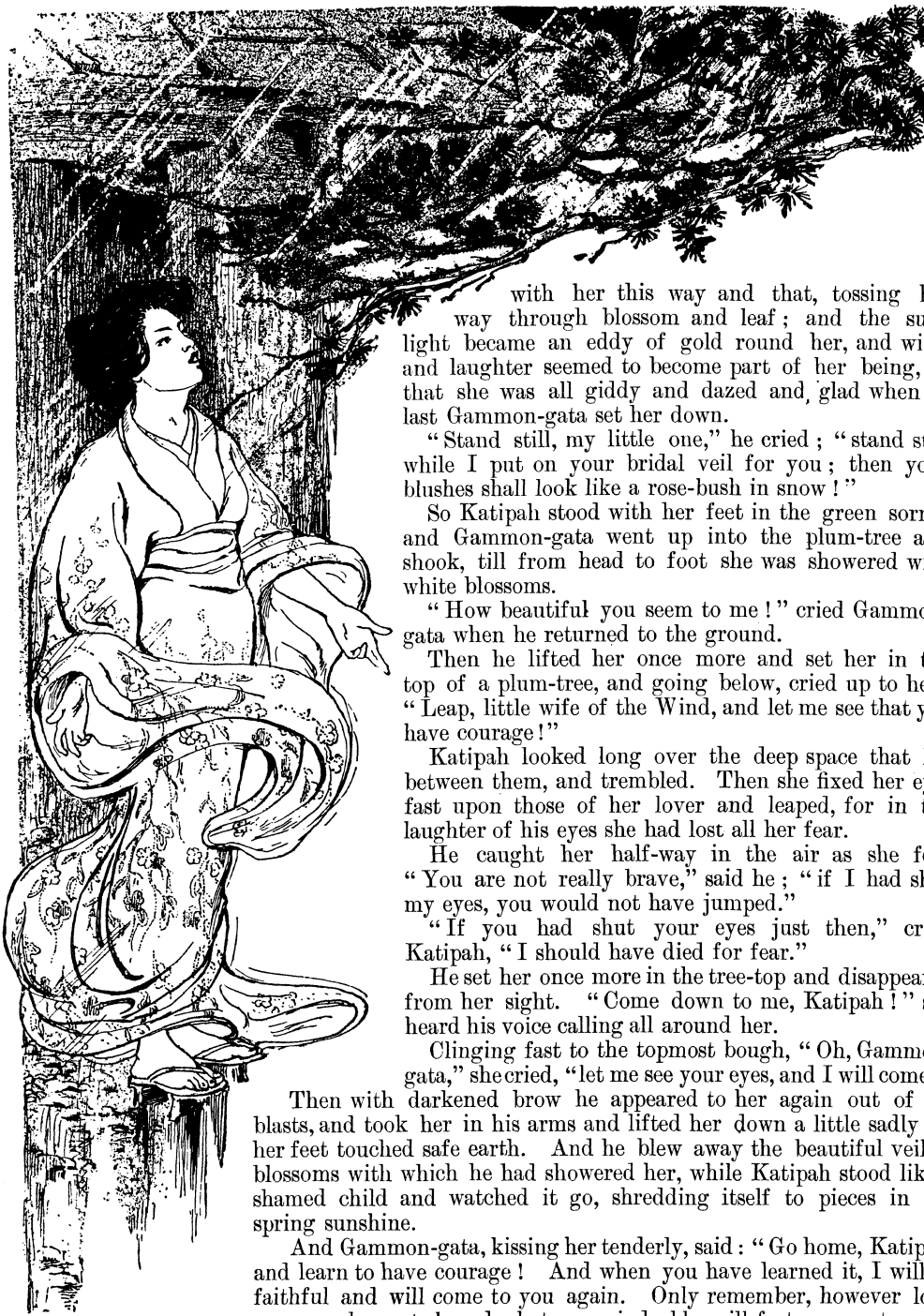

with her this way and that, tossing his way through blossom and leaf; and the sunlight became an eddy of gold round her, and wind and laughter seemed to become part of her being, so that she was all giddy and dazed and glad when at last Gammon-gata set her down.

"Stand still, my little one," he cried; "stand still while I put on your bridal veil for you; then your blushes shall look like a rose-bush in snow!"

So Katipah stood with her feet in the green sorrel, and Gammon-gata went up into the plum-tree and shook, till from head to foot she was showered with white blossoms.

"How beautiful you seem to me!" cried Gammon-gata when he returned to the ground.

Then he lifted her once more and set her in the top of a plum-tree, and going below, cried up to her: "Leap, little wife of the Wind, and let me see that you have courage!"

Katipah looked long over the deep space that lay between them, and trembled. Then she fixed her eyes fast upon those of her lover and leaped, for in the laughter of his eyes she had lost all her fear.

He caught her half-way in the air as she fell. "You are not really brave," said he; "if I had shut my eyes, you would not have jumped."

"If you had shut your eyes just then," cried Katipah, "I should have died for fear."

He set her once more in the tree-top and disappeared from her sight. "Come down to me, Katipah!" she heard his voice calling all around her.

Clinging fast to the topmost bough, "Oh, Gammon-gata," she cried, "let me see your eyes, and I will come!"

Then with darkened brow he appeared to her again out of his blasts, and took her in his arms and lifted her down a little sadly till her feet touched safe earth. And he blew away the beautiful veil of blossoms with which he had showered her, while Katipah stood like a shamed child and watched it go, shredding itself to pieces in the spring sunshine.

And Gammon-gata, kissing her tenderly, said: "Go home, Katipah, and learn to have courage! And when you have learned it, I will be faithful and will come to you again. Only remember, however long we may be parted. and whatever winds blow ill-fortune up to your door, Gammon-gata will watch over you. For in deed and truth you are the wife of the West Wind now, and truly he loves you, Katipah!"

"Oh, Gammon-gata!" cried Katipah, "tell the other winds, when they come, to blow courage into me, and to blow me back to you; and do not let that be long!"

"I will tell them," said Gammon-gata; and suddenly he was gone. Katipah saw a drift of white petals borne out of the orchard and away to sea; and she knew that there went Gammon-gata, the beautiful youth who, loving her so well, had made her his wife between

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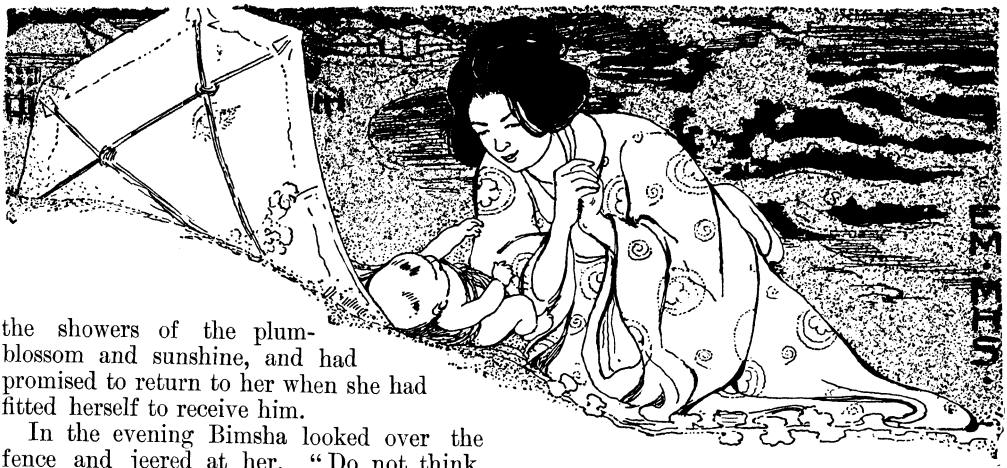

the showers of the plum-blossom and sunshine, and had promised to return to her when she had fitted herself to receive him.

In the evening Bimsha looked over the fence and jeered at her. "Do not think, Katipah," she cried, "that you will ever get a husband, for all your soft looks! You are too poor and unprofitable."

Katipah folded her meek little body together like a concertina when it shuts, and squatted to earth in great contentment of spirit. "Silly Bimsha!" said she, "I already have a husband—a fine one! Ever so much finer than yours!"

Bimsha turned pale and cold with envy to hear her say that; for she feared that Katipah was too good and simple to tell her an untruth even in mocking. But she put a brave face upon the matter, saying only: "I will believe in that fine husband when I see him!"

"Oh, you will see him," answered Katipah, "if you look high enough! But he is far away over *your* head, Bimsha; and you will not hear him beating me at night, for that is not his way!"

At this soft answer Bimsha went away into her house in a fury; and Katipah laughed to herself; then she sighed and said: "Oh, Gammon-gata, return to me quickly, lest my word shall seem false to Bimsha, who hates me!"

Every day after this Bimsha thrust her face over the fence to say: "Katipah, where is this fine husband of yours? He does not seem to come home very often."

Katipah answered slily: "He comes home late, when it is dark, and goes away very early, almost before it is light. It is not necessary for his happiness that he should see *you*."

"Certainly there is a change in Katipah," thought Bimsha; "she has become saucy with her tongue." But her envious heart would not let her leave the matter in peace; night and morning she cried to Katipah: "Katipah, where is your fine husband?"

And Katipah laughed at her, thinking to herself: "To begin with, I will not be afraid of anything Bimsha may say. Let Gammon-gata know that!"

And now every day she looked up into the sky to see what wind was blowing; but east, or north, or south, it was never the one wind that she looked for.

The East Wind came from the sea, bringing rain, and beat upon Katipah's door at night. Then Katipah would rise and open, and standing in the downpour would cry: "East Wind, East Wind, go and tell your brother, Gammon-gata, that I am not afraid of you any more than I am of Bimsha!"

One night, the East Wind, when she said that, pulled a tile off Bimsha's house and threw it at her; and Katipah ran in and hid behind the door in a great hurry. After that she had less to say when the East Wind came and blew under her gable and rattled at her door. "Oh, Gammon-gata," she sighed, "if I might only set eyes on you, I would fear nothing at all!"

When the weather grew fine, Katipah returned to the shore and flew her kite as she had always done before the love of Gammon-gata had entered her heart. Now and then, as she did so, the wind would change softly and begin blowing from the west. Then little Katipah would pull lovingly at the string and cry: "Oh, Gammon-gata! have you got fast hold of it up there?"

One day, after dusk, when she, the last of all the flyers, hauled down her kite to earth, she found a heron's feather fastened among the strings. Katipah knew who had sent that, and kissed it a thousand times over; nor did she mind for many days afterwards what Bimsha might say, because the heron's feather lay so close to her heart, warming it with the hope of Gammon-gata's return.

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But as weeks and months passed on, and Bimsha still did not fail to say each morning : " Katipah, where is your fine husband to-day ? " the timid heart grew faint with waiting.

" Alas ! " thought Katipah, " if Heaven would only send me a child, I would show it to her ; she would believe me easily then."

And now every day and all day long she sent up her kite from the seashore, praying that a child might be born to her and convince Bimsha of the truth. Everyone said : " Katipah is mad about kite-flying. See how early she goes, and how late she stays ; hardly any weather keeps her indoors."

One day the West Wind came full-breathed over land and sea, and Katipah was among the first on the beach to send up her messenger with word to Gammon-gata of the thing for which she prayed.

" Gammon-gata," she sighed, " the voice of Bimsha afflicts me daily ; my heart is bruised by the mockery she casts at me. Did I not love thee under the plum-tree, Gammon-gata ? Ask of Heaven, therefore, that a child may be born to me ; ever so small let it be, and Bimsha will become dumb. Gammon-gata, it is a very little thing that I am asking."

All day long she let her kite go farther up into the sky than all the other kites. Overhead the wind sang in their strings like bees, or like the thin cry of very small children ; but Katipah's was so far away she could scarcely see it against the blue. " Gammon-gata ! " she cried, till the twilight drew sea and land together, and she was left alone.

Then she called down her kite sadly ; hand over hand she drew it by the cord till she saw it fluttering over her head like a great moth searching for a flower in the gloom. " Wahoo ! wahoo ! " she could hear the wind crying through its strings, like the wailing of a very small child.

It had become so dark that Katipah hardly knew what the kite had brought her till she touched the tiny warm limbs that lay cradled among the strings that netted the frames

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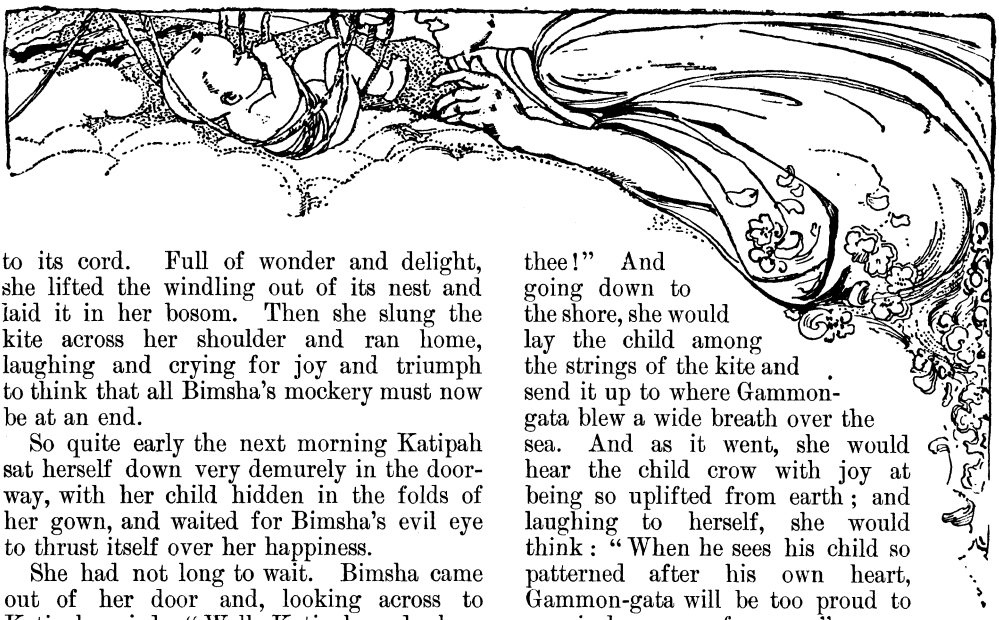

to its cord. Full of wonder and delight, she lifted the windling out of its nest and laid it in her bosom. Then she slung the kite across her shoulder and ran home, laughing and crying for joy and triumph to think that all Bimsha's mockery must now be at an end.

So quite early the next morning Katipah sat herself down very demurely in the doorway, with her child hidden in the folds of her gown, and waited for Bimsha's evil eye to thrust itself over her happiness.

She had not long to wait. Bimsha came out of her door and, looking across to Katipah, cried: "Well, Katipah, and where is your fine husband to-day?"

"My husband is gone out," said Katipah; "but if you care to look, you can see my baby. It is ever so much more beautiful than yours."

Bimsha, when she heard that, turned green and yellow with envy; and there, plain to see, was Katipah holding up to view the most beautiful babe that ever gave the sunlight a good excuse for visiting this wicked earth. The mere sight of so much innocent beauty and happiness gave Bimsha a shock from which it took her three weeks to recover. After that she would sit at her window and for pure envy keep watch to see Katipah and the child playing together, the child which was so much more beautiful and well-behaved than her own.

As for Katipah, she was so happy now that the sorrow of waiting for her husband's return grew small. Day by day the West Wind blew softly, and she knew that Gammon-gata was there, keeping watch over her and the child.

Every day she would say to the little one: "Come, my plum-petal, my wind-flower, I will send thee up to thy father, that he may see how fat thou art getting and be proud of thee!" And going down to the shore, she would lay the child among the strings of the kite and send it up to where Gammon-gata blew a wide breath over the sea. And as it went, she would hear the child crow with joy at being so uplifted from earth; and laughing to herself, she would think: "When he sees his child so patterned after his own heart, Gammon-gata will be too proud to remain long away from me."

When she drew the child back to her out of the sky, she covered it with caresses, crying: "Oh, my wind-blown one, my cloudlet, my sky-blossom, my little piece out of heaven, hast thou seen thy father, and has he told thee that he loves me?" And the child would crow with mysterious delight, being too young to tell anything it knew in words.

Bimsha out of her window watched and saw all this, not comprehending it; and in her evil heart a wish grew up that she might by some means put an end to all Katipah's happiness. So one day towards evening, when Katipah, alone upon the shore, had let her kite and her little one go up to the fleecy edges of a cloud through which the golden sunlight was streaming, Bimsha came softly behind, and with a sharp knife cut the string by which alone the kite was held from falling.

"Oh, silly Bimsha!" cried Katipah, "what have you done that for?"

Up in air the kite made a plunge forward, fluttered and stumbled in its course, and came shooting headlong to earth.

"Oh, dear!" cried Katipah, "if my

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beautiful little kite gets torn, Bimsha, that will be your fault!"

When the kite fell, it lay unhurt on one of the soft sandhills that ringed the bay; but no sign of the child was to be seen. Katipah was laughing when she picked up her kite and ran home. And Bimsha thought: "Is it witchcraft, or did the child fall into the sea?"

In the night the West Wind came and tapped at Katipah's window; and rising from her bed, she heard Gammon-gata's voice calling tenderly to her. When she opened the window to the blindness of the black night, he kissed her, and putting the little one in her arms, said: "Wait only a little while longer, Katipah, and I will come again to you! Already you are learning to be brave."

In the morning Bimsha looked out, and there sat Katipah in her own doorway with the child safe and sound in her arms. And, plain to see, he had on a beautiful golden coat, and little silver wings were fastened to his feet, and his head was garnished with a wreath of flowers, the like of which were never seen on earth. He was like a child of noble birth and fortune, and the small motherly face of Katipah shone with pride and happiness as she nursed him.

"Where did you steal those things?" asked Bimsha. "And how did the child come back? I thought he had fallen into the sea and been drowned."

"Ah!" cried Katipah slily, "he was up in the clouds when the kite left him, and he came down with the rain last night. It is nothing wonderful. You were foolish, Bimsha, if you thought that to fall into the clouds would do the child any harm. Up there you can have no idea how beautiful it is — such fields of gold, such wonderful gardens, such flowers and fruits; it is from there that all the beauty and wealth of the world must come. See all that he has brought with him! And it is all

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your doing, because you cut the cord of the kite. Oh, clever Bimsha!"

As soon as Bimsha heard that, she ran and got a big kite, and fastening her own child into the strings, started it to fly.

"Do not think," cried the envious woman, "that you are the only one whose child is to go clothed in gold! My child is as good as yours any day; wait and you shall see!"

So presently, when the kite was well up into the clouds, as Katipah's kite had been, she cut the cord, thinking surely that the same fortune would be for her as had been for Katipah. But instead of that, all at once the kite fell headlong to the earth, child and all; and when she ran to pick him up, Bimsha found that her son's life had paid forfeit for her own enviousness and folly.

The wicked woman went green and purple with jealousy and rage; and running to the chief magistrate, she told him that while she was flying a kite with her child fastened to its back, Katipah had come out and cut the string, so that by her doing the child was now dead.

When the chief magistrate heard that, he sent and caused Katipah to be thrown into prison, and told her that the next day she should certainly be put to death.

Katipah went meekly, carrying her little son in one hand and her blue-and-green kite in the other, for that had become so dear to her that she could not now part from it. And all the way to prison Bimsha followed, mocking and asking: "Tell us, Katipah, where is your fine husband now?"

In the night the West Wind came and tapped at the prison window and called tenderly: "Katipah, Katipah, are you there?" And when Katipah got up from her bed of straw and looked out, there was Gammon-gata once more.

He reached his hands through the bars and put them round her face. "Katipah," he said, "you have become brave; you are now fit to be the wife of the West Wind. To-morrow you shall travel with me all over the world; you shall not stay in one land any more. Now give me our son; for a little while I must take him from you. To prove your courage, you must find your own way out of this trouble which you have got into through making a fool of Bimsha."

So Katipah gave him the child through the bars of the prison window, and when he was gone, lay down and slept till it became light.

In the morning the chief magistrate and Bimsha, together with the whole populace, came to Katipah's cell to see her led out to death. And when it was found that her child had disappeared, "She is a witch!" they cried. "She has eaten it!" And the chief magistrate said that, being a witch, instead of hanging, she was to be burned.

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"I have not eaten my child, and I am no witch!" said Katipah, as, taking with her her blue-and-green kite, she trotted out to the place of execution. When she was come to the appointed spot, she said to the chief magistrate: "To every criminal it is permitted to plead in defence of himself; but because I am innocent, am I not also allowed to plead?"

The chief magistrate told her she might speak if she had anything to say.

"All I ask," said Katipah, "is that I may be allowed once more to fly my blue-and-green kite as I used to do in the days when I was happy, and I will show you soon that I am not guilty of what is laid to my charge. It is a very little thing that I ask!"

So the chief magistrate gave her leave; and there before all the people she sent up her kite till it flew high over the roofs of the town. Softly the West Wind took it and blew it away towards the sea. "Oh, Gammon-gata," she whispered gently, "hear me now, for I am not afraid."

The Wind blew hard upon the kite, and pulled as though to catch it away, so Katipah twisted the cord once or twice round her waist that she might keep the safer hold over it. Then she said to the chief magistrate and to all the people that were assembled: "I am innocent of all that is charged against me. For, first, it was that wicked Bimsha herself that killed her own child."

"Prove it!" cried the chief magistrate.

"I cannot," replied Katipah.

"Then you must die," said the chief magistrate.

"In the second place," went on Katipah, "I did not eat my own child."

"Prove it!" cried the chief magistrate again.

"I will," said Katipah. "Oh, Gammon-gata! it is a very little thing that I ask."

Down the string of the kite, first a mere speck against the sky, then larger, till plain for all to see, came the missing one, slithering and sliding, with his golden coat, and the little silver wings tied to his ankles, and handfuls of flowers which he threw into his mother's face as he came.

"Oh, cruel chief magistrate!" cried Katipah, receiving the babe in her arms, "does it seem that I have eaten him?"

"You are a witch," said the chief magistrate, "or how do you come to have a child that disappears and comes again from nowhere? It is not possible to permit such things to be; you and your child shall both be burned together."

Katipah drew softly upon the kite-string. "Oh, Gammon-gata!" she cried, "lift me up now very high, and I will not be afraid!"

Then suddenly before all eyes Katipah was lifted up by the cord of the kite which she had wound about her waist; right up from the earth she was lifted, till her feet rested above the heads of the people.

Katipah, with her babe in her arms, swung softly through the air, out of reach of the hands stretched up to catch her, and addressed the populace in these words—

"Oh, cruel people, who will not believe innocence when it speaks, you must believe me now! I am the wife of the West Wind, of Gammon-gata, the beautiful, the bearer of fine weather, who also brings back the wings that fly, till the winter be over. Is it well, do you think, to be at war with the West Wind?

"Ah, foolish ones! I go now, for Gammon-gata calls me, and I am no longer afraid. I go to travel in many lands whither he carries me, and it will be long before I return here. Many dark days are coming to you, and you shall not feel the West Wind, the bearer of fine weather, blowing over you from land to sea; nor shall you see the blossoms open white over the hills, nor feel the earth grow warm as the summer comes in, because the bringer of fair weather is angry with you for the foolishness which you have done. But when at last the West Wind returns to you, remember that Katipah, the poor and unprofitable one, is Gammon-gata's wife, and that she has remembered and has prayed for you."

And so saying, Katipah threw open her arms and let go the cord of the kite which held her safe.

"Oh, Gammon-gata!" she cried, "I do not see your eyes, but I am not afraid."

And at that, even while she seemed upon the point of falling to destruction, there flashed into sight a fair youth, with dark hair and garments full of a storm of flying petals, who, catching up Katipah and her child in his arms, laughed scorn to those below, and soaring over the roofs of the town, vanished away seaward.

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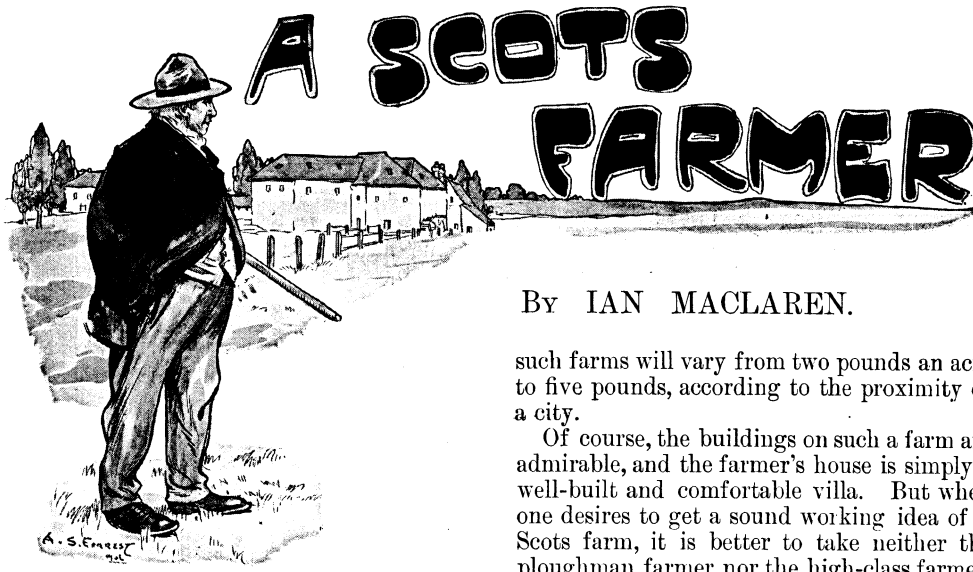

A SCOTS FARMER

By IAN MACLAREN.

THERE are various kinds of Scots farmers — from the capitalist who rents land in half-a-dozen places, to the little holder who has up to seventy acres and works his own land.

The former will have a capital of, say, ten thousand pounds, and in the Lothians or Forfarshire will work his land in a most scientific fashion; he will likely also be a breeder of high-class cattle, and perhaps an exporter to America; he may even stand for a seat in Parliament, and between him and a moderate Laird there is no great difference, except perhaps in social descent. The latter man is only slightly removed from a ploughman, and usually is a foreman who has saved a little money and stocked his farm at the cost of, say, two hundred pounds. His house is simply a cottage with two rooms below, and possibly two small attics above, and his farm-buildings are on quite a limited scale.

As time goes on, this class of farmer is being eliminated by his land being thrown in with some neighbouring large farm. Indeed, in many districts of the country there are no little holdings, but parishes consist of some half-dozen farms of four or five hundred acres each, with a few cottages for the ploughmen, and a cluster of houses near the parish kirk where the smith and the joiner and one or two labourers live, and the rent of such farms will vary from two pounds an acre to five pounds, according to the proximity of a city.

Of course, the buildings on such a farm are admirable, and the farmer's house is simply a well-built and comfortable villa. But when one desires to get a sound working idea of a Scots farm, it is better to take neither the ploughman farmer nor the high-class farmer, but to strike a mean; and we shall therefore visit the farmhouse of one who has a hundred and fifty acres of ordinary land, and works it partly with his own hands, and partly by hired people.

To reach our farm we must leave the main road, which is splendidly kept by the county rates, and along which in the old days the stage-coach used to run, keeping better time than many a train, and affording the finest means of conveyance ever invented.

We descend now to a cart-track which runs between hedges for a while and then shakes itself clear on the ridge of the hill. The county takes no notice of this byway, and the farmer contents himself with giving three days' work to it in the slack time before harvest, when some of the deepest ruts are repaired and the most offensive obstacles removed. No one, indeed, ever made this farm-road; like Topsy, it "just growed," and now consists of the two ruts in which the wheels of the cart go, and the track in the middle made by the horses' feet. If anyone desires sharp physical treatment for his liver, and a thorough excitement for the nervous system, let him ride in an empty cart from the main road to the farm.

When I happened to be in a railway accident in a certain Western State, a report appeared in a New York paper headed: "Ian Well Shaken Up." As a matter of fact, although certain poor fellows were hurt in the accident, I was hardly shaken at all, but I have been knocked about like a ball in a cart on a Scots farm-track.

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This remarkable road might be thought impossible for a dogcart, but the chances are that the farmer has an aged trap of remarkable appearance in which he will go to kirk and market, and nothing can exceed the daring and ingenuity with which he will bring it down that track.

No springs could possibly survive the ruts, so the driver runs one wheel outside a rut, and the other in the horse-track, and the horse makes his precarious way along a rut, and turns over in his mind what possibly can have gone wrong with his owner, who for the day seems quite to have forgotten the principle of the road.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Down on the level the track is very taking, because the grass has grown up to its edge on either side, and the wild roses reaching out from the hedge brush the sides of the cart in the narrower places. When the road has climbed the hill, you begin to understand the farm, and you see in the distance the farmhouse.

There are no hedges now, but a stone dyke on one side, which is much in need of repair, and occasionally is attended to in slack times, and on the other a wooden paling which is eked out in the weakest places with great economy, for there is a standing plea between the farmer and the Laird, the farmer demanding new wood for his paling, and the Laird wanting him to provide wood for himself. This dispute causes no friction, because the farmer respects the Laird for resisting as long as possible, and the Laird knows that in a year or two he will have to tell the forester to cut down some fir trees and slice them up for the farmer's paling.

Upon a large farm there would be wire fencing, but this is a luxury of which our farmer never dreams; and if he asked such a thing at the making of a lease, the Laird would refuse him the farm—not because he had been greedy, which is only a pledge of ability, but because he was evidently mad, which would mean the ruin of the land.

As we approach the homestead you will notice that the grey building of which the farmhouse forms the front, and the steading the three other sides, with open spaces on each side of the farmhouse, is softened by a few sturdy trees which shelter the farmer's garden.

A gravel walk, which might be better kept, leads from the little gate to the door of the farmhouse; and unless the farmer be an utter sloven, and his wife also, there are flowers on either side. I recall them pleasantly in one garden dear to me in former days, and which is now swept away. There were the white briar-rose, the red monthly rose, and pinks, red and white, London pride and sweet-william and forget-me-nots, and the blazing peony-rose, and the hollyhock and violets,

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Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

THE CREST OF THE HILL.

and various other plants, not forgetting the fragrant peppermint, a bit of which was taken between the leaves of the Bible to kirk on Sunday.

In front of the door there was either a little bit of grass or a low hedge ; and beyond, the kitchen garden with a walk down the middle, and on either side the early potatoes, peas, cabbages, onions, leeks, cauliflower, and sometimes—although this was thought to be rather ambitious—beetroot and French beans.

In the background of the garden were the "berry bushes"—black currant, red currant, white currant, gooseberry and raspberry, and there might be a bed of strawberries.

The farmer was not a good gardener, to tell the truth, and I do not remember a single one who did his own garden properly. He

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SEED-TIME.

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Photo by] [*Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

HARVESTING.

might dig and plant the potatoes, and his wife would pay a little attention to the flowers, but the final touches were given by some odd man who wandered round the district doing such jobs and being paid slightly in silver, but substantially in food and gifts, especially the retired garments of the farmer.

The pruning of the bushes would be worth a pair of trousers patched at the seat, and a waistcoat reinforced at various places, while the planting of a new strawberry bed would add a coat which had seen many harvests. The farmer himself affected to despise the flowers, which he regarded as a "ploy" of the goodwife's, and would not have worn a "buttonhole" for a five pound note. If a farmer of his class had appeared at market with a rose in his coat, he would have lost any character he might have possessed for judgment and steadiness, and would have been described as "flichty."

The farmer has no objection, however, when the day's labour is over, to disappear in the season among the gooseberry bushes, where he believes himself that he only takes a berry or two, but where his wife insists he strips bushes straight before him.

As gooseberries are hardly ever preserved, his wife may lecture him on his greed, but

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HARVESTING.

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Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw*

THE LAST LOAD.

she takes no further measure; but if he ventures to carry his depredation on to the currant bushes, whose fruit is to be used for jam and jelly, he is promptly brought to his senses by a voice from the kitchen window: "Come out o' there: I see ye fine!" and the farmer, knowing when he is out of his province, retires to the gooseberries again, and remarks apologetically to himself: "She'll be startin' on the jam to-morrow."

The front of the house is redeemed by a cherry tree on one side of the door, and a hardy rose on the other, and the fortunate guest who comes from the smoky city and sleeps in the guest-chamber upstairs can reach out his hand on a summer morning, and take either a rose or a cherry, both wet with dew.

The house itself is not ambitious, and was built long ago. Upon the left of the door is the kitchen, which has an egress to the farm-buildings behind, with a large fireplace where they burn peat and wood, and the pleasant smell of the peat is in my nostrils as I write. Upon this hearth the

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CARRYING THE HAY.

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POTATO-PLANTING.

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THE FARMER'S CATTLE.

fire never goes out, night or day, summer or winter, for a couple of peats will keep going all the night through and give a start for next morning.

From the beams of the roof hang hams, and sometimes salted rounds of beef and strings of onions. Close to the fireplace is the salt-box, and above the fireplace hangs the cruisie, which is an open iron dish filled with oil or fat with a wick floating in it, and though there may be a lamp now in the kitchen, it is a recent innovation.

Off the kitchen there is a dark closet where sleep the two maids, who may do a little housework, especially in connection with the dairy, but who are kept mainly for working on the fields. They are strapping lassies, and would require to be strong to sleep in such a place; but with hard work from morning till night, and fresh air for twelve hours of the day at least, they can stand a little closeness for the few hours, not more than six, that they spend in bed.

An eight-day clock which has come down from a remote past, and some hat-pegs, are the only furniture of the little lobby, and so we enter on the right the sitting-room.

Until a few years ago it had two box beds, one of which the farmer and his wife slept in, and in the other some of the

Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

SHEARING-TIME.

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Photo by] THE SHEPHERD'S FLOCK. [*Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

younger children; a commodious sideboard or press which held everything the goodwife wished to have at hand—tea, sugar, jam, bread, candles, eggs, and refreshments which were produced when a neighbour called, or used in the sealing of a bargain, but over which the goodwife kept jealous watch.

There was in this room a huge armchair of unknown antiquity, which had been covered and recovered, and therein the farmer took his rest and was allowed, with some grudging, to smoke his pipe in the evening.

Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*
THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

Scattered about this room in various parts could be found a dogcart whip, part of the dogcart harness, the farmer's gun for frightening the crows, a garden rake, and suchlike superfluities of the farm which did not belong to the daily labour. An extremely steep staircase springing from beside the

Photo by] ON THE WAY TO MARKET. [*Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

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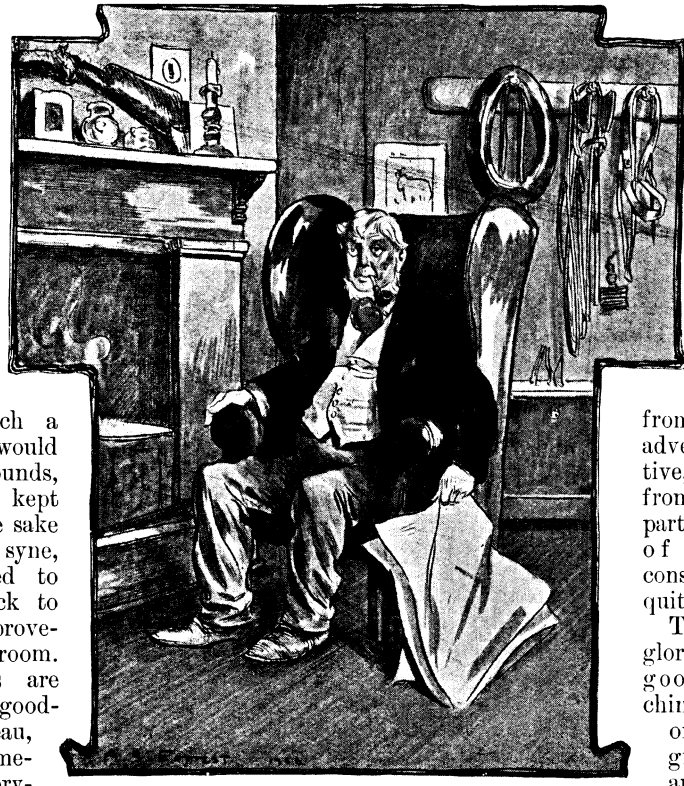
eight-day clock led to the other floor, which consisted of three rooms. One of them is a bedroom which is used by the two older boys of the family, and is of very modest proportions and furnished with Spartan simplicity; the second is a capacious room above the kitchen, and is kept for guests.

The box beds here have been removed, and some modern furniture, bought in a year when potatoes rose to a remarkable height, made of birch and with red curtains on the bed, is the glory of the goodwife. Finer than this splendour, though she knows it not, is a mahogany cabinet, with glass doors above and drawers beneath, which belonged to her great-grandfather, and for which a connoisseur would give forty pounds, but which is kept merely for the sake of auld lang syne, and considered to be a drawback to the recent improvements in the room.



THE FAMILY ARMCHAIR.

The sheets are part of the goodwife's trousseau, and are home-spun, and everything in the room is spotless, and real, and "couthie" (comfortable). Here a man may sleep in peace far from the noise of the city and from its vainglory, under the roof of honest folk, and with the benediction of kindly Nature.

Across the passage is the chief room of the house, where are kept the household gods, and to which visitors of high degree, the Laird and the factor, the minister and the doctor, and the people from the city, are taken. It is, as it were, the drawing-room, although no such word would be used by the farmer or his wife so long as they remained in their senses.

It has a set of horsehair chairs, a fine, old-fashioned mahogany table, and a commodious sofa; there are muslin curtains on the window, and a looking-glass on the mantelpiece, with one or two remarkable ornaments. Upon the walls there is a picture of the Battle of Trafalgar, and a print of the late Laird who was an officer in the Black Watch, and another of Dr. McRorie, the last minister of the parish, and evidently a man of much authority and stentorian power.

Upon the table are arranged, at careful intervals, a Bible with gilt clasps which had been given to the goodwife as a prize in the Sunday-school, a box with a picture of the International Exhibition of 1851, which had been brought from London by an adventurous relative, a large shell from some distant part, and a volume of sermons of considerable antiquity.

The side-table is glorious with the goodwife's best china, which was only used on very great occasions, and was kept for safety in this upper room.

Perhaps this room showed at its best when a party came out from the nearest town for a summer afternoon in the country, and they had tea in this high place. The view from the window was excellent, looking down a field of ripe oats, to a burn shaded by trees below and across to the other side of the valley where the fields were also ripe unto the harvest. The table was laden with dainties—chickens of a plumpness unknown in the city, toothsome, home-cured ham, eggs curdling in their freshness, newly made jam, with a flavour of garden still in it, a

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Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

THE GOODWIFE IN HER POULTRY-YARD.

comb of virgin honey, golden butter in little pats with a cow's head on each, flowery white scones fresh from the griddle, oatcake crisp and golden brown, the best of tea made with spring water, and cream — but there are themes to which my humble pen cannot rise — and other things, strawberries and cherries, curds and cream, but above all the welcome and the hospitality. There must be no hesitation in putting out the hand, and no shirking of one's duty from the beginning, which was chicken and ham, on through all the courses to the end in the curds and the fruit. On to the end one must go, and the townspeople did go with remarkable alacrity, and an appetite such as they had not known for years.

Three cups of tea was a minimum allowance, and this of course was quite independent of a tumblerful of cream at the conclusion; and after the guests had done their best, the farmer and his wife were still complaining

Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

THE GOODWIFE'S DUCKS.

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that they had not made themselves at home, and that they had never seen such poor eaters in their lives. They also apologised for the humble fare they could give, and compared it unfavourably with the luxuries of the city!

After tea the party were taken through the farm, and saw the potatoes whose shaws were now covering the drills, the turnips which had been hoed for the last time and were spreading themselves out finely, and the barley hanging its graceful head, and the cows lying down in the clover—the bull had been shut up for that afternoon, as he disapproved of visitors from the city—the spring which never failed, summer or winter, to send up its cool, clear water, and over which an ancient elm stretched out its arms, and the old ruined castle where the cattle used to be driven from neighbouring farms when the Highlanders came down to gather supplies for the winter.

And then the visitors must have some more cream and scones before they go; the farmer drives the womenfolk in his trap down the patent road, frightening them out of their wits at every turn, as the little cart rises and falls, till they come to the little railway station whence they are carried to the smoke and the dirt and the poverty and the dreariness of the city.

When the farmer returns from this hospitable duty, it is past nine o'clock, and they are thinking of going to bed, for they are early risers. The two ploughmen, who have been sitting at the kitchen fire—for summer or winter there is always a hot peat on the hearth—go out to their bedroom, which is called the bothy, and a rough place it is; and the maids hang about the square or "close," chaffing with them—there will be marriages by and by when a cottage can be got. The farmer takes a last look round the garden and smokes his pipe, and then he closes the outer door, but does not always lock it, for there are no thieves in this quiet place, and before ten o'clock everyone will be asleep.

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THE SILENT BROTHERS.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

JOHN and Robert Hessian, brothers, bachelors, and dressed in mourning, sat together after supper in the parlour of their house at the bottom of Oldcastle Street, Bursley. Maggie, the middle-aged servant, was clearing the table.

"Leave the cloth and the coffee," said John, the elder; "Mr. Liversage is coming in."

"Yes, Mr. John," said Maggie.

"Slate, Maggie," Robert ordered laconically, with a gesture towards the mantelpiece behind him.

"Yes, Mr. Robert," said Maggie.

She gave him a slate with slate-pencil attached, which hung on a nail near the mantelpiece.

Robert took the slate and wrote on it: "*What is Liversage coming about?*"

And he pushed the slate across the table to John.

Whereupon John wrote on the slate: "*Don't know. He telephoned me he wanted to see us to-night.*"

And he pushed back the slate to Robert.

This singular procedure was not in the least attributable to deafness on the part of the brothers; they were in the prime of life, aged forty-two and thirty-nine respectively, and in complete possession of all their faculties. It was due simply to the fact that they had quarrelled, and would not speak to each other. The history of their quarrel would be incredible were it not full of that ridiculous, pathetic quality known as human nature, and did not similar things happen frequently in the manufacturing Midlands, where the general temperament is a fearful and strange compound of pride, obstinacy, unconquerableness, romance, and stupidity. Yes, stupidity.

No single word had passed between the brothers in that house for ten years. On the morning after the historical quarrel Robert had not replied when John spoke to him. "Well," said John's secret heart—and John's secret heart ought to have known better, as it was older than its brother heart—"I'll teach him a lesson. I won't speak until he does." And Robert's secret heart had somehow divined this idiotic resolution, and had said: "We shall see." Maggie had been the first to notice the stubborn silence. Then their friends noticed it, especially Mr. Powell Liversage, the solicitor, their most intimate friend. But you are not to suppose that anybody protested very strongly. For John and Robert were not the kind of men with whom liberties may be taken; and, moreover, Bursley was slightly amused—at the beginning. It assumed the attitude of a disinterested spectator at a fight. It wondered who would win. Of course, it called both the brothers fools, yet in a tone somewhat sympathetic, because such a thing as had occurred to the Hessians might well occur to any man gifted with the true Bursley spirit. There is this to be said for a Bursley man: Having made his bed, he will lie on it, and he will not complain.

The Hessians suffered severely by their self-imposed dumbness, but they suffered like Stoics. Maggie also suffered, and Maggie would not stand it. Maggie it was who had invented the slate. Indeed, they had heard some plain truths from that stout, bustling woman. They had not yielded, but they had accepted the slate in order to minimise the inconvenience to Maggie, and afterwards they deigned to make use of it for their own purposes. As for friends—friends accustomed themselves to the *status quo*. There came a time when the spectacle of two men chattering to everybody else in a company, and not saying a word to each other, no longer appealed to Bursley's sense of humour. The silent scenes at which Maggie assisted every day did not, either, appeal to Maggie's sense of humour, because she had none. So the famous feud grew into a sort of elemental fact of Nature. It was tolerated as the weather is tolerated. The brothers acquired pride in it; even Bursley regarded it as an interesting municipal curiosity. The sole imperfection in a lovely and otherwise perfect quarrel was that John and Robert, being both employed at Roycroft's Majolica Manufactory, the one as works manager and the other as commercial traveller, were obliged to speak to each other occasionally in the way of business. Artistically, this was a pity,

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"And Robert actually walked round the table and looked over his brother's shoulder."

though they did speak very sternly and distantly. The partial truce necessitated by Roycroft's was confined strictly to Roycroft's. And when Robert was not on his journeys, these two tall, strong, dark, bearded men might often be seen of a night walking separately and doggedly down Oldcastle Street from the works, within five yards of each other.

And no one suggested the lunatic asylum. Such is the force of pride, of rank stupidity, and of habit.

The slate-scratching was scarcely over that evening when Mr. Powell Liversage appeared. He was a golden-haired man, with a jolly face, lighter and shorter in structure than the two brothers. His friendship with them dated from schooldays, and it had survived even the entrance of Liversage into a learned profession. Liversage, who, being a bachelor like the Hessians, had many unoccupied evenings, came to see the brothers regularly every Saturday night, and one or other of them dropped in upon him most Wednesdays; but this particular night was a Thursday.

"How do?" John greeted him succinctly between two puffs of a pipe.

"How do?" replied Liversage.

"How do, Pow?" Robert greeted him in turn, also between two puffs of a pipe.

And "How do, little 'un?" replied Liversage.

A chair was indicated to him, and he sat down, and Robert poured out some coffee into a third cup which Maggie had brought. John pushed away the extra special of the *Staffordshire Signal*, which he had been reading.

"What's up these days?" John demanded.

"Well," said Liversage, and both brothers noticed that he was rather ill at ease, instead of being humorous and lightly caustic as usual, "the will's turned up."

"The dickens it has!" John exclaimed. "When?"

"This afternoon."

And then, as there was a pause, Liversage added: "Yes, my sons, the will's turned up."

"But where, you cuckoo, sitting there like that?" asked Robert. "Where?"

"It was in that registered letter addressed to your sister that the Post Office people wouldn't hand over until we'd taken out letters of administration."

"Well, I'm dashed!" muttered John

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"Who'd have thought of that? You've got the will, then?"

Liversage nodded.

The Hessians had an elder sister, Mrs. Bott, widow of a colour-merchant, and Mrs. Bott had died suddenly three months ago, the night after a journey to Manchester. (Even at the funeral the brothers had scandalised the town by not speaking to each other.) Mrs. Bott had wealth, wit, and wisdom, together with certain peculiarities, of which one was an excessive secrecy. It was known that she had made a will, because she had more than once notified the fact, in a tone suggestive of highly important issues, but the will had refused to be found. So Mr. Liversage had been instructed to take out letters of administration of the estate, which, in the continued absence of the will, would be divided equally between the brothers. And twelve or thirteen thousand pounds may be compared to a financial beef-steak that cuts up very handsomely for two persons. The carving-knife was about to descend on its succulence, when, lo! the will!

"How came the will to be in the post?" asked Robert.

"The handwriting on the envelope was your sister's," said Liversage; "and the package was posted in Manchester. Very probably she had taken the will to Manchester to show it to a lawyer or something of that sort, and then she was afraid of losing it on the journey back, and so she sent it to herself by registered post. But before it arrived, of course, she was dead."

"That wasn't a bad scheme of poor Mary Ann's!" John commented.

"It was just like her!" said Robert, speaking pointedly to Liversage. "But what an odd thing!"

Now, both these men were, no doubt excusably, agonised by curiosity to learn the contents of the will. But would either of them be the first to express that curiosity? Never in this world! Not for the fortune itself! To do so would scarcely have been Bursleyish. It would certainly not have been Hessianlike. So Liversage was obliged at length to say—

"I reckon I'd better read you the will, eh?"

The brothers nodded.

"Mind you," said Liversage, "it's not my will. I've had nothing to do with it; so kindly keep your hair on. As a matter of fact, she must have drawn it up herself. It's not drawn properly at all, but it's witnessed all right, and it'll hold water, just as well as if the blooming Lord Chancellor had fixed it up for her in person."

He produced the document and read, awkwardly and self-consciously—

"'This is my will. You are both of you extremely foolish, John and Robert, and I've often told you so. Nobody has ever understood, and nobody ever will understand, why you quarrelled like that over Annie Emery. You are punishing yourselves, but you are punishing her as well, and it isn't fair her waiting all these years. So I give all my estate, no matter what it is, to whichever of you marries Annie. And I hope this will teach you a lesson. You need it more than you need my money. But you must be married within a year of my death. And if the one that marries cares to give five thousand pounds or so to the other, of course there's nothing to prevent him. This is just a hint. And if you don't either of you marry Annie within a year, then I just leave everything I have to Miss Annie Emery (spinster), stationer and fancy goods dealer, Duck Bank, Bursley. She deserves something for her disappointment, and she shall have it. Mr. Liversage, solicitor, must kindly be my executor. And I commit my soul to God, hoping for a blessed resurrection. 20th January, 1896. Signed Mary Ann Bott, widow.' As I told you, the witnessing is in order," Liversage finished.

"Give it here," said John shortly, and scanned the sheet of paper.

And Robert actually walked round the table and looked over his brother's shoulder—ample proof that he was terrifically moved.

"And do you mean to tell me that a will like that is good in law?" exclaimed John.

"Of course it's good in law!" Liversage replied. "Legal phraseology is a useful thing, and it often saves trouble in the end; but it isn't indispensable, you know."

"Humph!" was Robert's comment as he resumed his seat and relighted his pipe.

All three men were nervous. Each was afraid to speak, afraid even to meet the eyes of the other two. An unmajestic silence followed.

"Well, I'll be off, I think," Liversage remarked at length with difficulty.

He rose.

"I say," Robert stopped him. "Better not say anything about this to Miss—to Annie, eh?"

"I will say nothing," agreed Liversage (infamously and unprofessionally concealing the fact that he had already said something).

And he departed.

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The brothers sat in fluttered meditation over the past and the future.

Ten years before, Annie Emery had been an orphan of twenty-three, bravely starting in business for herself amid the plaudits of the admiring town; and John had fallen in love with her courage and her sense and her feminine charm. But alas, as Ovid points out, how difficult it is for a woman to please only one man! Robert also had fallen in love with Annie. Each brother had accused the other of underhand and unbrotherly practices in the pursuit of Annie. Each was profoundly hurt by the accusations, and each, in the immense fatuity of his pride, had privately sworn to prove his innocence by having nothing more to do with Annie. Such is life! Such is man! Such is the terrible egotism of man! And thus it was that, for the sake of wounded pride, John and Robert not only did not speak to one another for ten years, but they spoilt at least one of their lives; and they behaved ignobly to Annie, who would certainly have married either one or the other of them.

At two o'clock in the morning John pulled a coin out of his pocket and made the gesture of tossing.

"Who shall go first!" he explained.

Robert had a queer sensation in his spine as his elder brother spoke to him for the first time in ten years. He wanted to reply vocally. He had a most imperious desire to reply vocally. But he could not. Something stronger even than the desire prevented his tongue from moving.

John tossed the coin—it was a sovereign and covered it with his hands.

"Tail!" Robert murmured, somewhat hoarsely.

But it was "head."

Then they went to bed.

II.

THE side door of Miss Emery's shop was in Brick Passage, and not in the main street, so that a man, even a man of commanding stature and formidable appearance, might by insinuating himself into Brick Street, off King Street, and then taking the passage from the quieter end, arrive at it without attracting too much attention. This course was adopted by John Hessian. From the moment when he quitted his own house that Friday evening in June he had been subject to the delusion that the collective eye of Bursley was upon him. As a matter of fact, the collective eye of Bursley is much too large and important to occupy itself exclusively with a single individual. Bursley is not a village, and let no one think it. Nevertheless, John was subject to the delusion.

The shop was shut, as he knew it would be. But the curtained window of the parlour, between the side door and the small shuttered side window of the shop, gave a strange suggestion of interesting, virgin, spotless domesticity within. John cast a fearful eye on the main thoroughfare. Nobody seemed to be passing. The chapel-keeper of the Wesleyan chapel on the opposite side of Trafalgar Road was refreshing the massive Corinthian portico of that fane, and paying no regard whatever to the temple of Eros which Miss Emery's shop had suddenly become.

So John knocked.

"I am a fool!" his thought ran as he knocked.

Because he did not quite know what he was about. He had won the toss, and with it the right to approach Annie Emery before his brother. But what then? Well, he did desire to marry her, quite as much for herself as for his sister's fortune. But what then? How was he going to explain the tepidity, the desertion, the long sin against love of ten years? In short, how was he going to explain the inexplicable? He could decidedly do nothing that evening except make a blundering ass of himself. And how soon would Robert have the right to come along and say *his* say? That point had not been settled. Points so extremely delicate cannot be settled on a slate, and he had not dared to broach it *vivâ voce* to his younger brother. He had been too afraid of a rebuff.

He then hoped that Annie's servant would tell him that Annie was out.

Annie, however, took him at a disadvantage by opening the door herself.

"Well, *Mr. Hessian!*" she exclaimed, her face bursting into a swift and welcoming smile.

"I was just passing," the donkey in him blundered forth, "and I thought——"

However, in fifteen seconds he was on the domestic side of that sitting-room window, and seated in the antimacassared armchair between the fireplace and the piano, and Annie had taken his hat and told him that her servant was out for the evening.

"But I'm disturbing your supper, Miss Emery," he said. Flurried though he was, he could not fail to notice the white embroidered cloth spread diagonally on the

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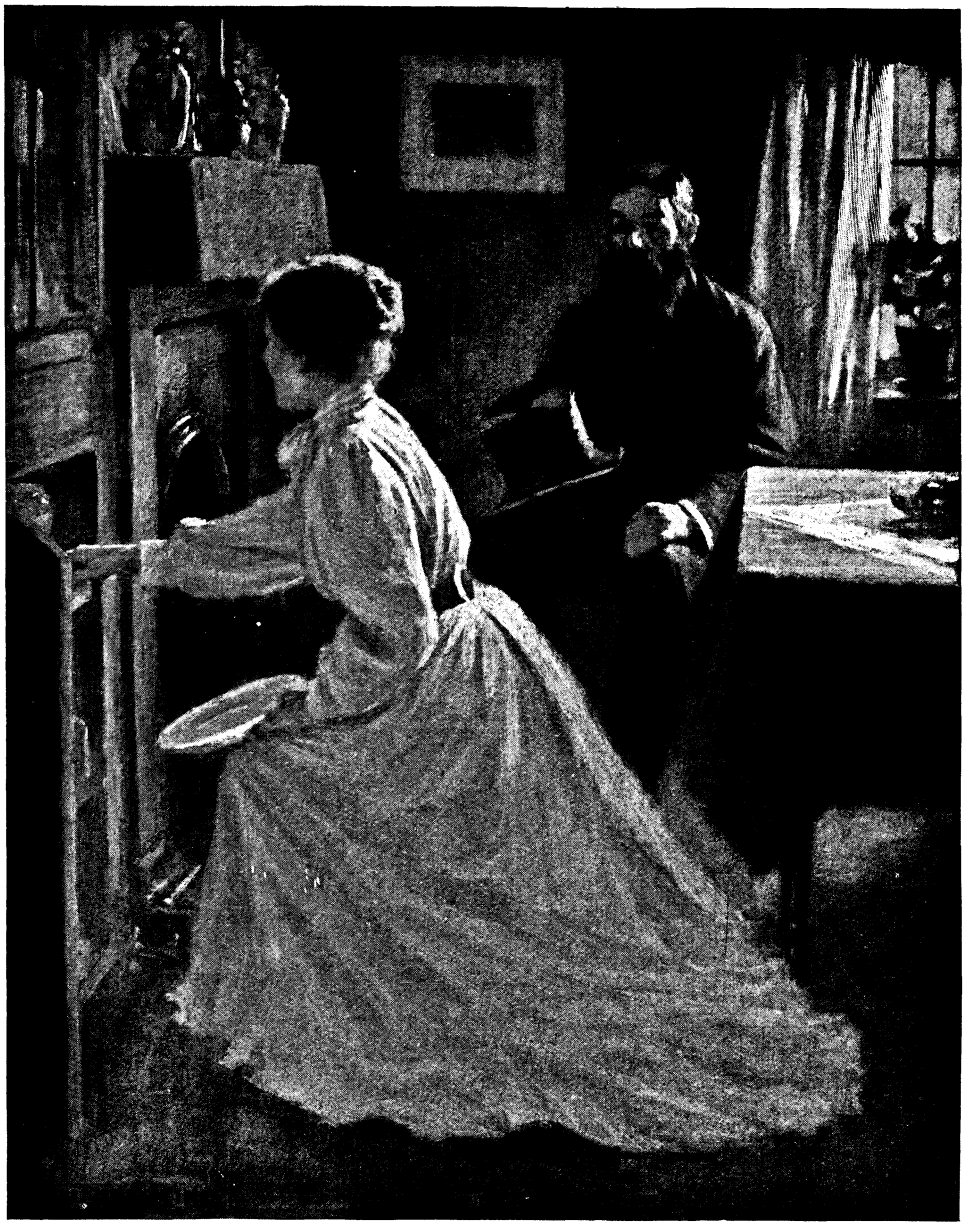

"But she got plates and things out of the cupboard below the bookcase."

table, and the cold meat and the pastry and the glittering cutlery and crystal thereon.

"Not at all," she replied. "You haven't had supper yet, I expect?"

"No," he said, not thinking.

"It will be nice of you to help me to eat mine," said she.

"Oh! But really——"

But she got plates and things out of the cupboard below the bookcase—and there he was! She would take no refusal. It was wondrous.

"I'm awfully glad I came now," his thought ran. "I'm managing it rather well."

And:

"Poor Bob!"

His sole discomfort was that he could not invent a sufficiently ingenious explanation of his call. You can't tell a woman you've called to make love to her, and when your

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previous call happens to have been ten years ago, some kind of an explanation does seem to be demanded. Ultimately, as Annie was so very pleased to see him, so friendly, so feminine, so equal to the occasion, he decided to let his presence in her abode that night stand as one of those central facts in existence that need no explanation. And they went on talking and eating till the dusk deepened and Annie lit the gas and drew the blind.

He watched her on the sly as she moved about the room. He decided that she did not appear a day older. There was the same plump, erect figure, the same neatness, the same fair skin and fair hair, the same little nose, the same twinkle in the eye — only perhaps the twinkle in the eye was a trifle less cruel than it used to be. She was not a day older. (In this he was of course utterly mistaken ; she was ten years older, she was thirty-three, with ten years of successful commercial experience behind her ; she would never be twenty-three again. Still, she was a most desirable woman, and a woman infinitely beyond his deserts.) Her air of general capability impressed him. And with that there was mingled a strange softness, a marvellous hint of a concealed wish to surrender . . . Well, she made him feel big and masculine—in brief, a man.

He regretted the lost ten years. His present way of life seemed intolerable to him. The new heaven opened its gate and gave glimpses of paradise. After all, he felt himself well qualified for that paradise. He felt that he had all along been a woman's man, without knowing it.

"By Jove!" his thought ran. "At this rate I might propose to her in a week or two."

And again :

"Poor old Bobbie!"

A quarter of an hour later, in some miraculous manner, they were more intimate than they had ever been, much more intimate. He revised his estimate of the time that must elapse before he might propose to her. In another five minutes he was fighting hard against a mad impulse to propose to her on the spot. And then the fight was over, and he had lost. He proposed to her under the rose-coloured shade of the incandescent light.

She drew away, as though shot.

And with the rapidity of lightning, in the silence which followed, he went back to his original criticism of himself, that he was a fool. Naturally she would request him to leave. She would accuse him of effrontery.

Her lips trembled. He prepared to rise.

"It's so sudden!" she said.

Bliss! Glory! Celestial joy! Her words were at least equivalent to an absolution of his effrontery! She would accept. She would accept! He jumped up and approached her. But she jumped up too and retreated. He was not to win his prize so easily.

"Please sit down," she murmured. "I must think it over," she said, apparently mastering herself. "Shall you be at chapel next Sunday morning?"

"Yes," he answered.

"If I am there, and if I am wearing white roses in my hat, it will mean——" She dropped her eyes.

"Yes?" he queried.

And she nodded.

"And supposing you aren't there?"

"Then the Sunday after," she said.

He thanked her in his Hessian style.

"I prefer that way of telling you," she smiled demurely. "It will avoid the necessity for another—so much—you understand? . . . ."

"Quite so, quite so!" he agreed. "I quite understand.

"And if I *do* see those roses," he went on, "I shall take upon myself to drop in for tea, may I?"

She paused.

"In any case, you mustn't speak to me coming out of chapel, *please*."

As he walked home down Oldcastle Street he said to himself that the age of miracles was not past ; also that, after all, he was not so old as the tale of his years would mathematically indicate.

III.

Her absence from chapel on the next Sunday disagreed with him. However, Robert was away nearly all the week, and he had the house to himself to dream in. It frequently happened to him to pass by Miss Emery's shop, but he caught no glimpse of her, and though he really was in serious need of writing-paper and envelopes, he dared not enter. Robert returned on the Friday.

On the morning of the second Sunday, John got up early, in order to cope with a new necktie that he had purchased in Hanbridge. Nevertheless he found Robert afoot before him, and Robert, by some unlucky chance, was wearing not merely a new necktie, but a new suit of clothes. They breakfasted in their usual august silence, and John gathered from a remark of Robert's to Maggie when she brought in the boots that Robert meant to go to chapel. Now, Robert,

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being a commercial traveller and therefore a bit of a caution, did not attend chapel with any remarkable assiduity. And John, in the privacy of his own mind, blamed him for having been so clumsy as to choose that particular morning for breaking the habits of a lifetime. Still, the presence of Robert in the pew could not prejudicially affect John, and so there was no genuine cause for gloominess.

After a time it became apparent that each was waiting for the other to go. John began to get annoyed. At last he made the plunge and went. Turning his head half way up Oldcastle Street, opposite the mansion which is still called "Miss Peel's," he perceived Robert fifty yards behind. It was a glorious June day.

He blushed as he entered chapel. If he was nervous, it may be accorded to him as excuse that the happiness of his life depended on what he should see within the next few minutes. However, he felt pretty sure, though it was exciting all the same.

To reach the Hessian pew he was obliged to pass Miss Emery's. And it was empty! Robert arrived.

The organist finished the voluntary. The leading tenor of the choir put up the number of the first hymn. The minister ascended the staircase of the great mahogany pulpit, and prayed silently, and arranged his papers in the leaves of the hymn-book, and glanced about to see who was there and who was presumably still in bed, and coughed; and then Miss Annie Emery sailed in with that air of false calm which is worn by the experienced traveller who catches a train by the fifth of a second. The service commenced.

John looked.

She was wearing white roses. There could be no mistake as to that. There were about a hundred and fifty-five white roses in the garden of her hat.

What a thrill ran through John's heart! He had won Annie, and he had won the fortune. Yes, he would give Robert the odd five thousand pounds. His state of mind might even lead him to make it guineas. He heard not a word of the sermon, and throughout the service he rose up and sat down several instants after the rest of the congregation, because he was so absent-minded.

After service he waited for everybody else to leave, in order not to break his promise to the divine Annie. So did Robert. This ill-timed rudeness on Robert's part somewhat retarded the growth of a young desire in John's heart to make friends with poor Bob. Then he got up and left, and Robert followed.

They dined in silence, John deciding that he would begin his overtures of friendship after he had seen Annie, and could tell Robert that he was formally engaged. The brothers ate little. They both improved their minds during their repast—John with the *Christian Commonwealth*, and Robert with the Saturday cricket edition of the *Signal* (I regret it).

Then, after pipes, they both went out for a walk, naturally not in the same direction. The magnificence of the weather filled them both with the joy of life. As for John, he went out for a walk simply because he could not contain himself within the house. He could not wait immovable till four-thirty, the hour at which he meant to call on Annie for tea and the betrothal kiss. Therefore he ascended to Hillport and wandered as far as Oldcastle, all in a silk hat and a frock-coat.

It was precisely half-past four as he turned, unassumingly, from Brick Street into Brick Passage, and so approached the side door of Annie Emery. And his astonishment and anger were immense when he saw Robert, likewise in silk hat and frock-coat, penetrating into Brick Passage from the other end.

They met, and their inflamed spirits collided.

"What's the meaning of this?" John demanded, furious; and, simultaneously, Robert demanded: "What in Hades are *you* doing here?"

Only Sunday and the fine clothes and the proximity to Annie prevented actual warfare.

"I'm calling on Annie," said John.

"So am I," said Robert.

"Well, you're too late," said John.

"Oh, I'm too late, am I?" said Robert, with a disdainful laugh. "Thanks!"

"I tell you you're too late," said John. "You may as well know at once that I've proposed to Annie, and she's accepted me."

"I like that! I like that!" said Robert.

"Don't shout!" said John.

"I'm not shouting," said Robert. "But you may as well know that you're mistaken, my boy. It's me that's proposed to Annie and been accepted. You must be off your chump!"

"When did you propose to her?" said John.

"On Friday, if you must know," said Robert.

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"And she accepted you at once?" said John.

"No. She said that if she was wearing white roses in her hat this morning at chapel, that would mean she accepted," said Robert.

"Liar!" said John.

"I suppose you'll admit she *was* wearing white roses in her hat?" said Robert, controlling himself.

"Liar!" said John, and continued, breathless: "That was what she said to *me*. She must have told you that white roses meant a refusal."

"Oh, no, she didn't!" said Robert, quailing secretly, but keeping up a formidable show of courage. "You're an old fool!" he added vindictively.

They were both breathing hard, and staring hard, at each other.

"Come away," said John. "Come away! We can't talk here. She may look out of the window."

So they went away. They walked very quickly home, and, once in the parlour, they began to have it out. And, before they had done, the reading of cricket news on Sunday was as nothing compared to the desecrating iniquity which they committed. The scene was not such as can be decently recounted. But about six o'clock Maggie entered, and, at considerable personal risk, brought them back to a sense of what was due to their name, the town, and the day. She then stated that she would not remain in such a house, and she departed.

IV.

"But whatever made you do it, dearest?"

These words were addressed to Annie Emery on the glorious summer evening which closed that glorious summer day, and they were addressed to her by no other person than Powell Liversage. The pair were in the garden of the house in Trafalgar Road occupied by Mr. Liversage and his mother, and they looked westwards over the distant ridge of Hillport, where the moon was rising.

"Whatever made me do it!" repeated Annie, and the twinkle in her eye had that charming cruelty which John had missed. "Did they not deserve it? Of course, I can talk to you now with perfect freedom, can't I? Well, what do you *think* of it? Here for ten years neither one nor the other does more than recognise me in the street, and then all of a sudden they come down on me like that—simply because there's a question of money. I couldn't have believed men could be so stupid—no, I really couldn't! They're friends of yours, Powell, I know, but—however, that's no matter. But it was too ridiculously easy to lead them on! They'd swallow any flattery. I just did it to see what they'd do, and I think I arranged it pretty well. I quite expected they would call about the same time, and then shouldn't I have given them my mind! Unfortunately they met outside, and got very hot—I saw them from the bedroom window—and went away."

"You mustn't forget, my dear girl," said Liversage, "that it was you they quarrelled about. I don't want to defend 'em for a minute, but it wasn't altogether the money that sent them to you; it was more that the money gave them an excuse for coming!"

"It was a very bad excuse, then!" said Annie.

"Agreed!" Liversage murmured.

The moon was extremely lovely and romantic against the distant spire of Hillport Church, and its effect on the couple was just what might have been anticipated.

"Perhaps I'm sorry," Annie admitted at length, with a charming grimace.

"Oh! I don't think there's anything to be *sorry* about," said Liversage. "But of course they'll think I've had a hand in it. You see, I've never breathed a word to them about—about my feelings towards you."

"No?"

"No. It would have been rather a delicate subject, you see, with them. And I'm sure they'll be staggered when they know that we got engaged last night. They'll certainly say I've—er—been after you for the—— No, they won't. They're decent chaps, really; very decent."

"Anyhow, you may be sure, dear," said Annie stiffly, "that *I* shan't rob them of their vile money! Nothing would induce me to touch it!"

"Of course not, dearest!" said Liversage—or, rather, the finer part of him said it; the baser part somewhat regretted that vile twelve thousand or so. (I must be truthful.)

He took her hand again.

At the same moment old Mrs. Liversage came hastening down the garden, and Liversage dropped the hand.

"Powell," she said, "here's John Hessian, and he wants to see you!"

"The dickens!" exclaimed Liversage, glancing at Annie.

"I must go," said Annie. "I shall go by the fields. Good night, dear Mrs. Liversage."

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"And then Miss Annie Emery sailed in with that air of false calm which is worn by the experienced traveller who catches a train by the fifth of a second."

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"Wait ten seconds," Liversage pleaded, "and I'll be with you." And he ran off.

John, haggard and undone, was awaiting him in the drawing-room.

"Pow," said he, "I've had a fearful row with Bob, and I can't possibly sleep in our house to-night. Don't talk to me. But let me have one of the beds in your spare room, will you? There's a good chap."

"Why, of course, Johnnie," said Liversage. "Of course."

"And I'll go right to bed now," said John.

An hour later, after Powell Liversage had seen his affianced to her abode and returned home, and after his mother had gone to bed, there was a knock at the front door, and Liversage opened to Robert Hessian.

"Look here, Pow," said Robert, whose condition was deplorable, "I want to sleep here to-night. Do you mind? Fact is, I've had a devil of a shindy with Jack, and Maggie's run off, and, anyhow, I couldn't possibly stop in the same house with Jack to-night."

"But what—— ?"

"See here," said Robert. "I can't talk. Just let me have a bed in your spare room. I'm sure your mother won't mind."

"Why, certainly," said Liversage.

He lit a candle, escorted Robert upstairs, opened the door of the spare room, gave the candle to Robert, pushed him in, said "Good night," and shut the door

What a night!

"A WILLING HAND." BY FRED MORGAN.

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A QUESTION OF QUALIFICATION.

HOSTESS: Excuse my ignorance, but must I call you Dr. Squills or Mr. Squills?
YOUTHFUL PRACTITIONER: Oh, call me anything you like—but some people call me a silly young duffer!
HOSTESS: Ah, but those are only people who know you intimately.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"MUMMY, dear," said a little girl in a wistful, longing voice, "I *do* think your bracelets are pretty."

"Well, darling," replied her mother, "you'll have them some day, when I die, and my necklace and watch as well; but, of course, dear," she added, "I want to stay with you a long time yet, you know."

"But, mummy, dear," replied the child after a pause, "you know, you'd be just as happy up there."

COUNTRY FARMER (to Restaurant Keeper): What time do you have dinner here?

RESTAURANT KEEPER: From twelve to three, sir.

COUNTRY FARMER: Oh, that will suit me nicely. I never like hurrying over my victuals.

"'ERE, George," cried a navvy to his mate as they passed a lecture-hall where an address on "The Era of Cleanliness" was announced, "let's go in and 'ear wot the bloke's got to say. I always thought it was an error, myself."

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the new rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

"WELL, Jimmy," said his employer, "I don't see how you are going to get any days off this season; your grandmother died four times last summer."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," answered Jimmy. "Grandpapa has married again, although it was very much against the wishes of the family."

IT was foggy weather. A train came to a standstill just outside a suburban station. Most of the passengers wanted to get home and were irritated at the delay, but one slept peacefully in the corner. Suddenly a fog-signal went off quite close and made them all jump, but the sleeper merely murmured, while a smile overspread his face—

"Not all the soda, please, miss."

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EASEFUL DEATH.

"WHAT did she die of?"

"Why, they said it was eatin' of ices on the top of 'ot pudden."

"What a lovely death!"

FINDING THE BALL.

WHEN Gertrude and I started golfing,
We were both of us keen on the game;
No sign of romance in the offing,
Our greetings and partings were tame;
And I'm rather in doubt as to whether
Our hearts would have melted at all,
Except for the height of the heather
And our habit of losing the ball.

'Twas that hide-and-seek Haxell that did it.
We sought it in circles and squares,
Not marking the tussocks that hid it,
Or its snug little, tucked-away lairs.
But we talked as we wandered around it,
And the dawn of our sympathies broke,
Till we both felt annoyed when we found it,
And lost it the very next stroke.

One day she approached like a rocket
(Her cleek at the sequel connived),
And I hid her lost ball in my pocket,
For I felt that my fate had arrived.
She said "Yes," and I longed to enfold her,
But a player behind shouted "FORE!"
So I dropped the ball over my shoulder,
And we lost it no more.

Jessie Pope.

THE young wife watched her husband carefully fold a piece of paper and put it in the farther corner of a drawer in the library table, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease aroused her curiosity.

"What's that, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, trying hard not to smile.

Still she wondered what it was, and reasoned with herself that as he had said it was nothing of importance, she would look at it; and she did, at the first opportunity. This is what she found scribbled on the piece of paper—

"I'll bet you a new spring hat your curiosity will not permit you to leave this alone."

How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?

AFTER weeks of waiting and longing for the sport, rods, reels, gaff, creel—everything was in readiness for a week's trout-fishing.

The young wife, smiling joyously, hurried into the room, extending towards her husband some sticky, speckled papers.

"For goodness' sake," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with those old fly-papers?"

"I saved them for you from last summer, dear," she answered. "You know you said you always had to buy flies when you went fishing."

DUE RESPECT FOR RANK.

POMPOUS SHOPWALKER: Looking for the assistant 'oo served you, madam? Was it this gentleman over here?

SARCASTIC CUSTOMER: No; it was that *nobleman* over there.

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DESERVING NECESSITY.

"He told her his face was his fortune."
"What did she say?"
"She offered to lend him a hundred or two."

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BELINDA'S DIMPLE.

THE poets write an awful lot of rhythmic, measured chaff,
A sonnet to an eyebrow, or a lyric to a laugh;
But were I to indite an ode, I think that I would speak
Of that busy little dimple in Belinda's cheek.

It comes and goes so suddenly: it isn't there—and then
It flashes into being—and it disappears again!
My wonder and my interest it's always sure to pique—
That busy little dimple in Belinda's cheek.

It expresses such a lot of things. It means she's gay and glad,
It means she's pert and saucy, or it means she's sort of sad;
It means she's very angry, or it means she's rather meek—
That busy little dimple in Belinda's cheek.

She uses it so deftly—for she knows its subtle power.
Her smile is like a sunbeam and her face is like a flower.
And when the day's work's over, I'm always glad to seek
That busy little dimple in Belinda's cheek.

CAROLYN WELLS.

SCARCELY FLATTERING.

"MOTHER hopes that you will stop and have dinner with us, and just take us as we are, you know."
"Thanks very much. And please don't put yourselves out for me. I am pretty well hardened to anything."

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"THE THREE GRACES." BY JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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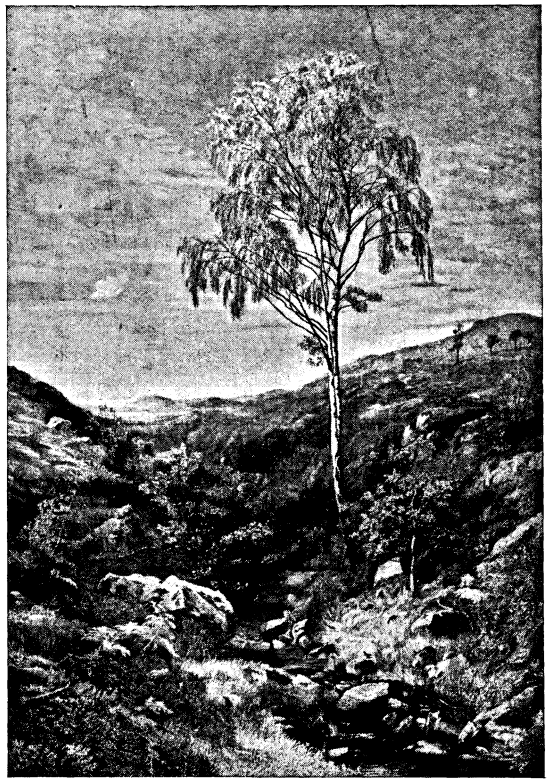
THE ART OF MR. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

JOHN MACWHIRTER was born at Slateford, near Edinburgh, on March 27, 1839, and is a descendant of one of the five Ayrshire martyrs, of Wigton and Maybole fame. From his father, a large paper manufacturer of Colington, Edinburgh, a skilled draughtsman, a botanist and a geologist of no mean merit, and a devout student of Nature, he inherited undoubtedly his taste for art, whilst he inherited from his mother that taste for travel which, as he himself says, is his only hobby. He has not distinguished himself in the same manner as did his famous maternal uncle, Major Alexander Gordon Laing, the African explorer, by the discovery of the source of a river as important as the Niger; nor, like him, has he penetrated into Timbuctoo, but rather has he used his passionate love of wandering nearer home, and entirely in the interests of his art.



"THE FAIRY OF THE GLEN." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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He was intended by his father for his own business, an intention frustrated by that parent's death when the boy was but thirteen years old, an age at which his determination to be a painter was already formed. Taken from the school at Peebles, where he then was, he was actually apprenticed to Oliver and Boyd, the well-known booksellers, at Tweedale Court, High Street, Edinburgh, a rule of which house was that no boy under fourteen should be so bound. The appearance of the aspirant for place, however, so favourably impressed one of the partners that his "He looks an intelligent lad—try him," secured the post, and brought to him, at the same time, gratification at the praise which, although it may since have been equalled, has probably never been surpassed.

He found business, even at that early age, so uncongenial that, as Archdeacon Sinclair puts it in the interesting monologue he wrote some few years ago round Mr. MacWhirter, "not to put too fine a point upon it, after six months, he bolted."

At the age of fourteen, therefore, he was given his own way, and entered as a student at the Trustees Academy; and that same year he exhibited a small picture called "Old Cottages at Braid" at the Royal Scottish Academy, thus establishing a record of precocity.

Robert Scott Lauder, at the time at which John MacWhirter joined the Trustees Academy, 1854, had been for two years its head, and it is his influence which has made Northern painting the power that it is, in London and the art world generally, to-day. W. Quiller Orchardson, John Pettie, Peter Graham, William MacTaggart, John Hutchison, Hugh Cameron, these were the men that worked side by side with John MacWhirter, and learnt from Robert Lauder that *technique* which is art. "Technique," said one of our best art critics, "is as inseparable from art as are features from facial expressions,

as body from soul, in a world where force and matter seem inextricably entangled. In fact, the man who has no interest in technical questions has no interest in art; he loves it as those love you who profess only love for your soul."

A man of genius learns from a mere hint, and if those pupils of Lauder, who made their way South, were not actual geniuses, those "compounds of original seeing, intellectual courage, and some very special gift of expression," they were at least men of very exceptional talent, talent not transmitted, but evolved—men, indeed, such as, for many years, Scotland had not produced.

There are eyesights of all grades, tone, subtlety, colour, delicacy, strength, simplicity, and complexity. This diverse sight it is which marks the work of each man as individual. Of individuality in paint, Mr. MacWhirter in his "Hints to Students in Landscape Painting," a most excellent manual, says: "I do not recommend the copying of many pictures. There is this risk, that when you go to Nature you will see with another's eyes. You must look and see for yourself. It is better to be individual and fail than to follow too closely the footsteps of another. Of course, you can learn much by looking well at great works and taking mental notes; and, indeed, it can do no harm, but only good, to copy *parts* of a great picture, if only to find out how thoroughly the great master worked. . . . Individuality is the only valuable thing in art. Turner admired and studied Claude, but his own strong personal genius came through. So it is with all genuine artists; with advantage they may study the work of their eminent forerunners; but, confronted with Nature, the personal inspiration of the moment will cause forgetfulness of other artist's creations, however magnificent they may be," for, to quote the well-known words Charlotte Corday used before the Convention, "One is always a poor executant of conceptions not one's own."

"THE AVENUE: TWILIGHT." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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Mr. McKay, in his able book on the Scottish School of Painting, says: "Lauder influenced Scottish art in a way no individual painter before or since has done. His reverence for traditional art, both in its spirit and methods, was inherited by most of his pupils. . . . . the naturalism of the distinguished men trained under him—and none of them escaped the trend of the times—was never a violent rupture with the Past, as it was in England, but a something added to and absorbed into the body of orthodoxy, as one might say." Lauder sent forth his pupils from the Trustees Academy equipped with a good solid groundwork of knowledge, upon which, according to his individual taste, each has developed the superstructure his especial talent has decreed; for all true art must *originate* (no matter where fostered) in the personal sensitiveness to external matter of individual mind and vision, and it must be backed by enthusiasm; since art without enthusiasm would cease to be art and become science. It is enthusiasm alone that encourages the artist in his endeavour to translate the ever-varying beauty of Nature into a medium as difficult to mould as is quicksilver.

Mr. MacWhirter, in distributing the prizes at the St. John's Wood Art Schools at the end of the last session, said, very truly, that

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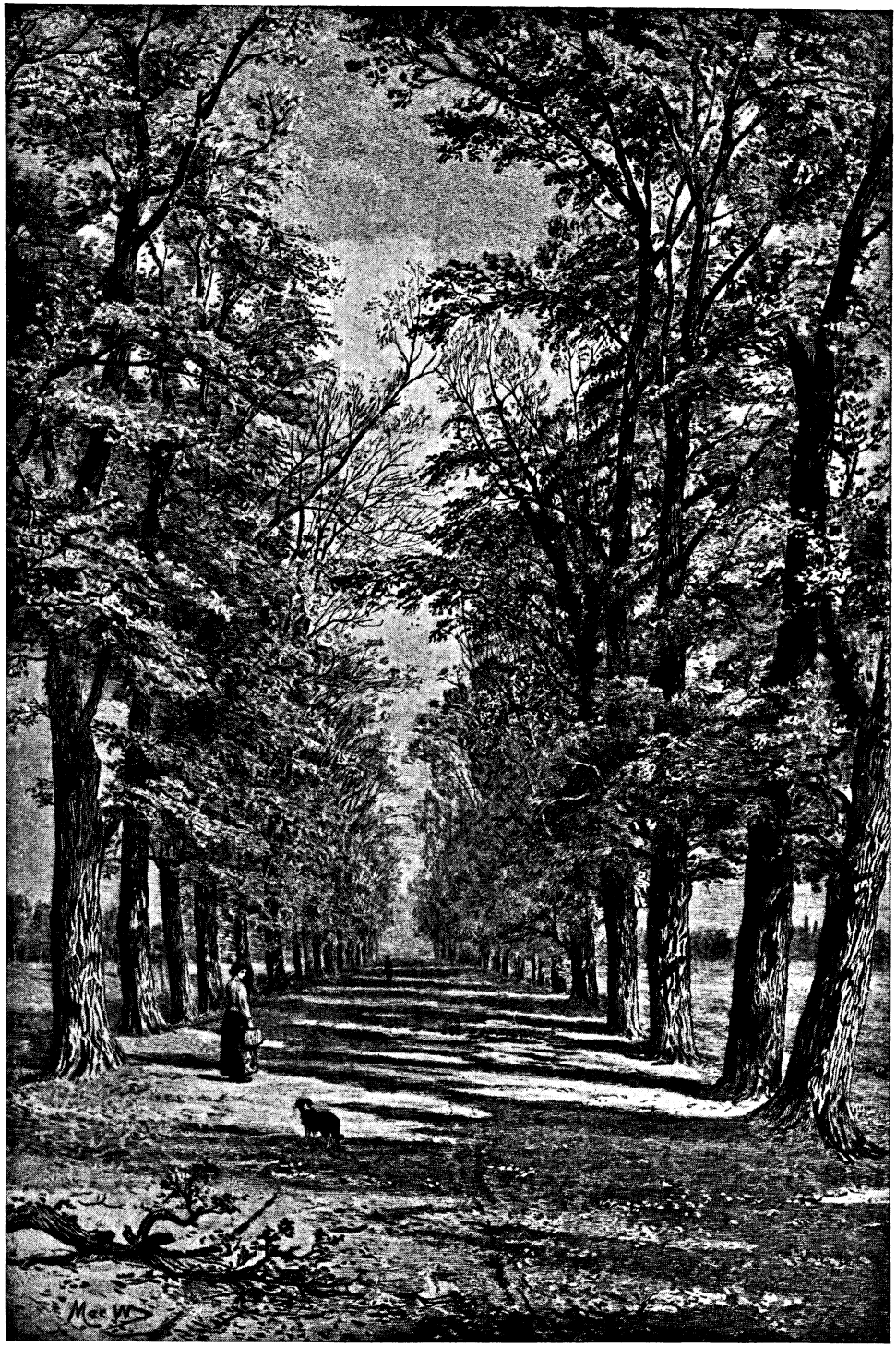

"THE AVENUE: SUNLIGHT." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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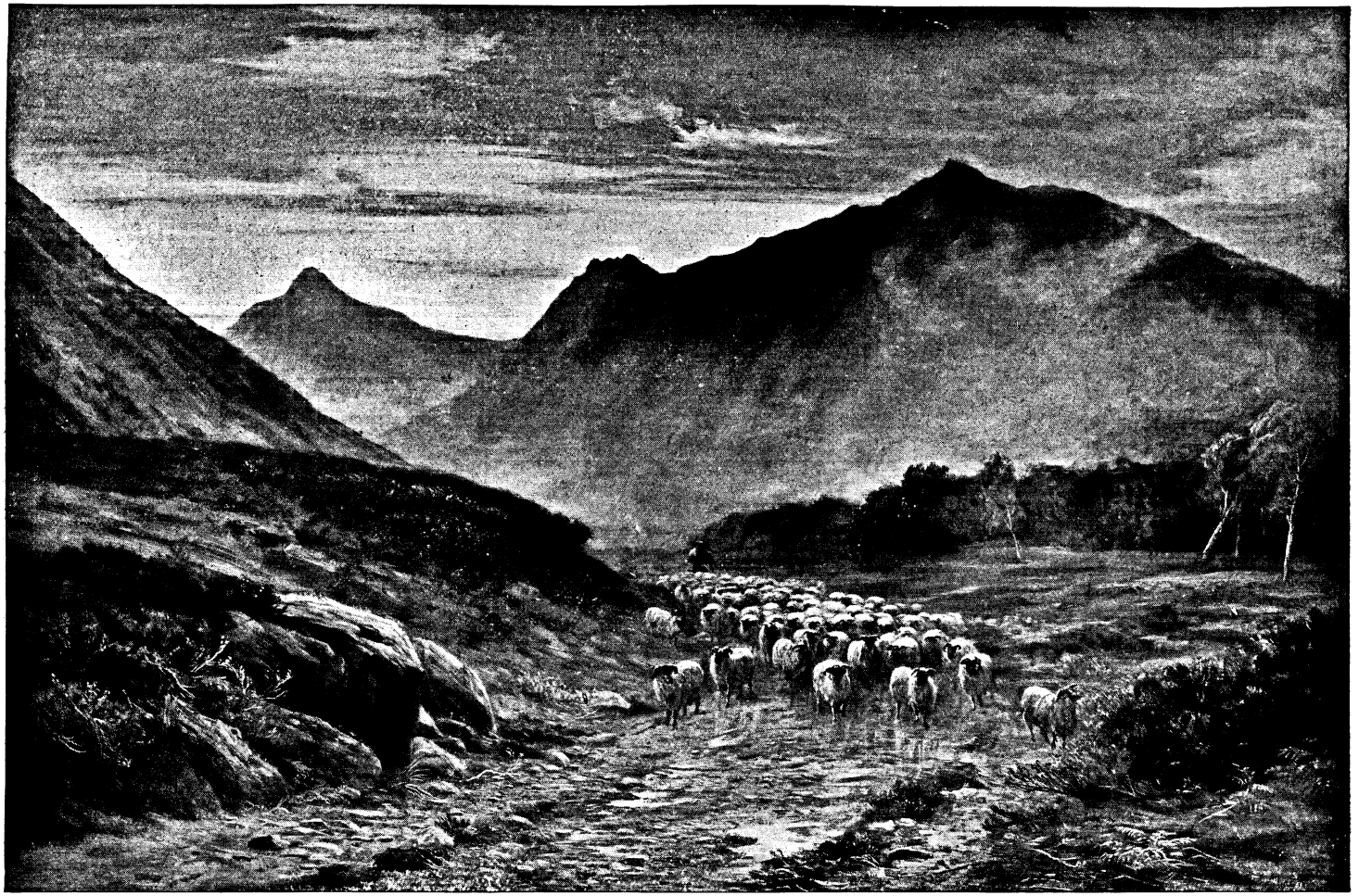

"THE PEAKS OF ARRAN." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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"THE FINDHORN." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

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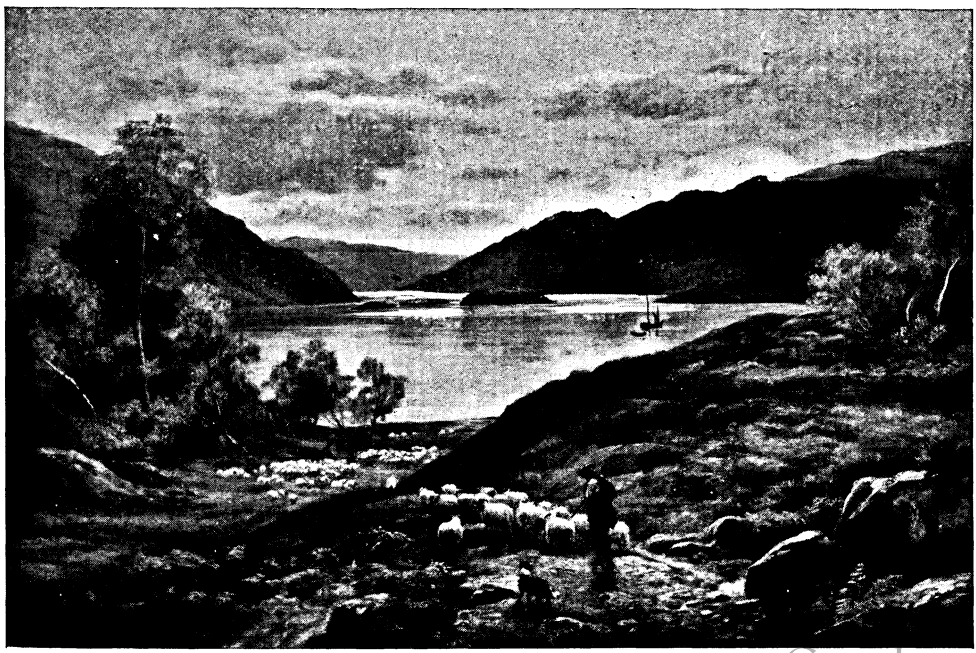
"no success in Science, Literature, or Art could be attained without long, patient study, and that, in addition, the artist required to lay in a store of enthusiasm so great that at the end of a long career he should find it unexhausted." He might to this list of requisites have added one other, and said, with equal justice, that memory - cultivation is indispensable.

"Always carry a notebook" is indeed the first sentence in his "Hints to Students." "You cannot begin to train your memory too soon. The finest effects will vanish before you have time to copy them. They must therefore be noted down and afterwards reproduced from memory . . . where there is not time both to draw and to paint, devote all the time to drawing, and before your impression of the colour fades try to reproduce it . . . all landscape painters are born with good memories,



"GATHERING THE FLOCKS, LOCH AILORT." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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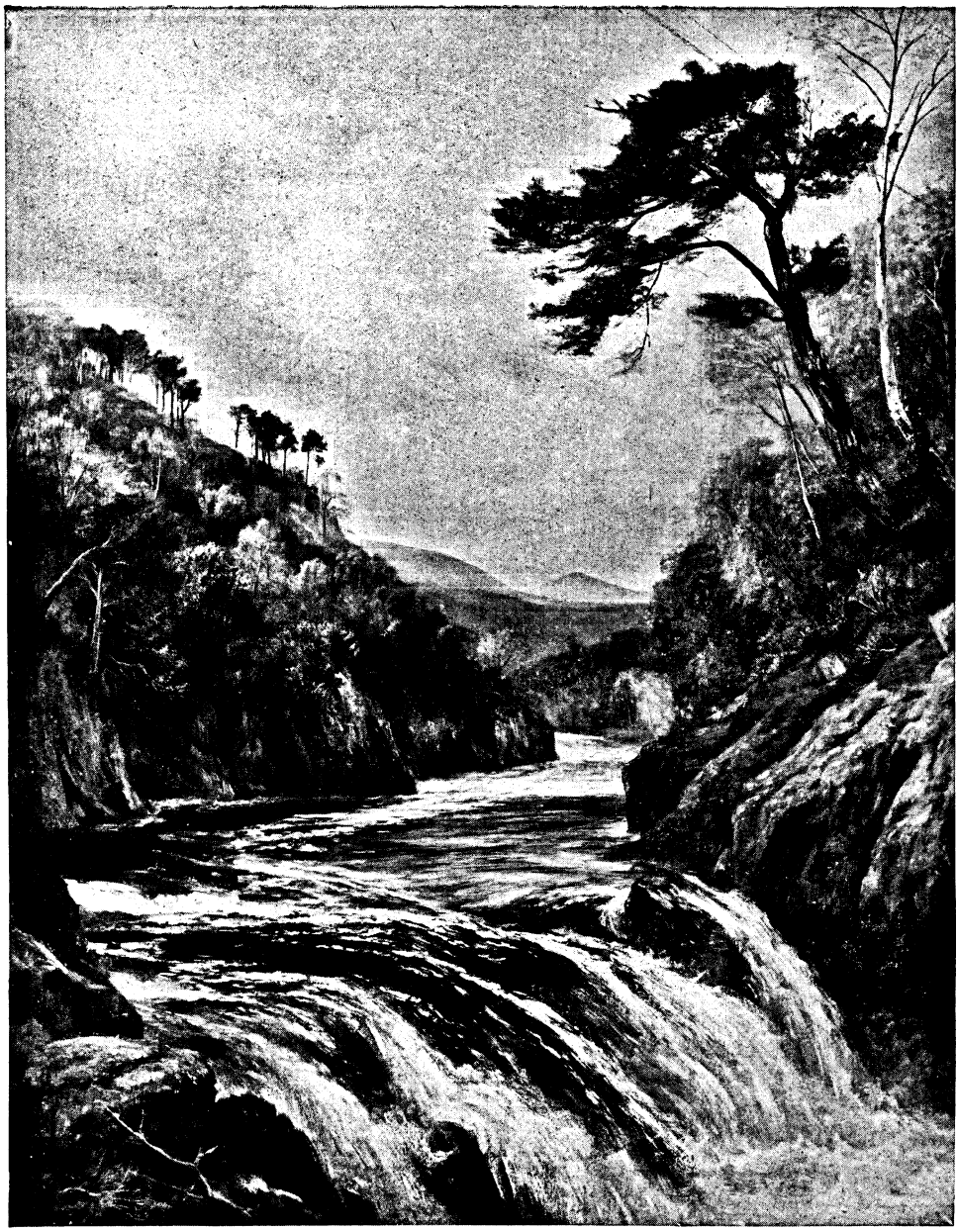

"THE WILD SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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which must, however, be trained . . . you should sit down for days (or for weeks if you like) before a tree or the root of a tree, and get all the detail and beauty you can into your drawing . . . paint also ferns, mosses, bits of stick, smooth and rough stones, rocks, etc. Study flowers especially; not flowers in vases, but growing either in gardens or by the wayside or hillside. By flowers I mean, of course, also weeds and leaves of all kinds. If you continue filling up notebooks with studies such as I have indicated, as well as with studies of clouds, mountains, etc., you will be able with

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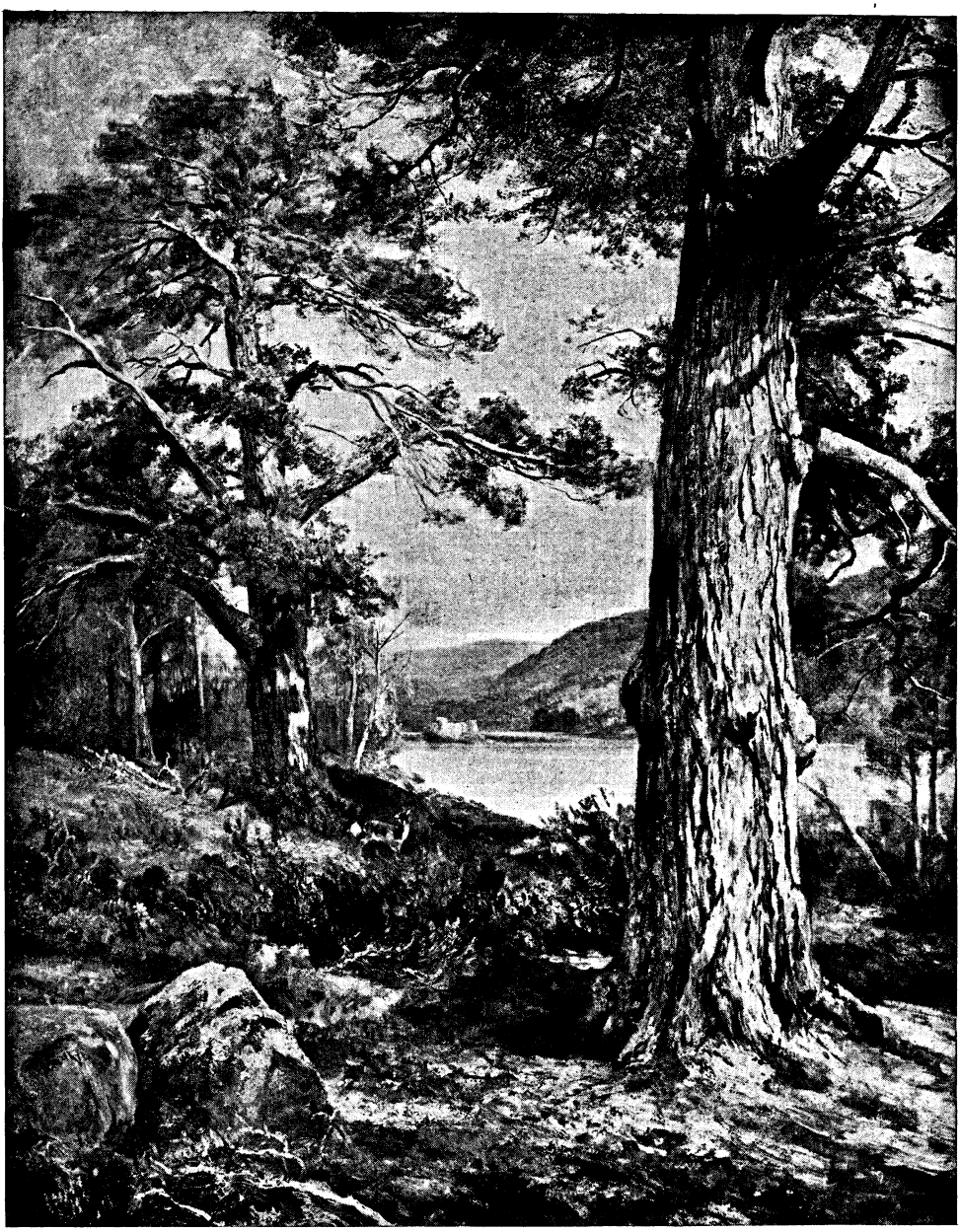

"OLD SCOTCH FIRS." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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the knowledge thus acquired to paint a distinct impression of the scene which has passed away."

Mr. MacWhirter himself has a very large number of such notebooks, and lately a few of them have been reproduced and published. His early studies are marvellously careful and minute—innumerable drawings of trees, weeds, flowers, clouds, or of some particularly picturesque buildings.

It was in the early 'seventies that he, during a tour in Norway, made many water-colour sketches of the wild flowers so abundant in that country. Mr. Fox-White, the art publisher, borrowed a portfolio of these to show to Ruskin, who, enthusiastic in

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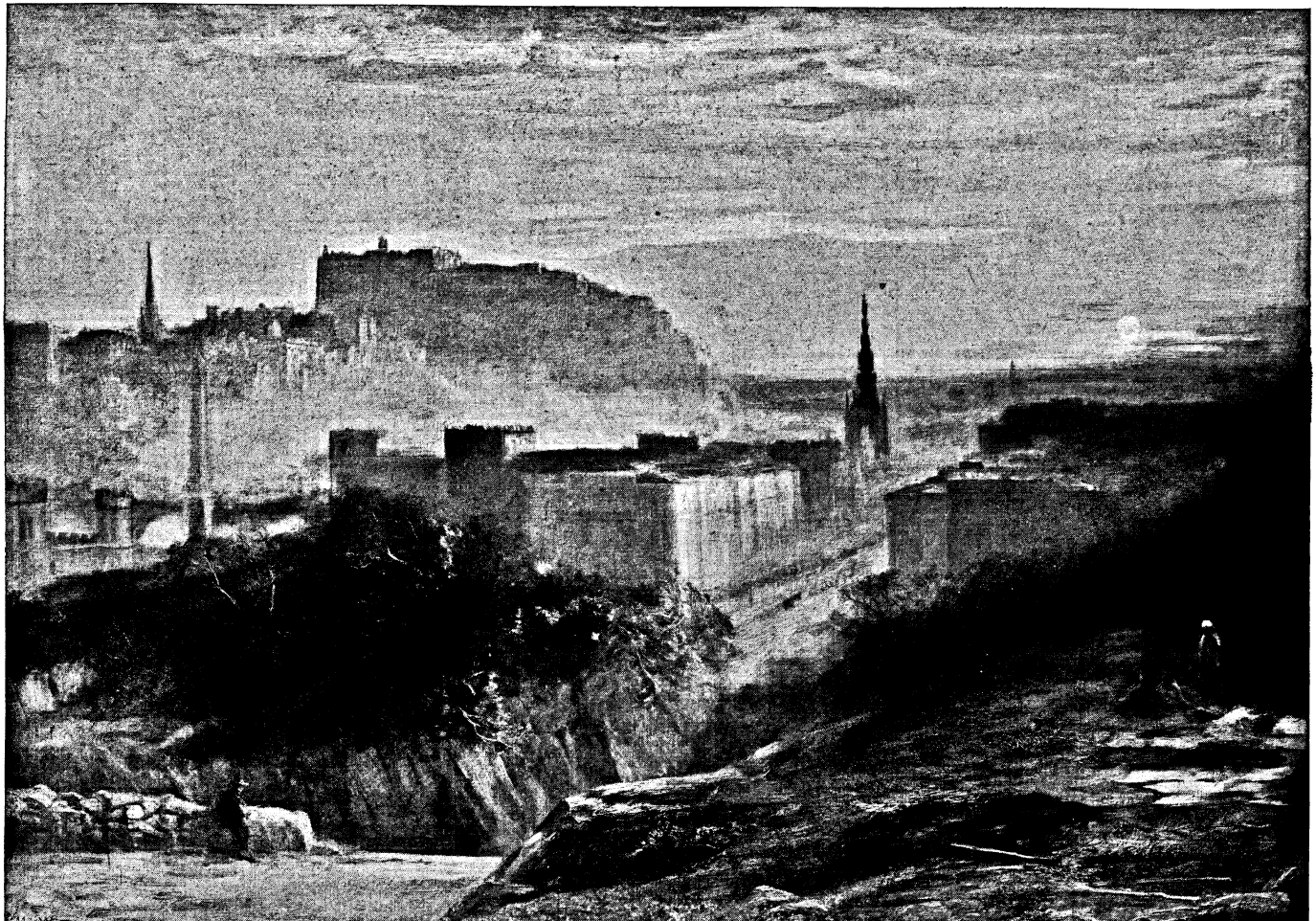

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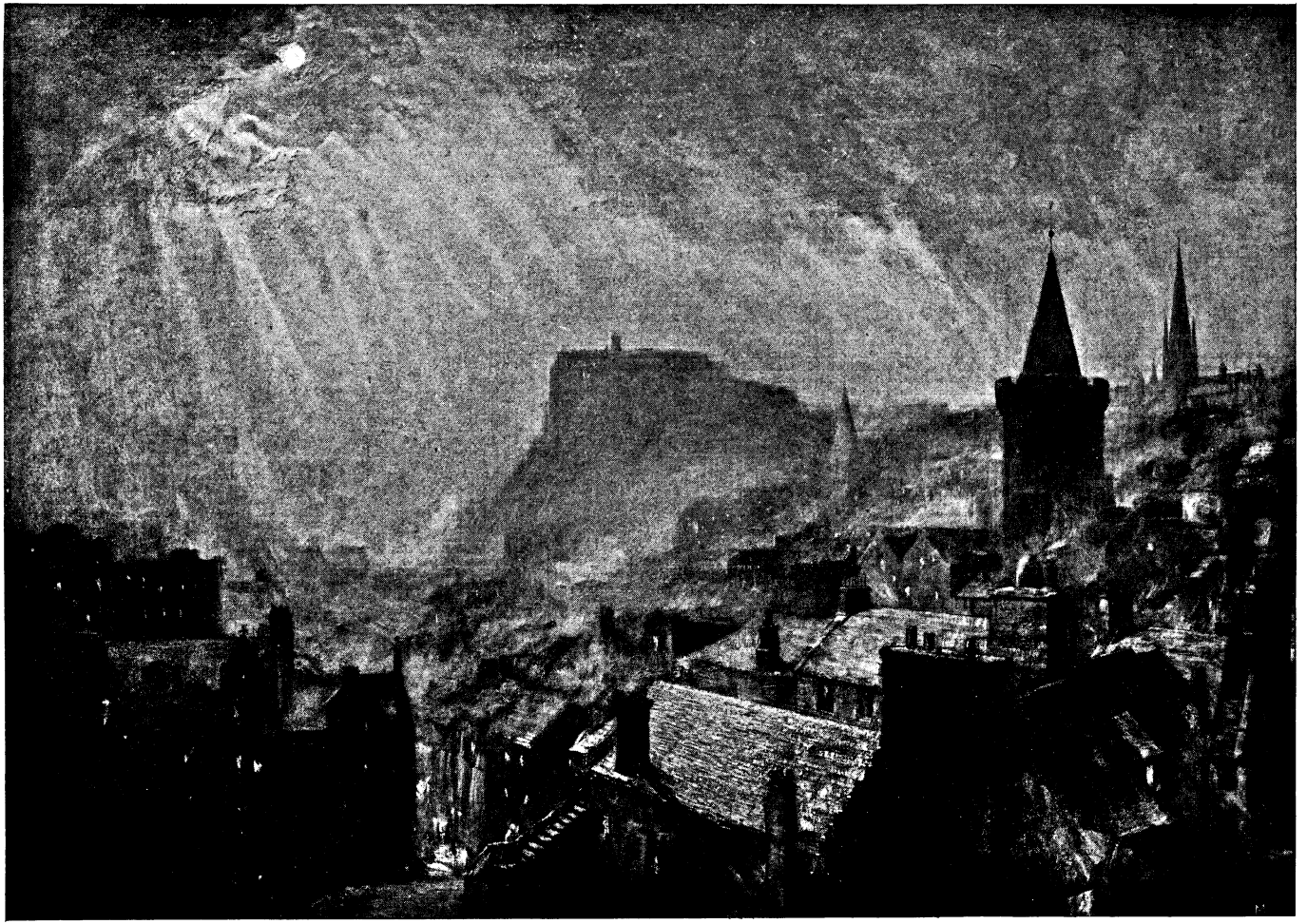

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appreciation, wrote to Mr. Fox-White: "I must state how much I am obliged to you for forcing me to see this wonderful work. I have never seen anything like it . . . could you interview the artist and see if he would allow me to take this book of studies to Oxford, to show the students what foreground study should be?" Mr. MacWhirter gave permission. Ruskin lectured on the sketches at Oxford—he, in fact, bought some which are now in the Oxford School of Art.

Long, patient study, a vast store of enthusiasm, an unfailing memory, a constant appeal to Nature, and a pictorial faculty of equal readiness as fertility, these have been the means and qualities by aid of which Mr. MacWhirter has attained to his present eminence. He has that unrelaxing criticism of his own work which distinguishes the earnest artist alone; the unconscious habit of the sensitive eye for ever employed in estimating the importance of colour and form and seeking an organic and persuasive unity of the two. He has the independence of mind, the versatility, enthusiasm, and jovial sincerity that had his great predecessor and countryman, Sam Bough—the same big, bold scenic work distinguishes the methods of both. Add to these qualities a poetic instinct—one that has sent him to Shakespeare in search of titles for his pictures, so that "Where the Bee Sucks," "With Hey ho! the Wind and the Rain," and "Crabbed Age and Youth" are the result—geniality, affability, a kind heart, a picturesque appearance, and a tongue both witty and redolent of the North, and there you get the picture of both the artist and the man.

A rule of thumb tradition is apt to spring up round a man's success—it is often the price he pays for it—people like to walk through exhibitions and, without consultation of a catalogue, to point to a canvas on which is a presentment of poor fisherfolk clustered together on the shore, and say: "A Stanhope Forbes"; or, happening on another of lovers whispering at a wall, murmur: "Marcus Stone"; marble is the accepted sign manual of Sir Alma Tadema; and a drollery is at once labelled a Dendy Sadler. To lay down such rules is to fetter talent and make of the artist but a skilled automaton; it is his province to choose for himself, from the vast magazine of Nature, that subject which at the moment the most appeals to him, and no question should disturb him as to whether he has

"OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE." BY J. MACWHIRTER, M.A.

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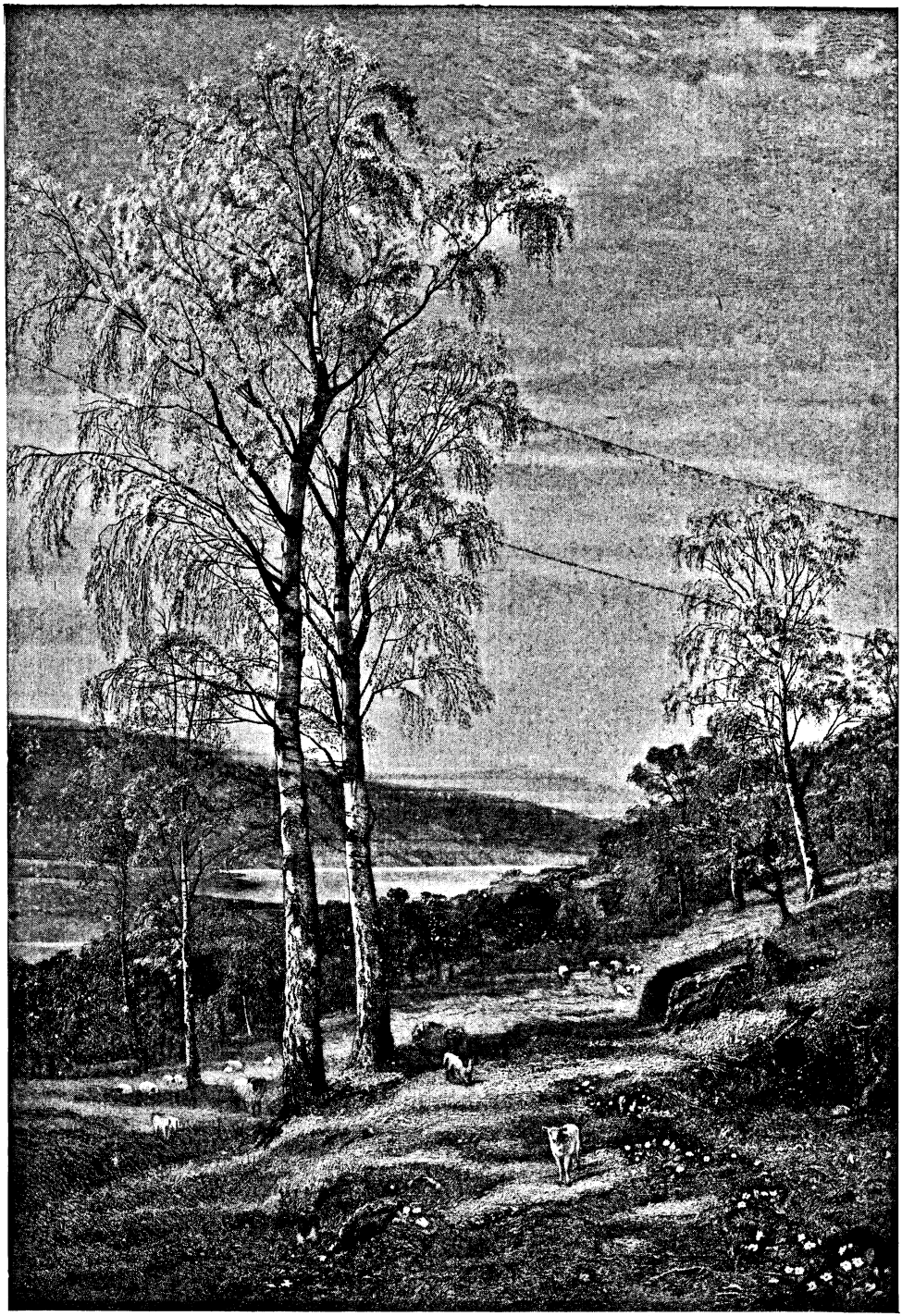

"HAIL, GENTLE SPRING!" BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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"EVENING MISTS: ISLE OF SKYE." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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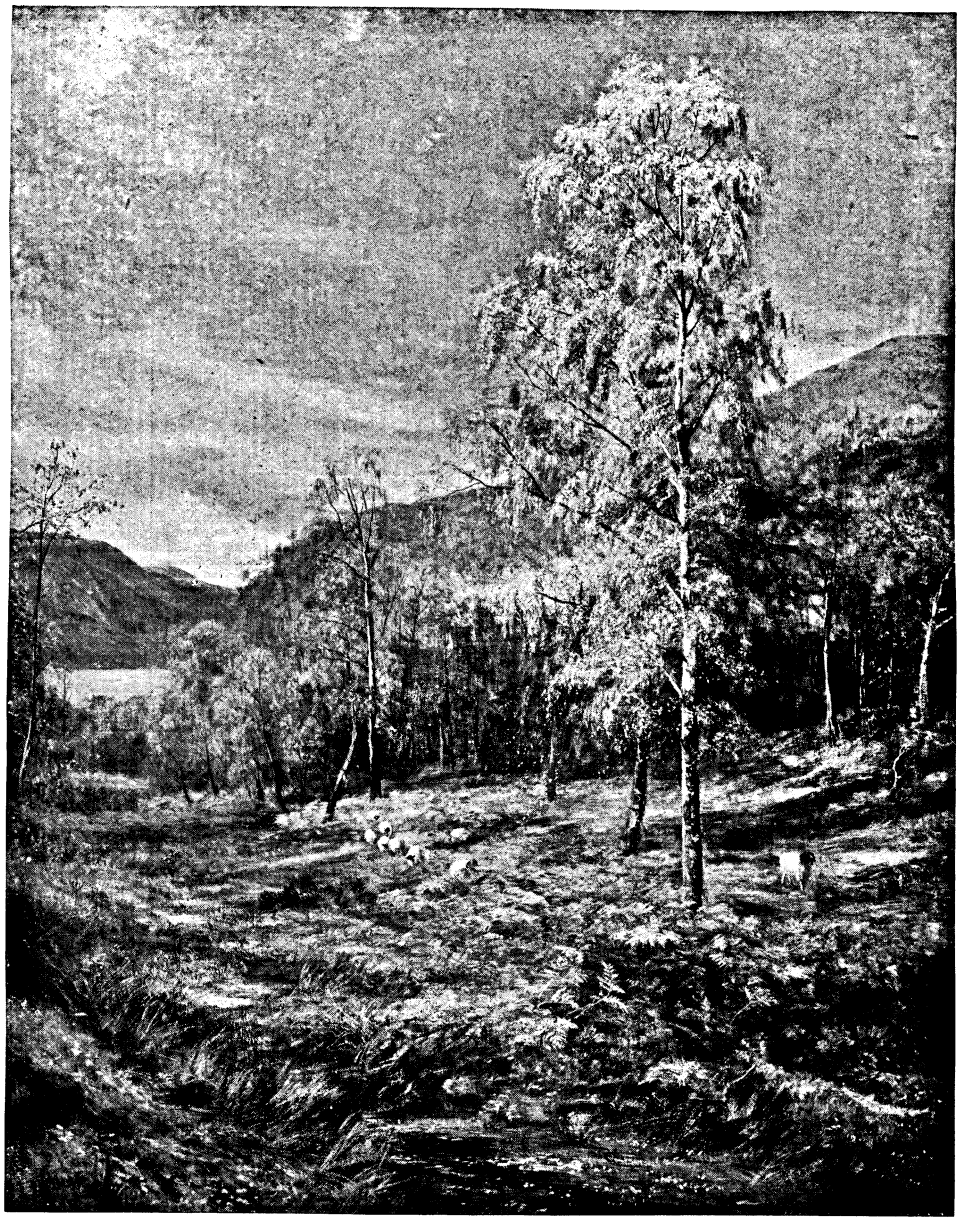

"GOLDEN LEAVES." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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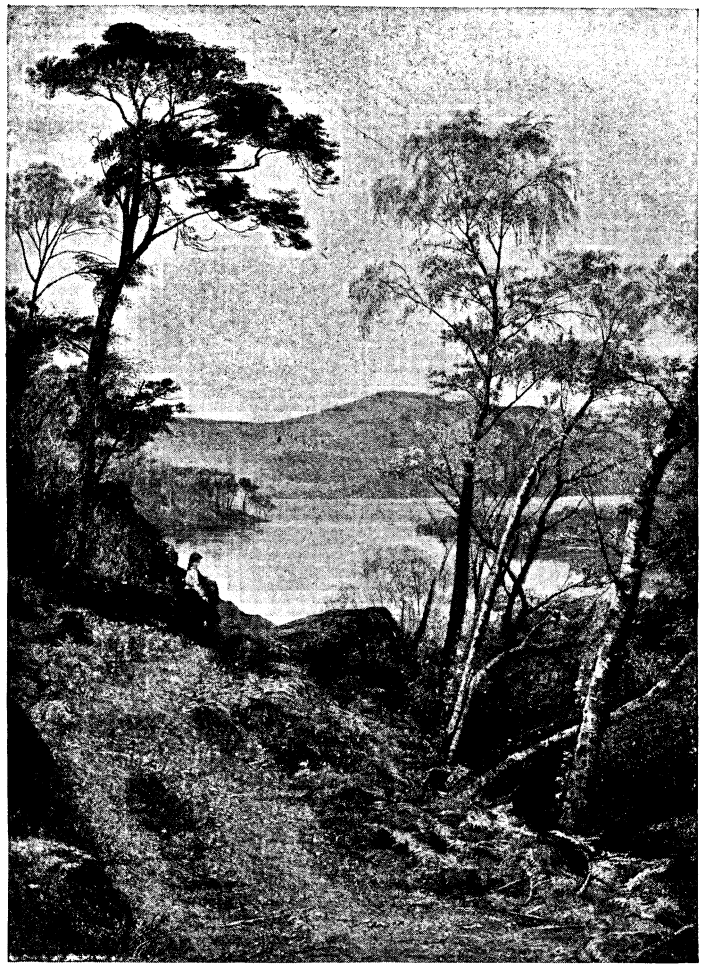
taken one that will fit in with the preconceived ideas of that invincible despot, the public, as to the theme he ought to paint. This same public, which has no tolerance for artistic independence, would, an it could, have repressed all but the national side of Mr. MacWhirter's art; but this intention, when once he became alive to it, had upon him a reactionary effect, and the very attempt at prohibition added the zest of rebellion to the enjoyment he found in painting pictures of other lands.

No sooner did he realise that he was expected to paint only the oak, fir, and ash of his native heath, and to follow up the "Three Graces," "Lord of the Glen," "The



A GLIMPSE OF LOCH KATRINE. BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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Fairy of the Forest," and "The Lady of the Woods," by a succession of similar themes, than he broke absolutely away from those conventions, which to have continued in might have circumscribed his talents, and he did this with such success that his "June in the Austrian Tyrol" was purchased by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest as the picture by which best to evidence, in a national gallery, his art.

"Subjects," as R. A. M. Stephenson says in his book on Velasquez, "are valuable to the painter in proportion as they give him a pretext for making the most of what is beautiful in his own art. No subject in itself can make or mar art; subject is indifferent except for its favourable or unfavourable effect on the artist. Even the record of a seen thing produces a noble or ignoble effect only according as it records a grand or a trivial manner of using the eyesight; according as it shows a mean anxiety about details, petty circumstances and wiry patterns; or reveals sympathy with large shapes, subtle manners, or lovely qualities of paint."

All aspects of Nature are familiar to Mr. MacWhirter. He treats her storms with gusto, her smiling sunshine with tenderness; he captures and parades each view in vigorous, healthy, and dexterous fashion. He himself says: "If Italy is the land of light, Scotland is certainly the land of colour. The grey olive, the vine and the stone pine, and white walls of Italy require sunshine to show them to advantage; but Scotland has colour when there is no sun, and gloom and cloud often

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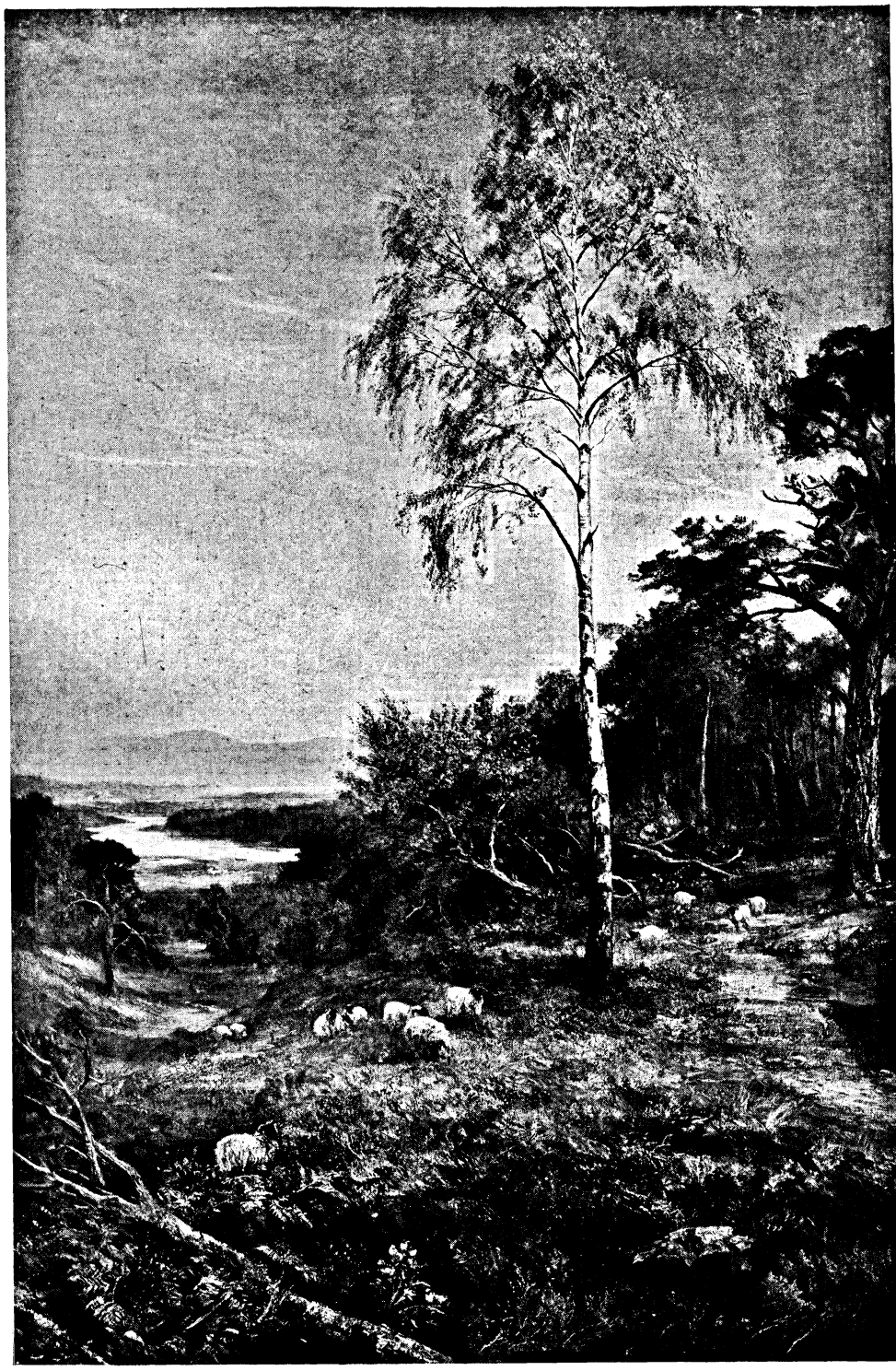

"BIRCH, ROWAN AND PINE, ON THE GRAMPIAN HILLS."

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

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aid the beauty and grandeur of the Highland landscape. Millais compared Scottish colour to a wet pebble—he meant that the green mosses, the dark pine, the golden birch, the blue hills, and the richness of the heather and bracken made such a glorious combination of rich, juicy colour, that all other countries seem dry by comparison."

At fifteen MacWhirter left the neighbourhood of Edinburgh for the first time. He went to Skye, and one can well imagine the depression with which he left that place on finding the material for painting there to be beyond his young and undeveloped powers.

The following year he had his first glimpse of the Continent—a wandering tour taken with a friend through old German towns, the Tyrol, and Saltzkammergut. The result of these wanderings was a picture exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1859, and purchased by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

Like Winckelmann, "he felt in himself an ardent attraction towards the South"—that love of the sun which so often carries the northern people of imagination away from their own land. Since that first expedition Mr. MacWhirter has journeyed again and again to the Continent. One year he spent six months in Rome in company with Hutchison, the sculptor, where each worked at his own special branch of art. "The Coliseum," "The Campagna," "The Ave Maria," "The Arch of Titus," in the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy of 1864, and "The Temple of Vesta," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1865—these pictures were the product of that sojourn. Sicily, Constantinople, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, even America, have each and all since attracted him in turn, and a consideration of the catalogues of both the Royal and the Scottish Academies gives us a very fair idea of his wanderings.

"The Lady of the Woods," and "Lord of the Glen," were the first of Mr. MacWhirter's pictures to be reproduced on an important scale. A special interest is attached to the prints of these because they are among the last productions of the old school of line engravers so closely associated with Turner. This art, in 1880, had practically fallen into disuse. Neither Brandard nor Willmore, its then existing exponents, would take up such large work, as these two landscapes meant, on his own responsibility, but, upon Mr. Brandard suggesting that he and Mr. Willmore should collaborate, they undertook the production of the plates for Mr. Arthur Lucas.

The Birmingham Corporation possesses "Autumn in the Isle of Arran"; the Liverpool Corporation, "There is Silence in the Solemn Woods"; Holloway College, both "Night" and "Spindrift"; the Tate Gallery, as we have already said, "June in the Austrian Tyrol," which is in the building at Milbank, and which was painted from sketches made at Gosan during the artist's first trip abroad; and in the Diploma Gallery is "Nature's Archway."

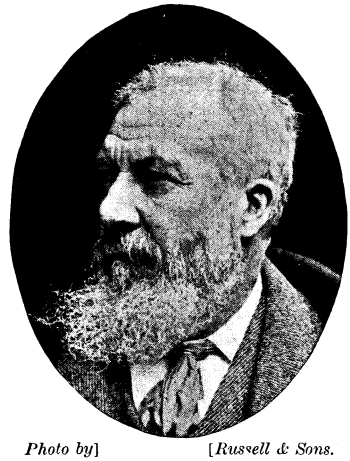

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

MR. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

In 1869, Mr. MacWhirter left Edinburgh and came to London, where he has since resided, having been elected two years before an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. In 1872 he married the daughter of Professor Menzies, of the University of Edinburgh, a lady "who has shared his career with the most complete sympathy and been the companion alike of his travels and his work." In 1879, he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy; in 1882, an Honorary Member of the Royal Scottish Academy; in the same year a member of the Royal Institute of Water Colours, and a full Member of the Royal Academy in 1893.

Than Mr. MacWhirter there is no painter of these times whose work is better known or more widely appreciated. His admirers, indeed, are both numerous and ardent; and, although there is, as a rule, no such deadly influence to art as excess of praise, that his art should keep its level of quality is excellent evidence of his talent.

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AS DEEP AS THE SEA.

By GILBERT PARKER.

"WHAT can I do, Dan? I'm broke, too. My last dollar went to pay my last debt to-day. I've nothing but what I stand in. I've got prospects, but I can't discount prospects at the banks." The speaker laughed bitterly. "I've reaped and I'm sowing, the same as you, Dan."

The other made a nervous motion of protest. "No; not the same as me, Flood—not the same. It's sink or swim with me, and if you can't help me—oh, I'd take my gruel without whining, if it wasn't for Di! It's that knocks me over. It's the shame to her—and to you, Flood! Oh, what a cursed ass and fool—and thief, I've been!"

"Thief! Thief!"

Flood Rawley dropped the flaming match with which he was about to light a cheroot, and stood staring, his dark blue eyes growing wider, his worn, handsome face becoming drawn, as swift conviction mastered him. He felt that the black words which had fallen from his friend's lips—from the lips of Diana Welldon's brother—were the truth. He looked at the plump face, the full amiable eyes, now misty with fright, at the characterless hand nervously feeling the golden moustache, at the well-fed, inert body; and he knew that whatever the trouble or the peril, Dan Welldon could not surmount it alone.

"What is it?" Rawley asked rather sharply, his fingers running through his slightly grizzled, black hair, but not excitedly—he wanted no scenes; and if this thing could hurt Di Welldon, and action was necessary, he must remain cool; for what she was to him, Heaven and he only knew; what she had done for him, perhaps neither understood as yet. "What is it—quick?" he added, and his words were like a sharp grip upon Dan Welldon's shoulder. "Racing—cards?"

Dan nodded. "Yes, over at Askatoon; five hundred on Jibway, the favourite—he fell at the last fence; five hundred at poker with Nick Fison; and a thousand in land speculation at Edmonton, on margin. Everything went wrong."

"And so you put your hand in the railway company's money-chest!"

"It seemed such a dead certainty—Jibway; and the Edmonton corner-blocks, too. I'd had luck with Nick and Kennarty before; but—well, there it is, Flood."

"They know—the railway people—Shaughnessy knows?"

"Yes, the President knows. He's at Calgary now. They telegraphed him, and he wired to give me till midnight to pay up, or go to jail. They're watching me now. I can't stir. There's no escape, and there's no one I can ask for help but you. That's why I've come, Flood."

"Heaven, what a fool! Couldn't you see what the end would be, if your plunging didn't come off? You—you oughtn't to bet, or speculate, or play cards. You're not clever enough. You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold. And Di—oh, you beast and swine!—two thousand dollars! And on a salary of a thousand dollars a year!"

"I suppose Di would help me—but I couldn't explain." The weak face puckered, a lifeless kind of tear gathered in the ox-like eyes.

"Yes, she probably would help you—she'd probably give you all she's saved to go to Europe with and study, saved from her pictures sold at twenty per cent. of their value; and she'd mortgage the little income she's got to keep her brother out of jail. Of course she would, and of course you ought to be utterly ashamed of yourself for thinking of it!" Rawley lighted his cigar and smoked fiercely,

"It would be better for her than my going to jail," stubbornly replied the other. "But I don't want to tell her, or to ask her for money. That's why I've come to you. You needn't be so hard, Flood; you've not been a saint—and Di knows it."

Rawley took the cheroot from his mouth, threw back his head, and laughed mirthlessly, ironically. Then suddenly he stopped and

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looked round the room till his eyes rested on a portrait-drawing which hung on the wall opposite the window, through which the sun poured. It was the face of a girl with beautiful bronzed hair, and full, fine, beautifully modelled face, with brown eyes deep and brooding, which seemed to have time and space behind them—not before them. The lips were delicate and full, and had the look suggesting a smile which the inward thought has stayed. It was like one of the Titian women—like a Titian that hangs on the wall of the Gallery at Munich. The head and neck, the whole personality, had an air of distinction and destiny. The drawing had been done by a wandering duchess who had seen the girl sketching in the foot-hills, when on a visit to that "Wild West" which has such power to refine and inspire minds not superior to Nature. Its replica was carried to a castle in Scotland. It had been the gift of Diana Welldon on a certain day not long ago, when Flood Rawley had made a pledge to her which, so far, he had kept—which was as vital to him and his future as two thousand dollars were vital to Dan Welldon now.

"You've not been a saint, and Di knows it," repeated the weak brother of a girl whose fame belonged to the West; whose name was a signal for cheerful looks; whose buoyant humour and impartial friendliness gained her innumerable friends; and whose talent, understood by few, gave her a certain protection, lifting her a little away from the life around her, outwardly crude and provincial.

When Rawley spoke, it was with quiet deliberation, and even gentleness. "I haven't been a saint, and she knows it, as you say, Dan; but the law is on my side as yet, and it isn't on yours, as you say. There's the difference."

"You used to gamble yourself; you were pretty tough, and you oughtn't to walk up my back with hobnailed boots."

"Yes, I gambled, Dan, and I drank, and I raised a dust out here. My record was writ pretty big. But I didn't lay my hands on the ark of the social covenant, whose inscription is, *Thou shalt not steal;* and that's why I'm poor but proud, and no one's watching for me round the corner, same as you!"

Welldon's half-defiant petulance disappeared. "What's done can't be undone." Then, with a sudden burst of anguish: "Oh, get me out of this somehow!"

"How? I've got no money. By speaking to your sister?"

The other was silent.

"Shall I do it?" Rawley peered anxiously into the other's face, and he knew that there was no real security against the shameful trouble being laid bare to her.

"I want a chance to start straight again."

The voice was fluttered, almost whining; it carried no conviction; but the words had in them a reminder of words that Rawley himself had said to Diana Welldon but a few months ago, and a new spirit stirred in him. He stepped forward and, gripping Dan's shoulder with a hand of steel, said fiercely—

"No, Dan. I'd rather take you to her in your coffin. She's never known you, never seen what most of us have seen, that all you have—or nearly all—is your lovely looks, and what they call a kind heart! There's only you two in your family, and she's got to live with you—awhile, anyhow. She couldn't stand this business. She mustn't stand it. She's had enough to put up with in me; but at the worst she could pass me by on the other side, and there would be an end. It would have been said that Flood Rawley had got his deserts. It's different with you." His voice changed, softened. "Dan, I made a pledge to her that I'd never play cards again for money while I lived, and it wasn't a thing to take on without some cogitation. But I cogitated, and took it on, and started life over again—me! Began practising law again—barrister, solicitor, notary public—at forty. And at last I've got my chance in a big case against the Canadian Pacific—it'll make me or break me, Dan. . . . There, I wanted you to see where I stand with Di; and now I want you to promise me that you'll not leave these rooms till I see you again. And I'll get you clear. I'll save you, Dan."

"Flood! Oh, Heavens, Flood!" The voice was broken.

"You've got to stay here, and you're to remember not to get the funk, even if I don't come before midnight. I'll be here then, if I'm alive. If you don't keep your word—but, there, you will." Both hands gripped the graceful shoulders of the miscreant like a vice.

"So help me, Heaven, Flood!" was the frightened, whispered reply, "I'll make it up to you somehow, some day. I'll pay you back."

Rawley caught up his cap from the table. "Steady—steady! Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat, Dan," he said. Then with a long look at the portrait on the wall, and an exclamation which the other did not hear, he left the room with a set, deter-

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"'Oh, get me out of this somehow!'"

mined face, and with a light gone from it which had been there when Dan first entered his room.

"Who told you? What brought you, Flood?" the girl asked, her chin in her long, white hands, her head turned from the easel to him, a book in her lap, the sun breaking through the leaves upon her hat, touching the Titian hair with splendour.

"Fate brought me, and didn't tell me," he answered, with a whimsical quirk of the mouth, and his trouble lurking behind the sea-deep eyes.

"Wouldn't you have come if you knew I was here?" she urged archly.

"Not for two thousand dollars," he answered, the look of trouble deepening in his eyes, but his lips smiling—he had a quaint sense of humour, and at his last gasp would

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have noted the ridiculous thing. And surely it was a droll malignity of Fate to bring him here to her whom, in this moment of all moments in his life, he wished far away. Fate meant to try him to the uttermost. This hurdle of trial was high indeed.

"Two thousand dollars—nothing less?" she inquired gaily. "You are too specific for a real lover."

"Fate fixed the amount," he added dryly.

"Fate—you talk so much of Fate!" she replied gravely, and her eyes looked into the distance. "You make me think of it, too—and I don't want to do so. I don't want to feel helpless, to be the child of Accident and Destiny."

"Oh, you get the same thing in the 'fore-ordination' that old Minister McGregor preaches every Sunday, 'Be elect or be condemned!' he says to us all. Names aren't important—but, anyhow, it was Fate that led me here."

"Are you sure it wasn't me?" she asked softly. "Are you sure I wasn't calling you, and you had to come?"

"Well, it was *en route*, anyhow; and you are always calling, if I must tell you," he laughed. Suddenly he became grave. "I hear you call me in the night sometimes, and I start up and say 'Yes, Di!' out of my sleep. It's a queer hallucination. I've got you on the brain, certainly."

"It seems to vex you—certainly," she said, opening the book that lay in her lap, "and your eyes trouble me to-day. They've got a look that used to be in them, Flood, before—before you promised; and another look I don't understand and don't like. I suppose it's always so. The real business of life is trying to understand each other."

"You have wonderful thoughts for one that's had so little chance," he said. "That's because you're a genius, I suppose. Teaching can't give that sort of thing—the insight."

"What is the matter, Flood?" she asked suddenly again, her breast heaving, her delicate, rounded fingers interlacing. "I heard a man say once that you were 'as deep as the sea.' He did not mean it kindly, but I do. You are in trouble, and I want to share it if I can. Where were you going when you came across me here?"

"To see old Busby, the quack doctor up there," he answered, nodding towards a shrubbed and wooded hillock behind them.

"Old Busby!" she rejoined in amazement. "What do you want with him—not medicine of that old quack, that dreadful man?"

"He cures people sometimes—a good many out here owe him more than they'll ever pay him."

"Is he as rich an old miser as they say?"

"He doesn't look rich, does he?" was the enigmatical answer.

"Does anyone know his real history? He didn't come from nowhere. He must once have had friends. Someone must once have cared for him—he seems such a monster now."

"Yet he cures people sometimes," he rejoined abstractedly. "And probably there's some good underneath. I'm going to try and see."

"What is it—what is your business with him? Won't you tell me—is it so secret?"

"I want him to help me in a case I've got in hand. A client of mine is in trouble—you mustn't ask about it—and he can help, I think—I think so." He got to his feet. "I must be going, Di," he added. Suddenly a flush swept over his face, and he reached out and took both her hands. "Oh, you are a million times too good for me!" he said. "But if all goes well, I'll do my best to make you forget it."

"Wait—wait one moment," she answered. "Before you go, I want you to hear what I've been reading over and over to myself just now. It is from a book I got from Quebec, called, 'When Time Shall Pass.' It is a story of two like you and me. The man is writing to the woman, and it has things that you have said to me—in a different way."

"No, I don't talk like a book, but I know a star in a dark night when I see it," he answered, with a catch in his throat.

"Hush, beloved!" she said, catching his hand in hers, as she read, while all around them the sounds of summer—the distant clack of a reaper, the crack of a whip, the locusts droning, the whir of a young partridge, the squeak of a chipmunk—toned to the harmony of the moment and her voice:

Night and the sombre silence, oh, my love, and one star shining! First, warm, velvety sleep, and then this quick, quiet waking to your voice which seems to call me. Is it—*is* it you that calls? Do you sometimes, even in your dreams, speak to me? Far beneath unconsciousness is there the summons of your spirit to me? . . . . I like to think so. I like to think that this thing which has come to us is deeper, greater than we are. Sometimes day and night there flash before my eyes—my mind's eyes—pictures of you and me in places unfamiliar, landscapes never before seen, activities uncomprehended and unknown—bright, alluring glimpses of some second being, some possible, maybe. never-to-be-realised future, alas! Yet these swift-moving shutters of the soul, or imagination, *or* reality—who shall say which?—give me a joy never before felt in life. If I am not a better man for this love of mine for you, I am *more* than I was, and shall be more than I am. Much of my life in the past was mean and small, so much that I have said and done and been unworthy

"He reached out and took both her hands."

—my love for you is too sharp a light for my gross imperfections of the past! Come what will, be what must, I stake my life, my heart, my soul on you—that beautiful, beloved face; those deep eyes in which my being is drowned; those lucid, perfect hands that have bound me to the mast of your destiny. I cannot go back, I must go forward: now I must keep on loving you or be shipwrecked. I did not know that this was in me, this tide of love, this current of devotion. Destiny plays me beyond my ken, beyond my dreams. *O Cithaeron!* Turn from me now—or never, O my love! Loose me from the mast, and let the storm and wave wash me out into the sea of your forgetfulness now—or never! . . . . . But keep me, keep me, if your love is great enough, if I bring you any light or joy; for I am yours to my uttermost note of life.

"He knew—he knew!" Rawley said, catching her wrists in his hands and drawing

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her to him. "If I could write, that's what I should have said to you, beautiful and beloved. How mean and small and ugly my life was till you made me over! I was a bad lot."

"So much hung on one little promise," she said, and drew closer to him. "You were never bad," she added; then, with an arm sweeping the universe: "Oh, isn't it all good, and isn't it all worth living?"

His face lost its glow. Over in the town her brother faced a ruined life, and the girl beside him a dark humiliation and a shame which would poison her life hereafter, unless—his look turned to the little house where the quack doctor lived. He loosed her hands.

"Now for Caliban," he said.

"I shall be Ariel and follow you—in my heart," she said. "And be sure and make him tell you the story of his life," she added with a laugh, as his lips swept the hair behind her ears.

As he moved swiftly away, watching his long strides, she said proudly: "As deep as the sea."

After a moment she added: "And he was once a gambler, until, until——" she glanced at the open book, then with sweet mockery looked at her hands—"until 'those lucid, perfect hands bound me to the mast of your destiny.' O vain Diana! But they are rather beautiful," she added, "and I am rather happy." There was something like a gay little chuckle in her throat. "O vain Diana!" she repeated.

Rawley entered the door of the hut on the hill without ceremony. There was no need for courtesy, and the work he had come to do could be easier done without it.

Old Busby was crouched over a table, his mouth lapping milk from a full bowl on the table. He scarcely raised his head when Rawley entered—through the open door he had seen his visitor coming. He sipped on, his straggling beard dripping. There was silence for a time.

"What do you want?" the quack doctor growled at last.

"Finish your swill, and then we can talk," said Rawley carelessly. He took a chair near the door, lighted a cheroot and smoked, watching the old man, as he tipped the great bowl towards his face, as though it were some wild animal feeding. The clothes were patched and worn, the coat-front was spattered with stains of all kinds, the hair and beard were unkempt and long, giving him what would have been the look of a mangy lion, but that the face had the expression of some beast less honourable. The eyes, however, were malignantly intelligent, the hands, ill-cared for, were long, well-shaped and capable, but of a hateful yellow colour like the face. And through all was a sense of power, dark and almost mediæval. Secret, evilly wise and unhuman, he looked a being apart, whom men might seek for help in dark purposes.

"What do you want—medicine?" he muttered at last, wiping his beard and mouth with the palm of his hand, and the palm on his knees.

Rawley looked at the ominous-looking bottles on the shelves above the old man's head; at the forceps, knives, and other surgical instruments on the walls—they at least were bright and clean, almost uncannily so—and, taking the cheroot slowly from his mouth, he said—

"Shin-plasters are what I want; a friend of mine has had his leg caught in a trap."

The old man gave an evil chuckle at the joke, for a "shin-plaster" was a "bill" worth a quarter of a dollar.

"I've got some," he growled in reply, "but they cost twenty-five cents each. You can have them for your friend at the price."

"I want eight thousand of them from you—he's hurt pretty bad," was the dogged, dry answer.

The shaggy eyebrows of the quack drew together, and the eyes peered out sharply through half-closed lids. "There's plenty of wanting and not much getting in this world," he rejoined, with a leer of contempt, and spat on the floor, while yet the furtive watchfulness of the eyes indicated a mind ill at ease.

Smoke came in placid puffs from the cheroot—Rawley was smoking very hard, but with a judicial meditation, as it seemed.

"Yes, but if you want a thing so bad that, to get it, you'll face the devil or the Beast of Revelation—the Beast of Revelation, you understand—it's likely to come to you."

"You call me a beast!" The reddish-brown face grew black like that of a Bedouin Arab in his rage.

"I said the Beast of Revelation—don't you know the Scriptures?"

"I know that a fool is to be answered according to his folly," was the hoarse reply, and the great head wagged to and fro in its smarting rage.

"Well, I'm doing my best; and perhaps when the folly is all out, we'll come to the revelations of the Beast!"

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There was a silence in which the gross impostor shifted heavily in his seat, while a hand twitched across the mouth and then caught at the breast of the threadbare black coat abstractedly.

Rawley leaned forward, one elbow on a knee, the cheroot in his fingers. He spoke almost confidentially, as to some ignorant and misguided savage—as he had talked to Indian chiefs in his time, when searching for the truth regarding some crime—

"I've had a lot of revelations in my time. A lawyer and a doctor always do. And though there are folks who say I'm no lawyer, as there are those who say with greater truth that you're no doctor, speaking technically we've both had 'revelations.' You've seen a lot that's seamy, and so have I. And you're pretty seamy yourself. In fact, you're as bad a man as ever saved lives—and lost them—thrown them away, as it were. You've had a long tether, and you've swung on it—swung wide. But you've had a lot of luck that you haven't swung high, too!"

He paused and flicked away the ash from his cheroot, while the figure before him swayed animal-like from side to side, muttering to himself.

"You've got brains, a great lot of brains of a kind—however you came by them," Rawley continued; "and you've kept a lot of people in the West from passing in their checks before their time. You've rooked 'em, chiselled 'em out of a lot of cash, too. There was old Lamson—fifteen hundred for the goitre on his neck; and Mrs. Gilligan for the cancer—two thousand, wasn't it? Tincture of Lebanon leaves you called the medicine, didn't you? You must have made fifty thousand or so in the last ten years!"

"What I've made I'll keep," was the guttural answer, and the talon-like fingers clawed the table.

"You've made people pay high for curing them, saving them sometimes; but you haven't paid me high for saving you in the courts; and there's one case that you haven't paid me for at all. That was when the patient died—and you didn't."

The face of the old man became mottled with a sudden fear, but he jerked it forward once or twice with an effort at self-control. Presently he steadied to the ordeal of suspense, while he kept saying to himself: "What does he know—what—which?"

"Malpractice resulting in death—that was poor Jimmy Tearle; and something else resulting in death—that was the switchman's wife. And the law is hard in the West where a woman's in the case—the law's quick and hard. Yes, you've swung wide on your tether; look out that you don't swing high, old man."

"You can prove nothing; it's bluff!" came the reply in a tone of malice and of fear.

"You forget. I was your lawyer in Jimmy Tearle's case, and a letter's been found written by the switchman's wife to her husband. It reached me the night he was killed by the avalanche. It was handed over to me by the post-office, as the lawyer acting for the relatives. I've read it. I've got it. It gives you away."

"I wasn't alone!" Fear had now disappeared, and the old man was fighting.

"No, you weren't alone; and if the switchman and the switchman's wife weren't dead and out of it all; and if the other man that didn't matter any more than you wasn't alive and hadn't a child that does matter, I wouldn't be asking you peaceably for two thousand dollars as my fee for getting you off two cases that might have sent you to prison for twenty years, or, maybe, hung you to the nearest tree."

The heavy body pulled itself together, the hands clinched. "Blackmail—you think I'll stand it!"

"Yes, I think you will. I want two thousand dollars to help a friend in a hole, and I mean to have it—if you think your neck's worth it!"

Teeth, wonderfully white, showed through the shaggy beard. "If I had to go to prison—or swing, as you say—do you think I'd go with my mouth shut? I'd not pay up alone. The West would crack—I know enough to make it sick. Go on and see! I've got the West in my hand"—he opened and shut his hand with a grimace of cruelty which shook Rawley in spite of himself.

Rawley had trusted to the inspiration of the moment; he had had no clearly defined plan; he had believed that he could frighten the old man, and by force of will bend him to his purposes. It had all been more difficult than he had expected. He kept cool, imperturbable, and determined, however. He knew that what the old quack said was true—the West might shake with scandal concerning a few who, no doubt, in remorse and secret fear, had more than paid the penalty of their offences. But he thought of Di Welldon and of her criminal brother, and every nerve, every faculty was screwed

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to its utmost limit of endurance and capacity.

Suddenly the old man gave a new turn to the event. He got up and, rummaging in an old box, drew out a dice-box. Rattling the dice, he threw them out on the table before him, a strange, excited look crossing his face.

"Play for it," he said, in a harsh, croaking voice. "Play for the two thousand. Win it if you can. You want it bad. I want to keep it bad. It's nice to have; it makes a man feel warm—money does. I'd sleep in ten-dollar bills; I'd have my clothes made of them, if I could; I'd have my house papered with them; I'd eat them. Oh, I know—I know about you—and her—Diana Welldon. You've sworn off gambling, and you've kept your pledge for near a year. Well, it's twenty years since I gambled—twenty years. I gambled with these then." He shook the dice in the box. "I gambled everything I had away—more than two thousand dollars—more than two thousand dollars." He laughed a raw, mirthless laugh. "Well, you're the greatest gambler in the West. So was I—in the East. It pulverised me at last, when I'd nothing left—and drink, drink, drink. I gave up both one night and came out West. I started doctoring here. I've got money—money, plenty of money—medicine, mines, land got it for me; I've been lucky. Now you—you come to bluff me—me! You don't know old Busby." He spat on the floor. "I'm not to be bluffed—I know too much. Before they could lynch me I'd talk. But to play you, the greatest gambler in the West, for two thousand dollars—yes, I'd like the sting of it again—twos, fours, double-sixes—the gentleman's game!" He rattled the dice and threw them with a flourish out on the table, his evil face lighting up. "Come! You can't have something for nothing!" he growled.

As he spoke, a change came over Rawley's face. It lost its cool imperturbability, it grew paler, the veins on the fine forehead stood out, a new, flaring light came into the eyes. The old gambler's spirit was alive. But even as it rose, sweeping him into that area of fiery abstraction where every nerve is strung to a fine tension, and the surrounding world disappears, he saw the face of Diana Welldon, he remembered her words to him not an hour before, and the issue of the conflict, other considerations apart, was without doubt. But there was her brother and his certain fate, if the two thousand dollars were not paid in by midnight. He was desperate. It was in reality for Diana's sake. He approached the table, and his old calm returned.

"I have no money to play with," he said quietly.

With a gasp of satisfaction, the old man fumbled in the inside of his coat and drew out layers of ten, fifty, and hundred-dollar bills—it was lined with them. He passed a pile over to Rawley—two thousand dollars. He placed a similar pile before himself.

As Rawley laid his hand on the bills, the thought rushed through his mind: "You have it—keep it!" but he put it away from him. With a gentleman he might have done it, with this man before him, it was impossible. He must take his chances—and it was the only chance in which he had hope now, unless he appealed for humanity's sake, for the girl's sake, and told the truth—it might avail. Well, that would be the last resort.

"For small stakes," said the grimy quack in a gloating voice.

Rawley nodded and then added: "We stop at eleven, unless I've lost—or won all before that."

"And stake what's left on the last throw?"

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, in which Rawley seemed to grow older, and a set look came to his mouth—a broken pledge, no matter what the cause, brings heavy penalties to the honest mind. He shut his eyes for an instant, and when he opened them, he saw that his fellow-gambler was watching him with eyes half-closed and an enigmatical and furtive smile. Did this Caliban have some understanding of what was at stake in his heart and soul?

"Play!" Rawley said sharply, and was himself again.

For hour after hour there was scarce a sound, save the rattle of the dice and an occasional exclamation from the old man as he threw a double-six. As dusk fell, the door had been shut and a lighted lantern was hung over their heads.

Fortune had fluctuated. Once the old man's pile had diminished to two notes, then the luck had changed and his pile grew larger; then fell again; but as the hands of the clock on the wall above the blue medicine bottles reached a quarter to eleven it increased steadily throw after throw.

Now the player's fever was in Rawley's eyes. His face was deadly pale, but his hand threw steadily, calmly, almost negli-

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"With a gasp of relief, he got upon his feet, the money in his hand."

gently, as it might seem. All at once, at eight minutes to eleven, the luck turned in his favour and his pile mounted again. Time after time he dropped double-sixes. It was almost uncanny. He seemed to see the dice in the box, and his hand threw them out with the precision of a machine. Long afterwards he had this vivid illusion that he could see the dice in the box. As the clock was about to strike eleven he had before him three thousand eight hundred dollars. It was his throw.

"Two hundred," he said in a whisper, and threw. He won.

With a gasp of relief, he got upon his feet, the money in his hand. He stepped backward from the table, then staggered, and a faintness passed over him. He had sat so long without moving that his legs swayed under him. There was a pail of water with a dipper in it on a bench. He caught the dipper full of water, drank it empty, and let it fall in the pail again with a clatter.

"Dan!" he said abstractedly. "Dan! You're all safe now!"

Then he seemed to wake, as from a dream, and looked at the old man at the table. He was leaning on it with both hands and staring at Rawley like some animal jaded and beaten from pursuit. Rawley walked

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back to the table and laid down two thousand dollars.

"I only wanted two thousand," he said, and put the other two in his pocket.

The evil eyes gloated; the long fingers clutched the pile and swept it into a great inside pocket. Then the shaggy head bent forward.

"You said it was for Dan," he said—"Dan Welldon?"

Rawley hesitated. "What is that to you?" he replied at last.

With a sudden impulse the old impostor lurched round, opened a box, drew out a roll, and threw it on the table.

"It's got to be known sometime," he said, "and you'll be my lawyer when I'm put into the ground—you're clever. They call me a quack. Malpractice—bah! There's my diploma—James Clifton Welldon. Right enough, isn't it?"

Rawley was petrified. He knew the forgotten story of James Clifton Welldon, the specialist, turned gambler, who had almost ruined his own brother—the father of Dan and Diana—at cards and dice, and had then ruined himself and disappeared. Here, where his brother had died, he had come years ago, and practised medicine as a quack.

"Oh, there's plenty of proof, if it's wanted," he said. "I've got it here." He tapped the box behind him. "Why did I do it? Because it's my way. And you're going to marry my niece, and'll have it all some day, the price of malpractice and all! But not till I've finished with it—not unless you win it from me at dice or cards . . . . But no"—something human came into the old, degenerate face—"no more gambling for the man that's to marry her, to marry Diana. There's a wonder and a beauty!" He chuckled to himself. "She'll be rich when I've done with it. You're a lucky man—aye, you're lucky!"

Rawley was about to tell the old man what the two thousand dollars was for, but a fresh wave of repugnance passed over him, and, hastily drinking another dipperful of water, he opened the door. He looked back. The old man was crouching forward, lapping milk from the great bowl, his beard dripping. In disgust he swung round again. The fresh, clear air caught his face.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, with a gasp of relief, and stepped out into the night, closing the door behind him.

One morning, a year later, the West came to know the true story of old Busby, the quack doctor, who was found dead in his bed with his great-coat on, and a blanket over him, both of which were lined with bank-bills of all denominations.

But Diana Welldon remains ignorant still of the one deceit her husband practised against her. On the whole they were quits, as Dan said, and Dan had reason to know. Dan mattered, but Diana mattered more; and so the world thinks. For a girl from the West her vogue is remarkable.

PRAYERS.

AN Angel stood within the church, and sighed,
For, looking down the lofty aisles, he cried,
"Are none but women here? On Life's hard way
Have men no need of help? no prayers to pray?
No souls to save, while it is called to-day?"

One slowly passed from out that holy place,
And, passing, looked into the Angel's face.
"Each woman here," she said in faltering tone,
"Holds one man's soul far dearer than her own!
And for that soul she pleads, before the Throne."

L. G. MOBERLY.

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"She wouldn't sell anything more to me, and asked me rather often to pay the money."

THE BANKRUPTCY OF BANNISTER.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

I AM Bannister, and what happened to me was a very gradual thing at first; but it grew and grew until finally something had to be done; and that something was called "bankruptcy."

Curiously enough, I had heard the word before at home. In fact, as I told Gideon, who kindly let me explain my position to him, my uncle had once been bankrupted; and when he was a bankrupt, my aunt cried a good deal and my uncle talked about "everlasting disgrace and bloodthirsty creditors," and something in the pound. And then there came a day when my uncle told my aunt gladly that he had been discharged, whatever that was, and my aunt seemed much pleased. In fact, she said: "Thank Heaven, Gerald!" and they had a bottle of champagne for lunch. It was in holidays, and I heard it all, and tasted the champagne, and didn't like it.

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So, remembering this, when Gideon talked of me being a bankrupt, I said: "All right, and the sooner the better."

As I say, one gets hard up very gradually, and the debts seem nothing in themselves; but when, owing to chaps bothering, you go into it all on paper, you may often be much surprised to find how serious things are taken altogether.

What I found was that my pocket-money was absolutely all owed for about three terms in advance, and that Steggles, who lent me a shilling upon a thing called a mortgage, the mortgage being my bat, was not going to give up my bat, which was a spliced bat and cost eight shillings and sixpence. He said what with interest and one thing and another, his shilling had gained six shillings more, and that if he didn't take the bat at once, he would be out of pocket. So he took it, and he played with it in a match, and got a duck's egg, and I was jolly glad. Then the tuck-woman, who is allowed to come up to the playground after school with fruit and sweets and such-like, was owed by me seven shillings and fourpence, and she wouldn't sell anything more to me, and asked me rather often to pay the money. I told her that all would be paid sooner or later, and she seemed inclined not to believe it. Other debts were one and six owed to Corkey minimus for a mouse that he said was going to have young mice; but it didn't; and he had consented to take ninepence owing to being mistaken. Tin Lin Chow, the Chinese boy, was owed four shillings and threepence for a charm. It was a good enough charm, made of ivory and carved into a very hideous face. All the same, it never had done me much good, for here I was bankrupted six months after buying it, and the charm itself not even paid for.

There was a lot of other small debts—some merely a question of pen and pencils; but they all mounted up, and so I felt something must be done, because being in such a beastly mess made me ill and kept me awake a good deal at night thinking what to do.

Therefore I went to Gideon, who is a Jew, and very rich, and well known to lend money at interest. He is first in the whole school for arithmetic, and his father is a diamond merchant and a banker, and many other things that bring in enormous sums of money. Gideon has no side, and he is known to be absolutely fair even to the smallest kids. So I went to him and I said—

"Please, Gideon, if it won't be troubling you, I should like to speak to you about my affairs. I am very hard up, in fact, and fellows are being rather beastly about money I owe them."

"I'm afraid I can't finance you, Bannister," said Gideon awfully kindly. "My money's all out at interest just now, and, as a matter of fact, I'm rather funky about some of it."

"I don't want you to finance me," I said; "and that would be jolly poor fun for you anyway, because I've got nothing, and never shall have in this world, as far as I can see. I only want you to advise me. I'm fourteen and three-quarters; and when I was twelve and a half, my uncle got into pretty much the same mess that I'm in now; and he got out again with ease, and even had champagne afterwards, by the simple plan of being bankrupt."

"It's not always an honourable thing—I warn you of that," said Gideon.

"I'm sure it was perfectly honourable in my uncle's case," I said, "because he's a frightfully honourable man. And I am honourable too, and want to do what is right and proper as soon as possible."

"Why don't you write to your father?" asked Gideon.

"Because he once warned me that if ever I owed any man a farthing, he would break my neck; and my mother said at the same time—blubbing into a handkerchief as she said it—that she would rather see me in my coffin than in the bankruptcy court. I wouldn't for the world tell them what I've done. In fact, they think that I have money in hand and subscribe to the chapel offertories and do all sorts of good with my ten bob a term; whereas the truth is that I have to pay it all away instantly on the first day of the term, and have had to ever since two terms after I first came."

"What you must do, then, is to go bankrupt," said Gideon thoughtfully.

"Yes," I said, "that's just the whole thing. How do you begin?"

"Generally other people begin," said Gideon. "Creditors as a rule do what they think will pay them best. Sometimes they will show great patience, if they think it is worth while; and sometimes they won't. My father has told me about these things. He has had to bankrupt a few people in his time, though he's always very sorry to do it."

"In my case nobody will show patience, because it's gone on too long," I said. "In fact, the only one who has got anything out of me for three terms is Steggles, who has taken my bat."

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"He has foreclosed on a mortgage. He was quite within his rights for once," said Gideon, who rather hated Steggles, because Steggles always called him Shylock junior.

"To begin," continued Gideon, "two things generally happen, I believe: there is

"Gideon."

a meeting of creditors, and soon afterwards the bailiffs come in."

"I remember my uncle mentioning bailiffs wildly to my aunt," I said. "But I don't think they ever came in. If they did, I never saw them."

"Then no doubt the meeting of creditors decided against it; and a meeting of creditors is what you'd better have," declared Gideon. "Tell everybody you owe money to that there is to be a meeting in the gym. on Thursday evening, to go into the affair. I will be there, if you like, as I understand these things pretty well."

I thanked Gideon very much indeed and asked him if he could tell what happened next after the meeting.

"The claims are put in against you," he explained, "and then you say what you've got to say and give a reason why you can't pay. And then your assets are stated."

"What are assets?" I asked.

"What you've got to pay with, or what you hope to have in course of time."

"I've got nothing at all," I said, "and never shall have until I'm old enough to go into an office and earn money."

"Then the assets will be nil," said Gideon. "But they can't be absolutely nil in your case. For instance, you have a watch, and you have that Chinese charm you bought from Tin Lin Chow, and various other things, including the green lizard you found on the common last Saturday, if it's still alive."

"I can't give up the watch," I said. "It isn't mine. It's only lent to me by my mother. The lizard died yesterday, I'm sorry to say."

"Well, at any rate, there's enough to declare something in the pound," Gideon told me.

"There may be," I said; "but first get your pound. You can't declare anything in the pound if you haven't got a pound. At least, I don't see how."

He seemed doubtful about that and changed the subject.

"Anyway, I'll be at the meeting of creditors," he promised; and I knew he would be, because Gideon was never known to lie.

II.

A GOOD deal happened before the meeting of creditors. Among other things, I went down three places in my form, owing to my mind being so much occupied with going bankrupt; and I also got into a beast of a row with the Doctor, which was serious, and might have been still more serious if he had insisted on knowing the truth. It was at a very favourite lesson of the Doctor's—namely, the Scripture lesson; and as a rule he simply takes the top of the class and leaves the bottom pretty much alone, because at the top are Macmillan and Forbes and Prodgers,

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all fliers at Scripture; and their answers give the Doctor great pleasure; and at the bottom are me and Willson minor and West and others; and our answers don't give him any pleasure at all. But sometimes he pounces down upon us with a sudden question, to see if we are attending; and he pounced down upon me, to see if I was attending; and I was not, because my mind was full of the meeting of creditors and other matters more important to me for the minute than the people in the Old Testament.

So when the Doctor suddenly said: "Tell us what you know of Gideon, Bannister, if you please," I clean forgot there was more than one Gideon and said—

"Gideon is an awfully decent sort, and he has advised me to offer something in the pound."

Naturally the Doctor did not like this. In fact, he liked it so little that he made me go straight out of the class and wait for him in his study. Then he caned me for insolence combined with irreverence, and made me write out about Gideon and the dew upon the fleece, twenty-four times, which I did.

I also asked our Gideon if he was by any chance related to the Bible Gideon; and he said that it was impossible to prove that he was not, and that it was also impossible to prove that he was. In any case, he said, such things did not trouble him, though a friend of his father, wanting to prove he was related to a man who died in the year 734 A.D. went to a place called the Herald's Office and gave them immense sums of money, and they proved it easily. He said also that it was a jolly good thing the Doctor did not ask for particulars, because if he had known I was a bankrupt and going to offer something in the pound, he would probably have expelled me on the spot.

Gideon asked me if I had done anything about the bankruptcy, and I told him privately that I had. But I did not tell him what. I had, in fact, taken a desperate step and written a letter to my grandmother. I marked it "Private" in three places, and begged her, on every page, not to tell my father, because my father was her son, and he had often told me that if I wrote to her for money, he would punish me in a very terrible manner. How, he never mentioned, but he meant it, and so I had to make my grandmother promise not to tell him. I wrote the letter seven or eight times before I got it up to the mark; then I borrowed one of Foster's envelopes, already stamped with pink stamps for writing home, and sent it off. It was the best letter I ever wrote, or ever shall write, and this was how it went:

"My dear Grandmother,—I write this line, though very busy, to hope that you are exceedingly well and enjoying the fine weather. I hope your lovely little clever dog, 'Fido,' is well also. I never see such a clever and beautiful dog anywhere else. My parents write to me that they are well. I am quite well. At least, I am quite well in body, though I have grown rather thin, lately, through not being able to eat enough food. This is not the fault of the food. It is my mind. You will be very sorry to hear, dear grandmother, that I am a bankrupt. I hope you may never know what it is to be one, for it is very terrible, especially if you are honourable and honest, as I am, owing to the books you always give me so very kindly at Christmas. To be a bankrupt is to be called upon at any moment to have to pay something in the pound; and this is a dreadful position, but even more dreadful in my case than in some others. For instance, when dear uncle was bankrupted, he paid something in the pound and had something over; but in my case *I have not even got the pound.*

"I don't mean, of course, dear grannie, that I want anybody to give me the necessary pound; but the terrible thing is, I can't be a bankrupt without it, and so really I don't know what will happen to me if I don't get it. If by any wonderfully kind and lucky chance you could *lend* me a pound, my dreadful situation would improve at once, and I should, no doubt, get fatter and cheerfuller in a few days; but as it is, I lie awake and sigh all night, and even wake chaps with the loudness of my sighs, who fling things at me for keeping them awake. But I cannot help it. I don't tell you these things to worry you, dear grannie, as very likely you have worries of your own; but it would not be honest not to tell you how very badly I want a pound just now. There is to be a meeting of my creditors in the gymnasium in a few days, and how I am going to declare anything in the pound I don't know. It makes me feel terribly old, and I have gone down several places in my class and been terribly caned by Dr. Dunstan. But nothing matters if I can honourably get that pound. It would change the whole course of my life, in fact. My beautiful bat has gone. I have to borrow it now when I play cricket. But I am playing very badly

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this term, because you cannot be in good form if the brain is worrying about a pound. I shall lose my place in the second eleven, I expect. I have missed several catches lately, and I fancy my eyes are growing dim and old, owing to being awake worrying so much at night about that pound.

"Of course, if you can give any sort of idea where I can get that pound, I shall be very thankful. Unfortunately, in this case, five shillings would be no good, and even ten would be no good, strange though it may seem. Only a pound is any use. I must now conclude, dear grannie, with best love and good wishes from your affectionate

"ARTHUR MORTIMER BANNISTER.

"He caned me for insolence combined with irreverence."

"P.S.—Though all this fearful brain worry has thrown me back a lot in class, still my Scripture is all right, and I shall be able to say the Kings of Israel either backwards or forwards next holidays in a way that will surprise you. I have been a good deal interested in Gideon and the dew upon the fleece lately."

Well, I sent off this letter, which was far, far the longest and best I had ever written in my life; and before sending it I printed at the top of each page: "Don't tell father," feeling that to be very important. Then I waited and hoped that my grandmother would read the letter as I meant her to; and great was my relief when I found that she did. On the very morning of the meeting of creditors she wrote a long letter and sent a postal order for a pound; and the letter I put aside for future reading, and the postal order I took to Mr. Browne, who always changes postal orders into money for boys.

He seemed surprised at the great size of the postal order, but gave me a golden pound and told me to be careful of it. I was so excited that I very nearly got kept in at morning school; but I escaped; and when the time came, I went to Gideon, and he walked up to the gym. with me to meet the creditors.

III.

TEN chaps were assembled for the bankruptcy, but I jolly soon cleared out Browne, because the sixpence he said I owed him had been paid at the beginning of the term, and

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Westcott was able to prove it. So Browne went, but reluctantly. Steggles also went. He wanted me to take back my mortgaged bat and owe him about six shillings instead, but, knowing Steggles, I felt sure that something must have gone wrong with the bat; and when I examined it, I found that it was so. In fact, the bat was badly sprung; and Gideon said it was like Steggles, and a beastly paltry thing to try to do. So Steggles also went, and that left eight fellows. These eight chaps were told to make their claims, and when they had, Gideon made me examine them to see they were all right. Only four claimed too much; and Mathers, who is an awfully kind-hearted and sporting chap, claimed too little.

So I said: "I'm afraid I owe you one and nine, not one and three, Mathers."

And he said: "That's all right. I knocked off a tanner when you won the house match against Browne's a week ago." Which shows the sort of chap that Mathers was.

I said: "Does anybody else feel inclined to knock off anything owing to my winning the house match against Browne's?"

But nobody did, and seeing that five of the creditors actually belonged to Browne's house, I couldn't expect that they would.

"When you've admitted the claims," said Gideon, "I'll add them up myself."

So I went through the claims and had to admit them all.

Then Gideon added them up and said—

"The claims lodged against you, Bannister, amount to exactly one pound twelve shillings and eightpence; but I think you told me that the tuck-woman was also a creditor. If so, she ought to be here."

"I have spoken to her," I said, "and she says that I owe her seven shillings and fourpence. That is the figure. I told her that I was going to have a meeting of creditors, and she said I was beginning early, and that she wished she could let me off, but that she had an invalid husband and twenty small children at home—or some such number."

"Anyway, the debt ranks good," said Gideon. Then he added the seven and fourpence to the one pound twelve shillings and eightpence.

"The total liabilities are exactly two pounds," said Gideon. "Now, Bannister, as the debts are admitted to be two pounds, the next question is, what are the assets? I may tell you kids," he continued, turning to Corkey minimus, and Fairlawn and Frost, who were the smallest of the creditors in size and age, "that the word 'assets,' which you very likely do not know, means what Bannister has got to pay you with. You have made him a bankrupt and he owes you two pounds; so now the simple question is, how much can he pay of that money? Of course, he can't pay it all—else he wouldn't be a bankrupt—but he is going to pay according to his assets. Now, Bannister," he concluded, turning to me, "you'd better tell the meeting what your assets are. Does everybody understand?"

Everybody understood, or said they did, except Frost, and he kept on saying over and over again, like a parrot, that I owed him fivepence and a lead pencil, till Gideon at last had to tell him to shut up and not interfere with the meeting.

Then I spoke. I said, in quite a quiet sort of way, as if it was an everyday thing—

"I have decided to pay something in the pound, Gideon."

But Gideon was rather impatient.

"We all know that. That's what we're here for," he said.

"You couldn't all know it," I answered. "Because none of you knew that I'd got a pound. You can't pay something in the pound unless you've got one. And I thought it might interest the creditors at this meeting to know that I have got one."

They were frightfully interested, naturally, and even Gideon was. I put it into his hand, and he looked at it and turned it over and nodded.

"The assets are a pound," said Gideon; "I've no doubt you'll all be glad to hear that."

The chaps evidently felt very different to me when they heard the assets were a pound; because most of them, as they told me afterwards, didn't know there were any assets at all. They got rather excited, in fact, and Thwaites even asked if there might be any more assets.

But I said: "No. There is only this pound. When I became bankrupt, I determined that I would pay something in the pound, and I wrote to private friends and put the position before them; and they quite agreed with me and sent the pound; and now I am going to pay something in it. I don't quite know what that means; but it is an honourable and proper thing to do; and Gideon does know what it means; and I shall be very much obliged to him if he will explain."

"It is quite easy," said Gideon. "You have a debt; you can't pay it all, so you pay so much in the pound."

"That's what I'm going to do," I said.

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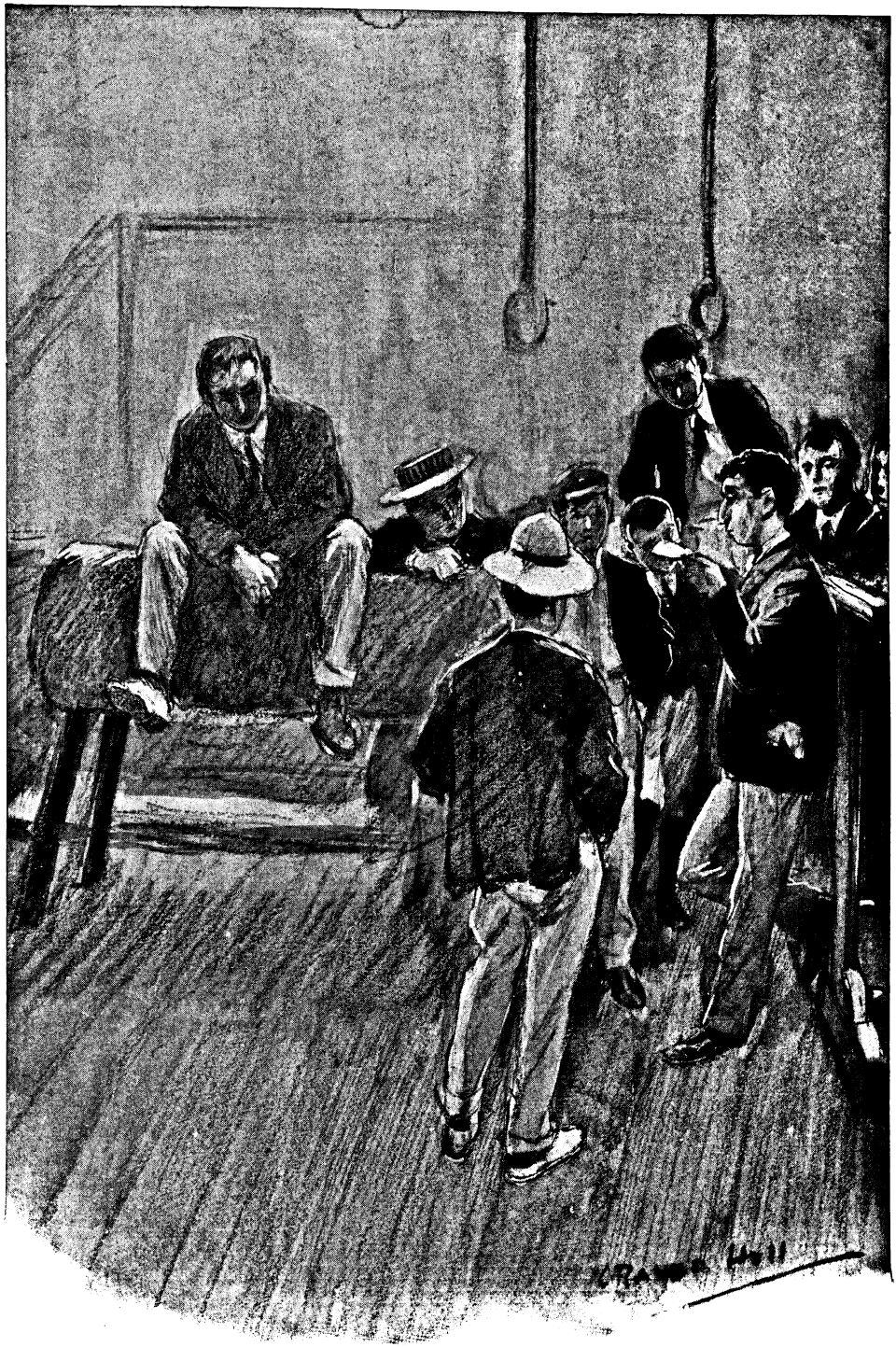

"'The total liabilities are exactly two pounds,' said Gideon."

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"The question is, how much you're going to pay in the pound," said Forrest, who had made more row than all the rest of the creditors put together, though I only owed him a penny.

"I know that's the question, without your telling me," I answered. "Gideon has the pound, and he will say what I am to pay in it."

Gideon looked rather puzzled.

"You don't seem to understand even yet, Bannister," he said. "You don't pay so much in the pound of the assets; you pay so much in the pound of the debts."

I didn't pretend to understand what Gideon meant by this complicated way of putting it, and told him so.

"All I want," I said, "is to do the strictly honourable thing and pay so much in the pound, which I have handed over to Gideon for that reason."

But Gideon, much to my surprise, seemed to feel rather annoyed at this.

"I wish you'd try and understand the situation," he said. "When you speak of so much in the pound, it's a figure of speech in a sort of way. It isn't a real, single, solitary pound."

"It's real enough," I said, "for Browne gave it to me in exchange for a postal order."

"*This* pound is real, but——" Then Gideon broke off in a helpless sort of way; and then he began again.

"You owe two pounds—d'you see that?"

"Of course," I said. "That's the whole thing."

"And you've got one pound—d'you see that?"

He held it up, as if he was going to do a conjuring trick with it.

Of course I said I did see it.

"Then, if you owe two pound and can only find one, how much are going to pay in the pound?"

"Whatever you think would be sportsmanlike, Gideon," I said.

"It isn't a question of being sportsmanlike; it's a question of simple arithmetic," he said. "You've got twenty shillings, and you owe forty; you owe just twice as many as you've got; therefore, it follows that you'll pay ten shillings in the pound, and that's a good deal more than many people can."

"I'll pay more than that," I said. "I'll pay fifteen shillings."

"What an ass you are, Bannister!" answered Gideon. "You can't pay fifteen shillings, you haven't got it to pay."

"My dear chap," I said, "I've got a pound."

"You've got nothing at all," he said. "You pay ten shillings in each of the two pounds you owed, and then there's nothing left."

After that I began to see; and when we went into it all, and got change, and paid each chap exactly half of what I owed him, it turned out that Gideon was perfectly right, and there wasn't a farthing left over. Everybody was fairly well satisfied except the tuck-woman, but nobody seemed much obliged to me; and I couldn't help thinking that though Gideon had been awfully decent about it, and managed it all frightfully well, a grown man would have managed it even better. Because, take my uncle's bankruptcy, and look how jolly different that turned out to mine. I don't know what he paid in the pound, but I do know there was enough left over for him to buy a bottle of champagne and for aunt to say "Thank Heaven!" Whereas my bankruptcy appeared to have left me exactly where I was before, and there was nothing whatever left over to buy even a bottle of ginger beer.

I pointed this out to Gideon, and he said—

"Of course, I don't know how much your uncle paid in the pound."

Presently I said: "I'm awfully obliged to you, Gideon, and I shall never forget how kind you have been. And I wonder if you'd mind adding to your fearful kindness by lending me a penny."

"What for?" said Gideon—"ginger beer?"

"No," I said, "for a stamp to write to my grandmother. I may tell you privately that she sent that pound out of her own money, and it was very sporting of her, and of course I must thank her."

Gideon didn't much like it, I could see; but at last he brought out the penny and entered it in his book.

"If you can pay by the end of the term, I'll charge no interest," he said.

And just to show what luck Gideon always has, the very next Sunday at church I found a threepenny piece, doubtless dropped by somebody, so Gideon had his penny back in three days; and I went so far as to offer him a halfpenny interest, but he would not take it from me.

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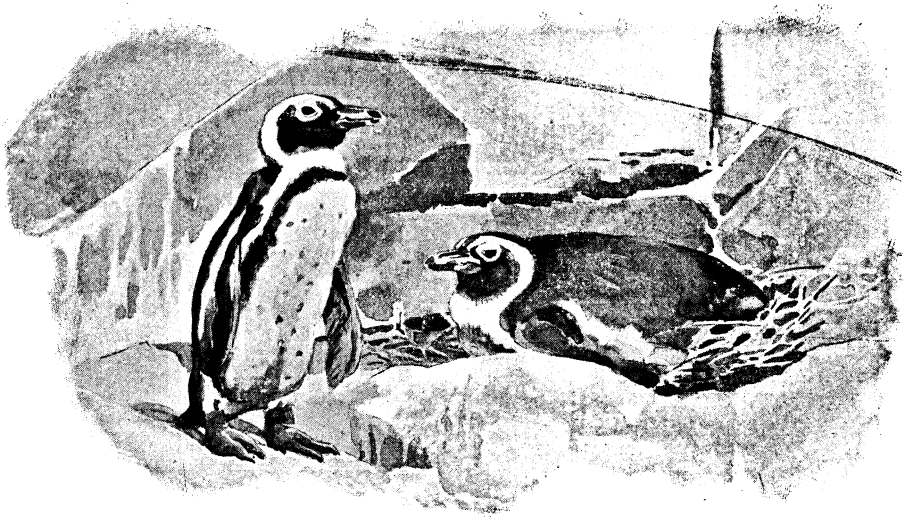

Youth in Captivity.

By Constance Innes Pocock.

Illustrated from paintings by

Nellie Hadden, F.Z.S.

When studying living animals, it is well nigh impossible to avoid throwing something of one's own mind into theirs; and with that knowledge well in view, while writing this short account of life in its early stages among animals at the Zoological Gardens, I hope to have freed myself, as nearly as may be, from accusations of undue anthropomorphism.

Infant penguins would attract and hold attention anywhere, and the two hatched in the Gardens lately were a great source of interest. They came of seemingly devoted parents, who shared equally the task of sitting on the eggs and feeding the young; and the latter duty lasted much longer than one would suppose, for at the age of five or six weeks the offspring were quite unable to fend for themselves, spending the greater part of their time on the nest, with one or both parents standing sentinel near by.

A penguin is ever a quaint-looking object, but these young birds were quite remarkably so when the downy covering was exchanged for their first feather suits, which hung about them in odd wrinkles and folds, reminding one of the coat on Dickens's "Artful Dodger."

When the young penguins were nestlings no longer, a note of discord broke the harmony of the family circle. The mother bird became enamoured of a comely young neighbour, and with him eloped to a rocky shelter some distance away, where, ultimately, her first and disconsolate mate found her comfortably sitting on two eggs and, at the same time, basking in the tender attentions of the hated rival.

Primitive methods were at once resorted to, the rival being successfully routed and the new housekeeping duties taken over on the spot by the stepfather. But alas for the feminine mind! The lady penguin waddled off after her new admirer, never to return.

The poor lonely old bird did his best, but only succeeded in hatching one chick, whose death during the temporary absence of its protector was closely followed by that of the old bird himself.

Very much the opposite of contentment clings around wild members of the cat tribe. By assiduous attention to their wants and whims they can be made to accept life under restraint with, now and again, some show of enjoyment; but their limitations in that direction are never far out of sight. Indeed, so long as health remains, bars are no barriers to the fits of wild unrest which so often assail them.

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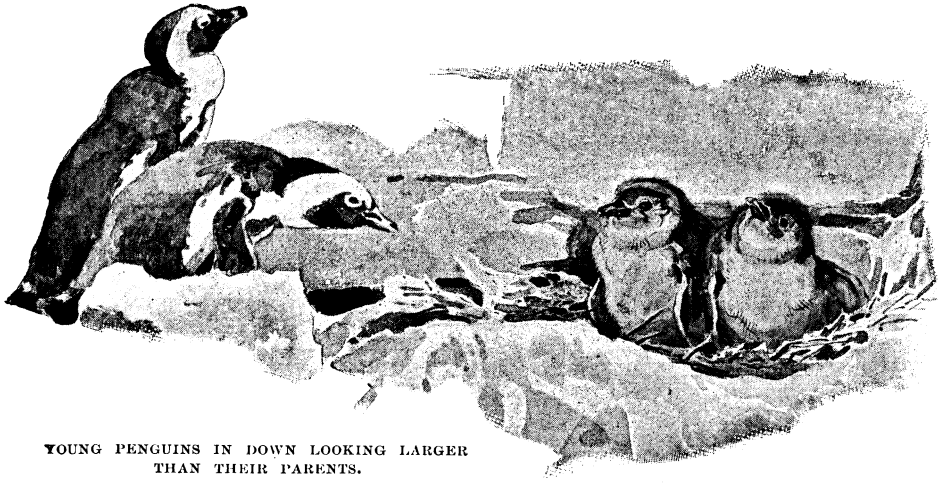
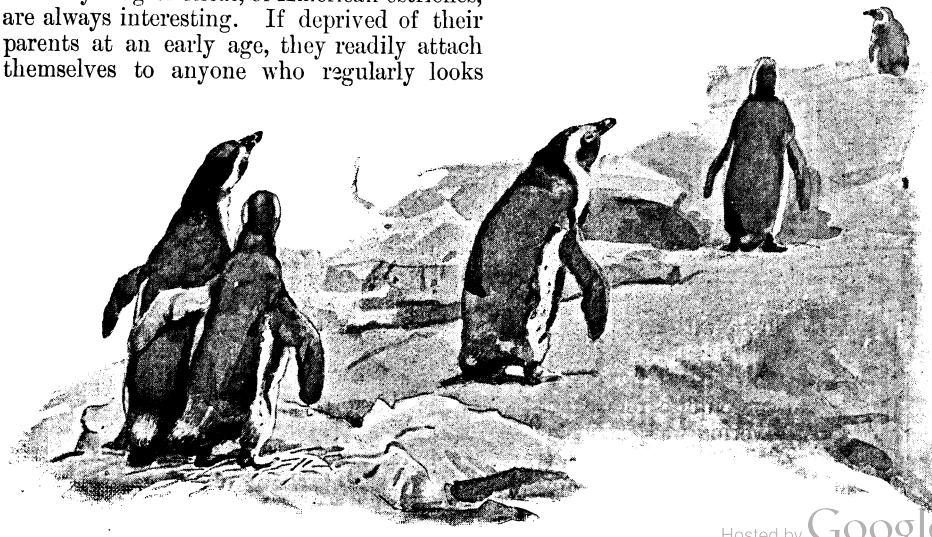


YOUNG PENGUINS IN DOWN LOOKING LARGER THAN THEIR PARENTS.

I well remember how, in the case of the two leopard cubs, "Diana," and "Jupiter" (whose history has already been given in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE for July, 1906), restlessness was a thing to be reckoned with. At nightfall, especially, would these young things give one a glimpse into their real selves, and more particularly so the male, who, upon being let out-of-doors, would become a thing transformed. In the daytime "Jupiter" has more than once turned back at a call, when on his way to breakfast, to lick my hand (be it noted that "Diana" had no such weak (?) points), whereas at night he was utterly insensible to human authority and would without reserve display such characteristics as instinct prompted.

The young of rheas, or American ostriches, are always interesting. If deprived of their parents at an early age, they readily attach themselves to anyone who regularly looks after their wants, and, apparently disliking loneliness, will put up with very foreign surroundings for the sake of company.

Two specimens of "Darwin's rhea" came direct from the shell into my care, and a very attractive pair of nurslings they proved. During their first hours they nestled quietly in the bosom of my gown, but were soon able to run about after flies, which they often caught napping. At times I have caught as many as fifty flies, one after another, for these young birds, and with each capture, and in response to a low whistle, they would come tearing along, with neck elongated and brought to a level with the back, as though cutting a way, torpedo-fashion, through tangled prairie grasses, and with almost



A PENGUIN PILGRIMAGE.

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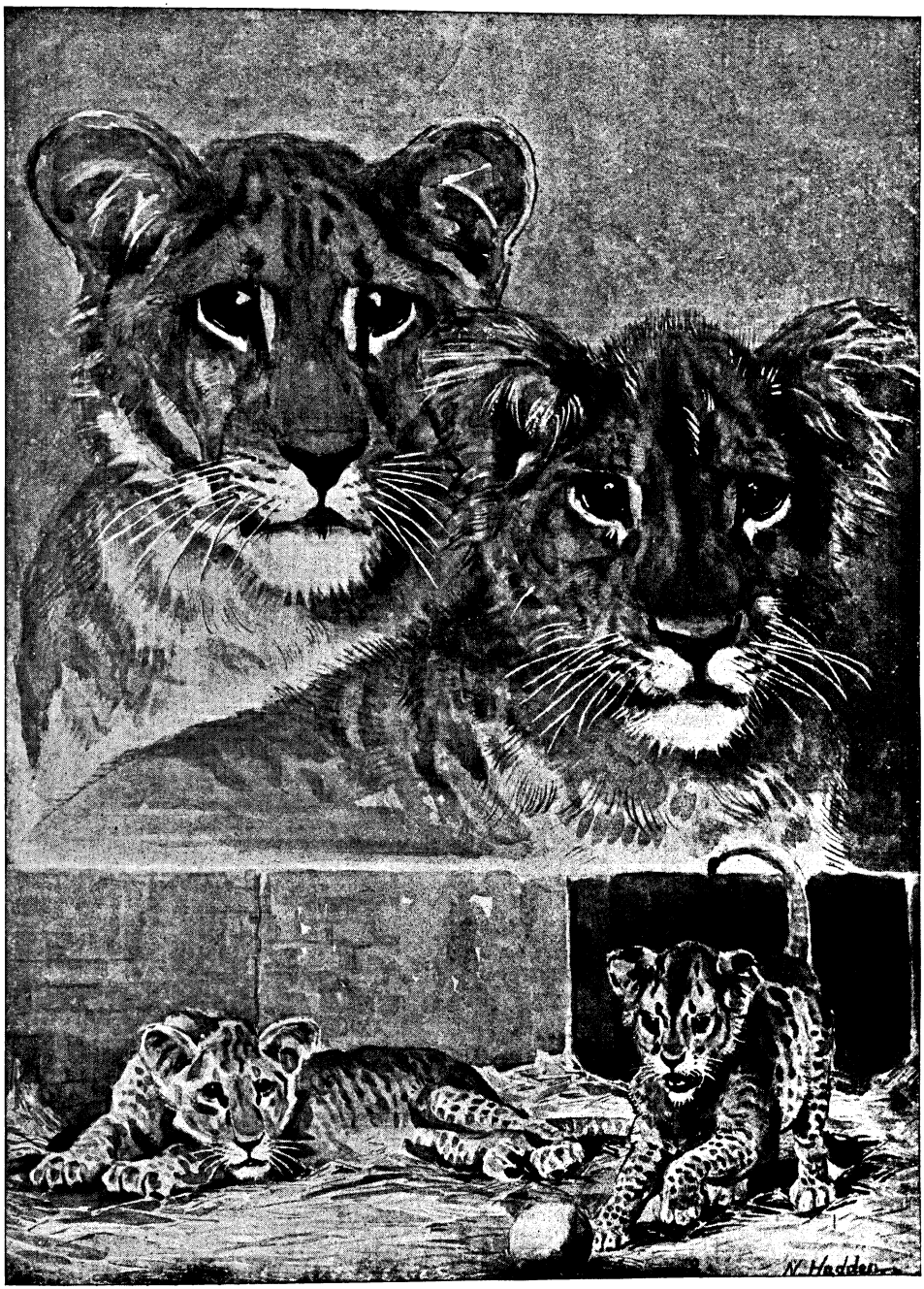

LION CUBS.

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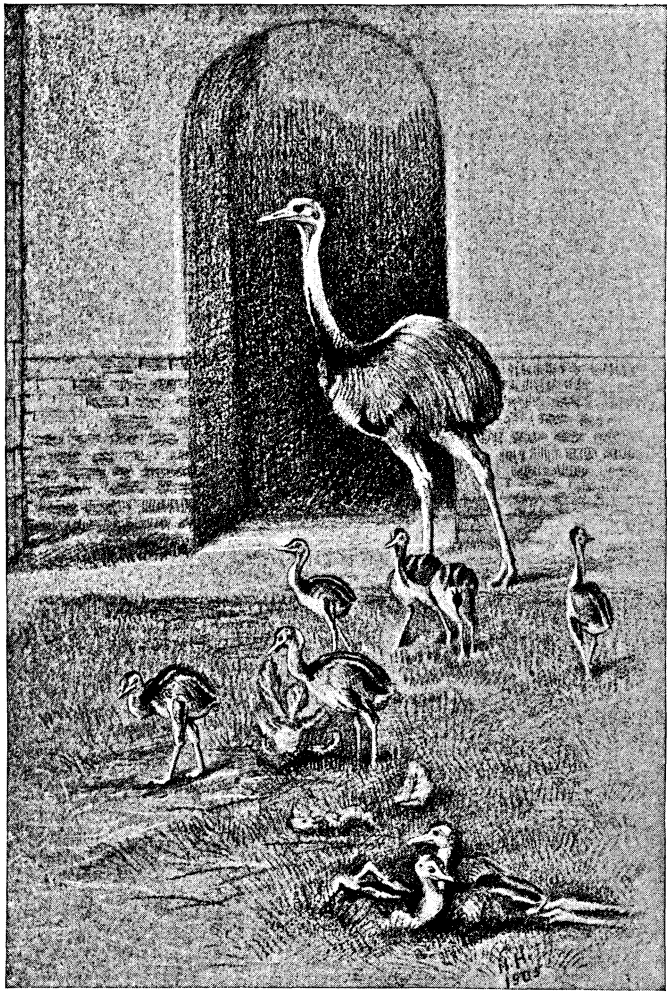
unerring precision take the fly from the hand.

For pathos the cry of a young rhea is hardly to be equalled. It is a not unmusical wail, but all on the note of despair, and, oddly enough, accords well with the expression of the eye, which combines extreme languor with a touch of the superior calm of an Oriental.

At nesting time rheas adopt a curious and rather one-sided method of procedure. When the female has laid her first egg, the male at once sits on it, waiting patiently for others to follow, the female periodically dropping them as near the nest as she can, when the male bird rakes them in with his wing; and with the laying of the last egg the female is quit of all further responsibility towards the upkeep of her species, all joys and cares of the nursery being henceforth strictly relegated to the paternal parent.



AN AMERICAN OSTRICH AND HIS CHILDREN.

It is but rarely that elephants are born in captivity, but when that event does happen, we may take for granted that the young life, so strangely attractive to the general public, is made very pleasurable.

The little elephant which, with its playfellow, an equally small rhinoceros, formed part of the Indian collection presented to the Gardens last season by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, showed clearly upon arrival the effects of such indulgence.

When first put under restraint, the elephant became, in turn, wilful and capricious, behaving generally like a spoilt child, and not until he went into winter quarters and among his own kind did he settle down. The little rhinoceros was all along much more amenable.

Bobbie, a young seal, provides another striking example of a short and chequered youth. Born, possibly, on the shores of Norway, his early days, spent by the side of a watchful and proud parent, were, no doubt, happy enough; but the flitting from land to sea had to come about, and soon after, during a raid upon the seals of the neighbourhood by killer-whales, poor Bobbie lost his mother, and, metaphorically speaking, his head also; and after darting distractedly hither and thither, a killer-whale in pursuit, finally made a dash for refuge under a yacht lying some distance out. Much exhausted, he was easily captured and taken on board by Colonel Kennedy, who saw to it that every effort was made to restore the little creature, with the hope of bringing him alive to England. This end was achieved, but, unhappily, the difficulty that always presents itself—that of

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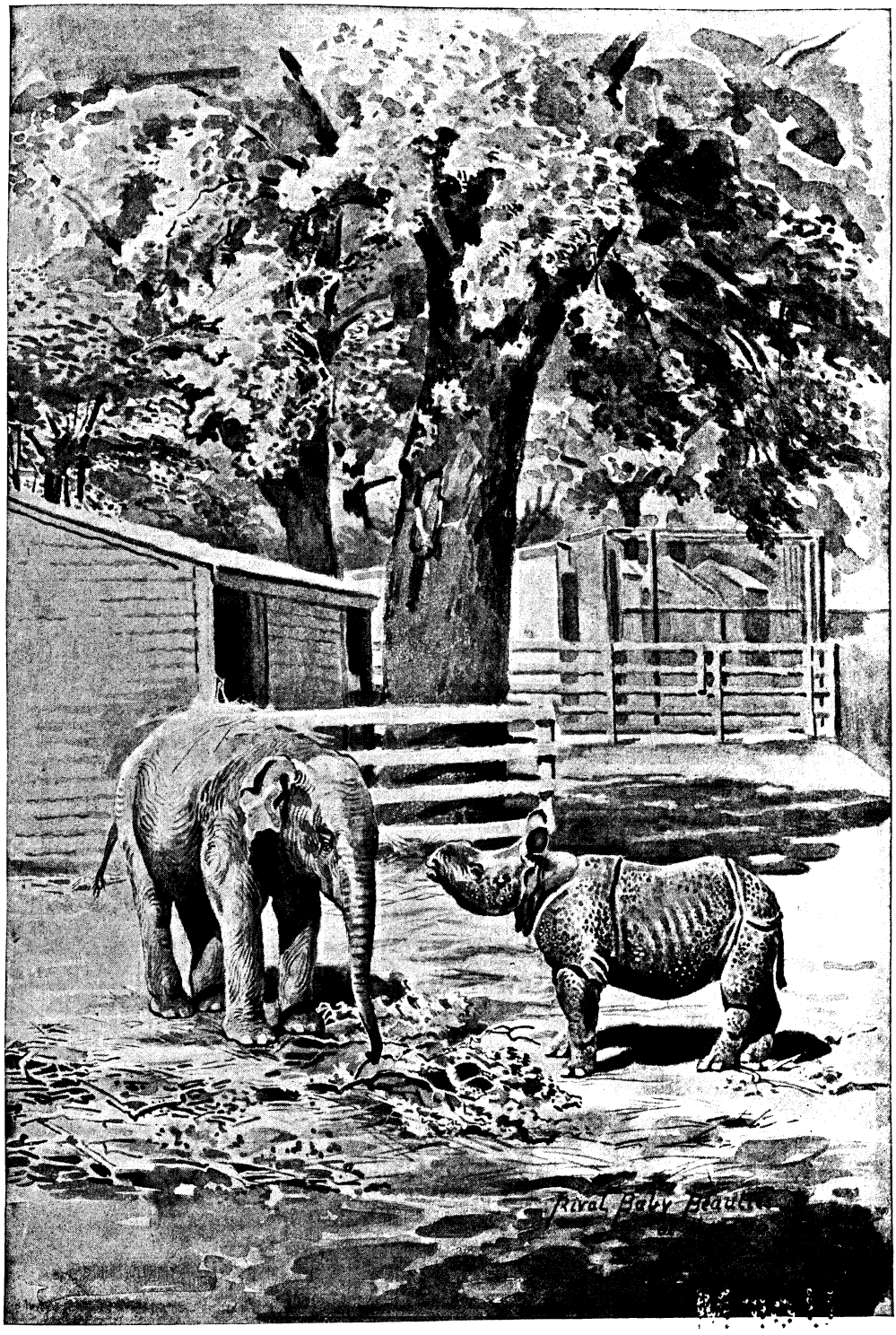

YOUTHFUL ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS PRESENTED TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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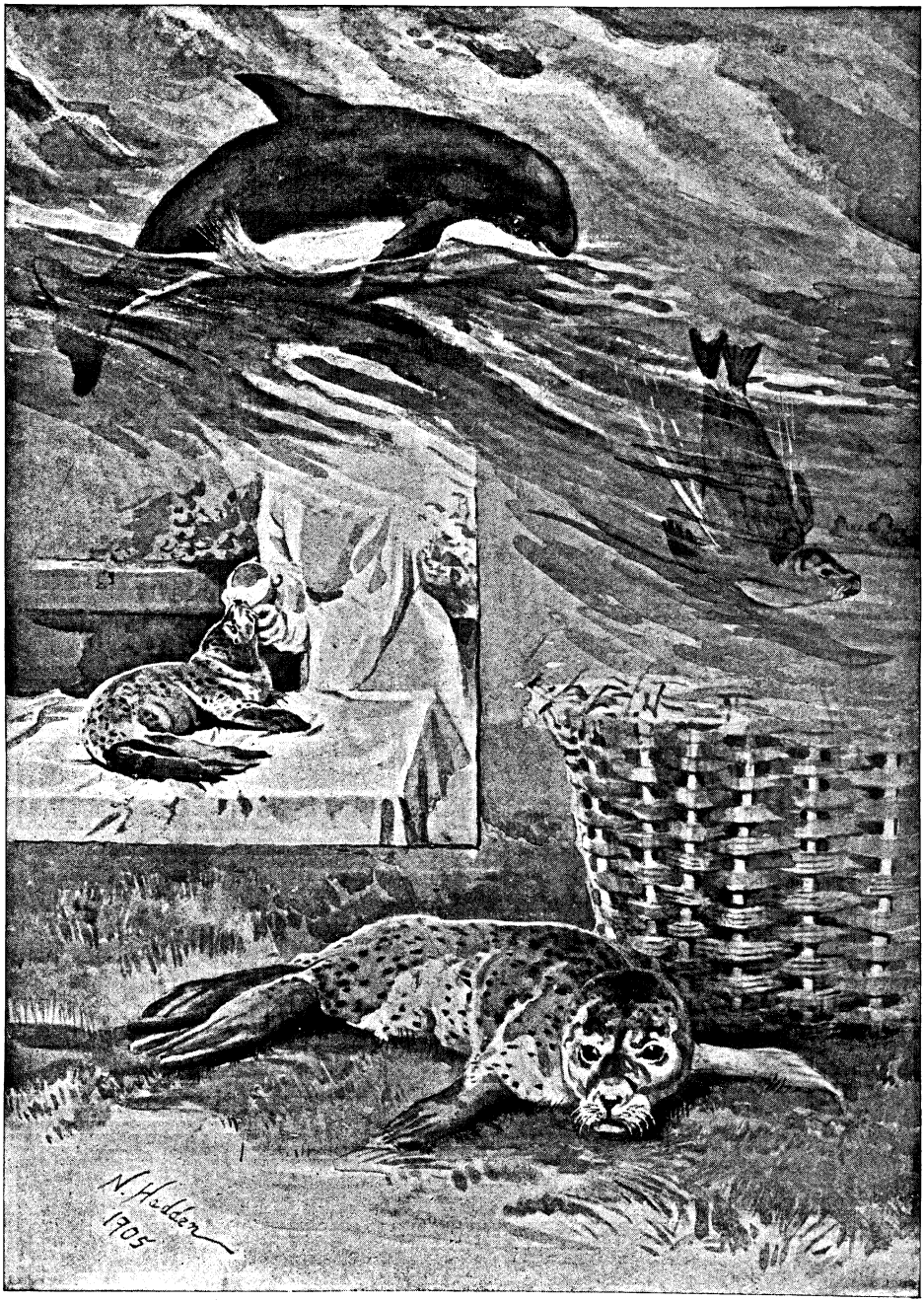

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAL.

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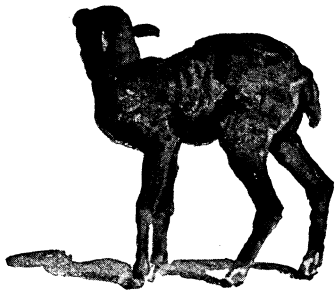


LAMB OF WILD SHEEP.

finding a substitute for the natural food of an animal, and the young seal was unweaned—had told sadly upon Bobbie. Upon arrival at the Gardens he was painfully underfed, and seemed to be always expressing hunger that could not be appeased.

His ways were very appealing, and when sleeping in my bedroom, as he did at first, would, when requiring food, present himself at the bedside, uttering little cries, just as a child might have done.

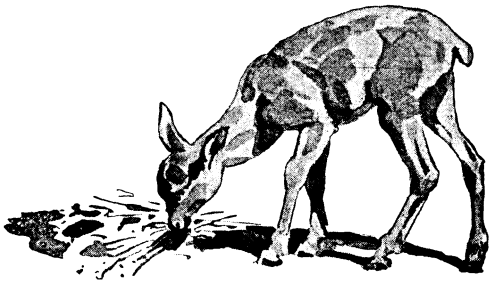
He strongly objected to going into water, and seemed only to enjoy lying in the garden, in spots chosen by himself; but the poor little thing was never happy, and when he had become easier to manage, and was able to digest small fish, he succumbed to a form of dysentery.

"Who is Delia—what is she?" Surely the majority of present-day visitors to the Zoological Gardens will agree with me in saying that here no poet is needed to give reply. Delia, a budding beauty among orang-utans, has already too effectually displayed her charms for that.

On most days of the week, but more especially on Sundays, the fair Delia is "at home" to visitors; and to watch her in the full acceptance of such polite attentions as she evidently deems it her right to command, is to receive an object lesson in the art of female coquetry.

It is generally believed that orang-utans as pets are not the pick of the anthropoid apes, and that opinion, if true, but points the further to Delia's powers of "excelling"; for with her other graces she combines docility, good temper, and much *clinging* affection. If we must admit that youth in captivity is not a bed of roses for every creature we come across, it certainly is, as nearly as may be, for this young orang-utan.

A FAWN AND ITS MOTHER.



LAMB OF WILD SHEEP.

With plenty of food, shelter, and, in the main, security against enemies, it may be said that happiness, in one degree or another, prevails among the young animals at the Gardens; but now and again, as might be expected, an obverse case appears — the picture of a sorry little seagull mutely

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"DELIA," THE PRIDE OF THE ZOO.

testifying to that fact. The bird was hatched in the new Gulls' Aviary, and, for no apparent reason, was soon singled out for persecution by gulls of another species. In an unguarded moment it was cornered by its enemies, with the result that when rescued and brought to me it was in a state of collapse. It had been most severely pecked about the head, one eye being almost entirely destroyed; yet, showing the extraordinary vitality of some birds, it recovered.

The poor little thing submitted readily to hot fomentations, the use of a head-cap made of cotton-wool, and to a forcibly administered diet of warm bread and milk, which kept it going until able to swallow small fish. While convalescing, its happiest moments were spent in converting its bowl of drinking-water into a foot-bath.

The recently constructed Waders' Aviary looks an ideal spot for the rearing of young; and it is hoped that the next season or two will see various little families of waders established there. But the kingfisher therein defies, and probably

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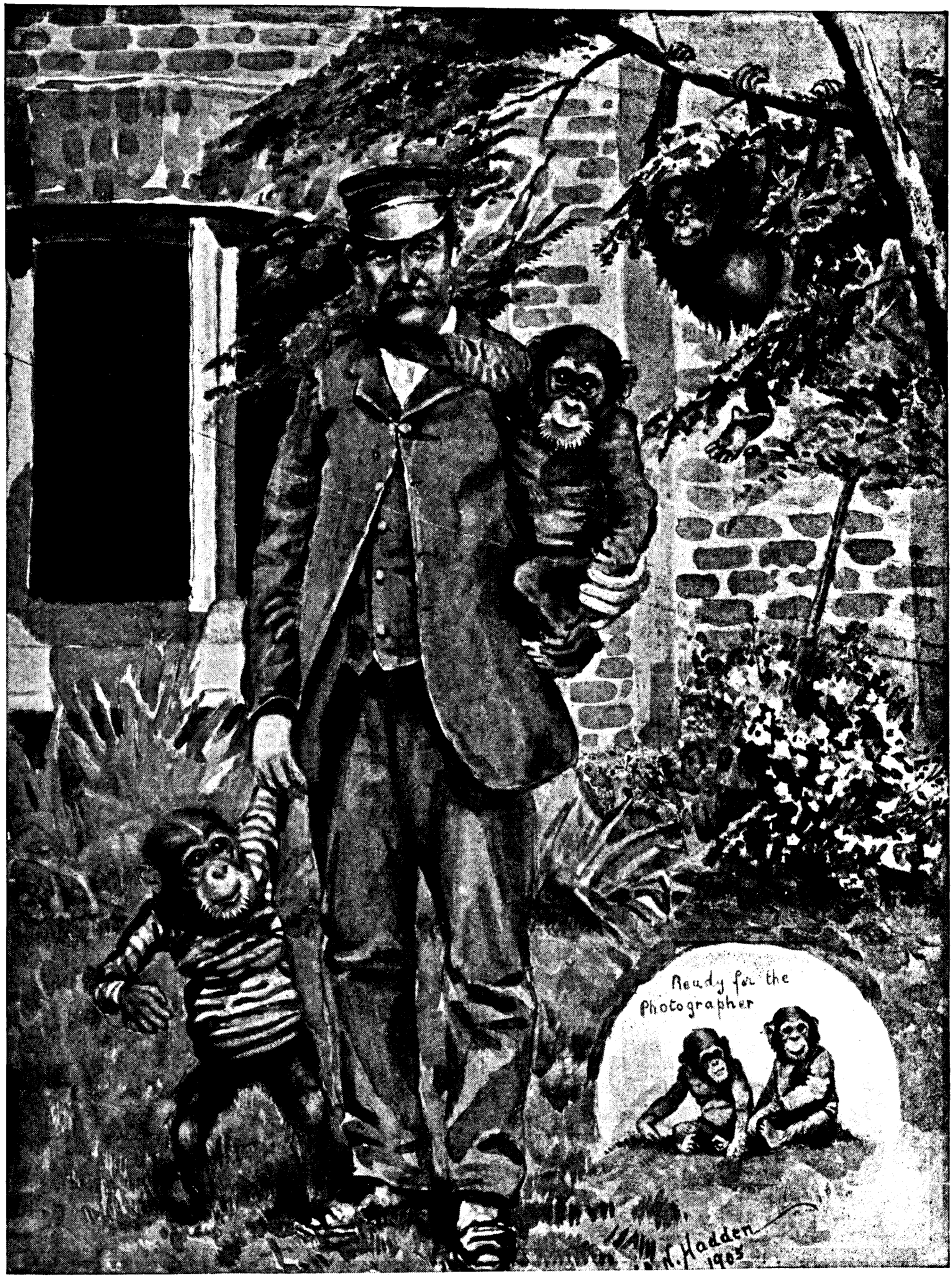

YOUTHFUL CHIMPANZEES TAKING THEIR DAILY AIRING.

always will defy, every effort towards respectable parenthood. Many pairs have been put into the aviary, and the result has never varied—one of the two has had to die. It is said that in their natural haunts, and during the breeding season even, these birds are barely civil to each other; and probably these warring instincts may find explanation in the fact of the kingfisher's cousinship to the bloodthirsty laughing jackass.

At the birth of two little wild sheep it was found that neither mother could produce any milk for them—one being too young, and the other too old—consequently, the lambs became "bottle

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babies" in my keeping until a goat could be found and persuaded to adopt them.

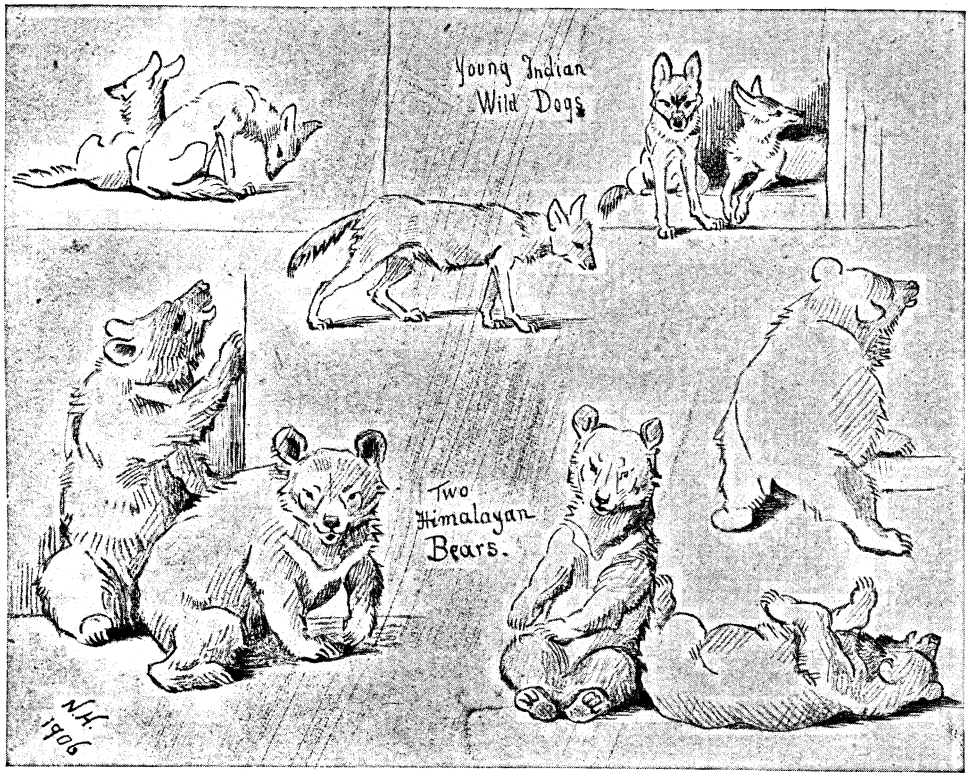
No other animal has ever given me such surprises. They practised their extraordinary leaping powers all over the house, bounding from one piece of furniture to another with truly marvellous ease and dexterity, and destroying nothing. Dexterity notwithstanding, animals with such a mode of progression when living *en famille* cannot avoid getting on one's nerves, and when the goat appeared, I feel sure that the sigh that went up from the entire household had in it more of relief than regret.

In ability to extract to the utmost all possible enjoyment out of a captive state, it is safe to say that, collectively, apes and monkeys rank first; their fund of self-assertiveness alone would secure for them that end.

Still, as might be expected, individually they vary in character and temper, perhaps, more than any other animal; this being particularly noticeable among the chimpanzees in the Zoological Gardens, who, because very popular, claim a great deal of attention and, in turn, easily lend themselves for study.

The two chimpanzees "Jacky" and "Jimmy," painted by Miss Hadden, were from their early days given precisely the same environment and care, yet no two animals of one species could present greater differences of temper and disposition, "Jacky," though always an attractive little fellow, being—well, just what any student of human nature would expect an ape to be; while Jimmy, on the other hand, seemed mentally to travel on quite opposite lines. A trifling example of this was given at my house three summers ago, when the two chimpanzees were invited to take tea there. Every time that mixed biscuits were offered, "Jimmy" would, with a marked delicacy of touch, take one and one only; whereas "Jacky" invariably wanted the lot, and roared lustily at discovering the disparity of vision between his hands and eye.

In adding that one of these two very interesting animals died the other day, it is perhaps superfluous to say that it was "Jimmy"!



PART OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN COLLECTION.

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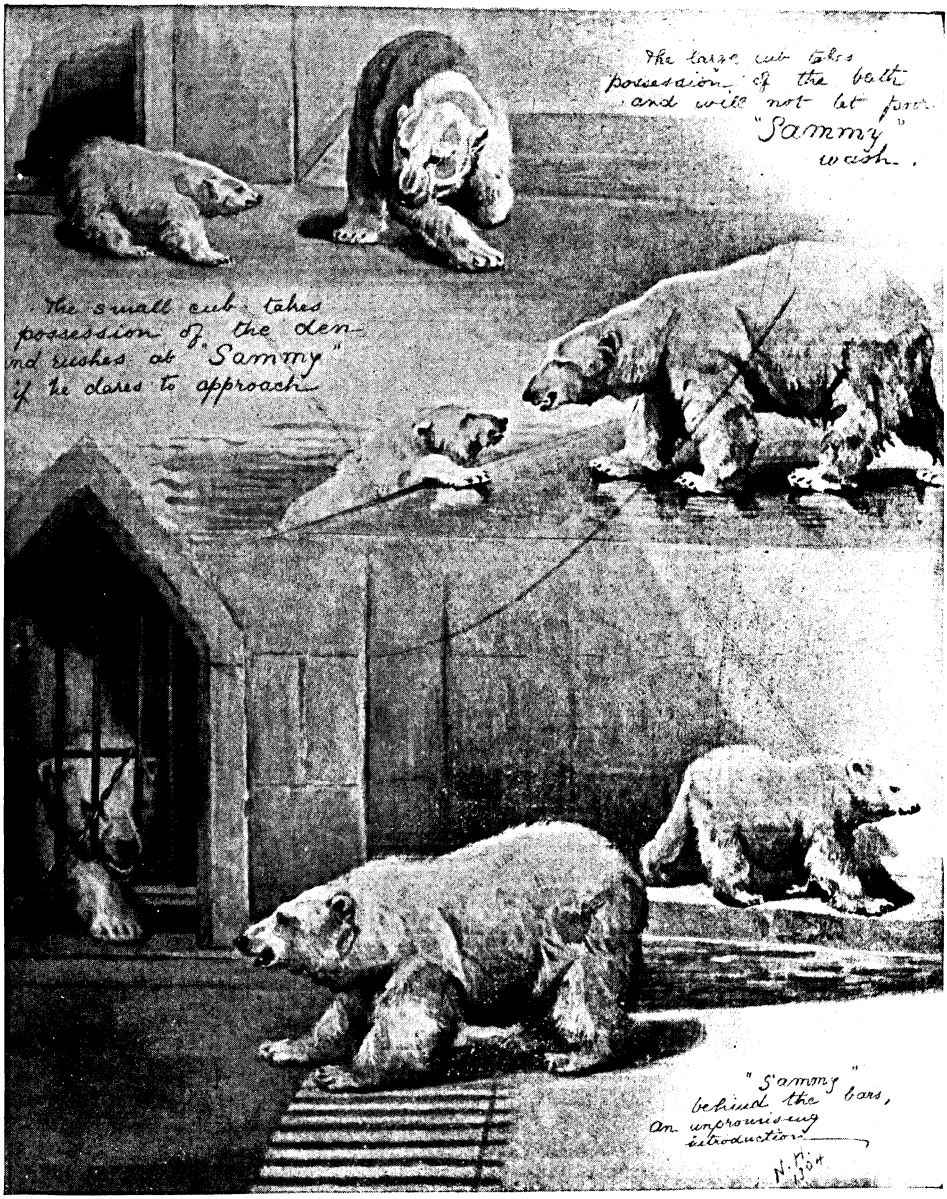

POLAR BEARS AND THEIR WAYS.

The Polar bear cub, upon entering into captivity, seemed determined not to let go any of the privileges of youth. He began as he meant to go on and, so far as concerned his mature companion and messmate, was soon completely master of the situation. All the same, he was a fascinating little tyrant, with a marked capacity for accepting all good things that came his way.

Polar bears have the reputation of being the most savage of their tribe—an assertion which, though few may be in a position to deny, none should wholly accept. But, be that as it may, it is also recorded that in the Arctic regions a sailor can, with the aid of a pole, easily drive off a not too famishing bear; and when, not long ago and while the morning was still very young, the polar bears in the Gardens forced open the door of their cage and escaped, it is a fact that one

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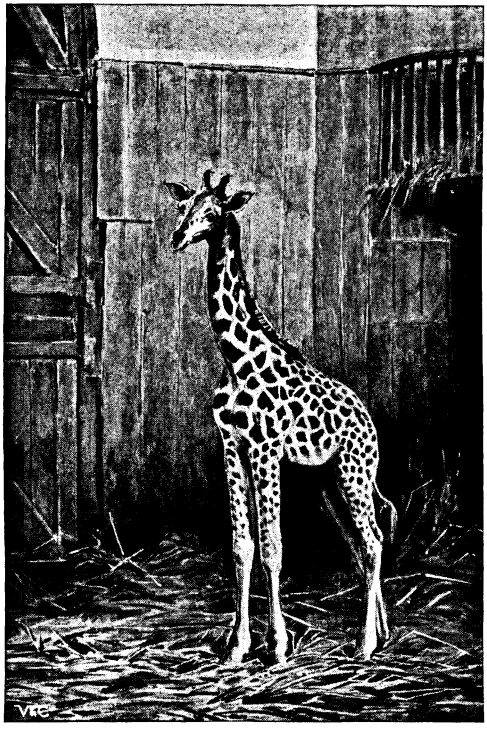
of them was successfully driven back by a passing workman with a plank of wood he happened to be carrying at the time; and the other during half an hour's freedom never attempted an attack, although hunted from place to place by a handful of keepers.

The little giraffe of the accompanying illustration was not born in the Gardens, and, as a matter of fact, only lived there, where it



YOUNG GIRAFFE.

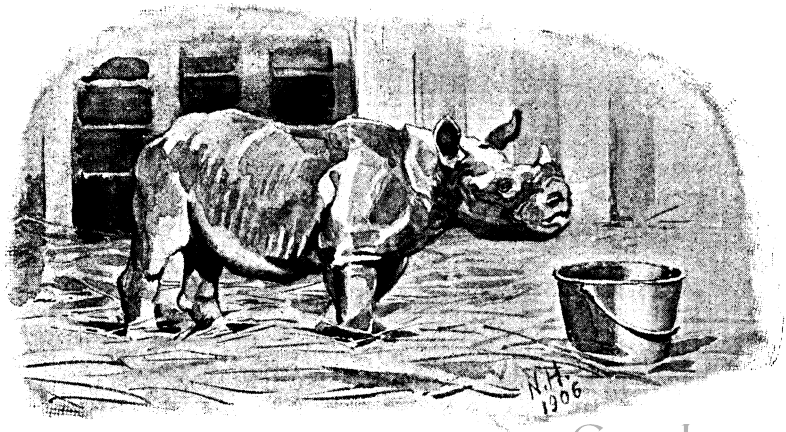
was painted, about six weeks, in spite of all efforts to rear it.

But that all young giraffes are, as is generally supposed, equally delicate is not borne out by the history of the youngest specimen now in the Giraffe House. Captured in N. Nigeria, while still very young, it was conveyed down the river Niger in

MRS. R. I. POCOCK AND THE LEOPARD CUBS, "JUPITER" AND "DIANA."

a canoe. When in mid-stream, the canoe, perhaps not unnaturally, turned a somersault, and the little giraffe was only saved from drowning by its length of neck. Immersion and shock, however, produced no ill effects and in no appreciable way delayed the many-thousand-mile journey to London.

The quietly contemplative look that young giraffes wear justifies the supposition that,



A YOUNG RHINOCEROS.

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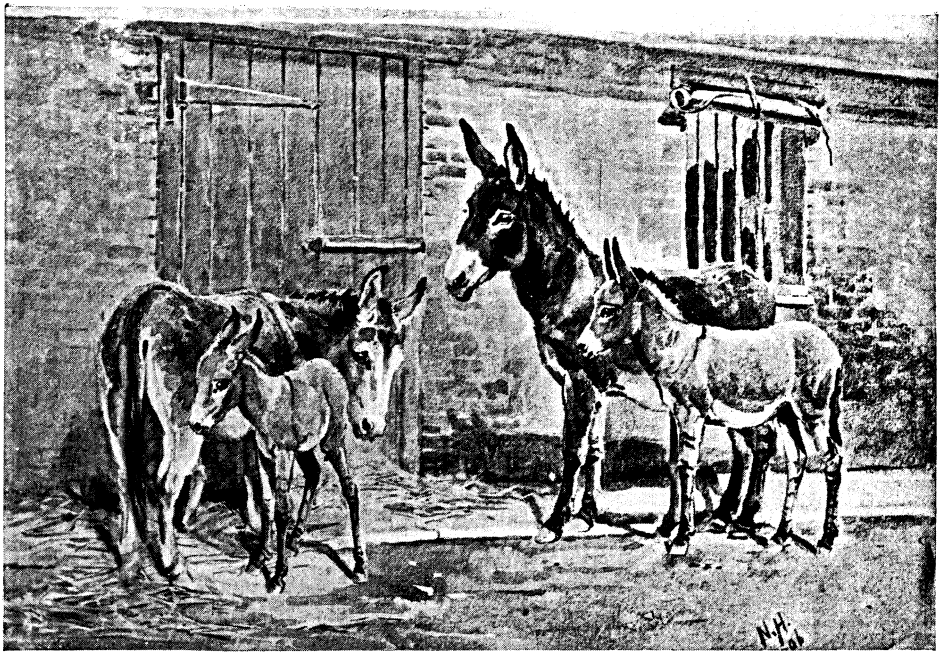
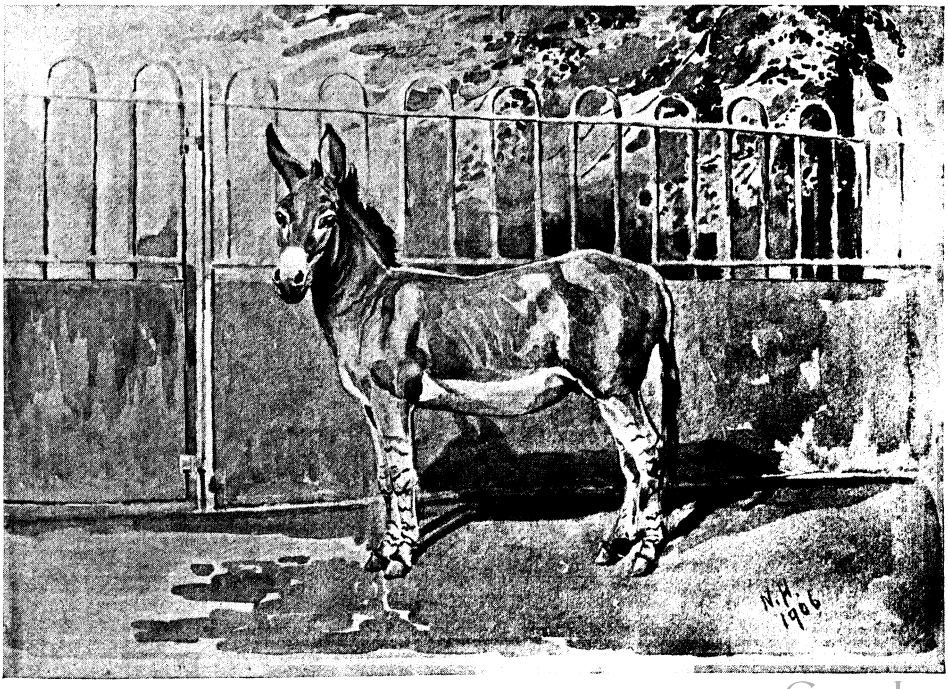


LONDON MOTHERS.



SOMALI WILD ASS.

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KINGFISHER DIVING FOR FOOD.

given the necessaries of life, captivity to them is anything but irksome.

As to whether donkey foals have or have not a "good time" in their youth, few of us, I fear, would ever pause to consider; for certain it is that no animal, of like value to man, receives so little consideration at his hands as the poor, patient, plodding ass. But, by way of exception, the originals of the artist's picture of foals could tell a different story.

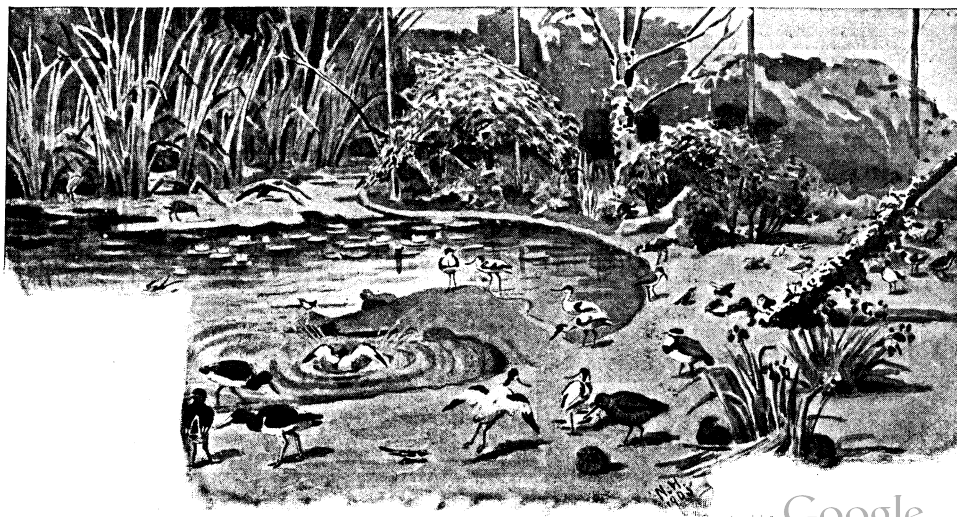
They are the result of mating the common domestic female donkey with its wild representative the Somali wild ass, and a very smart and pretty little pair of foals they are, too.

Very shortly, another interesting experiment with asses will be made at the Gardens. It is thought that by crossing the Somali wild ass sire with a large Spanish donkey mare, a new breed may be set up which, for working purposes, will have distinct advantages over existing donkeys.

For sheer beauty, especially when a few weeks old, young deer would be difficult to beat; but their natural timidity and shyness, except in rare instances, preclude familiarity and rather excite sympathy with their love of retirement.

From an Indian jungle to the London Zoological Gardens is, in more ways than one, a big jump; but the batch of young red dogs which arrived last season made the leap, and adapted themselves to the change with quite remarkable success. No young things, under like circumstances, have ever thriven better—which fact, let us hope, points towards mental contentment. But, that this happy state will long survive the passing of youth is, to judge by their near relations and neighbours, the wolves, hardly to be expected.

It would seem that wolves are less well equipped for bearing close confinement than are many other animals. In small cages, they never at any moment look happy, and with the advent of rain, and closing in of day, seem peculiarly, not to say painfully, reminded of restraint—some of them, if not



THE WADERS' AVIARY.

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remembering, perhaps, instinctively responsive to calls born of the night; and who shall say that the various and exquisite notes of Nature's voice sounding ever about the natural habitat of these creatures are for them without interpretation?

Unhappily, there is not at this moment any available space in the Gardens by which to improve conditions for such animals as the wolves, bears, etc., sadly as they need it.

MINIATURE OF THE YOUNG ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS BROUGHT FROM NEPAUL BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Yet wolves in captivity breed easily, are easily tamed, and, up to a certain age, make delightful pets; and for that purpose, chiefly, cubs from the annual litter of the fine specimens of "Canadian Timber Wolf," "Lobo," and "Blanca" are frequently sold by the Zoological Society.

A propos of the female, "Blanca," an experiment of some interest was tried with her, last year. It being well known to the authorities that she is never able to rear all her young, a foster-mother, a collie, is provided to help her out of the difficulty. Quite fittingly does the domestic animal take to the exchange of offspring, but when a collie pup was presented with her own cubs to "Blanca," its length of existence might have been measured by seconds.

YOUNG RHEAS.

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HELENA'S PATH.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Common opinion said that Lord Lynborough ought never to have had a peerage and forty thousand a year; he ought to have had a pound a week and a back bedroom in Bloomsbury. Then he would have become an eminent man; as it was, he turned out only a singularly erratic individual. Miss Gilletson had been studying the local paper, which appeared every Saturday, and reached Nab Grange on the following morning. She uttered an exclamation and read out to the Marchesa:—"'Lord Lynborough, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Leonard Stabb, the well-known authority on prehistoric remains, and Mr. Roger Wilbraham, his private secretary, arrived at the Castle on Friday.'" Helena Vittoria Maria Antonia, Marchesa di San Servolo, was now in her twenty-fourth year. Born of an Italian father and an English mother, she had bestowed her hand on her paternal country, but her heart remained in her mother's. She was early left a widow—stepmother of adult Italian offspring—owner for life of an Apennine fortress. She liked the fortress, but disliked the stepchildren, and England—her mother's home—presented itself in the light of refuge. Nab Grange was in the market. It had served for the family's dower-house, till a bad race-meeting had induced the squire of the day to sell it to a Mr. Cross of Leeds. The Crosses held and the Marchesa bought it a year before Lord Lynborough came home. Now, it had long been the custom for residents at the Castle to gain the beach by a short cut through the grounds of Nab Grange, but the Marchesa would have preferred that strangers should not pass across her property, in full view of her windows, without her permission, and thus it happened that on a Sunday morning in June, Captain Irons and Mr. Stillford, walking back through the Scarsmoor grounds from Fillby church as they had proposed, found the gate leading from the road into the Grange meadows securely padlocked. Lord Lynborough wrote a formal letter of remonstrance, with a request to her Excellency to have the kindness to order that the padlock and other obstacles be removed, and concluding: "He will be obliged by this being done before eight o'clock to-morrow morning—at which time Lord Lynborough intends to proceed by Beach Path to the sea in order to bathe." The plot thickens as the members of the two households become further acquainted by various meetings incidental to the polite warfare that is maintained.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER WEDGE!

DEPRIVED of their leader's inspiration, the other two representatives of Scarsmoor did not brave the Passage Perilous to the sea that morning. Lynborough was well content to forgo further aggression for the moment. His words declared his satisfaction—

"I have driven a wedge—another wedge—into the Marchesa's phalanx. Yes, I think I may say a second wedge. Disaffection has made its entry into Nab Grange, Cromlech. The process of isolation has begun. Perhaps after lunch we will resume operations."

But fortune was to give him an opportunity even before lunch. It appeared that Stabb had sniffed out the existence of two old brasses in Fillby Church; he was determined to inspect them at the earliest possible moment. Lynborough courteously offered to accompany him, and they set out together about eleven o'clock.

No incident marked their way. Lynborough rang up the parish clerk at his house, presented Stabb to that important functionary, and bespoke for him every consideration. Then he leant against the outside of the churchyard wall, peacefully smoking a cigarette.

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On the opposite side of the village street stood the Lynborough Arms. The inn was kept by a very superior man, who had retired to this comparative leisure after some years of service as butler with Lynborough's father. This excellent person, perceiving Lynborough, crossed the road and invited him to partake of a glass of ale in memory of old days. Readily acquiescing, Lynborough crossed the road, sat down with the landlord on a bench by the porch, and began to discuss local affairs over the beer.

"I suppose you haven't kept up your cricket since you've been in foreign parts, my lord?" asked Dawson, the landlord, after some conversation which need not occupy this narrative. "We're playing a team from Easthorpe to-morrow, and we're very short."

"Haven't played for nearly fifteen years, Dawson. But I tell you what—I dare say my friend Mr. Wilbraham will play. Mr. Stabb's no use."

"Every one helps," said Dawson. "We've got two of the gentlemen from the Grange—Mr. Stillford, a good bat, and Captain Irons, who can bowl a bit—or so John Goodenough tells me."

Lynborough's eyes had grown alert. "Well, I used to bowl a bit, too. If you're really hard up for a man, Dawson—really at a loss, you know—I'll play. It'll be better than going into the field short, won't it?"

Dawson was profuse in his thanks. Lynborough listened patiently.

"I tell you what I should like to do, Dawson," he said. "I should like to stand the lunch."

It was the turn of Dawson's eyes to grow alert. They did. Dawson supplied the lunch. The Club's finances were slender, and its ideas correspondingly modest. But if Lord Lynborough "stood" the lunch—— !

"And to do it really well," added that nobleman. "A sort of little feast to celebrate my home-coming. The two teams—and perhaps a dozen places for friends - ladies, the Vicar, and so on, eh, Dawson? Do you see the idea?"

Dawson saw the idea much more clearly than he saw most ideas. Almost corporeally he beheld the groaning board.

"On such an occasion, Dawson, we shouldn't quarrel about figures."

"Your lordship's always most liberal," Dawson acknowledged in tones which showed some trace of emotion.

"Put the matter in hand at once. But look here, I don't want it talked about. Just tell the secretary of the Club—that's enough. Keep the tent empty till the moment comes. Then display your triumph! It'll be a pleasant little surprise for everybody, won't it?"

Dawson thought it would; at any rate it was one for him.

At this instant an elderly lady of demure appearance was observed to walk up to the lych-gate and enter the churchyard. Lynborough inquired of his companion who she was.

"That's Miss Gilletson from the Grange, my lord—the Marchesa's companion."

"Is it?" said Lynborough softly. "Oh, is it indeed?" He rose from his seat. "Good-bye, Dawson. Mind—a dead secret, and a rattling good lunch!"

"I'll attend to it, my lord," Dawson assured him with the utmost cheerfulness. Never had Dawson invested a glass of beer to better profit!

Lynborough threw away his cigarette and entered the sacred precincts. His brain was very busy. "Another wedge!" he was saying to himself. "Another wedge!"

The lady had gone into the church. Lynborough went in too. He came first on Stabb—on his hands and knees, examining one of the old brasses and making copious notes in a pocket-book.

"Have you seen a lady come in, Cromlech?" asked Lord Lynborough.

"No, I haven't," said Cromlech, now producing a yard measure and proceeding to ascertain the dimensions of the brass.

"You wouldn't, if it were Venus herself," replied Lynborough pleasantly. "Well, I must look for her on my own account."

He found her in the neighbourhood of his family monuments, which, with his family pew, crowded the little chancel of the church. She was not employed in devotions, but was arranging some flowers in a vase—doubtless a pious offering. Somewhat at loss how to open the conversation, Lynborough dropped his hat—or rather gave it a dexterous jerk, so that it fell at the lady's feet. Miss Gilletson started violently, and Lord Lynborough humbly apologised. Thence he glided into conversation, first about the flowers, then about the tombs. On the latter subject he was exceedingly interesting and informing.

"Dear, dear! Married the Duke of Dexminster's daughter, did he?" said Miss Gilletson, considerably thrilled. "She's not buried here, is she?"

"No, she's not," said Lynborough, suppressing the fact that the lady had run away after six months of married life. "And my own father's not buried here, either; he chose my mother's family place in Devonshire. I thought it rather a pity."

"Your own father?" Miss Gilletson gasped.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know me," he said, laughing. "I'm Lord Lynborough, you know. That's how I come to be so well up in all this. And I tell you what—I should like to show you some of our Scarsmoor roses on your way home."

"Oh, but if you're Lord Lynborough, I—I really couldn't——"

"Who's to know anything about it, unless you choose, Miss Gilletson?" he asked with his ingratiating smile and his merry twinkle. "There's nothing so pleasant as a secret shared with a lady!"

It was a long time since a handsome man had shared a secret with Miss Gilletson. Who knows, indeed, whether such a thing had ever happened? Or whether Miss Gilletson had once just dreamed that some day it might—and had gone on dreaming for long, long days, till even the dream had slowly and sadly faded away? For sometimes it does happen like that. Lynborough meant nothing—but no possible effort (supposing he made it) could enable him to look as if he meant nothing. One thing at least he did mean—to make himself very pleasant to Miss Gilletson.

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"'Mind—a dead secret, and a rattling good lunch!'"

Interested knave! It is impossible to avoid that reflection. Yet let ladies in their turn ask themselves if they are over-scrupulous in their treatment of one man when their affections are set upon another.

He showed Miss Gilletson all the family tombs. He escorted her from the church. Under renewed vows of secrecy he induced her to enter Scarsmoor. Once in the gardens, the good lady was lost. They had no such roses at Nab Grange! Lynborough insisted on sending an enormous bouquet to the Vicar's wife in Miss Gilletson's name—and Miss Gilletson grew merry as she pictured the mystification of the Vicar's wife. For Miss Gilletson herself he superintended the selection of a nosegay of the choicest blooms; they laughed again together when she hid them in a large bag she carried—destined for the tea and tobacco which represented her little charities. Then—after pausing for one private word in his gardener's ear, which caused a boy to be sent off post-haste to the stables—he led her to the road, and in vain implored her to honour his house by setting foot in it. There the fear of the Marchesa or (it is pleasanter to think) some revival of the sense of youth, bred by Lynborough's deferential courtliness, prevailed. They came together through his lodge-gates; and Miss Gilletson's face suddenly fell.

"That wretched gate!" she cried. "It's locked—and I haven't got the key."

"No more have I, I'm sorry to say," said Lynborough. He, on his part, had forgotten nothing.

"It's nearly two miles round by the road—and so hot and dusty! Really Helena does cut off her nose to spite her face!"

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Though, in truth, it appeared rather to be Miss Gilletson's nose the Marchesa had cut off.

A commiserating gravity sat on Lord Lynborough's attentive countenance.

"If I were younger, I'd climb that wall," declared Miss Gilletson. "As it is—well, but for your lovely flowers, I'd better have gone the other way after all."

"I don't want you to feel that," said he, almost tenderly.

"I must walk!"

"Oh no, you needn't," said Lynborough.

As he spoke, there issued from the gates behind them a luxurious victoria, drawn by two admirable horses. It came to a stand by Lynborough, the coachman touching his hat, the footman leaping to the ground.

"Just take Miss Gilletson to the Grange, Williams. Stop a little way short of the house. She wants to walk through the garden."

"Very good, my lord."

"Put up the hood, Charles. The sun's very hot for Miss Gilletson."

"Yes, my lord."

"Nobody'll see you if you get out a hundred yards from the door—and it's really better than tramping the road on a day like this. Of course, if Beach Path were open——!" He shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly.

Fear of the Marchesa struggled in Miss Gilletson's heart with the horror of the hot and tiring walk—with the seduction of the shady, softly rolling, speedy carriage.

"If I met Helena!" she whispered; and the whisper was an admission of reciprcoal confidence.

"It's the chance of that against the certainty of the tramp!"

"She didn't come down to breakfast this morning——"

"Ah, didn't she?" Lynborough made a note for his Intelligence Department.

"Perhaps she isn't up yet! I—I think I'll take the risk."

Lynborough assisted her into the carriage.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said, with no small *empressement*.

"I'm afraid not," answered Miss Gilletson dolefully. "You see, Helena——"

"Yes, yes; but ladies have their moods. Anyhow you won't think too hardly of me, will you? I'm not altogether an ogre."

There was a pretty faint blush on Miss Gilletson's cheek as she gave him her hand. "An ogre! No, dear Lord Lynborough," she murmured.

"A wedge!" said Lynborough, as he watched her drive away.

He was triumphant with what he had achieved—he was full of hope for what he had planned. If he reckoned right, the loyalty of the ladies at Nab Grange to the mistress thereof was tottering, if it had not fallen. His relations with the men awaited the result of the cricket match. Yet neither his triumph nor his hope could in the nature of the case exist without an intermixture of remorse. He hurt—or tried to hurt—what he would please—and hoped to please. His mood was mixed, and his smile not altogether mirthful as he stood looking at the fast-receding carriage.

Then suddenly, for the first time, he saw his enemy. Distantly—afar off! Yet without a doubt it was she. As he turned and cast his eyes over the forbidden path—the path whose seclusion he had violated, bold in his right—a white figure came to the sunk fence and stood there, looking not towards where he stood, but up to his Castle on the hill. Lynborough edged near to the barricaded gate—a new padlock and new *chevaux-de-frise* of prickly branches guarded it. The latter, high as his head, screened him completely; he peered through the interstices in absolute security.

The white figure stood on the little bridge which led over the sunk fence into the meadow. He could see neither feature nor colour; only the slender shape caught and chained his eye. Tall she was, and slender, as his mocking forecast had prophesied. More than that he could not see.

Well, he did see one more thing. This beautiful shape, after a few minutes of what must be presumed to be meditation, raised its arm and shook its fist with decision at Scarsmoor Castle: then it turned and walked straight back to the Grange.

There was no sort of possibility of mistaking the nature or the meaning of the gesture.

It had the result of stifling Lynborough's softer mood, of reviving his pugnacity. "She must do more than that, if she's to win!" said he.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCHESA MOVES.

After her demonstration against Scarsmoor Castle, the Marchesa went in to lunch. But there were objects of her wrath nearer home also. She received Norah's salute—they had

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not met before, that morning—with icy coldness.

"I'm better, thank you," she said, "but you must be feeling tired—having been up so very early in the morning! And you—Violet—have you been over to Scarsmoor again?"

Violet had heard from Norah all about the latter's morning adventure. They exchanged uneasy glances. Yet they were prepared to back one another up. The men looked more frightened; men are frightened when women quarrel.

"One of you," continued the Marchesa accusingly, "pursues Lord Lynborough to his own threshold—the other flirts with him in my own meadow! Rather peculiar signs of friendship for me under the present circumstances—don't you think so, Colonel Wenman?"

The Colonel thought so—though he would have greatly preferred to be at liberty to entertain—or at least to express—no opinion on so thorny a point.

"Flirt with him? What do you mean?" But Norah's protest lacked the ring of honest indignation.

"Kissing one's hand to a mere stranger——"

"How do you know that? You were in bed."

"Carlotta saw you from her window. You don't deny it?"

"No, I don't," said Norah, perceiving the uselessness of such a course. "In fact, I glory in it. I had a splendid time with Lord Lynborough. Oh, I did try to keep him out for you—but he jumped over my head."

Sensation among the gentlemen! Increased scorn on the Marchesa's face!

"And when I got John Goodenough to help me, he just laid John down on the grass as—as I lay that spoon on the table! He's splendid, Helena!"

"He seems a good sort of chap," said Irons thoughtfully.

The Marchesa looked at Wenman.

"Nothing to be said for the fellow, nothing at all," declared the Colonel hastily.

"Thank you, Colonel Wenman. I'm glad I have one friend left anyhow. Oh, besides you, Mr. Stillford, of course. Oh, and you, dear old Jennie, of course. You wouldn't forsake me, would you?"

The tone of affection was calculated to gratify Miss Gilletson. But against it had to be set the curious and amused gaze of Norah and Violet. Seen by these two ladies in the act of descending from a stylish (and coroneted) victoria in the drive of Nab Grange, Miss Gilletson had, pardonably perhaps, broken down rather severely in cross-examination. She had been so very proud of the roses—so very full of Lord Lynborough's graces! She was conscious now that the pair held her in their hands and were demanding courage from her.

"Forsake you, dearest Helena? Of course not! There's no question of that with any of us."

"Yes, there is—with those of you who make friends with that wretch at Scarsmoor!"

"Really, Helena, you shouldn't be so—so vehement. I'm not sure it's ladylike. It's absurd to call Lord Lynborough a wretch." The pale faint flush again adorned her fading cheek. "I never met a man more thoroughly a gentleman."

"You never met——" began the Marchesa in petrified tones. "Then you have met——?" Again her words died away.

Miss Gilletson took her courage in both hands.

"Circumstances threw us together. I behaved as a lady does under such circumstances, Helena. And Lord Lynborough was, under the circumstances, most charming, courteous, and considerate." She gathered more courage as she proceeded. "And really it's highly inconvenient having that gate locked, Helena. I had to come all the way round by the road."

"I'm sorry if you find yourself fatigued," said the Marchesa with formal civility.

"I'm not fatigued, thank you, Helena. I should have been terribly—but for Lord Lynborough's kindness in sending me home in his carriage."

A pause followed. Then Norah and Violet began to giggle.

"It was so funny this morning!" said Norah—and boldly launched on a full story of her adventure. She held the attention of the table. The Marchesa sat in gloomy silence. Violet chimed in with more reminiscences of her visit to Scarsmoor; Miss Gilletson contributed new items, including that matter of the roses. Norah ended triumphantly with a eulogy on Lynborough's extraordinary physical powers. Captain Irons listened with concealed interest. Even Colonel Wenman ventured to opine that the enemy was worth fighting. Stillford imitated his hostess's silence, but he was watching her closely. Would her courage—or her obstinacy—break down under these assaults, this luke-

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warmness, these desertions? In his heart, fearful of that lawsuit, he hoped so.

"I shall prosecute him for assaulting Goodenough," the Marchesa announced.

"Goodenough touched him first!" cried Norah.

"That doesn't matter, since I'm in the right. He had no business to be there. That's the law, isn't it, Mr. Stillford? Will he be sent to prison or only heavily fined?"

"'A wedge,' said Lynborough, as he watched her drive away.'

"Well—er—I'm rather afraid—neither, Marchesa. You see, he'll plead his right, and the Bench would refer us to our civil remedy and dismiss the summons. At least that's my opinion."

"Of course that's right," pronounced Norah in an authoritative tone.

"If that's the English law," observed the Marchesa, rising from the table, "I greatly regret that I ever settled in England."

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Helena? Going to play tennis—or croquet?"

"I'm going for a walk, thank you, Violet." She paused for a moment and then added, "By myself."

"Oh, mayn't I have the privilege——?" began the Colonel.

"Not to-day, thank you, Colonel Wenman. I—I have a great deal to think about. We shall meet again at tea—unless you're all going to tea at Scarsmoor Castle!" With this Parthian shot she left them.

She had indeed much to think of—and her reflections were not cast in a cheerful mould. She had underrated her enemy. It had seemed sufficient to lock the gate and to forbid Lynborough's entry. These easy measures had appeared to leave him no resource save blank violence: in that confidence she had sat still and done nothing. He had been at work—not by blank violence, but by cunning devices and subtle machinations. He had made a base use of his personal fascinations, of his athletic gifts, even of his lordly domain, his garden of roses, and his carriage. She perceived his strategy; she saw now how he had driven in his wedges. Her ladies had already gone over to his side; even her men were shaken. Stillford had always been lukewarm; Irons was fluttering round Lynborough's flame; Wenman might still be hers—but an isolation mitigated only by Colonel Wenman seemed an isolation not mitigated in the least. When she had looked forward to a fight, it had not been to such a fight as this. An enthusiastic, hilarious, united Nab Grange was to have hurled laughing defiance at Scarsmoor Castle. Now more than half Nab Grange laughed—but its laughter was not at the Castle; its laughter, its pitying amusement, was directed at her; Lynborough's triumphant campaign drew all admiration. He had told Stillford that he would harry her; he was harrying her to his heart's content—and to a very soreness in hers.

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For the path—hateful Beach Path which her feet at this moment trod—became now no more than an occasion for battle, a symbol of strife. The greater issue stood out. It was that this man had peremptorily challenged her to a fight—and was beating her! And he won his victory, not by male violence in spite of male stupidity, but by just the arts and the cunning which should have been her own weapons. To her he left the blunt, the inert, the stupid and violent methods. He chose the more refined, and wielded them like a master. It was a position to which the Marchesa's experience had not accustomed her—one to which her spirit was by no means attuned.

What was his end—that end whose approach seemed even now clearly indicated? It was to convict her at once of cowardice and of pig-headedness, to exhibit her as afraid to bring him to book by law, and yet too churlish to cede him his rights. He would get all her friends to think that about her. Then she would be left alone—to fight a lost battle all alone.

Was he right in his charge? Did it truly describe her conduct? For any truth there might be in it, she declared that he was himself to blame. He had forced the fight on her by his audacious demand for instant surrender; he had given her no fair time for consideration, no opportunity for a dignified retreat. He had offered her no choice save between ignominy and defiance. If she chose defiance, his rather than hers was the blame.

Suddenly—across these dismal broodings—there shot a new idea. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri;* she did not put it in Latin, but it came to the same thing—Couldn't she pay Lynborough back in his own coin? She had her resources—perhaps she had been letting them lie idle! Lord Lynborough did not live alone at Scarsmoor. If there were women open to his wiles at the Grange, were there no men open to hers at Scarsmoor? The idea was illuminating; she accorded it place in her thoughts.

She was just by the gate. She took out her key, opened the padlock, closed the gate behind her, but did not lock it, walked on to the road, and surveyed the territory of Scarsmoor.

Fate helps those who help themselves: her new courage of brain and heart had its reward. She had not been there above a minute when Roger Wilbraham came out from the Scarsmoor gates.

Lynborough had, he considered, done enough for one day. He was awaiting the results of to-morrow's manœuvres anent the cricket match. But he amused himself after lunch by proffering to Roger a wager that he would not succeed in traversing Beach Path from end to end, and back again, alone, by his own unassisted efforts, and without being driven to ignominious flight. Without a moment's hesitation Roger accepted. "I shall just wait till the coast's clear," he said.

"Ah, but they'll see you from the windows! They will be on the look-out," Lynborough retorted.

The Marchesa had strolled a little way down the road. She was walking back towards the gate when Roger first came in sight. He did not see her until after he had reached the gate. There he stood a moment, considering at what point to attack it—for the barricade was formidable. He came to the same conclusion as Lynborough had reached earlier in the day. "Oh, I'll jump the wall," he said.

"The gate isn't locked," remarked a charming voice just behind him.

He turned round with a start and saw—he had no doubt whom he saw. The Marchesa's tall slender figure stood before him—all in white, crowned by a large, yet simple, white hat; her pale olive cheeks were tinged with underlying red (the flush of which Lynborough had dreamed!); her dark eyes rested on the young man with a kindly languid interest; her very red lips showed no smile, yet seemed to have one in ready ambush. Roger was overcome; he blushed and stood silent before the vision.

"I expect you're going to bathe? Of course this is the shortest way, and I shall be so glad if you'll use it. I'm going to the Grange myself, so I can put you on your way."

Roger was honest. "I—I'm staying at the Castle."

"I'll tell somebody to be on the look-out and open the gate for you when you come back," said she.

If Norah was no match for Lynborough, Roger was none for the Marchesa's practised art.

"You're—you're awfully kind. I—I shall be delighted, of course."

The Marchesa passed through the gate. Roger followed. She handed him the key.

"Will you please lock the padlock? It's not—safe—to leave the gate open."

Her smile had come into the open—it was on the red lips now! For all his agitation Roger was not blind to its meaning. His

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"It was the first really satisfactory moment which the contest had brought to the Marchesa."

hand was to lock the gate against his friend and chief! But the smile and the eyes commanded. He obeyed.

It was the first really satisfactory moment which the contest had brought to the Marchesa—some small instalment of consolation for the treason of her friends.

Roger had been honestly in love once with a guileless maiden—who had promptly and quite unguilefully refused him; his experience did not at all fit him to cope with the Marchesa. She, of course, was merciless: was he not of the hated house? As an individual, however, he appeared to be comely and agreeable.

They walked on side by side—not very quickly. The Marchesa's eyes were now downcast. Roger was able to steal a glance at her profile; he could compare it to nothing less than a Roman Empress on an ancient silver coin.

"I suppose you've been taught to think me a very rude and unneighbourly person, haven't you, Mr. Wilbraham? At least I suppose you're Mr. Wilbraham? You don't look old enough to be that learned Mr. Stabb the Vicar told me about. Though he said Mr. Stabb was absolutely delightful—how I should love to know him, if only——!" She broke off, sighing deeply.

"Yes, my name's Wilbraham. I'm Lynborough's secretary. But—er—I don't think anything of that sort about you. And—and I've never heard Lynborough say anything—er—unkind."

"Oh, Lord Lynborough!" She gave a

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"'I went in; both drank whisky-and-soda in a hurried fashion.'"

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charming little shrug, accompanied with what Roger, from his novel-reading, conceived to be a *moue*.

"Of course I—I know that you—you think you're right," he stammered.

She stopped on the path. "Yes, I do think I'm right, Mr. Wilbraham. But that's not it. If it were merely a question of right, it would be unneighbourly to insist. I'm not hurt by Lord Lynborough's using this path. But I'm hurt by Lord Lynborough's discourtesy. In my country women are treated with respect—even sometimes (she gave a bitter little laugh) with deference. That doesn't seem to occur to Lord Lynborough."

"Well, you know——"

"Oh, I can't let you say a word against him, whatever you may be obliged to think. In your position—as his friend—that would be disloyal; and the one thing I dislike is disloyalty. Only I was anxious"—she turned and faced him—"that you should understand my position—and that Mr. Stabb should too. I shall be very glad if you and Mr. Stabb will use the path whenever you like. If the gate's locked you can manage the wall!"

"I—I'm most awfully obliged to you—er—Marchesa—but you see——"

"No more need be said about that, Mr. Wilbraham. You're heartily welcome. Lord Lynborough would have been heartily welcome too, if he would have approached me properly. I was open to discussion. I received orders. I don't take orders—not even from Lord Lynborough."

She looked splendid—so Roger thought. The underlying red dyed the olive to a brighter hue; her eyes were very proud; the red lips shut decisively. Just like a Roman Empress! Then her face underwent a rapid transformation; the lips parted, the eyes laughed, the cheeks faded to hues less stormy, yet not less beautiful. (These are recorded as Mr. Wilbraham's impressions.) Lightly she laid the tips of her fingers on his arm for just a moment.

"There—don't let's talk any more about disagreeable things," she said. "It's too beautiful an afternoon. Can you spare just five minutes? The strawberries are splendid! I want some—and it's so hot to pick them for oneself!"

Roger paused, twisting the towel round his neck.

"Only five minutes!" pleaded—yes, pleaded—the beautiful Marchesa. "Then you can go and have your swim in peace."

It was a question whether poor Roger was to do anything more in peace that day—but he went and picked the strawberries.

CHAPTER IX.

LYNBOROUGH DROPS A CATCH.

"SOMETHING has happened!" (So Lynborough records the same evening.) "I don't know precisely what—but I think that the enemy is at last in motion. I'm glad. I was being too successful. I had begun to laugh at her—and that only. I prefer the admixture of another element of emotion. All that ostensibly appears is that I have lost five shillings to Roger. 'You did it?' I asked. 'Certainly,' said Roger. 'I went at my ease and came back at my ease, and——' I interrupted, 'Nobody stopped you?' 'Nobody made any objection,' said Roger. 'You took your time,' says I. 'You were away three hours!' 'The water was very pleasant this afternoon,' says Roger. Hum! I hand over my two half-crowns, which Roger pockets with a most peculiar sort of smile. There that incident appears to end—with a comment from me that the Marchesa's garrison is not very alert. Another smile—not less peculiar—from Roger! *Hum!*

"Then Cromlech! I trust Cromlech as myself—that is, as far as I can see him. He has no secrets from me—that I know of; I have none from him—which would be at all likely to interest him. Yet, soon after Roger's return, Cromlech goes out! And they had been alone together for some minutes, as I happen to have observed. Cromlech is away an hour and a half! If I were not a man of honour, I would have trained the telescope on to him. I refrained. Where was Cromlech? At the church, he told me. I accept his word—but the church has had a curious effect upon him. Sometimes he is silent, sulky, reflective, embarrassed—constantly rubbing the place where his hair ought to be—not altogether too civil to me either. Anon, sits with a fat happy smile on his face! Has he found a new tomb? No; he'd tell me about a new tomb. What has happened to Cromlech?

"At first sight Violet—the insinuating one—would account for the phenomena. Or Norah's eyes and lashes? Yet I hesitate. Woman, of course, it is, with both of them. Violet might make men pleased with themselves; Norah could make them merry and happy. Yet these two are not so much pleased with themselves—rather

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they are pleased with events; they are not merry—they are thoughtful. And I think they are resentful. I believe the hostile squadron has weighed anchor. In these great results, achieved so quickly, demanding on my part such an effort in reply, I see the Marchesa's touch! I have my own opinion as to what has happened to Roger and to Cromlech. Well, we shall see—to-morrow is the cricket match!"

"*Later.* I had closed this record; I was preparing to go to bed (wishing to bathe early to-morrow) when I found that I had forgotten to bring up my book. Coltson had gone to bed—or out—anyhow, away. I went down myself. The library door stood ajar; I had on my slippers; a light burnt still; Cromlech and Roger were up. As I approached—with an involuntary noiselessness (I really couldn't be expected to think of coughing in my own house and with no ladies about)—I overheard this remarkable, most significant, most important conversation:—

"*Cromlech:* 'On my soul, there were tears in her eyes!'

"*Roger:* 'Stabb, can we as gentlemen—?'

"Then, as I presume, the shuffle of my slippers became audible. I went in; both drank whisky-and-soda in a hurried fashion. I took my book from the table. Naught said I. Their confusion was obvious. I cast on them one of my looks; Roger blushed, Stabb shuffled his feet. I left them.

"'Tears in her eyes!' 'Can we as gentlemen—— ?'

"The Marchesa moves slowly, but she moves in force!"

It is unnecessary to pursue the diary further; for his lordship—forgetful apparently of the bourne of bed, to which he had originally destined himself—launches into a variety of speculations as to the Nature of Love. Among other questions, he puts to himself the following concerning Love: (1) Is it Inevitable? (2) Is it Agreeable? (3) Is it Universal? (4) Is it Wise? (5) Is it Remunerative? (6) Is it Momentary? (7) Is it Sempiternal? (8) Is it Voluntary? (9) Is it Conditioned? (10) Is it Remediable? (11) Is it Religious? (There's a note here—"Consult Cromlech")—(12) May it be expected to survive the Advance of Civilisation? (13) Why does it exist at all? (14) Is it Ridiculous?

It is not to be inferred that Lord Lynborough answers these questions. He is, like a wise man, content to propound them. If, however, he had answered them, it might have been worth while to transcribe the diary.

"Can we as gentlemen——?"—Roger had put the question. It waited unanswered till Lynborough had taken his book and returned to record its utterance—together with the speculations to which that utterance gave rise. Stabb weighed it carefully, rubbing his bald head, according to the habit which his friend had animadverted upon.

"If such a glorious creature——" cried Roger.

"If a thoroughly intelligent and most sympathetic woman——" said Stabb.

"Thinks that she has a right, why, she probably has one!"

"At any rate her view is entitled to respect—to a courteous hearing."

"Lynborough does appear to have been a shade—er——"

"Ambrose is a spoilt child, bless him! She took a wonderful interest in my brasses. I don't know what brought her to the church."

"She waited herself to let me through that beastly gate again!"

"She drove me round herself to our gates. Wouldn't come through Scarsmoor!"

They both sighed. They both thought of telling the other something—but on second thoughts refrained.

"I suppose we'd better go to bed. Shall you bathe to-morrow morning?"

"With Ambrose? No, I shan't, Wilbraham."

"No more shall I. Good night, Stabb. You'll—think it over?"

Stabb grunted inarticulately. Roger drew the blind aside for a moment, looked down on Nab Grange, saw a light in one window—and went to bed. The window was, in objective fact (if there be such a thing), Colonel Wenman's. No matter. There nothing is but thinking makes it so. The Colonel was sitting up, writing a persuasive letter to his tailor. He served emotions that he did not feel; it is a not uncommon lot.

Lynborough's passing and repassing to and from his bathing were uninterrupted next morning. Nab Grange seemed wrapped in slumber; only Goodenough saw him, and Goodenough did not think it advisable to interrupt his ordinary avocations. But an air of constraint—even of mystery—marked both Stabb and Roger at breakfast. The cricket match was naturally the topic—though Stabb declared that he took little

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interest in it and should probably not be there.

"There'll be some lunch, I suppose," said Lynborough carelessly. "You'd better have lunch there—it'd be dull for you all by yourself here, Cromlech."

After apparent consideration Stabb conceded that he might take luncheon on the cricket-ground; Roger, as a member of the Fillby team, would, of course, do likewise.

The game was played in a large field, pleasantly surrounded by a belt of trees, and lying behind the Lynborough Arms. Besides Roger and Lynborough, Stillford and Irons represented Fillby. Easthorpe Polytechnic came in full force, save for an umpire. Colonel Wenman, who had walked up with his friends, was pressed into this honourable and responsible service, landlord Dawson officiating at the other end. Lynborough's second gardener, a noted fast bowler, was Fillby's captain; Easthorpe was under the command of a curate who had played several times for his University, although he had not actually achieved his "blue." Easthorpe won the toss and took first innings.

The second gardener, aware of his employer's turn of speed, sent Lord Lynborough to field "in the country." That gentleman was well content; few balls came his way and he was at leisure to contemplate the exterior of the luncheon tent—he had already inspected the interior thereof with sedulous care and high contentment—and to speculate on the probable happenings of the luncheon hour. So engrossed was he that only a rapturous cheer, which rang out from the field and the spectators, apprised him of the fact that the second gardener had yorked the redoubtable curate with the first ball of his second over! Young Woodwell came in; he was known as a mighty hitter; Lynborough was signalled to take his position yet deeper in the field. Young Woodwell immediately got to business—but he kept the ball low. Lynborough had, however, the satisfaction of saving several "boundaries." Roger, keeping wicket, observed his chief's exertions with some satisfaction. Other wickets fell rapidly—but young Woodwell's score rapidly mounted up. If he could stay in, they would make a hundred—and Filby looked with just apprehension on a score like that. The second gardener, who had given himself a brief rest, took the ball again with an air of determination.

"Peters doesn't seem to remember that I also bowl," reflected Lord Lynborough.

The next moment he was glad of this omission. Young Woodwell was playing for safety now—his fifty loomed ahead! Lynborough had time for a glance round. He saw Stabb saunter on to the field; then—just behind where he stood when the second gardener was bowling from the Lynborough Arms end of the field—a wagonette drove up. Four ladies descended. A bench was placed at their disposal, and the two menservants at once began to make preparations for lunch, aided therein by the ostler from the Lynborough Arms, who rigged up a table on trestles under a spreading tree.

Lord Lynborough's reputation as a sportsman inevitably suffers from this portion of the narrative. Yet extenuating circumstances may fairly be pleaded. He was deeply interested in the four ladies who sat behind him on the bench; he was vitally concerned in the question of the lunch. As he walked back, between the overs, to his position, he could see that places were being set for some half-dozen people. Would there be half-a-dozen there? As he stood, watching, or trying to watch, young Woodwell's dangerous bat, he overheard fragments of conversation wafted from the bench. The ladies were too far from him to allow of their faces being clearly seen, but it was not hard to recognise their figures.

The last man in had joined young Woodwell. That hero's score was forty-eight, the total ninety-three. The second gardener was tempting the Easthorpe champion with an occasional slow ball; up to now young Woodwell had declined to hit at these deceivers.

Suddenly Lynborough heard the ladies' voices quite plainly. They—or some of them—had left the bench and come nearer to the boundary. Irresistibly drawn by curiosity, for an instant he turned his head. As the same instant the second gardener delivered a slow ball—a specious ball. This time young Woodwell fell into the snare. He jumped out and opened his shoulders to it. He hit it—but he hit it into the air. It soared over the bowler's head and came travelling through high heaven towards Lord Lynborough.

"Look out!" cried the second gardener. Lynborough's head spun round again—but his nerves were shaken. His eyes seemed rather in the back of his head, trying to see the Marchesa's face, than fixed on the ball that was coming towards him. He was in no mood for bringing off a safe catch!

Silence reigned, the ball began to drop. Lynborough had an instant to wait for it.

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He tried to think of the ball and the ball only.

It fell—it fell into his hands; he caught it—fumbled it—caught it—fumbled it again—and at last dropped it on the grass! "Oh!" went in a long-drawn expostulation round the field; and Lynborough heard a voice say plainly—

"Who is that stupid clumsy man?" The voice was the Marchesa's.

He wheeled round sharply—but her back was turned. He had not seen her face after all!

"Over!" was called. Lynborough apologised abjectly to the second gardener.

"The sun was in my eyes, Peters, and dazzled me," he pleaded.

"Looks to *me* as if the sun was shining the other way, my lord," said Peters drily. And so, in physical fact, it was.

In Peters' next over Lynborough atoned—for young Woodwell had got his fifty and grown reckless. A one-handed catch, wide on his left side, made the welkin ring with applause. The luncheon-bell rang too—for the innings was finished. Score 101. Last man out 52. Jim (office boy at Polytechnic) not out 0. Young Woodwell received a merited ovation—and Lord Lynborough hurried to the luncheon-tent. The Marchesa, with an exceedingly dignified mien, repaired to her table under the spreading oak.

Mr. Dawson had done himself more than justice; the repast was magnificent. When Stillford and Irons saw it, they became more sure than ever what their duty was, more convinced still that the Marchesa would understand. Colonel Wenman became less sure what his duty was—previously it had appeared to him that it was to lunch with the Marchesa. But the Marchesa had spoken of a few sandwiches and perhaps a bottle of claret. Stillford told him that, as umpire, he ought to lunch with the teams. Irons declared it would look "deuced standoffish" if he didn't. Lynborough, who appeared to act as deputy-landlord to Mr. Dawson, pressed him into a chair with a friendly hand.

"Well, she'll have the ladies with her, won't she?" said the Colonel, his last scruple vanishing before a large jug of hock-cup, artfully iced. The Nab Grange contingent fell to.

Just then—when they were irrevocably committed to this feast—the flap of the tent was drawn back, and Lady Norah's face appeared. Behind her stood Violet and Miss Gilletson. Lynborough ran forward to meet them.

"Here we are, Lord Lynborough," said Norah. "The Marchesa was so kind, she told us to do just as we liked, and we thought it would be such fun to lunch with the cricketers."

"The cricketers are immensely honoured. Let me introduce you to our captain, Mr. Peters. You must sit by him, you know. And, Miss Dufaure, will you sit by Mr. Jeffreys?—he's their captain—Miss Dufaure—Mr. Jeffreys. You, Miss Gilletson, must sit between Mr. Dawson and me. Now we're right—What, Colonel Wenman?—What's the matter?"

Wenman had risen from his place. "The—the Marchesa!" he said. "We—we can't leave her to lunch alone!"

Lady Norah broke in again. "Oh, Helena expressly said that she didn't expect the gentlemen. She knows what the custom is, you see."

The Marchesa had, no doubt, made all these speeches. It may, however, be doubted whether Norah reproduced exactly the manner, and the spirit, in which she made them. But the iced hock-cup settled the Colonel. With a relieved sigh he resumed his place. The business of the moment went on briskly for a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Dawson rose, glass in hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I'm no hand at a speech, but I give you the health of our kind neighbour and good host to-day—Lord Lynborough. Here's to his lordship!"

"I—I didn't know he was giving the lunch!" whispered Colonel Wenman.

"Is it his lunch?" said Irons, nudging Stillford.

Stillford laughed. "It looks like it. And we can hardly throw him over the hedge after this!"

"Well, he seems to be a jolly good chap," said Captain Irons.

Lynborough bowed his acknowledgments, and flirted with Miss Gilletson; his face wore a contented smile. Here they all were—and the Marchesa lunched alone on the other side of the field! Here indeed was a new wedge! Here was the isolation at which his diabolical schemes had aimed. He had captured Nab Grange! Bag and baggage they had come over—and left their chieftainess deserted.

Then suddenly—in the midst of his triumph—in the midst too of a certain not ungenerous commiseration which he felt

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"He caught it—fumbled it—caught it—fumbled it again."

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that he could extend to a defeated enemy and to beauty in distress—he became vaguely aware of a gap in his company. Stabb was not there! Yet Stabb had come upon the ground. He searched the company again. No, Stabb was not there. Moreover—a fact the second search revealed—Roger Wilbraham was not there. Roger was certainly not there; yet, whatever Stabb might do, Roger would never miss lunch!

Lynborough's eyes grew thoughtful; he pursed up his lips. Miss Gilletson noticed that he became silent.

He could bear the suspense no longer. On a pretext of looking for more bottled beer, he rose and walked to the door of the tent.

Under the spreading tree the Marchesa lunched—not in isolation, not in gloom. She had company—and, even as he appeared, a merry peal of laughter was wafted by a favouring breeze across the field of battle. Stabb's ponderous figure, Roger Wilbraham's highly recognisable "blazer," told the truth plainly.

Lord Lynborough was not the only expert in the art of driving wedges!

"Well played, Helena!" he said under his breath.

The rest of the cricket match interested him very little. Successful beyond their expectations, Fillby won by five runs (Wilbraham not out 37)—but Lynborough's score did not swell the victorious total. In Easthorpe's second innings — which could not affect the result—Peters let him bowl, and he got young Woodwell's wicket. That was a distinction; yet, looking at the day as a whole, he had scored less than he expected.

(*To be continued.*)

SUFFICING EARTH.

O EARTH, sufficing all our needs, O you
With room for body and for spirit too,
How patient while your children vex their souls
Devising alien heavens beyond your blue!

Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen,
How ignorant in my blindness have I been,
Not comprehending what your tender calls,
Veiled promises and reassurance, mean.

Not far and cold the way that they have gone
Who through the sundering darkness have withdrawn,
Almost within our hand-reach they remain
Who pass beyond the sequence of the dawn.

Not far and strange the heaven, but very near,
Your children's hearts unknowingly hold dear.
Sometimes we almost catch the door swung wide,
An unforgotten voice almost we hear.

I am the heir of heaven—and you are just!
You, you alone I know, and you I trust.
Though I seek God beyond the furthest star,
Here shall I find Him, in your deathless dust.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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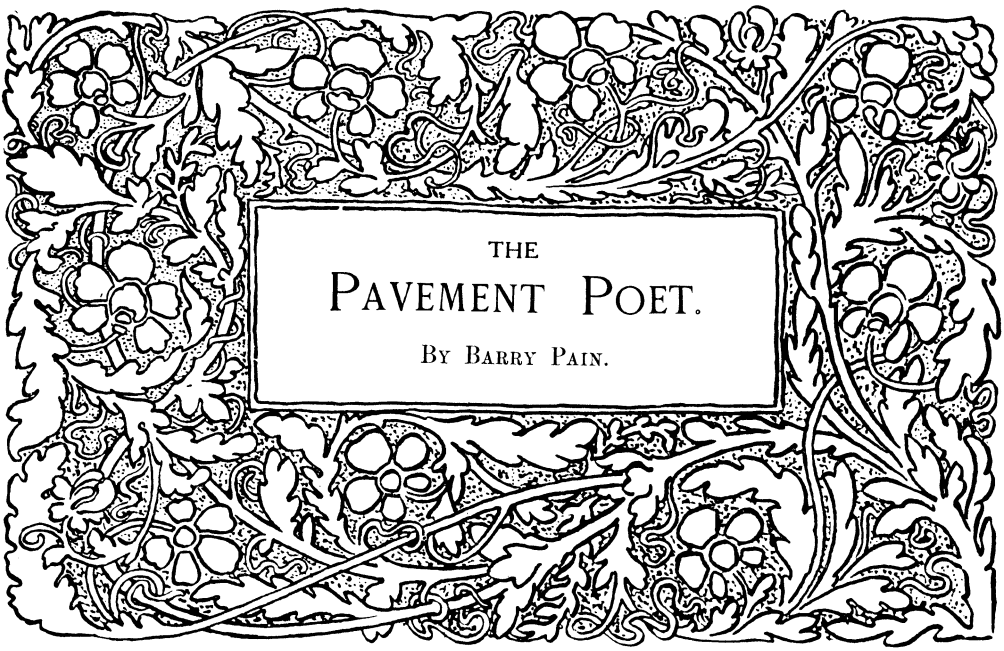

THE PAVEMENT POET.

By Barry Pain.

WHEN I came into his presence, I prostrated myself and did obeisance, for he was a very great poet indeed. As it was in St. James's Park at noon that I met him, it will be understood that I speak Orientally. The great man was good enough to accompany me on my way; he even offered me one of his cigarettes, which, from an intimate knowledge of the brand, I refused. He discussed cookery and the mining market with real interest. He may be fervent in spirit, but he is very far from being slothful in business, as his publishers are well aware.

We reached an alley where a pavement artist was at work. There was a portrait of the late Dan Leno on a board. There was a picture of a sailor boy returning home to a buxom mother in a cottage three sizes too small for her. There was a representation of a storm at sea. Underneath these the artist was drawing with infinite care in coloured chalks a representation of a somewhat bloated apple and two plums. There were inscriptions of a noble simplicity. "I am genuine," said one of them. Perhaps he was. He was also dirty, but he let that speak for itself.

The poet stopped and gazed long and ardently.

"Come on," I said to him; "you are obstructing the traffic."

He turned and asked me authoritatively if I had got threepence. I said "No," and tried to change the subject. But he continued his researches and found that I had actually got three halfpennies. I had been saving these, as I told him, in order to buy evening papers with them. But he took the money from me just the same and with a benevolent smile deposited it in the cap of the pavement artist.

"Thank you, captain," said the artist. My friend the poet looks much more like a cabbage than he does like a captain, but the artist has his regular tariff; for sixpence my friend would have been in the peerage.

"One of those halfpennies would have been quite enough," I said. "And then I could have bought two evening papers. In fact, it would not have mattered very much if you had not given him anything. Personally I never give him anything."

"Or anybody else," said the poet bitterly.

"I've lent you three-halfpence, and if there is any distinction between that and giving you the money, it is very fine."

"At one time I was like you," said the poet pensively. "Just as rotten with selfishness as you are. Just as wanting in a sympathetic feeling for the poverty and sufferings of others. In those days I never gave to pavement artists. And that was how my eyes came to be opened. Perhaps you would like to hear about it?"

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"Not particularly."

"Then I will tell you. Three times in one day I passed one of these poor fellows without one glance at his pictures and without giving him one copper. On the last occasion he cursed me. He said 'that it was adjective toffs like me that caused all this adjective misery.'"

"I do not know," I said, "why he should have called you a toff. Otherwise he seems to have got it about right."

"That man's curse haunted me—kept coming into my head at dinner and annoying me. I was dining with a publisher, too, and could hardly afford to seem to be any less intelligent than I really am. I fell asleep with that curse in my ears, and I dreamed a very horrible thing. I dreamed that I was a pavement poet. I was dressed in rags. I was very hungry. I had six blackboards propped up against the wall, and on these I was writing poetry in white chalk. It was popular poetry, dealing with the events of the day—murders and bomb explosions and rubbish of that kind. All the same, I was doing it as well as ever I could. A little group of well-dressed people had paused to watch me at my work. I turned to them, holding out my cap, and said: 'I am genuine.' They then walked away without giving me anything. It was all terribly life-like. Two young men of fashion passed. 'Of course, it's not his own poetry,' I heard one of them say to the other. I was too patient and broken to make any reply. I went on writing. It was about a bomb explosion this time. I can remember the actual words."

"Don't trouble."

"They went like this—

"It was a horrid sight
Upon that awful day,
And many a gory corpse
All torn and mangled lay."

"If you repeat any more of that, I shall leave you."

"Well, as I was saying, nobody gave me any money. I watched other people going to dinner, and I remained there hungry and desolate. At last a beautiful girl came up. She read what I was writing, and tears seemed to come into her eyes. Then she dropped a shilling into my cap and stole softly away. I awoke."

"I see. That's what showed you it must be a dream and couldn't possibly be true."

"And ever since," he continued, "whenever I see one of these pavement artists, I always give him something if I happen to have any money on me, or if there is another man with me. By the way, where are we going to lunch?"

THE YOUNG MAID'S SONG.

EVERY day in the morning
My love comes by on the road;
With never a look to greet me,
He shoulders his country load.
Yet, looking, what would he see there
Of a face that hides in the blind,
And watches him pass each morning
So solitary and kind?

I know that he is a good man,
I know he would wish me well,
And bid me a kind good morning
As he drives his flock to the fell.
For dear to him is his labour,
And dear are the hills and the sky,
And friendly he greets each neighbour:
But solitary am I.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

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"HAPPY DAYS." BY FRED MORGAN.

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THE MADNESS OF WINDS.

ON all the upland pastures the strong winds gallop free,
Trampling down the flowered stalks sleepy in the sun,
Whirl away in blue and gold all their finery,
Till naked crouch the gentle hosts where the winds have run.

Along the rocking hillsides shaggy heads are bent;
Out upon the tawny plains tortured dust leaps high;
The red roof of the sunset is torn away and rent,
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and bends the hollow sky.

The winds are drunk with freedom—the crowded valleys roar;
The madness surges through their veins, and when they gallop out
The black rain follows close behind, the pale sun flees before,
And recklessly across the world goes all the broken rout.

I was striding on the uplands when the host was running mad,
I saw them threshing through the leaves and daisy tops below,
And as their feet came up the hill, my tired heart grew glad—
Till at the music of their throats I knew that I must go.

So the winds are now my brothers, they have joined me to their ranks,
And when their rampant strength wells up and drives them singing forth,
I am with them when they roll the fog across the oily banks,
And tumble out the sleeping bergs that crowd beyond the north.

The woods are drenched with moonlight and every leaf's awake;
The little beads of dew sit white on every twig and blade;
A thousand stars are scattered thick beneath the forest lake;
We pass—with only laughter for the havoc we have made.

There's not a wind that brushes the long bright fields of corn,
Or, shrieking, drives the broken wreck beneath a blackened sea;
There's not a wind that draws the rain across the face of morn
That does not rise when I arise and sink again with me.

LLOYD ROBERTS.

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LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By RUFUS CARTER.

PERHAPS there is no wish more widespread among the aspiring youth of this country than the idea to become the possessor of an island. The very pinnacle of the average boy's ambition seems to be that he may one day be the sole owner of a kingdom—its size is quite im-

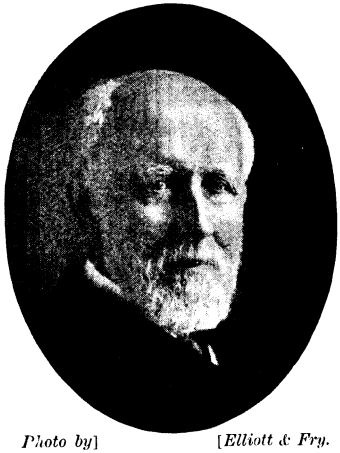

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*
LORD ST. LEVAN,
Owner of St. Michael's Mount.

material—bounded on all sides by the sea. It is to be feared that in the majority of cases these bright hopes of early days are never realised in actual life. The many calls which are made upon the individual in this strenuous age soon engross his mind completely; childish dreams are brushed aside as trifling fancies, their places to be taken by the more serious matters of a professional or business career. After all, in the particular part of the world in which most of us are forced to live, islands are none too plentiful, and it is only the privileged few who are fortunate enough to be the proprietors of insular estates.

The position of the premier island property in the United Kingdom must be accorded to Arran. Passengers proceeding up and down the Firth of Clyde are familiar with the aspect of the island from the deck of a steamer. Although at its southernmost point the island is little more than hilly, Arran becomes wildly mountainous in the northern half, the high land culminating in the lofty peak of Goatfell, which soars skywards nearly three thousand feet above sea level. The district adjoining the principal height it would not be easy to equal for natural charm and beauty. Geologically the island, owing to the great variety of its formations, is of peculiar interest, whilst to the botanist in search of rare specimens Arran is a veritable happy hunting-ground. To be the sole owner of a good-sized island (Arran is twenty miles long and ten miles wide) of such singular charm, is a circumstance which rarely falls to the lot of a lady. Yet upon the death of the Duke of Hamilton, the entire island of Arran came into the hands of the Marchioness of Graham, then Lady Mary Hamilton. As sole owner of the island the Marchioness rules wisely and well over loyal subjects, numbering in all nearly five thousand. Brodick Castle, the residence of the owner of Arran, is on the site of an old and historic structure, but it has been rebuilt within recent times in Scotch baronial style. Situated upon the north-west shores of

Photo by] [*Wm. Coles, Watford.*
MR. C. VAN RAALTE,
Owner of Brownsea Island.

Brodick Bay, its position is an exceptionally fine one. In 1902, when King Edward was cruising in these waters, His Majesty paid a visit to the Castle.

The great rock of St. Michael's, rising up from the centre of Mount's Bay, is in an

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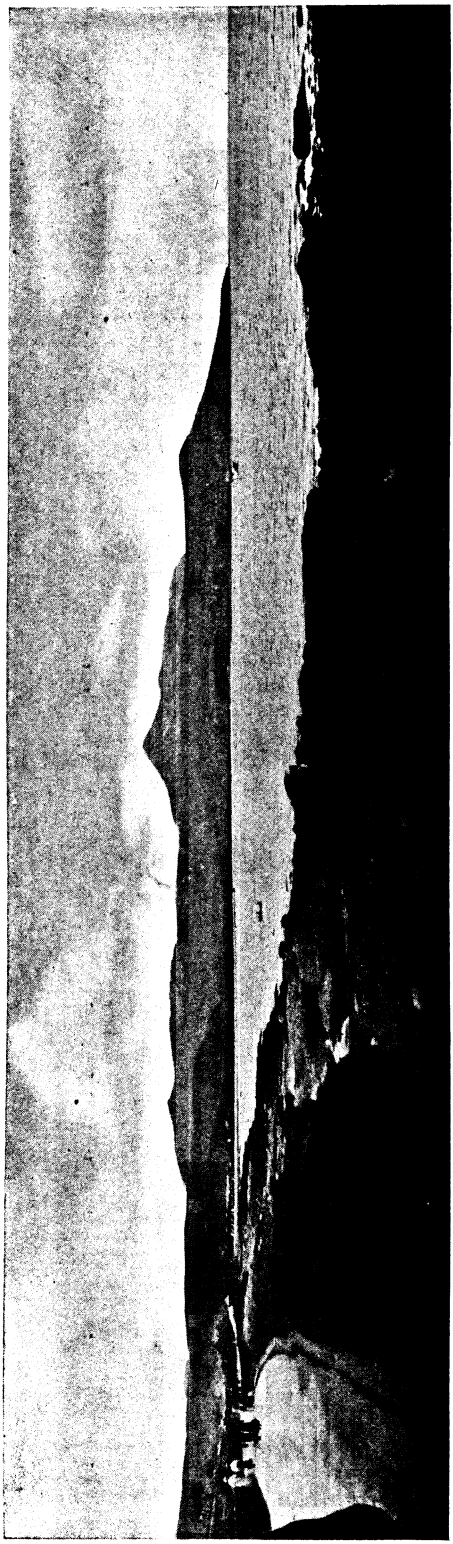

THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

anomalous position. It is an island, and yet it is not one, the fact of the matter being that, for a few hours at low water, the Mount is connected with the mainland by a rough stone causeway. Tradition, which can be backed up by historical evidence, says that, years ago, the hill subsequently dedicated to the archangel was entirely surrounded by forest land—hence its old Cornish name, "Careg Cowes in Clowes," signifying a "White Rock in a Wood." Perched at the summit of a pile of granite rocks, the famous old castle, the residence of Lord St. Levan, at once commands attention. The weather-worn building, portions of which are more than eight hundred years old, has been in the hands of the St. Aubyn family for two-and-a-half centuries. Clustered at the foot of the Mount, on its landward side, is the tiny village, composed of a score or more of houses, chiefly inhabited by the retainers of Lord St. Levan. Naturally, the historical associations of St. Michael's Mount are very great, and one interesting remnant of the old times still remains in the state barge. On important occasions, such as a visit of Royalty, the lordly craft, with its gorgeously attired oarsmen, is brought into requisition. St. Michael's Mount must be almost the smallest island estate in the United Kingdom, being but little more than a mile in circumference. Notwithstanding its diminutive size and exposed situation, the Mount can boast of an excellent little harbour; moreover, years ago, tin was successfully worked on the seaward front of the isle. To minister to the lighter side of life, the inhabitants of the Castle have at their disposal a pleasant garden, with lawns on which tennis and croquet may be played.

Islands are few and far between on the sheltered east coast of Ireland; indeed, there is only one of much importance. Formerly Lambay Island, in Dublin Bay, was the property of the Archbishops of Dublin, but a year or so ago it was purchased by the Hon. Cecil Baring, a brother of Lord Revelstoke. The island is a small one, barely three miles in circumference, and although scarcely four miles from the coast, is curiously isolated when one considers its proximity to the capital of the Green Isle. It is only occasionally that any of the frequent excursion steamers from Dublin touch at Lambay. The cliffs which go to make up the greater part of the coastline are exceptionally fine and rise to a considerable height. The rock ledges provide a safe retreat for countless hordes of sea-birds of all kinds. The popu-

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lation of the island principally consists of a few fisherfolk and the men who are stationed at the large coastguard establishment. Lambay Castle, the residence of the Hon. Cecil Baring, is an interesting old building of some historic note, from the fact that Archbishop Usher, a staunch adherent of Charles I., took refuge in the house on one occasion when his life was endangered. In another part of the island are the ruins of an exceedingly old church, said to have been founded by St. Columba. The general appearance of Lambay Island is somewhat bleak and forbidding, from the fact that it is almost destitute of trees, except in a few of the more sheltered situations.

When it was announced in 1900 that Mr. Charles van Raalte had purchased Brownsea Island, it is likely that to most people this was the first intimation of the existence of such a place. Snugly situated in the sheltered enclosure of Poole Harbour, the island is but little visited even by the ubiquitous tourist. In its formation Brownsea is certainly curious, the centre of the island being almost entirely surrounded by hills rising from the shore to the height of about ninety feet, and dropping away towards the interior of the island. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, when it is interesting to note that the rental of the whole island stood at nine shillings per annum, Charles II., fleeing from the plague in London, visited Brownsea, and it is on record at Poole that "His Majesty took an exact view of the said island, castle, bay, and harbour, to his great contentment." The most notable building on Brownsea is the Castle, the residence of Mr. van Raalte. This building is a handsome structure close to the sea, and, to a large extent, of recent date, owing to the fact that in 1896 a disastrous fire gutted the interior and did considerable damage to the walls. A fine ornamental garden adjoins the Castle, due to the

Photo by] [*Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM.

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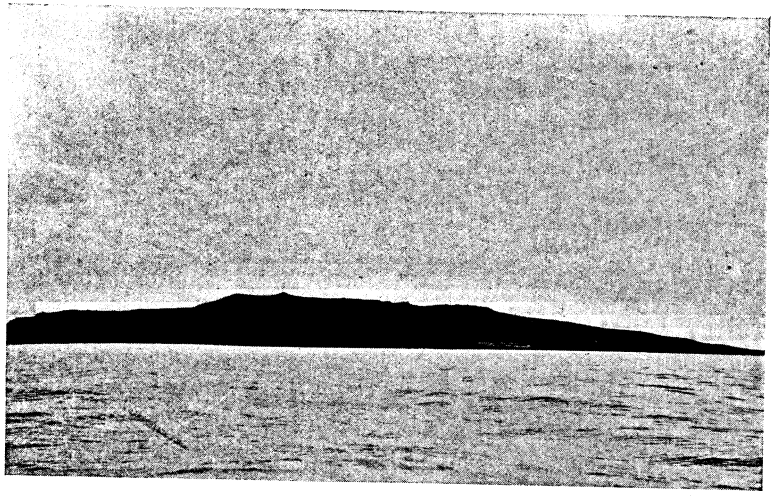
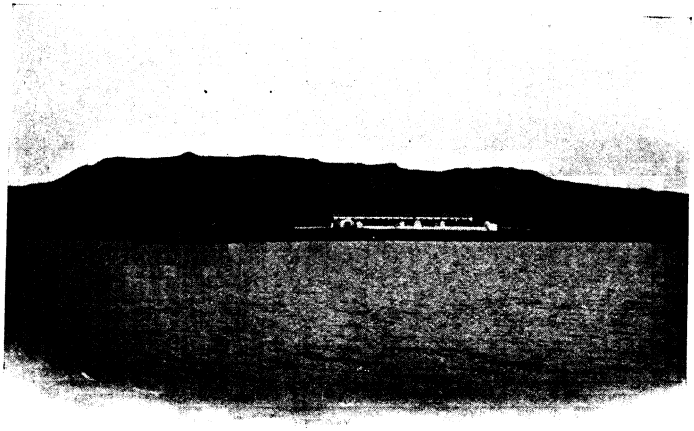
Photo by] [*Thos. Kent, Kirkwall.*

THE ROAD ROUND THE ISLAND OF ROUSAY.

energies of a former owner, Sir Gerard Napier Sturt, who is said to have lavished £50,000 on improvements. The mildness of the climate makes it possible to grow many tender exotic plants, such as palms, orange and lemon trees. The present population of this tiny kingdom is one hundred and forty, "little and big," as the kindly owner informed the writer.



LAMBAY ISLAND.



LAMBAY FROM THE WEST.

These reside chiefly in two small villages, containing in all about forty-five houses, whilst for those who are "little" an excellent school is provided. The spiritual needs of the dwellers in Brownsea Island are ministered to in a well-appointed church. All the inhabitants of the island are in the service of Mr. van Raalte.

Twenty-seven miles away, to the south-west of Land's End, the little cluster of the Scilly Islands rises up from the green

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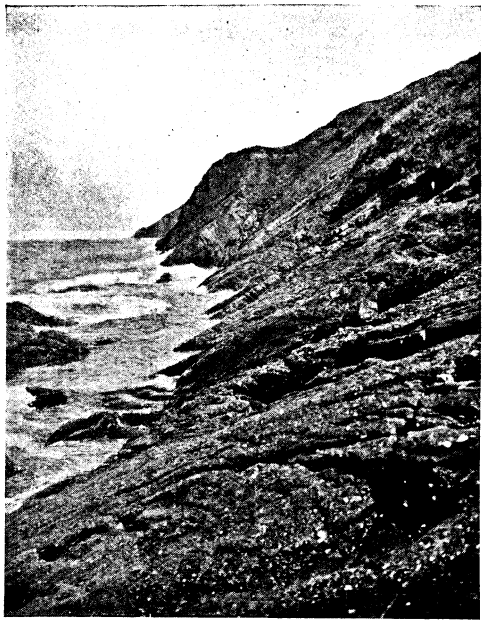
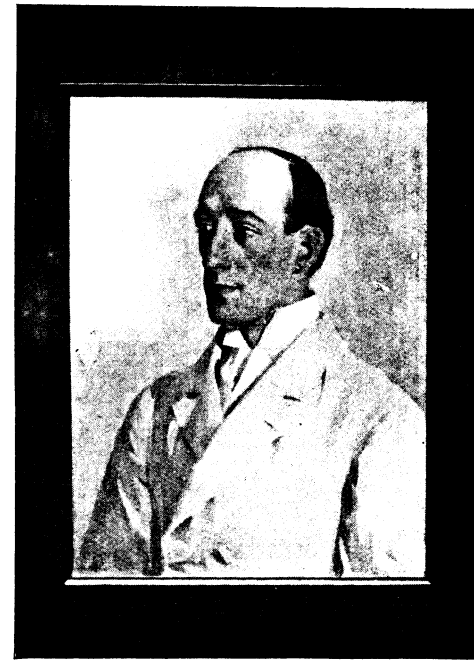


LAMBAY, NORTH SHORE.

depths of the Atlantic Ocean. These represent the strangest island holding in the United Kingdom, as in all they number about two hundred islands, islets, and rocks —quite an extensive archipelago, and yet entirely the property of one man. At the present time only four of them are inhabited, and the second in point of size—Tresco—is the home of the Lord Proprietor of the Scilly Islands, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith. The Abbey House, situated upon a carn of rocks, is a comfortable residence, from which a commanding view of most of the adjoining islands is obtained. Here dwells Mr. Dorrien-Smith, surrounded by one of the most lovely gardens in England. The Abbey Gardens are famed all the country over for their magnificent collection of all kinds of exotic plants, which the exceeding gentleness of the climate makes it possible to grow out



HON. CECIL BARING.

LAMBAY CASTLE.

of doors. Bamboos, palms, aloes, and tree ferns thrive with a luxuriance which one naturally associates with a sunnier clime. As well, all sorts of quaint and curious objects, which have been collected from time to time, adorn the gardens. As a family, the Dorrien-Smiths have always been greatly interested in all forms of horticulture, and it was largely through the instrumentality of the late Mr. Augustus Dorrien-Smith that the islanders of Scilly were induced to take up flower-farming, an industry which has much contributed to the prosperity of these

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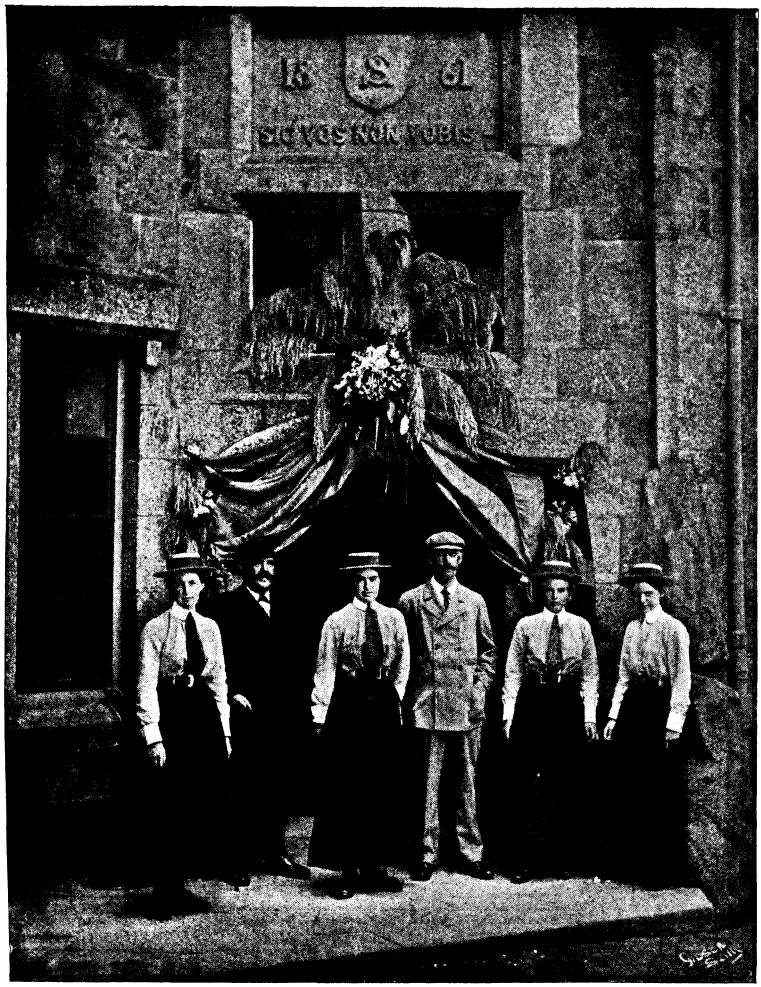

MR. DORRIEN-SMITH AND FAMILY.

far western folk. Mr. Dorrien-Smith has received visits from many famous people in his island home, and it is not so very long since His Majesty the King was the guest of the Lord Proprietor of the Scilly Islands. The royal visitor was conveyed to his host's home by the little steam-launch which Mr. Dorrien-Smith owns.

Three miles to the eastward of Guernsey lies the island of Herm, scarcely so much as one and a half miles in length, and certainly not more than two-thirds of a mile across. Herm is the smallest but one of the inhabited Channel Islands, and for some years the island has been the property of a German gentleman, Prince Blucher. However, the comfortable manor-house is only occupied for a few weeks in the summer. The population of Herm numbers about forty souls, and the male community find employment chiefly in farm and garden work for their master. Prince Blucher has gathered together quite a collection of foreign animals and birds, and these creatures are allowed to ramble freely over the island. On the northern coastline of Herm is to be found a curious beach, composed almost entirely of innumerable quantities of shells.

There are several island estates to be seen in our northern waters. Right away to the northward of Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetlands are scattered about the ocean in a fashion peculiarly perplexing to the navigator. Rousay, for many years the property of the late General Traill Burroughs, C.B., now belonging to Lady Traill Burroughs, is one of the most imposing of the Orkney group. Separated by a narrow strait from

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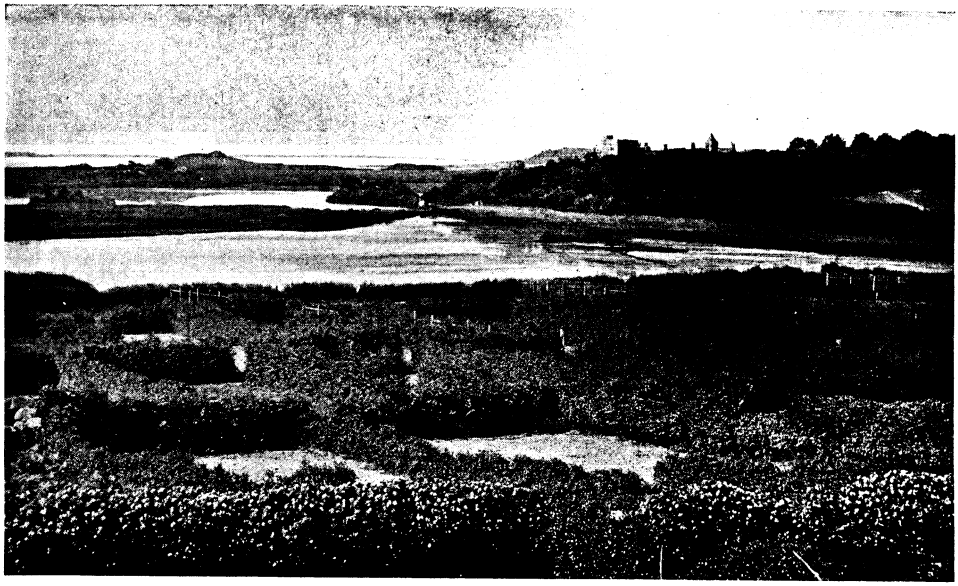

Photo by] [*Gibson & Sons, Penzance.*

TRESCO ABBEY, SCILLY.

the mainland, it is of fairly easy access whenever the weather in these uncertain seas will allow. On the southern side of the island, close to the road which, by the way, completely encircles Rousay, is situated Trumbland House, the residence of the owner, a large and finely appointed mansion. This northern isle is almost destitute of trees, but with a moderately fertile soil successful farming operations are carried on. The population of Rousay is nearly eight hundred souls, and the island is quite famous for the excellence of its homespun yarns. From an antiquarian point of view, Rousay is rich in interest,

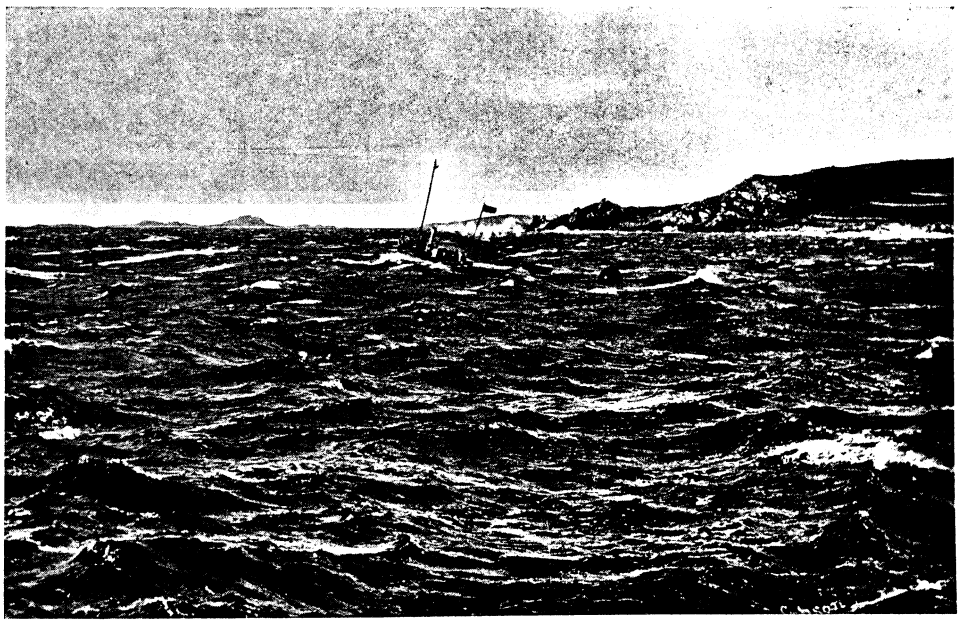

Photo by] [*Gibson & Sons, Penzance.*

MR. DORRIEN-SMITH IN HIS STEAM-LAUNCH GOING FROM ST. MARY'S TO TRESCO.

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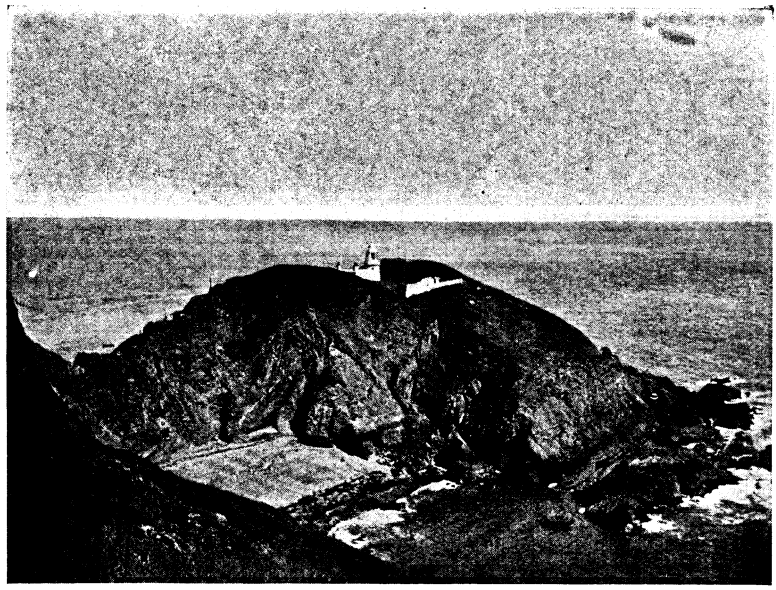
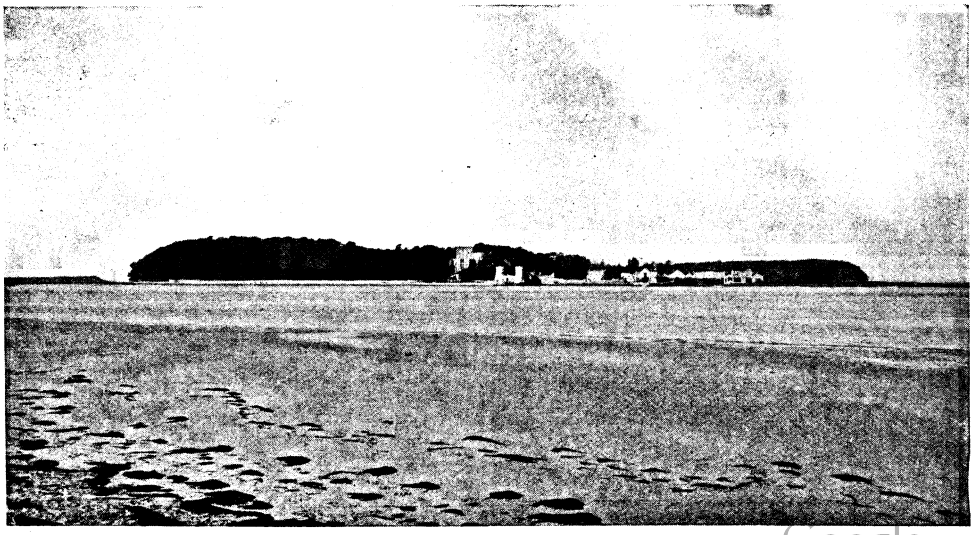
Picts' houses, ancient burial-grounds, and remains of the Vikings abounding. On the coast the rock scenery is very grand, some of the cliffs being exceedingly lofty. Rousay is about twelve miles round by road, and includes several lochs of considerable size, in all of which good trout-fishing is obtainable.



LUNDY ISLAND.

In the placing of islands, Nature seems to have had small consideration for those whose business lies on the water. It would not be easy to find a more awkward situation, on the whole, for an island than that occupied by Lundy, whose precipitous cliffs rise up in defiance of wind and sea right in the fairway of the Bristol Channel—truly a menace to the safety of shipping on its way to and from the great port. Quite recently have the dangers of Lundy been brought before the public in the stranding of H.M.S. *Montague*, on Shutter Rock, at the southern end of the isle. For forty-three years Lundy was in the sole possession of the Rev. Hudson Heaven, a gentleman who inherited the island from his father. But the property has lately been sold. Years ago, Mr. Heaven, senr., then a West Indian trader, purchased the Isle of Lundy for £9,000. At that time the granite quarries were in full swing, and the resident population was more than four hundred souls. At the present moment between thirty and forty persons find their home on this isolated spot.



BROWNSEA ISLAND.

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"He had picked up the ruddy parcel and walked rapidly out of the door."

MUTTON CHOPS AND CUPID.

By ALICE BEARDSLEY.

"OF course they're my chops — I ordered them yesterday. Didn't I, Clifford?"

Thus appealed to, the red-faced, much-perturbed butcher became tongue-tied, even conscience-stricken, and let his shifting eyes rest first on one, then on the other of his angry customers. The speaker, a slight figure in the freshest of white linen, had the blue eyes and fluffy golden hair generally supposed to accompany an angelic disposition, but there would have been no difficulty in convincing the third member of the trio that he had before him the exception to that rule. "A bad-tempered, spoiled child," was his verdict, but he waited for the butcher's explanation of the muddle he had created. At last it came.

"To be sure, miss—that is, you unnerstan', I didn't take partik'ler heed that you meant it to be a reg'lar order, so when this gentleman——"

The dainty foot in its brown shoe gave a decided stamp. "Order? Why, of course it was! We've been here too many summers for me not to know that's the only way I can make sure of supplies."

Clifford pursed up his lips and looked stubborn in his turn, and the young man in the Norfolk jacket and brown leggings looked directly over the young lady's head.

"I dessay, miss, the gentleman'll be glad to give up 'is claim on——"

"I regret to appear selfish," the other customer put in slowly, feeling himself a wretch, but seeing no reason why he should contribute anything, either chops or otherwise, towards the further spoiling of the young lady, who was apparently without the slightest desire to be magnanimous to him. "It is imperative I have something; I have

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bought the only meat the village—or, it would appear, the whole countryside—affords; I have paid for the chops in good coin of the realm; they are mine, and I maintain that they belong to me. Kindly wrap them up, Clifford, for I must be off."

Ethel Darrington caught her breath. For the first time during the interview it had occurred to her that she was not to get her own way—and the chops! Surely no gentleman would insist on taking what he knew she wanted? Evidently he thought himself very clever, very amusing, but she still had one argument untried—one that had never yet failed her in emergencies.

"Oh, how can you be so unkind?" she cried, and for the first time her antagonist was aware of the beauty of the eyes now turned reproachfully on him, of their appealing charm. Almost he could have sworn there were tears in them. Only for a moment longer he hesitated; then: "Your pardon," he begged, "for my brutality. Pray consider the chops yours, and peace go with them. I would not for the world deprive you of any comfort they can afford in this wilderness."

Ethel drew herself up to the extent of her five feet three inches. She had triumphed, and was not disposed to be the target for this feather-brained person's witticisms. "I cannot think of accepting them," she said. "And anyhow, I think I prefer a nice piece of—say——" She glanced appealingly at Clifford.

"Very sorry, miss, but there ain't a ha'porth of meat in my whole shop, barring the pigs' feet."

Ethel shuddered. She thought she heard her adversary smother a laugh. Then she stood for a moment reading over and over again the label on a mustard tin, her back deliberately turned to the Norfolk jacket. A "Good-day, sir," from Clifford made her turn again, to see a retreating figure pass from the little shop—the half-dozen bones of contention still lying, juicy and tempting, on the counter by her side.

"Might as well take 'em, miss," the butcher urged. "The finest ones I've had this long while."

"But he said he had paid for them," the girl objected, beginning to be a little ashamed of her persistence now she had gained her point.

"Oh, that's all right, miss. I'll see 'e gets 'is money back."

And Clifford proceeded to wrap up the chops in a local newspaper of vivid pink.

But victory was not to be gained thus easily. Outside the door Ethel's adversary had hesitated. "No, by Jove!" he thought, "I'll be hanged if I give in like this! It can't possibly be a matter of life and death to her, and I refuse to be veered about by her tears." And, turning on his heel, he re-entered the little shop, his face scarlet, his chin set.

"I have changed my mind," he announced coolly. "I am afraid, after all, I must stand on my rights. It is a matter of great importance that I have the chops, and I withdraw my offer of them." And before either Clifford or Ethel could make reply, he had picked up the ruddy parcel and walked rapidly out of the door, leaving the girl staring, and winking back her angry tears, while Clifford could but gaze, open-mouthed and speechless, after the retreating figure.

During her ride home Ethel told herself over and over again that never had she dreamed any man could be so ungallant, so—so gluttonous. Why, he had spoken as if his very life depended on having chops for dinner. Of course he wouldn't take the pigs' feet; it would have been fratricide! Her lip curled, and she longed for an opportunity of making some of the scorching rejoinders that now came into her mind as she recalled his own cutting sarcasm.

On reaching the lodgings occupied by her aunt and herself, the old lady read in the flushed face something of her disquiet, and asked what had disturbed her.

"Oh, nothing very important," her niece answered, her anger by now having had time to cool somewhat. "At least, I suppose the question of food ought not to be an important one; but somehow it is, down in this wilderness, where one has fairly to fight for every scrap of meat one gets—or doesn't get. Don't you think we might get some other place nearer London?"

Mrs. Conover sighed. "Yes, perhaps we could, dear; but if only you would consider the advantages of this place, and not lay such stress on its one drawback! I *should* miss the view from the hill."

Ethel laughed. "You dear auntie!" she cried, and went over to press a kiss on the snow-white hair above the calm, placid brow.

"But, you see, someone *must* do a bit of worrying, else we'd both starve, view or no view. If I weren't here, you would never have a bite to eat from one week's end to another, for Mrs. Grude can't be depended on to provide anything but the roof, and to-night Arthur's friend is to dine with us. Why, after all my stampeding of Clifford

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"'Then *why* did you insist on having the meat?'"

to-day, I had to fall back on potted tongue again," with a sigh.

"I don't think your brother ought to have sent Mr. Lawton the letter of introduction; he knows how quietly we are living here."

"I suppose Artie thought we would enjoy meeting his friend; he says he is getting quite celebrated for his pictures, and is said to be very interesting. Anyhow, he is coming, and I must go out and interview Mrs. Grude about the dinner."

* * * * *

At seven that evening Ethel and her aunt sat waiting the arrival of their guest. In honour of the unusual festivity, both were dressed in the prettiest gowns they had brought to the country, the elder woman's a pale lavender in colour, while the girl was in delicate blue, a dainty lace fichu outlining the graceful shoulders; from the coils of fair hair a pink rose peeped forth. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright, for the advent of an unknown guest was a pleasurable incident in the quiet, retired lives the two women led during each summer — made imperative on account of the aunt's failing health.

Up the long garden path, firm steps approached, following the maid, who led the caller directly to the low-ceilinged drawing-room, into the presence of his hostesses. Mrs. Conover rose from her chair and extended her hand.

"I am very glad to know Arthur's friend," she said in welcome, and Chester Lawton,

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delighted with the picture before him, grasped the delicate hand warmly, then, with a half timid, wholly charming gesture, stooped and kissed it.

Ethel had drawn back, almost out of sight in the dimly lighted room, her face suffused with confusion and annoyance. Her brother's friend, the well-known artist, was her late antagonist of the butcher's shop! What an artificial greeting he had given her aunt! she thought. No doubt he was vastly amused with himself, as he had been with her that afternoon.

"Ethel!" Mrs. Conover called to her niece, "this is Mr. Lawton." And then she had gone forward and without a word taken the visitor's outstretched hand. As she did so he recognised in the sister of his best friend the spoiled, petulant beauty of the morning's encounter, and realised with a sinking heart that, in the eyes of this beautiful girl, he must cut a very sorry figure indeed.

With a scarcely audible excuse Ethel withdrew from the room, and did not reappear until dinner was announced.

When they were seated about the table, after a few scattering remarks about the village and the surrounding country, exchanged between Lawton and Mrs. Conover, the latter remarked—

"Yes, it is charming here, though I suppose you have the same trouble we find in getting provisions down here?"

Chester Lawton's eyes twinkled, and he glanced furtively towards Ethel; but she appeared not to have heard her aunt's remark, and applied herself to the soup that had just been placed before her.

"You will hardly believe it," Mrs. Conover resumed, glad to have thought of an interesting topic so early in the meal, "but my niece says she had fairly to plead with a rude young man to-day for something he had unfairly wheedled from the butcher——"

Ethel dropped her spoon in her embarrassment. "Oh, really, Aunt Barbara," she said hastily, "that is not exactly how it happened. Of course you have seen our view from the hilltop?" she rushed on, anxious to get away from the subject, and addressing her question to the guest, though with a glance that left him no illusion as to her friendly interest in either him or the view.

"But, my dear!" Mrs. Conover was not one to be led away, willy-nilly, from any subject she had once embarked upon, "you certainly told me that the young man made facetious remarks in the worst of taste." Then, as Ethel made no reply, her aunt continued, addressing her guest: "I hope you won't miss the fish, for *that* is simply impossible here."

The maid, entering just then, placed before the old lady a dish of chops. Mrs. Conover gazed at the surprising apparition, then glanced at Ethel, who, with eyes that fairly blazed, glared first at the chops, then at the young man whom she felt accountable for their appearance.

"They came only a little time ago, ma'am," the maid whispered audibly, in response to her mistress's vaguely puzzled expression. "Mr. Clifford—he sent them, with the gentleman's compliments."

"I don't care for any meat, please, auntie," Ethel said, as her aunt was about to serve her, and stared icily before her at Lawton, whose eyes were riveted to his plate.

And her aunt, vaguely conscious that it was time to talk of matters foreign to the dinner-table, plied her nephew's friend with questions about his work. Then, the dinner having dragged on, as the maid was about to remove the plates, she again brought disaster upon them.

"Why, Mr. Lawton," she exclaimed, "I'm afraid my unfortunate remarks about the meat frightened you. You've never even touched your chop."

The young man's face blazed into sudden colour. "My dear Mrs. Conover," he explained haltingly, "you see—the fact is—I am a vegetarian, and never eat meat, otherwise I should certainly have eaten your very nice chops."

"A vegetarian!" The words flashed from Ethel scornfully, and her blue eyes seemed to dart flame across the table: "Then *why* did you insist on having the meat?"

Mrs. Conover could not believe her ears.

"Why, my dear, my dear! Whatever are you saying? Mr. Lawton didn't ask for it—Norah handed it to him. And a great many people are vegetarians nowadays, I hear, though I don't think we have ever had any in *our* family, have we, Ethel?" She turned to the girl her troubled, questioning face.

"Certainly not!" her niece replied emphatically.

"Oh, well, I'm sure it is a very convenient habit here in the country."

* * * * *

For Ethel and Lawton the evening seemed endless. Mrs. Conover's kindly voice kept

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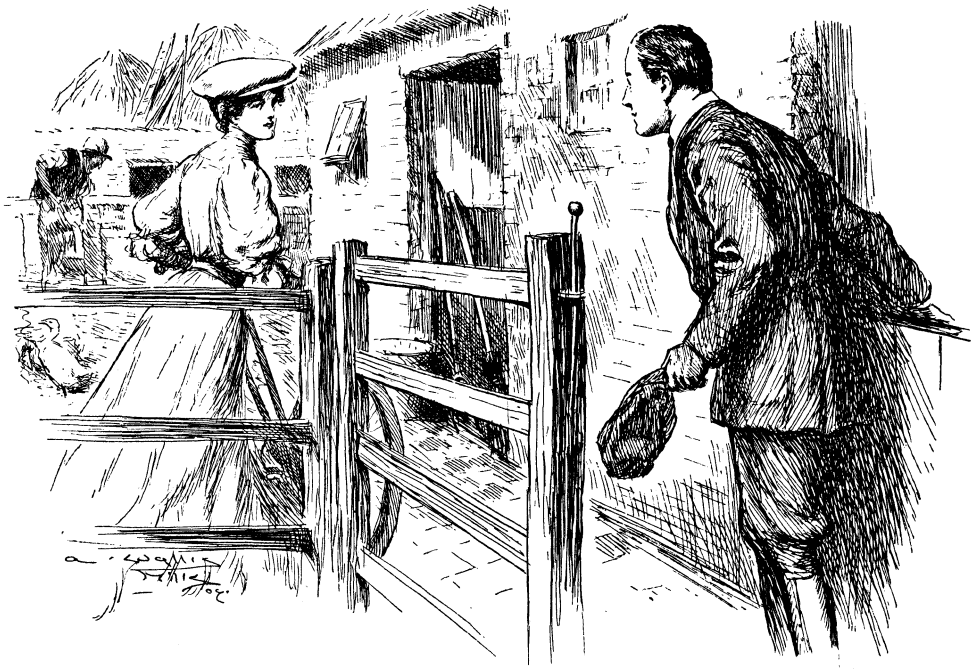
the ball of conversation gently rolling, with little assistance from the two young people. And at length, when the artist departed, with a hearty invitation from the gentle old lady to call often, Ethel hastily kissed her aunt "Good night!" and withdrew to her own room, where she gave way to tears of unreasoning anger.

"What an impertinence to send them!" she exclaimed to the flushed face in the mirror. "I suppose his conscience hurt him. A vegetarian, too! Oh, how I *loathe* vegetarians!"



"'May I come up this afternoon and pay my respects to—to your aunt?'"

* * * * *

Next morning Ethel wheeled over to Clifford's again.

"I have come to pay for the chops you sent us last night," she said sternly; "and I am surprised that you should have taken such a liberty."

"Well, miss, the young gentleman come back almost d'rectly you had left, and insisted I send them to you. 'E said 'e'd acted like a Boer—that's 'ow I unnerstood 'im, and 'e said for me to send 'em where you lived."

"Well, you did very wrong, Clifford; but since they were sent, here is the money for them," and she handed a sovereign to the man, who remarked as he counted out the change: "You see, miss, they reely wasn't for '*im*."

"Not for him! Then pray whom were they for?"

"His *dog!*"

Insult added to injury! His dog! Ethel fairly gasped, unable to put into words her feelings at this fresh proof of Lawton's meanness.

"Yes, miss, 'is dog's pretty near died for more'n a week, and wouldn't eat nothin' 'cept a bit of meat now an' then. Fine dog, too; the young man fair worships 'im, an' they're like two friends more'n a dog'n a man."

Ethel put the silver carefully away in her purse and made no further comment to Clifford; but once on her bicycle again, with her face turned homewards, her heart and her reason combined to make her uncomfortable. After all, her own conduct had been far from commendable. She had been rude on their first meeting, and even more rude last night, when he was their guest — her brother's best friend. She had dogs of her own, and knew that, had their positions been reversed, she would probably have kept the chops, and not allowed her feelings of generosity to

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force into the background her anxiety for her dog. Still, she reassured herself, if the artist had only explained why the chops had been so important to him! Then, with a rush of blood to her cheeks, she remembered that she had given him small chance for explanations; she recalled, too, that she had not even thanked him for sending her what, after all, his poor dog had been forced to go without.

At the thought Ethel bent to her handlebars and flew over the ground towards home, bursting like a small whirlwind into the room where her aunt had just seated herself at luncheon. Two chops were before her, and she looked up in astonishment to see Ethel swoop down upon them, transfer them with rapidity from the plate to a paper, and rush from the room, calling back over her shoulder—

"Forgive me, auntie; I'll explain when I get back."

Half an hour later Ethel walked down the short lane that led to the farmhouse where the artist was lodging.

Farmer Liggett met her at the gate.

"Mr. Lawton?" he replied in answer to her inquiry. "Why, yes, miss, he's here—out in that shed there, with his dog—he's pretty anxious about him."

Ethel went in the direction indicated and looked in at the low door. On a generous bed of straw lay a Great Dane, his paws outspread, his dull eyes fixed languidly on his master, who knelt at his side, tenderly stroking the great head.

Lawton remained unconscious of the girl's presence until a little sob broke from her, and with a tender exclamation of pity she too knelt down by the suffering animal.

"Oh, the poor fellow!" she said softly, her eyes brimming. "Can nothing be done for him?"

The young man stared at her, surprise, a little resentment, and another emotion which he did not at the moment recognise, mingling in his expression; then his heart leaped as he saw the sympathy in her eyes and heard the pity in her voice.

"I'm afraid not," he said slowly. "We can't get him to eat anything." And then at the contrition he read in the quick glance she gave him, he added: "Really, though, he couldn't have eaten them if I'd kept them."

Without a word Ethel drew from her pocket a small parcel which she unwrapped, disclosing the two chops she had taken from the luncheon-table.

"Clifford told me," she stammered; "and I am so ashamed of the way I acted. I'm so glad now I didn't eat one last night—that, at least, isn't on my conscience. I'd never have forgiven myself if I had. Don't you think perhaps he'll eat it?"

"You dear!" Chester burst out, and taking the parcel from her, he bent over the sick dog, speaking as if he were addressing a boy who was ill.

"Come on, Vladimir, old boy, do have a bit?" And then as the dog languidly put out a paw and drew the chop towards him, "Hurrah!" he cried; "that's the first sign of appetite he's shown."

By dint of further coaxing Vladimir was persuaded to sniff the bone, then finally to gnaw feebly at it, and as he did so the two overjoyed young people turned, kneeling as they were, and their hands met in a fervent clasp of relief.

"I'm so glad," Ethel whispered; "it is a beginning, anyhow, isn't it?"

"Yes," Chester returned, in the same low tone, his eyes searching hers until her lids fell. "It *is* a beginning." And in the silence that ensued they both became conscious of the significance of their position—kneeling thus, their hands clasped—and Ethel rose to her feet in confusion.

"I must go," she said, not meeting his glance. "Aunt will be wondering where I am. I do hope Vladimir will be well soon."

"May I bring him over to see you?"

"Yes, do. I am sure auntie would like to see him."

"She will approve of him, I know," Chester said, his eyes twinkling, "for he isn't a vegetarian, as you see. She said there had never been one in your family. I wonder if she'd welcome one?"

"Oh, I am sure she would—she liked you ever so much." Then as she saw the twinkle in the other's eyes, and saw that he was misunderstanding her, she added in confusion: "I mean, she'll welcome you if you call—not as—that is, not——"

"You mean she wouldn't want me in the family, then?" His teasing voice urged her to greater confusion.

"Oh, no, I don't mean that, either."

"Then with the understanding that vegetarians are not to be barred from the family, may I come up this afternoon and pay my respects to—to your aunt?"

And with a sudden premonition of the joy that was thus suddenly to come to her, Ethel's eyes fell before the intensity of feeling revealed in the glance bent upon her.

"Yes," she whispered, "do come."

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THE MENAGERIE SHIP.

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD,

Author of "Phra the Phœnician," etc.

THERE were scarlet geraniums in the window of the little Cornish inn parlour where I sat smoking one day, and a stretch of blue Cornish sea beyond as smooth as a mirror. In the distance soft hills shut in the summer picture, while close at hand lavender-winged terns were flitting along the tide-edge, and the voices of children came pleasantly from their playground amongst the boats on the beach. It was a picture of placid repose, and I smoked and talked with a chance friend I had met there, a weather-bronzed young fellow with a sea-captain's stripes upon his cuffs, and a picturesque tongue in his head, until presently a woman with a baby in her arms came to the open window and peered smilingly in at us through the flowers. A right pleasant-featured girl she was, and when my friend had introduced her as his wife, we talked for a few minutes, a graceful and gentle voice lending an additional charm to her presence; so that when she presently turned away to her walk again, it was as though half the sweetness had gone out of that sleepy summer scene with her.

But that was not all; as she left us and bent her pretty, soft face down to her babe, the warm wind lifted the lace ruffle from her neck, and there I was startled to see, as clear as daylight, an extraordinary scar upon her neck and cheek. There was no mistaking it—it was the print of a hand, red and angry, though long since healed. The marks of all the fingers were impressed on that white flesh with striking vividness, and I felt instinctively I had come into the presence of a tragedy as I looked upon it, in spite of all the tepid sunshine and blue sea about us.

As soon as she had gone out of sight, I turned to the man and said—

"You are lucky, Mr. Hutchins, in this charming little place, where, as you say, you have come to anchor for a time, and especially lucky, I should guess, in that wife of yours. But what a passing strange scar that is on her neck! If it were a birth-mark, or the record of an ordinary accident, I should not venture to notice it, but it is the most weird imprint I ever saw!"

Whereon Hutchins fidgeted uneasily in his chair and stared out hard for a minute at the golden peace of his Cornish bay. Then he suddenly turned and said—

"Yes; I will tell you how it happened, sir. She generally keeps it covered; but since you have seen it, I will tell you. Somehow it does me good to have it out now and then; and, like that ancient mariner a poet talks about, ever since I have met you, I have felt you were my predestined victim. Not that it is a jest," he added, with a frown, and tapping the little oak table at which we sat, nervously with his fingers; "it is an ugly yarn—do you want to hear it?"

"Yes," I answered emphatically, "go on."

"Well, then," he began, "picture to yourself the battered hulk of an iron steamer, unmasted and funnelless in mid-Pacific about a year ago, reeling helplessly from one black wave into the next valley, and out again to the singing tops of a midnight sea, a gale screaming through the jagged iron of her storm-worn sides, and the water boiling in ghostly white sheets below as she staggered, unguided, through the darkness of the night. Picture that in your mind's eye, and put in a bit of moonshine gleaming now and then through the flying clouds above, and the rattle of the spray bursting over the dipping bows of the forlorn wreck, and swinging down her deserted decks in spectral columns; imagine that a man and girl are crouching together in the lee of the wheel-house, and you will have some faint idea of the scene which I want you to imagine. But the shifting black-and-white of that pantomime was not all; the terror of noises strange and unfamiliar even amongst the many of a storm added to the emotions of the scene. Above the wail of wind and monotonous thunder of waves on the hollow sides of the ship came an awe-inspiring rabble of screams

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and cries. They were not human ; never had such a varied torrent of misery come from the throats of humanity. Cerberus below and all the ghost-dogs above who haunt the skies of legends could not have equalled it. It was wild and animal for certain. It rose with a roar of indescribable rage and pain when a black mountain of water careened the ship over and burst upon her with a sound as though every timber within her was riven. It surged up to the scurrying black clouds overhead like the cry of a thousand souls suffering the pains of Eblis. And then as the ship heeled over and sank down, down, far into the hush of the next deep-sea valley, it subsided in a quiver of impotent pain, dying away in the far-off hollows of the ship with a murmur of indescribable sadness.

"And so that old hulk seesawed over the black night sea, the wind fiddling in her shrouds, and the roar of the storm above mingling with the infernal uproar down below. Well might that frightened girl cower down at the side of the man by her—who, I may as well say at once, was myself—and clap her hands to her ears to shut out the horrible din. It was just this. We had a menagerie on board, and it was loose between decks. Never had mortal sailed with such a cargo before. It came on board from a South American port, a miscellaneous collection of half-tamed beasts, from an elephant down to performing guinea-pigs, and had been wandering about the Pacific coast-towns, the owner of this precious collection, a white-livered little Spaniard, being the choicest curiosity of all.

"It is not for me to say why the captain took that arkful of ill-conditioned beasts on board, and he, poor fellow, is now beyond explaining the matter. But freights were low just then, the old steamer empty; so on board they came in their vermilion and yellow travelling-cages adorned with gaudy pictures of Hercules in blue knickerbockers strangling a lion of fearsome aspect, or young females of African extraction wreathed in smiles and pythons. We slung some of the beasts into the hold, and those which were too bulky to go down there we stowed about the deck.

"All went well until we had been a week at sea, during which time the captain and myself had both fallen in love with the Spaniard's daughter, who had come on board with him, a girl with an English mother's sweetness blended with a touch of Southern beauty ; and then it came on to blow, as it will in that neighbourhood, and, not to make this part of the story too long, after three days of furious wind the steamer sprang a leak, settling down so badly aft that the men determined to leave her.

"It was an ugly scramble, about which I will only say that the foreign crew got away in the best boats; and when they had filled the last available one with their ruffianly bodies, it was found there was only room for one more in it. The captain, as soon as he found the ship in which his whole fortune was invested likely to go to the bottom, had drunk half a bottle of brandy and shot himself through the head, and was then lying washing about in the saloon. The Spaniard, his girl, and I were alone left on deck. She was as white as the foam which ran in shivering sheets down the deck, but brave, and it was she who must go, I saw at a glance. Her wizened little father was behaving like a coward and howling and whimpering helplessly. So, turning disdainfully from him, I sent poor Janette to her deck-cabin to throw on a long, hooded cloak I knew she had, and then fled aft to my own to snatch up a loaf and a bottle of wine for her.

"It was a moment of horrible, cold-blooded excitement. The small boat alongside, crowded with frightened men, a tiny, saucer-like thing, rising and falling in a perfect welter of foam; and I snatched up the muffled figure that came from Janette's cabin in my arms as though it were no heavier than a babe. A wild desire to kiss the face hidden by the hood came upon me, but my chivalry revolted. I could not, however, resist one wild and passionate hug, and then the boat rose for the last time ; I cast my precious burden out ; saw it safely hauled in amongst the rowers : the rope was cast off, and like a shadow the boat was instantly engulfed in the chaos of the night astern.

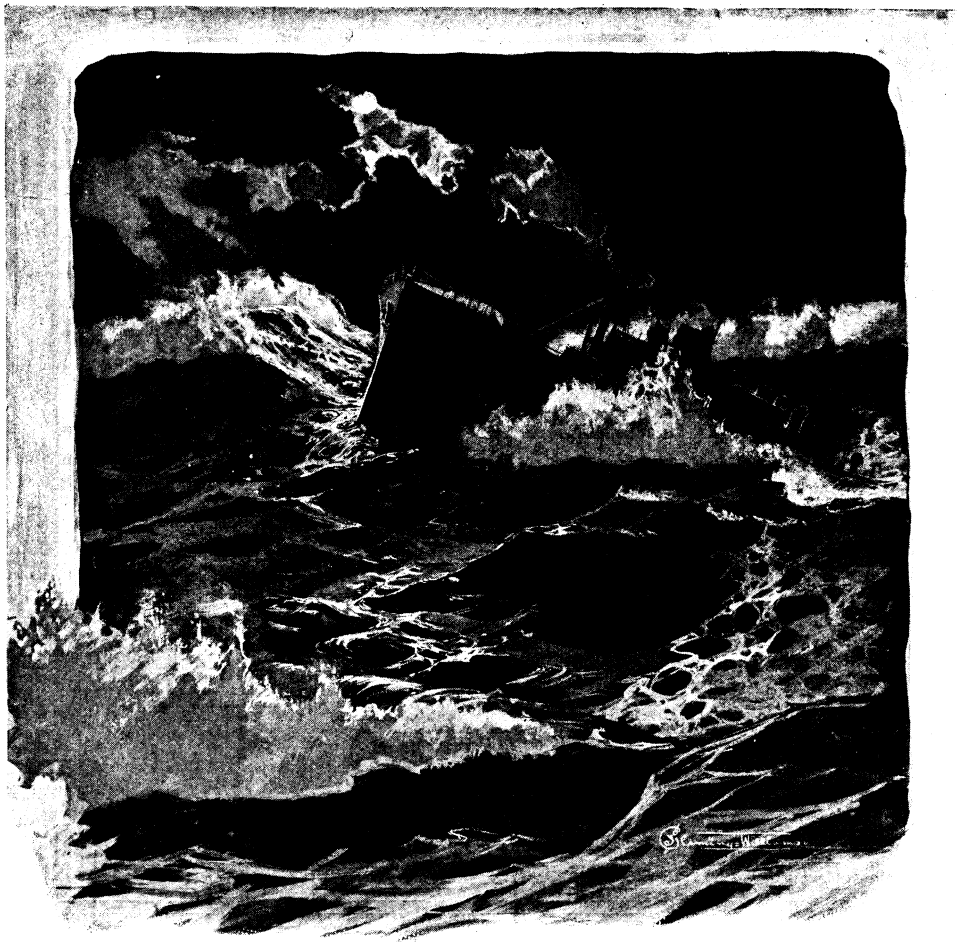
"For a minute or two I stood holding on to a stanchion, and then—for I really loved her—my loneliness came upon me.

"'Oh, Janette!' I cried, 'what have I done? I loved you! Will you ever know? will you remember?'

"The answer was immediate and unexpected. A light hand lit upon my arm, and a soft voice said close at my side : 'Janette is very grateful, Mr. Hutchins, and will always remember,' and there was Janette herself!

"'Heavens!' I cried in amazement, 'you!'—and then the black truth dawned upon me. 'What! Was it your father I sent to the boat just now, instead of yourself?'

"'Yes,' she answered quietly. 'He always



"Reeling helplessly from one black wave into the next valley."

dreaded to die by drowning; I do not, so *I* persuaded him to take my hood and place,' and as that sweet lie trembled over her lips, she looked at me so beseechingly that I durst not say the furious things that were in my heart. I turned away for a minute, during which bitterness was mixed with a strange contentment in me, and then, turning again, gently led the brave girl back to a place of safety.

"And now, ownerless, and freed from the little control there had been on her before the crew left, the steamer became a mere wreck, and the worst terrors of the voyage began. How she did roll! No earthly fastenings nor chains could stand the blind plunges made into the vortex of the seas, the sickly reel as she righted at the turn, or the shock that followed as she lurched forward and rose up the next swell to the snow-line of surf on top.

"The elephant went first. His cage, which was on low, iron wheels, broke loose from its lashings forward and, after an uncertain twist or two, butted the third officer's cabin into matchwood. It then went over to the lee bulwarks, but suddenly changing its course, thundered down the whole length of the deck, with the animal inside screaming horribly the while, and, striking the bulwarks by the after-cabin, cut a clean passage through them wide enough for a hay-cart to pass, and, turning twice over, fell into the sea and disappeared like lead in a lake of foam. When it was gone, the American bear—'Munroe' we called him, on account of his views on property personal or contingent—broke loose, or, rather, his heavy cage did, and, after rolling about the deck in an aimless way for a while, fell with its living freight through the hatchway of the hold, left open by the absconding seamen when

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they got up their provisions. It completely demolished the monkey-house in its descent, stove in the end of the python's prison, and squashed a piebald pig, who, the Spaniard boasted, had been presented at every Court in Europe, and was the most learned and judicious animal of its kind in the world. The bear, which I may note was a female, instantly decided the pig was the cause of the disaster, and proceeded to devour it, while the python retired to the first-class saloon, and the monkeys, delirious with fear and horribly sea-sick, spread themselves out through the interior of the ship.

"About midnight the Bengal tiger opened a plank in the side of its domicile, worked loose by the strain on the fastenings, and escaped roaring into the chief steward's pantry. At the same time a heavy stone figure of an Aztec god rolled from the corner where it was deposited, and started on a tour round the fearsome interior of the hold, where a couple of oil-lanterns still dimly swung and shone on all that seething chaos. It went over to the wolves and kicked in their door. Then it rolled over the poor guinea-pigs and reduced them to the semblance of penwipers. It next stepped on the alligator's tail—a thousand years old, the showman said he was—and made him say terrible things all the rest of the night. Finally that heathen image subsided through a partition into the buttery, and rolled dreamily about for the rest of the night amid a clatter of crushed china and splintering bottles.

"All this, you will remember, and much more of the same kind, took place amidst a Pandemonium of noise, so that we two, who possessed the wheel-house on deck as a castle, could nicely judge what was going on below without directly witnessing it.

"All night it continued, and through the next day; but when the second evening came, after the crew left, things began to mend. The wind dropped a little, and, shifting a point or two, brought a heavy warmth into the air, under which the waves ran less fiercely. Moreover, the ship had not sunk, though she was almost awash at the stern; so Janette and I cheered up, and by this time, as you may imagine, were hungry and thirsty, in spite of our miserable anxiety, having had nothing to eat but a couple of biscuits, and nothing whatever to drink, since the first evening. Though I had no arms of any kind but a stick, yet late in the afternoon hunger became so imperative I determined to make a foray for food between decks, where our cheerful menagerie was still howling and fighting in dismal chorus to the creaking of the ship as she rose and dropped over the heavy swell. It had grown suddenly dark just then, and the girl was reluctant to let me go, since over and above her female horror of the strange things haunting our decks in the gloom, she dreaded that thunder and lightning which we guessed was coming. But it had to be, and she came with me to the door of our cabin-castle on deck, where she had been cowering all day, and there, to our surprise, all the miserable, sodden deck, with the water sluicing through its litter, was aglow with a violet light. We turned our eyes aloft, and at the crosstrees was a pale, quivering sphere of light, most ghostly and wonderful.

"'Oh! what is it?' cried Janette, clutching my arm.

"'Never fear!' I cried, pressing the tender little hand involuntarily against my heart; 'it will not hurt—sailors know it well, and call it St. Elmo's fire. It is only an electrical wonder of these seas.'

"'And what is *that?*' she cried, clutching my arm and pointing with a frightened finger to the bows. There, to my breathless astonishment, where the ship was peaked up high against the black setting of the storm beyond, and deck and bulwarks were aglow against it with the radiance above, was a sitting figure with its back to us, dimly seen but unmistakable in a familiar waterproof and 'sou'-wester.' There was no other such coat and cap on board the ship, and I confess my heart stood still for a minute, while the overwrought girl cried in my ear: 'It is the captain—the dead captain!' and dropped senseless in my arms.

"I dragged her back into her cabin and slammed the door to, and it was an hour before she was herself again. By that time we had pretty well convinced ourselves some freak of imagination, some play of light and shadow, had deceived us, for we well knew the captain was a helpless corpse below; and, pressed by hunger, I again prepared to go in search of food.

"It was the evening twilight by this time, and as I could see nothing particular in the bows or amongst the tangled shadows of the deck, I slipped away to the saloon, ran down the companion, and, disregarding the remains of animal fights scattered here and there, seized up the only things left in the steward's pantry—a ready-cooked ham and two bottles of ginger-beer, and with this unromantic

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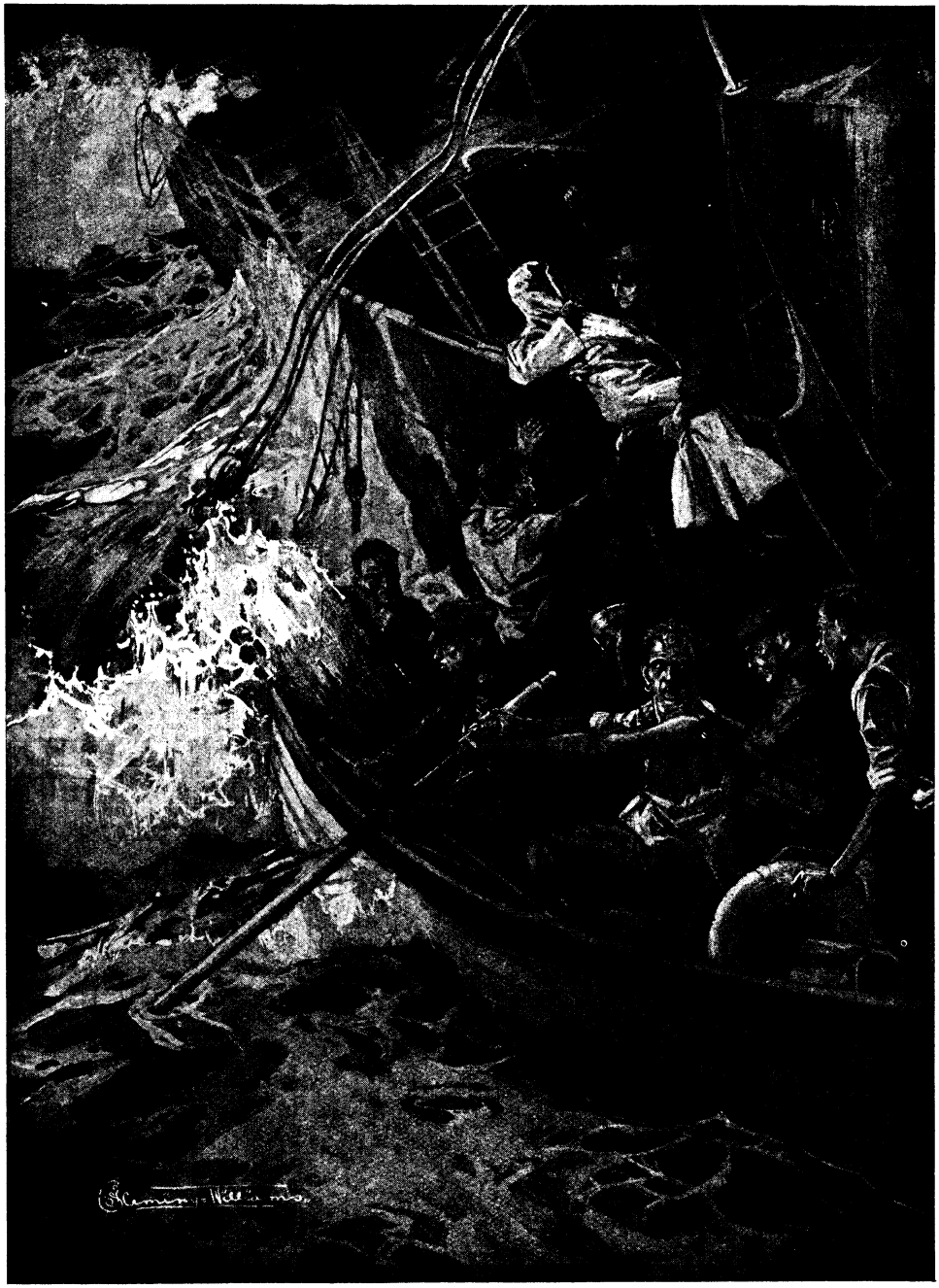

"I snatched up the muffled figure in my arms."

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spoil had got as far as the top of the saloon stairs on my backward journey when a woman's scream echoed down the ship! A wild, piercing cry of fear and anguish that made my blood run cold! I bounded out upon the deck and looked towards Janette's cabin, and there, lying over the lintel, was my sweetheart, and kneeling on her, choking her to death, his face to hers, was that horrible figure in the captain's overalls again!

"For one minute I am free to confess I was unmanned; and then down went all that provender, and caring nothing whether he were man or spirit, I rushed at the figure and struck it again and again on the head with my heavy stick. It collapsed on the girl in a heavy heap, and, throwing myself upon it, I wrenched it from her senseless form, turned the sodden, bleeding mass over, and saw—a great African ape that had broken loose, and, true to the infernal tricks it had been taught, had somehow found the dead captain's waterproofs and, putting them on, had given us this horrible entertainment.

"The ape was thrown overboard, and Janette carried once more into her cabin. Hour by hour I tended her, scarcely noticing the while how the storm was dying away about us, until presently she came to. Then I told her the truth, making light of it; and, being a brave and sensible girl, she shook off the nightmare that was upon her, and with many shivers and starts became herself once more.

"Then in turn I slept, worn out by watching, and when my eyes opened again long afterwards, there was a smiling face bending over me, framed in loose brown hair that lifted with the breeze coming in at the now open deck-house door. And as I turned, half expecting a continuation of the ugly night-dreams which had been passing through my mind during that interval, there was broad daylight instead, one of those beautiful sunrises that sometimes come to the tropics after storms, the hurricane clouds receding like a black mountain range in the westward; sunshine on everything. A few drops of warm rain were falling athwart that pleasant light like twists of golden wire, and every rope and tag upon the wreck asparkle with drops that glittered crimson and yellow till the old hulk was all a fairy palace. And little lavender gulls flitting by, and the now harmless sea making a pleasant prattle as it played against our motionless sides; not another sound—such a blessed peace on everything that as I looked and listened I could hardly believe my senses.

"But the girl gently touched me on the shoulder and said: 'I woke you, Mr. Hutchins, because the storm is over. We have drifted into a bay, and there are boats and men coming.' I started to my feet, and, sure enough, rescuers were approaching from the shore—good, honest fishermen they turned out to be. It was the sign and seal of our deliverance, and, too thankful in my heart to say a word, I took Janette by the hand—for we understood each other well enough by this time, though nothing had been spoken between us—and led her to the landward-bulwark, and so stood silently with her till the boats were below, and a dozen wondering voices were asking us our names and whence we came."

* * * * *

"And that is Janette?" I asked, pointing to the Cornish village street as Hutchins stopped.

"That's her, sir; and her baby—we have been married about a year now. The scar she got when I saved her from being strangled that night is still on her neck, and will be there as long as she lives; but she is forgetting. She is mighty proud of that baby of hers, and women cannot think of two things at once! I would like it very much if you would come and speak to them; but nothing about the Menagerie Ship—that went down in Patillos Bay—we don't want it floated again!"

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THE DAY OF THE SNAIL.

By ETHEL TURNER.

"LE'S c'llect snails!"

The brilliant idea was Stan's.

Other collections, of course, had long been rife in a house that held five children. Ettie would have informed you before you had fairly seated yourself in a chair, had you gone visiting the Browns, that she collected postcards. And did you evince the faintest interest, as, being naturally polite, you may have felt compelled to do, she would have darted off to her own quarters, and before you had fairly realised what it was you were interested in, you would have had a bulky album plumped down on your knee, and landscapes and actresses and funny pictures and cathedrals would have rapidly presented themselves to your distracted vision. And you would have gone away solemnly pledged to add to the collection should you at any time be in such perilous climes as far from Australia as Africa or Germany or Japan. More especially Japan. For an envied little friend had a card sent from that land of pot-hats and kimonos, and Frank declared he could smell gunpowder on it.

You would leave the house actually promising yourself to drop a line to a friend who had a friend who knew somebody in Tokio or Kobe, requesting as a favour that a card be at once posted to the address of Miss Ettie Brown, who yearned inexpressibly for a postcard smelling of gunpowder.

Frank collected cigarette pictures. It was in vain that his parents tried to wean him from a hobby that *might* awaken a desire in him some day to go deeper into the packet than the picture. Indeed, Mrs. Brown once or twice, on emptying his pockets where he kept the treasured things, had a troubled vision of her chubby six-year-old grown into the cheap youth with the tissue-wrapped weed between his teeth, and a tilted straw hat on his head, and a loud necktie below his high collar.

She made haste to present him with a stamp album and a collection of foreign stamps. But his interest in them was but languid; it was possible he suspected the pursuit might be conducive to strengthening his geography.

They tried him with coins, shells, skeleton leaves, and such, but preferences are born, not made—at all events, not made by parents.

Johnnie Meymott, at school, admired hero and swaggering friend, collected cigarette pictures, and all other collections were savourless to Frank. So the mother still sighed, and found famous cricketers and pretty actresses and such in the knickerbocker pockets of her eldest son.

But it was Stan who, wearied of matchbox ends and flower-seeds and butterflies, proposed to collect snails.

His father, tying up the rose-creepers on the verandah one afternoon, listened with bated breath to the proposal, and held up a warning and insistent finger to Mrs. Brown, who was thoughtlessly beginning to crush so apparently uncleanly an enterprise.

"Not a word!" he whispered, "for pity's sake not a word!"

Mrs. Brown stitched on, silenced but surprised.

Mr. Brown feigned absorption in his task of teaching the young rose-branches where to shoot.

Down below on the grass, the three elder children discussed the new proposition.

"Why," said Stan, "there were free of them this morning on the pansies only—I'd soon be up to a hundred."

"I know better places," said Frank. "If once I started, I'd soon pass *you*—on the ficus, where you can't reach, I'd scoop them down like winking."

"You don't know places I know," said Stan, "much betterer than the ficus. Only I won't tell."

"Pooh!" said Ettie, "I'd very soon be past you both. I know of places where there are *millions*. I've a great mind to start myself."

"You mustn't, you mustn't!" shouted Stan. "It's my plan. No one can do it but me. Can they, Frank?"

Frank ever had the judicial mind.

"N-no," he said. "He thought of it first, Ettie, so you can't. But I can if I like, 'cause I gave him my locust."

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"The next moment sent it flying well over the fence."

"But you've got your cig'rette c'llection," said Stan anxiously.

"All right, young one, you just hand that locust back!" shouted Frank.

Stan was unwilling to do this. It was fluttering in his curved hands at the present moment, and had several times whirred passionately, thus plainly showing that it was a very superior locust to the silent ones that generally fell to his lot.

"I *shall* collect," said Ettie; "he only said it first. I should have said it in another minute. Wasn't it that snail on the step made you think of it, Stan?"

Stan, after a little consideration, admitted that it was, but he also let it be understood that a germ of the deep idea had been fecundating in his brain ever since he had left his collection of match-box ends out in the garden all night, and they had blown away.

"Well," said Ettie, "I saw that snail, too, and I was just going to think of collecting them, only you went and spoke first."

"You weren't."

"I was."

"You weren't."

"I *was*."

"All right, I'll collect postcards, too, and then you'll only get half of what mother gets sent to her."

"Yah, you haven't got an album!"

"I'll buy one."

"Where'll you get your money?'

This cruel thrust left Stan speechless. His last halfpenny had been coaxed out of his money-box this very morning on a knife-point—the key having been lost—and had been recklessly squandered on a bull's-eye, a form of confectionery not particularly liked by any of them, but always considered the best investment for size and durability when one's fortunes were at the low ebb of a halfpenny.

The memory was not a soothing one; the bull's-eye had been a particularly "hot" one, and after a desperate effort not to waste it, Stan had been forced to give in and to cast it incontinently forth upon the garden, where at the present moment he could see it lying under a geranium bush, its pleasing red and white stripes almost obscured by its covering of depredating ants.

No, the remembrance was not soothing. A red surge of anger swept up in the boy's face.

"I'll put my l-locust down your b-b-back in a m-minute!" he stuttered.

"*My* locust," put in Frank. "Here, hand it back this minute. If I'm not to start snails, you shan't have my locust."

"B-but I gave you my wh-white alley for it!" spluttered Stan indignantly. Frank had forgotten this little fact for the moment.

"A locust like that's worth more than a white alley," he said—"tell you, I'll fight you for it." They had all forgotten parental presence on the verandah.

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Stan recollected that he had been rather successful lately in sparring matches with his brother.

"A'right," he said cheerfully, "wait till I put him in a safe place."

He found a jam-tin and carefully put it over his capture.

Then he stepped lightly up to his brother, animation on his face, and his fists shut fast.

And of course Ettie interfered, as usual.

"You shan't!" she said. "Stop immedjutly! You know mamma says you're not to fight."

"Clear out of this, or you'll get something you don't like in a minute!" was Frank's fraternal admonition, and he gave her a push out of the way.

Ettie remembered that she was always more successful with little Stan.

She caught hold of one of his eager little fists.

"Stop immedjutly!" she repeated.

Stan twisted round unexpectedly, and, putting his hands firmly behind her, sent her flying down the grass bank on the top of which they were standing. She had to run a considerable distance on the lawn to keep her balance, and in the meantime the brothers fell-to happily, in excellent heart with each other.

Of course, Mrs. Brown started up at once, casting quite an indignant glance at her husband for letting things go so far.

But he pushed her gently back into her chair.

"Quietly, quietly," he said; "just you go on with your sewing. I don't often have a chance like this for observing my family. There's no animosity in that fight at all—let them alone. And now I want to see what Ettie will do."

He was speedily afforded a chance. Ah, nature!—sad little feminine nature!—deprived of the swift blood-letting method of fair fists!

Ettie flew to the jam-tin and released Stan's precious captive, hostage for the white alley, locust of superior wings and whirr!

It rose dizzily for a moment, weakened by its captivity, changed its course, and flew with a flapping of its mica-like wings right between the fighters, brushed actually against Stan's cheek, and then with a strident rattle swerved joyously off to the nearest gum tree.

"That was a big one," said Stan, shielding himself adroitly.

"Not as big as the one I caught for you," said Frank.

"There!" said Ettie, and flourished the empty jam-tin vindictively.

Mrs. Brown again attempted to rise up and interfere. Ettie really deserved punishment, she said; it was clearly a case for maternal interference now.

But again Mr. Brown forced her sewing back upon her and would not let her stir.

"Attention!" he said. "This is an object lesson. Attention!"

Mrs. Brown looked a very reluctant scholar, however.

The fight had ceased at the very instant of Ettie's triumphant "There!"

Stan's little face discoloured with red that bore no relation to the red of energy that had been there a moment since.

He gave one unbelieving look at his undoer and then with a shout made for her. She gave a giggle of terror and fled before him.

Over the beds, up and down the bank, round and round the house they flew, Ettie nimbly on in front, Stan panting behind, Frank keeping up with his brother all the time, urging him, encouraging him when he flagged.

At last they had her in a corner, and she turned at bay.

"Two to one, 'tisn't fair," she said.

Frank looked indignant. He always upheld fair play, and at the present moment most certainly was only regarding himself as umpire—with a possible bias against the aggressor.

"I'm not going to touch you," he said scornfully, and thrust his hands in his pockets as a guarantee of good faith.

But what might Stan do even now he had cornered his enemy? Girls might not be hit, or pinched, or kicked—parental persuasion, both moral and physical, had at last convinced him of this highly unjust fact. It was even against the canons of the household now to pull their hair, an act that had once carried much satisfaction with it.

The victor panted and sought wildly for a vindication.

The doll, still tucked under the girl's arm, suggested one. He gave an unexpected snatch at its pink-and-purple frock, swung it round his head one moment, and the next sent it flying well over the fence.

Again Mrs. Brown started to her feet. There were almost tears in her eyes this time. She could hardly believe her children could act thus to each other—her little children, who not an hour back had been sitting, arms round each other's shoulders,

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absorbed in the same book. Why, Ettie was only this morning loving and secretly making a set of reins for Stan, and had happily spent her last hoarded pennies on bells for them!

"I must interfere—I must, indeed," she said.

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Brown. "Can't you see this is the crisis? Now, I beg of you to let the children alone. Ettie has evidently been taught one lesson by the boys. Not long ago she would have come crying to us to tell of Stan's misdeeds."

So Mrs. Brown sat pathetically still while her eldest daughter, now crying loudly, dashed across the grass and out of the front gate.

Frank followed her, his hands in his pockets, his judicial air still lingering.

Stan brought up in the rear. His face was still red, but a hope tugged at his tender little heart that the doll had fallen on to a bush and was not injured irreparably.

Mrs. Brown watched the gate for fully five minutes before any of the three little figures returned. And then in came Ettie, with Evelyn Ann tucked under her arm and something carefully guarded in one hand. The boys were alongside, each carefully cherishing a hand-held treasure. Perfect serenity was upon each face; the quarrel might have been five years ago.

For there *had* been a friendly bush, and Evelyn Ann had merely subsided comfortably among light branches after her sudden aerial sail. Ettie could not even find a scratch upon her.

And under the bush were snails, precisely three of them. Two were fine in size, but one was small and in some way appealed to Stan's locust-bereaved heart. He picked it up, and it nestled confidingly in his palm—or he considered that it did, which amounts to precisely the same thing.

"Tell you," he said, and flung back his head with reckless nobility, "we'll all c'llect. You and Et can have those"—he touched the striped ones with his boot-toe; "I only want poor little lonely sad ones in my c'llection."

And thus the flag of peace waved once more over the garden, and the children dashed about, the best of friends, looking for boxes for the collections, and choice leaves upon which to feed their prospective menageries.

Mr. Brown left his creepers and went down most genially to help them. He brought out some wire gauze and tacked it over the fronts of the three wooden boxes that they had dragged out of an old shed. He was prodigal of trouble in making the cages secure, and he cut out and fitted a small door in the back of each box for the introduction of leaves and other snail-sustaining foods.

The children were enchanted with his unexpected help and interest.

Mrs. Brown understood him now, realised why he had been from the first so stricken with this brilliant idea of Stan's.

He had seen a sudden rapt vision of the kindly earth giving forth her increase of cabbages and primroses and seedlings without the reluctant aid of himself, lantern-armed, making dreary nocturnal visits to gather up the loathly little depredators. No wonder he chuckled and declared to Mrs. Brown that the child has an important place in the universe, after all.

In a week Frank was the proud possessor of forty-nine fine specimens, Ettie's collection numbered twenty-eight—as she pathetically added, it would have been thirty-three, only once she left the gate open for an hour, and five escaped. Strangely enough, too, Frank added precisely five to his collection the following day, and Ettie always maintained that they were hers that had been lost and were now found. She declared that she knew them by their eyes and the way they moved their horns. But the things had been found so far from the boxes that Mr. Brown, arbitrating in the matter, had been forced to give the verdict to Frank; though he did say to Mrs. Brown it was not unlikely that the things, maddened by captivity, had put on a spurt to get away that broke all records of snail travelling.

Stan possessed fifteen only, but then he was harder to satisfy than his brother and sister. The fat, complacent variety he would not touch. But a miserable, dwarfed specimen, or a little, pale grey one with transparent shell and hardly visible horns, was at once tenderly carried of to "The Orphanage" as his home was swiftly dubbed, and regaled upon broken biscuits, chopped potatoes, lettuce leaves, and similar luxuries.

"Poor lil thing," he would say, regarding it with a swelling heart. "There 'twas zust hanging on to a dirty ole wall, an' nofing to eat anywhere; an' now look at it."

But the new addition used to seem bewildered by such plenty, and would remain motionless and with horns tightly drawn in, even when Stan hospitably pushed a fragment of lettuce right into its shell, or stuck under its

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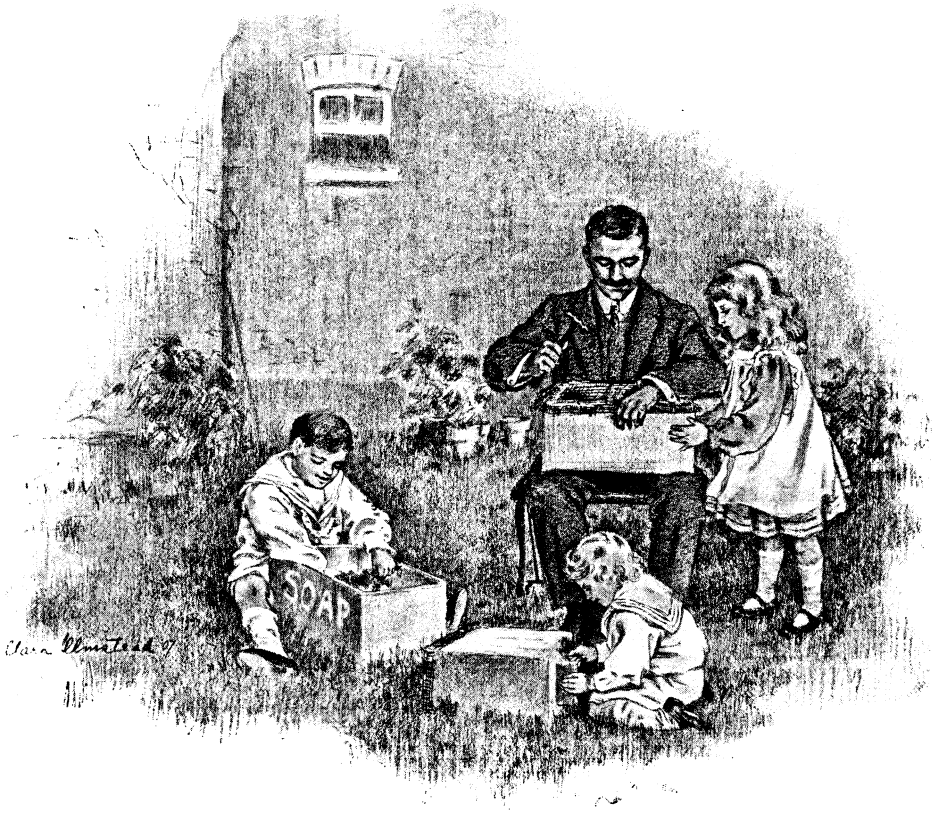
very nose a doll's saucer containing milk, and adjured it to "Come an' have a nice drink!"

The baker used to be invited on frequent occasions to view the collections down at the old apple tree. And even on the days when the distribution of the staff of life around the suburb left him no time for a personal visit, he would inquire genially after the health of "The Monster," and advise its fortunate possessor, Frank, to enter it for the next agricultural show, where he declared it would undoubtedly carry off a blue ribbon.

Visitors to the house were always thoughtfully regarded by the children for some time after their arrival, and then classified in their minds as likely to be interested in snails or impervious to such attractions. The latter were left severely alone, but the other approved and favoured class would be eagerly invited to the menageries to view the "sweetest little snail that ever was" or the "monstrousest fellow you ever saw."

There came the new Rector of the district



"Mr. Brown went down most genially to help them."

The butcher could not be brought to evince any interest in snails, but the postman was really a delightful person.

Not only did he inquire after the well-being of the creatures, and, when time allowed, permit himself to be dragged to the tree to give an opinion as to whether the Mottled Snail was dead or merely in a "drought sleep," but more than once, passing through the neighbours' garden, he picked up a specimen and brought it along in his bag to be added to one of the collections.

one afternoon. The old one had looked quite disgusted when he heard of the snail hobby, so the children did not venture to say anything of it to this one, thinking probably that the Church in general was against the inoffensive little creatures they themselves so delighted in.

But after a time the talk turned upon flowers, and the Rector, an ardent gardener, bewailed to Mrs. Brown the loss of a bed of choice calceolaria seedlings that he had been watching.

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"I've had a good many gardens in my time," he said, "and suffered from a good many pests, from green caterpillar down to rabbits and kangaroo rats. But anything to equal the snail scourge in this Rectory garden I have yet to find."

He became aware that three children, who had hitherto kept very modestly in the background of the room and only had spoken when spoken to, were now pressed up close to him, their eyes lustrous, their lips apart as if to drink in his words.

"If we——"

"If you'd ask us over——"

"Can we come down——"

Then Mrs. Brown laughed out and explained how they, too, had suffered from the scourge, but were now quite free from it, the plague being now concentrated in one spot under an apple tree.

Of course the Rector demanded to be shown the spot, and the children, delight in their eyes, bore him off.

He was deeply impressed.

Such well-fed creatures he declared he had never met—no, not even excepting the ones that, gorged with his own calceolarias, had met his stricken gaze only a few mornings back.

"Oh," said Ettie, "mother said she'd have the c'llections all taked away and drownded it we forgot to feed them. An' we've never forgotten one single sol'tary time—only Frank, one day."

"I didn't forget," contended Frank; "I gave them some, but it takes a lot more feeding for my forty-nine than it does for her misrubble little twenty-eight."

Ettie hastened to instance the five that she considered not lost, but gone behind—in fact, into Frank's preserves.

Then she went on to further vindicate the hobby.

"They were never, never cruel to them or teased them—mother wouldn't allow it—only Frank, just one time."

"I wasn't being cruel," said Frank hotly. "I was trying to be good to them. I knew I wouldn't like to have to lump my house round with me wherever I went, and I only tried to poke some of them out, Mr. Parker, and let them loose."

Mr. Parker gave him credit for his sympathy, while acknowledging it was not expressed in a way calculated to take well and give pleasure to the shell inhabitants.

Stan drew attention to his latest Oliver Twist.

Did Mr. Parker think its horns were growing any fatter, or did he think it looked very sick?

"Perhaps it is still cutting its teeth," smiled Mr. Parker; "it looks very young."

"Teeth!" said Ettie.

"Teeth!" said Frank. "Oh, you're having fun with us—snails don't have teeth."

"Oh, just a few," said Mr. Parker—"just 14,175 teeth each, that's all—just 135 transverse rows, with 105 teeth in each row. Come down to the Rectory some day, and I will show you one under a microscope."

The children were gasping—14,175 teeth!

Frank recovered first.

"Now I know what's the matter with Motley," he said. "She's been moping in a corner for days. I put some sugar icing in the cage, and she's got toothache in all her teeth."

"A colossal toothache, in fact!" laughed Mr. Parker.

He told them other interesting things about their pets, drew attention to the foot or sole on which each progressed, and which was flattened beneath and fringed at the edge. One foot and fourteen thousand teeth—more room in Snail-land for dentists than bootmakers, he said. And no, "Stripey" wasn't dead. In drought time like this, as well as at the approach of winter, snails closed their shells with a membrane called the epiphragm, formed by the drying of the mucous substance which they secrete, and become inactive and torpid.

The children were enchanted with their new friend, and hung on his arm to the gate, and thanked him again and again for his kind permission to "collect" all over his garden.

In a week the collections stood as follows: Frank's, one hundred and fifty-six; Ettie's, one hundred and seventeen (one hundred and twenty-two counting the five that were lost, and were found—by Frank); Stan's—still open, like the band of the Pirates of Penzance, only to well-accredited orphans—sixty-four.

And then there came another visitor to the house.

The mother and father were away on this occasion—gone with Alfie and the baby for a week's restful holiday on the mountains. An aunt had come to watch over the well-being of the house and the three elder children, but she was too busy to take the slightest interest in snails, and after one visit to the apple tree had shuddered and moved away.

The second visitor was young and beautiful. She had come to call with her mother upon

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"'Oh, you horrid, dirty, cruel little children!'"

the aunt, and the little ones—artists in their way, as most little ones are—sat absorbing with pleasure her floating muslin dress, with its delicate pattern of wistaria all over it, the lace ruffles that fell over her hands, her drooping hat of lace, and other loveliness crowning her golden hair and shadowing the china blue of her eyes.

She was far too lovely and far off a vision to invite to the neighbourhood of the fowl-houses and for the purpose of seeing snails, so even Frank made no mention of the things, but allowed Ettie to produce her postcard album unchallenged.

But after a time the aunt and the lady drew their chairs more closely together and warmed up to the subject of servants, and the Vision of Delight grew restless thereat and wandered about the room and then out upon the verandah. The children hovered respectfully about her. She did not take much notice of them, but then, again, she did not actually repel them as long as they did not come too close to her flounces. The old apple tree was in bloom—the Vision decided that a spray of blossom tucked into her waist was the one thing needed to make her altogether irresistible at a little garden party to which she and her friend were going later in the afternoon.

"How very sweet! Would you mind if I went and gathered just a little, darlings?" she said.

The children looked quite dismayed, but she found it was not that they grudged her the blossom.

"It—you—we—our snails are down there," Frank blurted out at last. "You mightn't like to see them."

The Vision never expected to comprehend such vague, unknown things as children, so she made no attempt to do so in this instance, but merely continued to float in the direction of the blossoms.

"P'raps," said little Stan yearningly, as she drew near the spot, "p'raps you don't mind snails—when they're lil lonely ones like mine."

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But the Vision was absorbed in breaking off a branch of the exquisite pink and white blossom just above her head.

Frank edged a little closer to the Flounces. His face was red. "I suppose, even when they're beauties like my Monster, you—you wouldn't care to look at them."

Ettie pointed a timid finger at her particular cage. "If—if you do look, those are mine," she said. "A hundred and twenty-two, only five of them have acc'dent'ly got into Frank's cage."

The Vision's eyes, having had all they wanted of the apple tree, fell to the cages with their slowly, slowly moving masses of shells.

"What on earth are they?" she said. "They *can't* be snails."

Frank made a desperate fight for the establishment of his endangered repute with the Vision.

"They're interestinger than you'd think," he pleaded. "They—they've got 40,000 teeth put on in transparent rows, and they've only got one foot, and when they want to shut it up, they make a gluey stuff called a member or a epitaph."

But the Flounces simply fled.

"Oh, you horrid, dirty, cruel little children!" she said, her æsthetic nature really shaken to the centre.

Coming home from the mountains, Mr. Brown opined to Mrs. Brown that the boxes of curious pebbles they had in their luggage would displace the snails in the affections of the children, and that he would be shortly afforded the opportunity he had wanted of quietly disposing of the whole menagerie.

"And how are the dear snails?" the mother said, when, greetings over, they were being escorted round the estate to see the progress made in the kitten and chicken worlds during their absence.

The children displayed three absolutely empty cages.

"It was very cruel to keep live things shutted up," said Ettie drearily, but with the dignity bestowed by her very recently awakened conscience.

"An' very dirty," added Frank sadly.

"But—but," said Mr. Brown with extreme anxiety, "what have you done with them?"

"We letted them out," said the children together.

"But where—where?" gasped Mr. Brown.

"In the garden, of course," they said.

Little Stan buried his unhappy nose in the bend of his mother's arm.

"I put my lil lonely ones in the cabbages," he said; "but I know"—and a sob shook him—"they won't get enough to eat."

THE GARDEN WIZARD.

THE Garden Wizard hides away,
He won't come out on every day;
Sometimes you'll watch for hours and hours
And never see him near your flowers.

He has a coat of apple-green,
His eyes are long, and sharp, and keen;
The cap he wears is peaked and thin,
His nose is peaked, too, and his chin.

He bears a lantern in and out,
It's like a flower that walks about;
You'll see him turn it round and round,
And kneel, and sow things in the ground.

But if you stir, or wink an eye,
Or think a thought, while he goes by,
As like as not he'll fade away
And be a shadow, stern and grey.

And if you seek the things he sows,
Or try to find the way he goes,
He'll *keep* away as like as not,
And quite forget *your* garden plot!

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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Survey Methods in Exploration.

By Captain Charles H. Foulkes,
Royal Engineers.

In nearly every instance in which important additions have been made to the geographical knowledge of civilised communities in the past, the attention of the individual explorers who have collected this information has been centred on one main object—as, for example, the discovery of the source of a great river, the penetration to some sacred city, or the relief of a lost expedition.

Owing to this circumstance, and to the time occupied in carrying out their many other duties—such as the study of the language and customs of the people with whom they come in contact, and the antiquities and natural history of the countries through which they pass—the routes kept by pioneer travellers have been generally roughly, and sometimes very imperfectly, laid down. Still, they provide a very useful guide for the topographical surveyors who sooner or later follow them.

Topographical surveys vary in accuracy according to the time and money expended on them, and, in any case, they must only be considered as a temporary substitute (for facilitating the delimitation of political boundaries, or the construction of railways and canals) for the rigorous geodetic triangulation which is necessary to a highly developed civilisation, and which will, undoubtedly, some day cover the whole land surface of the globe.

The value of the survey work done by an explorer depends on various considerations, the chief of which are his aptitude for mapping, and the time which he is able to give to what is, perhaps, the most important and fascinating of his routine duties.

I. SURVEY PARTY APPROACHING A SIGNAL FROM WHICH TO MAKE OBSERVATIONS.

Sometimes extracts from a journal, such as the following—"Started 4 a.m., crossed the Kari river 7.30 (half an hour), camped 11 a.m. General direction, N.E."—are available, and can be utilised for working out a rough route by estimating the distances covered—according to the time spent on the march and the probable rate of progress—and plotting them in the stated directions; though naturally a map constructed on such information is of little value unless the positions of important points are checked in some reliable way from time to time.

Mungo Park, the hardiest and most fear-

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less explorer of modern times, in the course of his travels in Senegambia in 1795 and subsequent years, kept a rough route of his journeys by noting the time spent on the march and the compass bearing of his road. When drifting down the Niger in a native canoe, he traced the course of that river by taking at intervals the bearings of distant objects which he was approaching, and estimating the speed of the current by which he was being carried. However, owing partly to the fact that the variation of his compass was often unknown, and to the rough system he adopted for obtaining longitudes (by eclipses of Jupiter's satellites), great differences were found, in compiling a map of Park's journeys, between his positions of places as fixed astronomically, and as computed by reckoning distances.

II. CANOES MOUNTING THE BOUSSA RAPIDS, MIDDLE NIGER, WHERE MUNGO PARK LOST HIS LIFE.

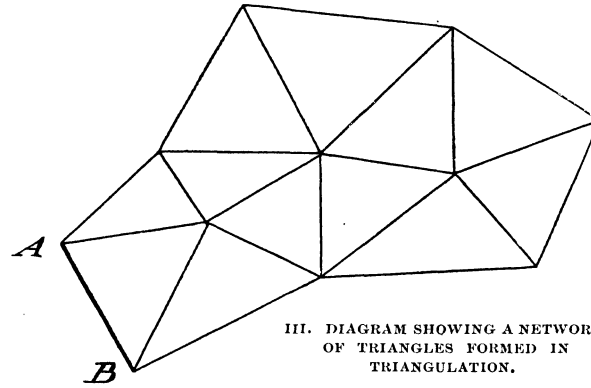
Of course, even greater inaccuracies are to be expected, and occur, as a general rule, when places are plotted by their *rumoured* distances and directions, though two striking instances may be quoted of the value of adopting this system in default of any better.

Thus the position of Timbuctoo was mapped in 1800 by plotting its distance in marches and general direction—as reported by native merchants—from the three points Gambia, Morocco, and Fezzan, and the coincidence obtained in this way was found to be very close.

Again, in Ptolemy's description of the Nile, written in the second century of our era, he states that the great river derived its waters from the confluence of two streams (now called the Blue and White Niles), one of which flowed from two lakes a little to the south of the Equator, and the other also had its source in a lake—both truths which were only confirmed 1,600 years later.

On the other hand, as examples of the most exact surveys made, carried out with the greatest elaboration and with every refinement of care, the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom and the Survey of India may be quoted. These are based on "geodetic triangulations" which were done with the utmost exactitude, and the computations of which were laborious in the extreme. Accurate frameworks of carefully determined points were thus spread all over the two countries named, and from these points all the detail was subsequently measured.

It is an elementary proposition in trigonometry that if the three angles and one side of a triangle are known, the lengths of the other two sides can be easily calculated.



III. DIAGRAM SHOWING A NETWORK OF TRIANGLES FORMED IN TRIANGULATION.

In a network of triangles, therefore, as shown in Fig. III., if all the angles in every triangle are ascertained by observation at each station, and the length of any one side (such as AB) is measured, the lengths of all the other sides can be easily computed.

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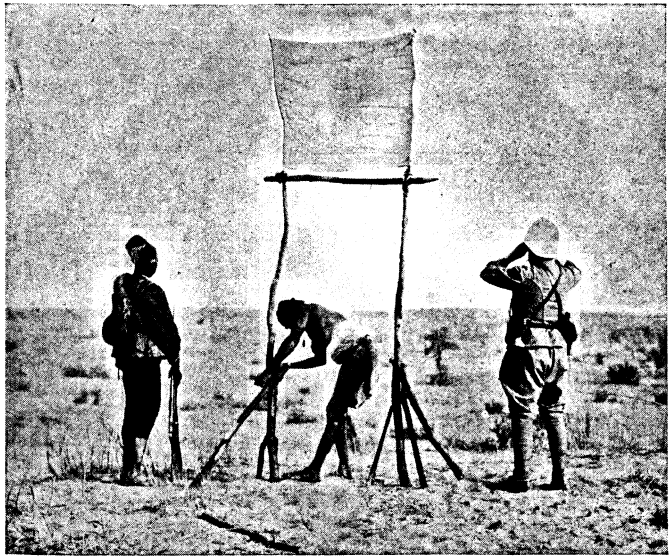
It is evident also that any inaccuracy in the measurement of the "base" will be proportionately reproduced throughout the triangulation, so that the greatest care has to be taken in the base measurement.

Steel chains have been employed for the purpose, as have wooden and even glass rods; and for the two most important bases used in the survey of the United Kingdom —the one at Lough Foyle, measured in 1826–7, and that on Salisbury Plain, measured in 1849—short "compensating bars" were invented, which were so constructed of two metals having different coefficients of expansion that the length, indicated by two pointers attached to the end of the bars, remained constant, irrespectively of the temperature of the air.

In the case of a steel chain, besides the correction which is applied on comparing it, before commencing work, with a known standard of length, allowance has to be made for the different temperatures recorded during the measurement (steel expands ·00000625 of its length for each degree Fahrenheit), and also for elastic tension—unless the chain is kept stretched at a uniform tension.

Then if the base line is not perfectly level, each slight rise or fall must be reduced to the horizontal; and if an obstacle such as a ravine has to be crossed, allowance must be made for sag.



V. ERECTING A TEMPORARY SIGNAL FOR RAPID TRIANGULATION IN A FLAT DESERT COUNTRY. WESTERN SOUDAN.

A final correction has to be applied for the height of the base above sea-level.

An alloy of steel and nickel called Invar has been recently introduced, and tapes made of this material, owing to the expansion of the latter being much smaller than that of any other known metal or alloy, should be most useful in the future for all base measurement work, excepting when extreme accuracy is required.

IV. BASE MEASUREMENT WITH INVAR TAPE: TAKING READINGS WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS. THESE READINGS ARE TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY AT BOTH ENDS OF THE TAPE, AND ARE RECORDED TO THE THOUSANDTH PART OF AN INCH.

In practice, the tape is allowed to hang in a natural catenary, and it is supported at each end on fine steel edges fixed to firm tripods or posts driven into the ground (Fig. IV.).

Tension is given to the tape by means of fixed weights attached to its extremities, so that the corrections mentioned above for temperature, elastic tension, and sag can be regarded as constant, and may be applied all together with the correction for standard.

By means of such a tape a base line could be very rapidly measured, and should not be more than about an inch in error in a length of two miles. A good deal of ground clearing and tedious levelling would also be saved.

Such a degree of accuracy would not, of course, be sufficient for a geodetic triangula-

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VI. OBSERVING ANGLES FROM TEMPORARY SIGNAL IN RAPID TRIANGULATION. MUCKISH MOUNTAIN, CO. DONEGAL.

tion, but it would be ample on the very few occasions when base measurement would be resorted to in an exploratory survey.

As an example of the extraordinary accuracy of the geodetic triangulation of the United Kingdom, it may be mentioned that the two principal base lines (previously referred to) were connected together by triangulation, and when the length of one, as calculated through a series of triangles extending over a distance of 360 miles, was compared with the length obtained by actual measurement, a difference of only five inches was found.

VII. FRENCH OFFICER TAKING MIDDAY OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUN FOR LATITUDE WITH SEXTANT AND ARTIFICIAL HORIZON. TROISIÈME TERRITOIRE, WESTERN SOUDAN.

Map-making may be said to be the basis and foundation of geography, and the desire for the knowledge of the direction and distance of one place from another must have existed in the very earliest times. The most ancient map known to us is that of a gold-mining district in Nubia. It was constructed about 3,500 years ago, and it is now in the Turin Museum.

The whole world in ancient times was considered to be a circular plain surrounded by sea, and it was thus shown in the map of Hecatæus, drawn about 500 B.C., the Ægean Sea being, of course, placed in the centre, with the Straits of Gibraltar and the Caspian Sea, respectively, at its western and eastern limits.

As geographical knowledge increased towards the east and west more rapidly than towards the north and south, we find later maps of the world drawn elliptical in shape, and the terms latitude and longitude originated from this circumstance.

Probably from the remotest antiquity the sailors of the various seafaring nations—the Arabians, the Phœnicians, and the Chinese—were in the habit of compiling charts of the coastlines they visited for their own convenience and safety, distances being reckoned from the average number of

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days occupied in successive journeys; and the positions of places on the earliest maps of large areas were plotted from information supplied by sea captains and other travellers.

A record of such a journey was fortunately preserved in a Carthaginian temple in the case of Hanno's voyage from the Straits of Gibraltar to Sierra Leone, in about 600 B.C.

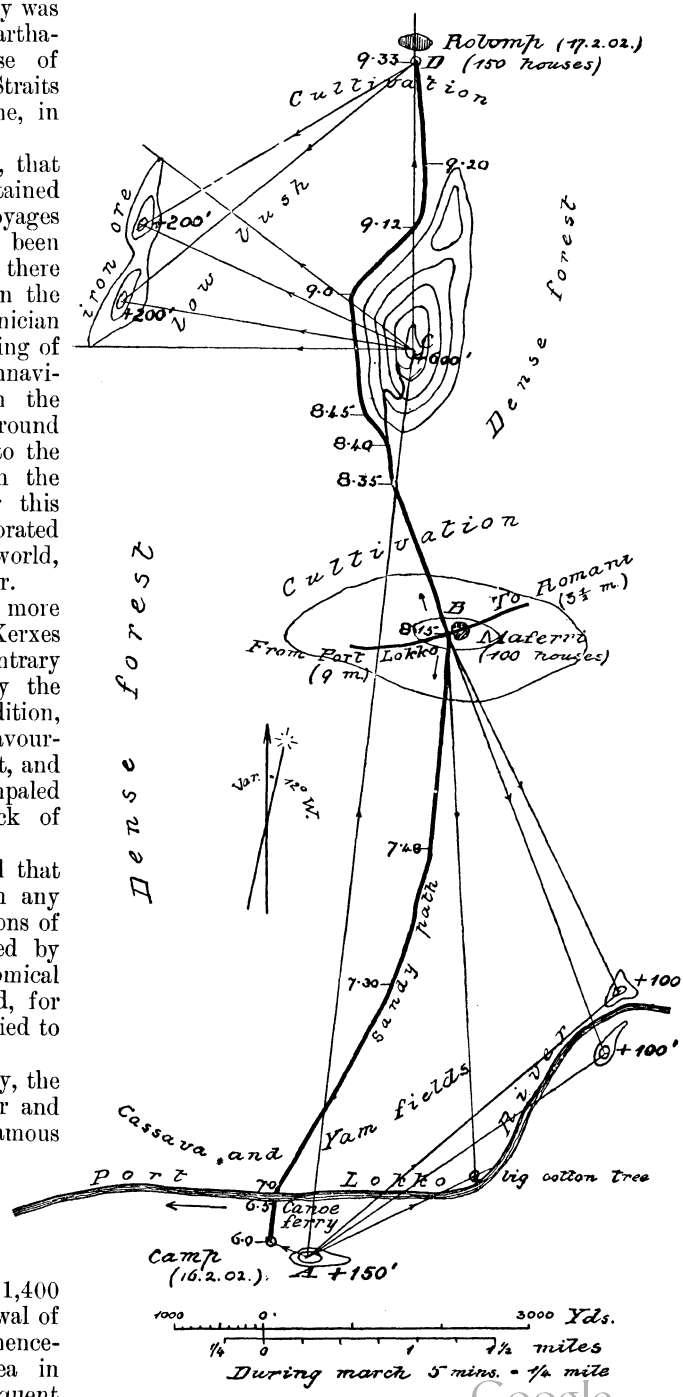
It is curious to note, too, that much of the information obtained in the course of similar voyages of discovery seems to have been kept secret. For instance, there is little doubt that between the years 601 and 617 B.C. Phœnician ships equipped by Necho, king of Egypt, succeeded in circumnavigating Africa, sailing from the Arabian Gulf and passing round by the Straits of Gibraltar to the mouths of the Nile, though the knowledge acquired during this expedition was not incorporated in Ptolemy's map of the world, compiled many centuries later.

We know also that a little more than 100 years afterwards, Xerxes sent another fleet in a contrary direction to that taken by the Phœnicians; this second expedition, however, not meeting with favourable winds, failed in its object, and its leader, Sataspes, was impaled on his return for his lack of success.

Later on it was recognised that the only way of fixing with any degree of accuracy the positions of places far apart or separated by seas, was by means of astronomical observations, but that could, for many centuries, only be applied to latitudes.

In about 150 A.D. Ptolemy, the great Alexandrian geographer and astronomer, collected in his famous work, now known as the Almagest, the whole of the Greek knowledge of the habitable world; and his maps were the main geographical authority for 1,400 years, until the general renewal of learning and the recommencement of exploration by sea in the sixteenth century, subsequent to the long mediæval sleep.

It is an interesting fact that it was from the inaccuracies contained in Ptolemy's maps that Toscanelli made the scientific deductions which encouraged Columbus on his



VIII. EXAMPLE OF ROUGH ROAD SKETCH MADE ON HORSEBACK WITH WATCH AND PRISMATIC COMPASS.

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voyage to the Indies, at the outset of which he stumbled accidentally on the New World.

The earliest record which we possess of an observation being made for latitude was when Pytheas, a Grecian seaman, fixed his point of departure at Massilia (Marseilles) in 326 B.C., when starting on his voyage to discover these islands. He used a gnomon for the purpose, and observed the maximum altitude of the sun on the day of the solstice; and after making an allowance for the sun's diameter, the latitude obtained by Pytheas is found to be almost exactly what we make it at the present day.

Longitudes were reckoned by ancient geographers in distances from the "Fortunate Isles," believed to have been the Canaries, and ideas on methods of getting longitude astronomically were very confused even as late as 1600 A.D.

One of these methods—by observation of differences of time with clocks and hour-glasses, now almost entirely used in navigation — was described by Robert Hues, a mathematician and navigator, in 1594, as "an uncertaine and ticklish way."

It was only in 1736 that the chronometer was produced by John Harrison, and the principle of this instrument remains the same to the present day, though modifications have been made in details. With it, it is easy to obtain accurate longitudes on board ship, but owing to the delicacy of its mechanism it cannot be used in travelling on land, as it will only maintain a steady rate when undisturbed by shocks.

IX. CAMEL WITH THEODOLITE CROSSING THE MARADI RIVER IN FLOOD, NORTHERN NIGERIA.

X. MEASURING ROAD DISTANCES WITH THE "PERAMBULATOR."

From what has been written on the subject of triangulations it will be evident that an explorer will hardly ever have time to resort to this method of surveying, and there is little doubt that in most cases he must rely on astronomical observations to form the basis of his work (Fig. VII.).

If he keeps a daily record of his route by time and compass, and his astronomical observations are made skilfully and at each camping-place, a very useful route map should result.

In open country, bearings could be taken to distant objects on either side of the road, and from one camping-place to the last. The area mapped would be thus made much more extensive, and there would be a marked increase in accuracy.

Entries could be made in a pocket-book on horseback, and even compass bearings taken without dismounting.

The sketch reproduced in Fig. VIII. was plotted from rough notes made in the manner indicated, the record referring to a short length of road.

The bearings to points on the road should be taken as far ahead as possible, to save labour, unless, of course, frequent changes in direction take place.

Each day's sketch would also have to be proportionately expanded or contracted to make its extremities coincide with the positions of the camping-places as plotted from the astronomical observations.

Transport animals keep up a very steady rate of march, and by measuring the distance, once or twice in the course of each day's journey, covered by the head of the column in a certain time, a scale will be

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provided for plotting the entries made in the pocket-book, with which times can be converted into distances.

Or a "perambulator," on the principle of the cyclometer (see Fig. X.), may be employed for recording the actual distances covered, but the figures on the dial should be large enough to be read from the saddle, and the man in charge of it should be prevented from carrying the wheel on his head—a favourite device with African natives if left unobserved.

As regards instruments for astronomical observations, two forms are at present available—*i.e.*, the sextant and the theodolite.

The former was the outcome of a suggestion of Newton's, but it was actually devised in its present form by Hadley in 1730.

In 1787 Ramsden applied his method of dividing a whole circle accurately by machinery to the theodolite, which was invented by Sisson at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the 5-inch and 6-inch theodolites of the present day, fitted with "micrometer microscopes" for minute readings, may be looked upon as the perfection of field-observing instruments. (Fig. XI.)

The theodolite is not so portable as the sextant, but it is easier to use, and with it readings can be taken to one second of arc instead of ten. Incidentally it may here be mentioned that with the largest theodolites now constructed, readings can be taken to one-tenth of a second of arc; whereas in Ptolemy's time the "astrolabes" then in use were divided into ten-minute intervals—graduations 6,000 times as large as those of the present day.

There is now no difficulty whatever in obtaining very accurate latitudes in the field, it being by no means infrequent for a skilled observer to get two results at the same spot by separate observations on two different stars, differing from one another by less than one second of arc, or about thirty yards.

With longitudes, however, it is a very different matter. Triangulation is the only accurate method of carrying longitudes from one place to another; but when that cannot be carried out, the electric telegraph gives very good results.

A telegraphic signal is made from one station to another, and the exact local time at the instant the signal is despatched and received is noted at each station. Then on comparison of results, the difference of local time (and therefore of longitude) between the two stations is found by simple subtraction.

For instance, if the correct local time at the instant the signal is made is 10 hours 41 minutes 0 seconds at the sending-station, and it is noted (the signal is, of course, an instantaneous one) as being 10 hours 20 minutes 45·6 seconds at the receiving-station, then the difference of longitude between the two stations would be 0 hours 20 minutes 14·4 seconds in time, or (multiplying by 15) 15° 11′ 21·0″ in arc.

XI. OBSERVING WITH 6-INCH MICROMETER THEODOLITE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

The longitude obtained by this method can generally be depended on to within about half a second of time, or 250 yards near the Equator; but, unfortunately, telegraph lines are rarely near enough to an explorer to be of much use to him.

Another method, and one largely used in exploratory surveys, is to find out by astronomical observation how slow or fast a watch is on local time at one station, and then to march to another, and repeat the observation there.

Then making an allowance for the (pre-

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viously determined) "rate" of the watch in the interval, the difference of time between the two stations can be determined.

Unfortunately (as has been previously stated) ships' chronometers cannot be depended on in making land journeys; good "half-chronometers," therefore, are used instead; and by carrying a number of them—ten, if available—and making a return march if possible, fairly accurate results (perhaps within one second of time) can be expected for short distances up to 100 miles or so.

Great care must, of course, be taken in

XII. BOX CONTAINING HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCHES, CAREFULLY PACKED FOR CARRIER TRANSPORT.

handling these watches, and they take up a different "rate" on the march to what they were known to have been keeping when at rest in camp. To set them by moving the hands is fatal to accurate timekeeping, while their rates are even affected if they are allowed to stop and are then wound up again at approximately the time indicated on the dial.

On one occasion in Africa the native carrying a case of seven of these watches (of which the writer had charge) became frightened during a severe thunderstorm towards dusk, and although specially guarded by a soldier, he succeeded in escaping into the bush and deserting. The next day, after organising an extensive beat, the case was found some distance away, but near the road. All the watches had stopped, and of course a break occurred in the line of longitudes which had been kept up till that time, though fortunately this happened in an unimportant locality.

If the traveller were marching due north or south, or nearly so, and could so choose his camps that a signal from one (or a fire by night) would be seen from the next, twenty or twenty-five miles away, he could carry his longitude forward in favourable circumstances almost as satisfactorily as by triangulation (Fig. XIII.).

Accurate latitudes would have to be taken at both stations (see Fig. XIII. for a rough explanation, disregarding refinements), and the true bearing (astronomically) of one from the other.

Then in the figure the difference of latitude between the two stations, A and C, would be known (*i.e.* AB), as would the angle CAB in the right-angled triangle ABC; the difference of longitude, BC, could then be easily calculated.

Failing any of the four methods of obtaining longitude explained above, resort must be had to one of the so-called "absolute" methods.

The first of these is a photographic one, recently perfected by Major Hills (late R.E.).

Repeated photographs are taken on the same plate, at certain known times, of the moon and of several bright stars in its neighbourhood, and on developing the plate the positions of the images of the moon and stars are carefully measured with a micrometer; from these measurements the longitude of the station can be computed.

This method is capable of giving very good results; but the camera used is a very solid one, and for the best work it ought to be fixed on a built-up masonry pillar to guard against vibration. In addition, the calculations are not easily made in the field.

Longitude can also be obtained by measuring (with a sextant) the angular distance between the moon and the sun or a star or planet.

This method is a very rough one, and came into use soon after 1750, and was used by Captain Cook.

As recently as 1870–3 it was used in Sir Samuel Baker's expeditions to Central Africa, and the results of two of his observations taken at the same place (Towfikia) differ by as much as 1° 27′ of arc.

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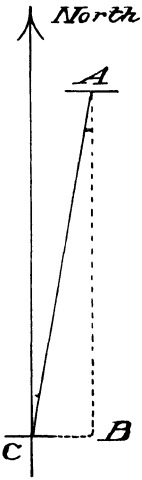

XIII. DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING METHOD OF CARRYING LONGITUDE BY MEANS OF LATITUDES AND AZIMUTHS.

A still more inaccurate method of obtaining longitude is by observing the moment at which one of Jupiter's satellites is eclipsed by the shadow of the planet itself. The phenomenon is not an instantaneous one, and observers have been known to differ as much as 40 or 50 seconds of time in the same eclipse.

Still, James Bruce in his travels to discover the source of the Nile in 1768 got some remarkably good results by this method, and Mungo Park also used it.

By far the best of the absolute methods is the "occultation" of a star by the moon. The stars, of course, appear to an observer on the earth to move in the heavens from east to west; the moon's apparent motion is also in the same direction, but its rate is not so fast; consequently, it occasionally happens that some of the stars overtake the moon and are "occulted" by its disc.

It is possible, by noting the exact instant of the disappearance of the star (or its reappearance) to obtain a very close result for the longitude of the place; in fact, the present writer has observed three separate occultations at one spot (in the Western Soudan), the resulting longitudes from which all worked out to within nine-tenths of a second of time.

A good number of these phenomena occur in the course of every year, and the data connected with them are given in the *Nautical Almanac*.

Only about half, however, are visible in any one latitude, and of these many take place either in daylight (when they cannot be seen with field instruments), or when the moon is either below the horizon or obscured by clouds; so that even in a clear, tropical climate reliance cannot be placed on more than an average of one or two being observed each month.

Most of the stars that are occulted are quite invisible to the naked eye, being of the fifth, sixth, or seventh magnitudes. A powerful field telescope is therefore necessary, but even then the observation is a somewhat difficult one when the star is very small and is entering or leaving the bright limb of the moon.

The traveller fixes up his instrument, whenever possible, within the walls of a native hut of which the roof has been removed, as the slightest puff of wind sets up vibration, during which the occultation might take place without being noticed.

The strain caused by such a close examination of the moon's disc can be minimised by predicting the times at which the immersion and emersion takes place. This can be done to within a few minutes of the correct instants, if a fairly approximate longitude is used in the computation; and almost the exact spot on the moon's circumference from which the star will emerge can also be found beforehand by prediction.

An explorer can almost always find time for astronomical observations at night. With these, and careful road sketches, a very accurate route can be kept. Or if time cannot be found for the sketches, most of the important details passed, such as villages and rivers, can be put in approximately by memory on reaching camp, by estimating the number of miles covered from the start.

Of course, trained surveyors, if they accompanied the expedition specially for the purpose, could do a great deal of useful and accurate mapping, without causing any delay, by "plane-tabling"; or if in a rough, mountainous country, by photography. But a description of such work would be out of place in this article.

XIV. FIELD ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE PACKED FOR CAMEL TRANSPORT.

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"THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH."
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART.

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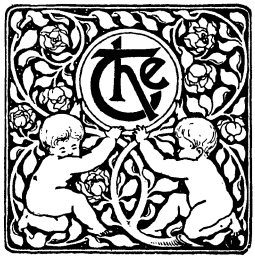
THE KING'S BARGAIN.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.



QUEEN Dowager was standing before a window in that room of the little summer palace which was called the King's Cabinet, when a lackey entered to say that Lady Mary Chalmers had come in from her morning walk, and asked if she might pay her respects to Her Majesty. The Queen said—

"Yes, yes, of course!" and turned away from the window. A moment afterwards, a very beautiful girl, who might have been eighteen or twenty years old, but could not by any possibility have been anything but English, came into the room. She paused at the door to make a curtsy, but the Queen went forward to meet her, and took the girl's head between her hands and kissed both the fresh young cheeks. She said—

"My dear child, I have told you forty times not to curtsy to me nor to strew roses in my path as I walk about. We're very informal here in Traumland; we have few manners. We have less manners than any Court I ever saw, and that is saying a great deal. Did you have a pleasant walk in the park?"

"Oh, beautiful, ma'am," said the girl. "I have never seen such a magnificent park, never! But, then, everything is so beautiful here!" The elder woman laughed briefly.

"Oh, yes," she said. "We have no end of scenery. We have a disgusting amount of scenery, but I could wish that we had a few other things." She slipped one fat arm round the girl's shoulders, and her good-natured, trivially clever face showed a very real feeling which was not often there. She said—

"You are so very like your poor dear mother, child! You are astonishingly like her. It takes me back forty years each time I look at you."

The two spoke in Lady Mary's language, for the Queen was half English herself, and English was the tongue habitually spoken by all the royal family when they were in private. Indeed, both the present King and Prince Karl, his younger brother, had been at Eton, as have many European royalties within the past half-century. Lady Mary's mother, who was now dead, had been, in her early life, a very intimate friend of the then Crown Princess of Traumland-Märchen, and that is why Lady Mary had come to make a visit at the little Court.

"I'm sorry," said the Queen, "that we couldn't have driven into the city for the review this morning; but—well, to tell the truth, Molly, Louis asked me—the King asked me—not to come and not to let you come. There was reason for believing that the review wouldn't be pleasant in all ways."

The girl said—

"Yes, yes, I know, ma'am." And Queen Catherine turned a little away and frowned out of the window, which gave upon the palace gardens and upon the great park beyond, and so to the hollow valley and the far snow-capped mountains.

"It's all this wretched racing and gambling Bill!" she said irritably. "A huge Russian and German syndicate—is that what they're called? Syndicates?—is behind it, and that unspeakable cad, Tarnau, the President of the Chamber, has been working hard for it and making the people believe that it ought to be passed. Louis won't have it. He insists that it would morally ruin the country, just as his father used in his day to insist. So, of course, the people hate him more than they ever did; and he was never popular. He never tried to be; he loathes reigning, you know. He never wanted to reign. He has romantic ideas about personal freedom and all that. Karl should have been the elder of the two; he'd have made a better king. Karl has the showy qualities, and the people adore him."

She laughed.

"It is a rather quaint situation, is it not?" she said. "Here is a king who would give almost anything in the world to leave his throne, and whom almost everybody wants

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to leave it, and yet he sticks—for a scruple. I should think the situation is unique."

"Of course," she added, "he'll have to surrender in the end. That's plain." But the young English girl shook her head.

"I think he'll never surrender while he is alive, ma'am," said she. And then, while the Queen looked at her curiously, she said: "And, besides, the Emperor may intercede for him."

"Oh, you knew that he'd written to Vienna?" said the elder woman. "Yes, possibly the Emperor may help him. Possibly. I don't know."

There came to them from the direction of the inner court a faint clattering as of horses' hoofs, and the Queen crossed the room and parted the curtains of the window to look.

"Here is Louis, now," she said. "He is back from the review with his staff." She turned away from the window, saying: "He is sure to come here. We might wait for him and ask how the review went. Then I must be off to my sulphur bath. I have it each day at twelve."

They heard steps in the anteroom without, and the sound of the King's voice speaking. Then, after a moment, he appeared in the doorway and came into the room. He was a tall man and gaunt, and he moved as if he were tired. His eyes looked tired also, and as if he had not slept enough. The hair at his temples and before his ears was greying a little. He looked past forty, but in reality he was a year or two under it.

Lady Mary Chalmers had drawn aside, so that the King did not see her at once; but he greeted his mother pleasantly, albeit with an air half absent, and kissed her upon both cheeks. The Queen said, pointing—

"Molly is here," and he turned swiftly towards her, and something came into his eyes which had not before been there.

"I'm off at once to my sulphur bath, Louis," the Queen said. "I only waited to hear how the review went."

And the King gave a little bitter laugh. He said: "Badly! badly! badly! To speak quite frankly, my dear mother," said he, "I have the honour to be the best hated man in Traumland."

"Oh, Louis," she said, "why don't you give in to them?" He did not answer her, but only shook his head, smiling, and the Queen crossed the room to the door, saying: "Ah, well! I'm off."

Lady Mary Chalmers started after her, but the King held out his hand.

"Don't go just yet, Lady Molly," he said. "Stay a bit and—cheer me up!" She hesitated a moment at the threshold, and at last turned back into the room. The door closed behind her, and the two were alone, together.

They did not speak for a little while, but presently the young English girl came to where the King stood beside a great square table which was at one side of the room, littered with papers and books and writing things.

"You look very, very tired," she said; and it was noticeable that she did not use the "Sir," or any formal address. She said: "Are things going so very badly?"

"As badly as they can," said the King. "I was hissed in the streets to-day, Molly, hissed as I rode at the head of my own army. Someone in the crowd even threw a stone!"

"Oh, the brutes!" she cried. "The brutes! Oh, how can they be so blind?"

"It's easy enough to be blind," said he. "It's a commonplace. Mind you, I'm not complaining; I deserve all this. I've been a bad king, Molly."

She said: "I don't believe it." And the King laughed a little, looking down upon her.

"Yes," he said, "I've been a bad king. I've shut myself up when I should have been out doing the 'popular idol' sort of thing. I've neglected my duties. I've let the people govern themselves—or, worse, I've let such men as that devil Tarnau govern them, without even taking enough interest in the thing to look on. Now I'm getting what I deserve."

"But they're so blind! so blind!" she cried. "They won't even see that you have their interest at heart now!"

"Why should they see it?" he asked. "I've never had their interest at heart before. Oh, I don't blame them."

The girl was silent for a little, frowning away across the room.

"What," she said at last, "what are you going to do?"

"Wait for the Emperor's word," said he. "Without him I'm helpless—tied hand and foot. Without him, Molly, they have me. They have me with my back against the wall. I should have had his reply yesterday. The messenger should have come by the Orient Express. He must somehow have been delayed, and so he'll come to-day. The train arrives in the city at eleven forty-five. Half an hour more to drive out here——" He pulled out his watch, and his hands were

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"'He'll not help you?' she said in a whisper."

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unsteady: "The man should be here very soon, now." The King began to walk up and down the room very restlessly. "I tell you, Molly," he cried, "I can't bear this waiting much longer. I haven't slept for three nights. I feel like a man in a fever—trying to hold up the walls with his own hands so that they shan't fall on him. If the Emperor should fail me!"

The English girl went to him and touched his arm. She said—

"Ah, he won't fail you! He—can't!" And the King said nervously—

"No, no! Of course he won't. To be sure he won't. He—can't, can he? But if—oh, I'm an old woman! This wretched business has torn my nerves to shreds. Jove! if he should fail me!" He dropped down upon a chair that was beside one of the windows, and took his head between his clenched hands. And after a little, Lady Mary came and knelt upon the floor near him, sitting back upon her heels in that mysterious fashion young girls have.

"They—*hissed* you in the street!" she said after a long pause. "I—can't forget that. The brutes! Oh, the brutes!" The man made a little weary gesture, but he did not speak, and presently she went on—

"They don't deserve to have you fighting for their good. They don't deserve to have you at all. It would serve them quite right if you *should* abdicate and leave them to their own devices."

"If I only could!" he said in a whisper. "If only I could! Molly, I—dream sometimes of doing that—of shaking the dust of this beastly place from my feet and never coming back. Oh, Molly, to be *free, free!* You don't know what slavery is."

The girl stared up into his face.

"You—*could* do it, couldn't you?" she said, and she, too, spoke in a whisper. "You could say: 'All this responsibility is hateful to me. The people don't understand. They don't even want me here. Why not leave it all and be free?'"

And the King said slowly—

"If I—if I should decide to do that—if I should make a clean sweep of them all and free myself—become not Louis Ferdinand, King of Traumland-Märchen, but Louis Ferdinand, private gentleman—if I should do that, Molly, would you—come with me?"

She hid her face in her hands and she began to sob.

"Oh, you know!" she cried out.

"I've dreamed of that, Molly," said the King. "I've dreamed of it and thought it was so, and then waked into—this." He made a gesture which swept the room about them.

"Molly!" he said, whispering, "shall I throw them over? They're not worth fighting for." The King's face was white and strained, and his eyes burned sombrely from it. The young English girl kneeling beside him raised her head and looked at him. And so they rested breathless for a little space which seemed like eternity.

But at last she said—

"No, no! they're not worth fighting for, but—your honour is. You can't desert them in the face of danger, can you? Not even if they welcome the danger and hate you for saving them from it. Your honour is wrapped up in all this, isn't it?"

And he said, bending his head down so that his eyes were hidden—

"Yes, yes!"

"Oh," she cried, "if it weren't! If you could set yourself free!" But the King sprang to his feet with a sort of cry and went across the room to the great writing-table and stood there with his back turned. He said presently—

"Let's not—think of that, Molly!"

There came a knocking at the door. The King swung round with blazing eyes.

"The messenger!" he cried in a swift whisper. "The Emperor's messenger!" And after a moment he said aloud: "Come in!"

A lackey bowed profoundly from the doorway. He said—

"Baron Tarnau's homage, Your Majesty! His Excellency wishes to know if he could be granted an audience. He——"

"No, he can't!" said the King. "Tarnau be—— Tell him when I want him, I'll send for him." The lackey withdrew, staring, and King Louis Ferdinand dropped down into the armchair behind his big table and covered his face with his hands.

"Jove!" he said, after a little, "my—nerves are in a bad way!"

"I wish I could help!" the girl cried softly. "Oh, I wish I could help!"

"Molly! Molly!" groaned the King. He rose again to his feet and began to move restlessly about the room.

"If only I'd a *man* to pass the sceptre to!" he said. "If I could retire and leave a *man* in my place! Karl is as weak as a rope of sand. Tarnau would own him body and——" He halted midway in his sentence, for again there came a rapping at the door. He swallowed once and called out—

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"Come in!"

The same lackey spoke from the doorway.

"A gentleman, Your Majesty, just arrived from the Vienna train."

The King stood still beside the writing-table, and his face was white. He said in a steady voice—

"Show the gentleman in—and close the door behind him." He looked towards Lady Mary Chalmers, and she moved into one of the deep window embrasures, where she was hidden from sight.

The messenger entered—a man of middle age, in travelling clothes which he wore with that unaccustomed air characteristic of men who are habitually in uniform. He bowed very low, and the King nodded to him. The King said—

"You are—from the Emperor? You carry a message?" The gentleman bowed again, saying—

"Yes, Your Majesty, a letter. The instructions of the Emperor were that I should put it into Your Majesty's own hands." But the King broke in upon him impatiently.

"Yes, yes! The letter!"

The messenger said—

"With Your Majesty's permission," and unbuttoned his jacket, disclosing a flat, leathern wallet strapped to his waist. He unlocked this with a key and drew out a sealed letter. "Your Majesty will observe," said he, "that the Emperor's seal is unbroken."

The King took the letter from him and started to tear it open, but halted. He said—

"I thank you for this service. If it is possible for you to remain with us overnight, I should like you to take my reply to His Majesty the Emperor."

And the messenger bowed, murmuring that he was altogether at His Majesty's commands. He backed to the door and bowed there again, and the lackey let him out.

But when the door had closed, Lady Mary Chalmers came from her hiding-place and stood waiting. The King looked towards her once and broke the seals of the Emperor's letter. He seemed to read very slowly, and he seemed to read the document over many times, as if he did not at once understand the sense of it. But at last he looked up, and his face was without expression. One shaking hand crumpled the paper into a ball, dropped it to the floor, and the King stood still in the centre of the room, his eyes fixed upon vacancy.

After a time the English girl crept nearer, her hands pressed over her heart. She was as pale as the man who stood there, still.

"He'll not—the Emperor will not—help you?" she said in a whisper.

"No!" said the King, shaking his head. "No," he said gently, "the Emperor won't help." The girl gave a shuddering cry, and the cry seemed somehow to wake the man from his stupor. He moved heavily across the room and sat down in one of the chairs that were there.

"Read it," he said, still in his odd, gentle tone; "read it if you like." And the girl dropped upon her knees and caught up the crumpled ball of paper. She smoothed it and read aloud in swift snatches.

"'My heart—with you, dear Louis, in this crisis.' (Oh, words, words!) 'It is very bitter to me to have to fail Stefan's son in an hour of need. Our relations with—other Power, whose name I need not mention—strained already, almost to breaking point. An added strain—fatal to peace of all Europe.' (Oh, that's cowardly, cowardly!)"

The King made a faint, protesting gesture, but she read on unheeding.

"'Were Traumland actually under our own wing, as in contingency provided for at—time you were given your independence—I should stand firm against this matter, for I believe with you—fatal to any State. But under present conditions——'" She looked up at the King with puzzled brows.

"What does the Emperor mean by that?" she demanded; "'were Traumland under his own wing?'" And the King answered her indifferently—

"Oh, if Karl and I should both die without issue—that is, the line become extinct—the State would revert to the Empire, become an Austrian Crown-land. Of course——"

He rose suddenly to his feet, and a wave of crimson surged up over his pale cheeks and ebbed again, and his eyes opened very wide; but Lady Mary did not see, she had once more turned to the Emperor's letter, and she began to read from where she had left off.

"'Under the present conditions, I——'"

"Wait!" said the King in a sharp tone. "Wait, please!" He came slowly to the centre of the room, his eyes afar, with strange lights in them.

"If Karl and I——" he said under his voice, and stopped.

"Karl—and—I——" he said again.

Lady Mary got to her feet and came quickly to where he stood.

"What is it?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

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"Eh?" said the King very absently. "I wonder now!" She put out a hand upon his arm and shook the arm a little to recall the man's attention. And she began suddenly to tremble with vague, unformed fears.

"What are you going to do?" she begged of him. "Oh, what are you going to do? Won't you tell me? Please!"

The King's eyes sharpened to attention, and he bent over her with a little smile. He said—

"Why, nothing so very dreadful, I—hope, Molly. It's only that. Why, I've found a way. I've found a way."

"What way?" she cried. "Tell me what way! I'm afraid. What are you going to do?"

He took her by the shoulders with his two hands and looked a long time into her beautiful face.

"You must go now, Molly!" he said. "I must see Karl. I must tell Karl about my new way." He continued to smile into her eyes, but very gravely. The girl caught a swift breath.

"You're going to do something—terrible," she said, watching him. She continued: "I'm afraid. I'm afraid. What are you going to do?"

"Only show Karl my new way," said he, and, after a moment, she turned away and moved towards the door of the room. She was shivering, but she bent her head so that the man should not see her face. At the door he called her back—

"Molly!" and came half way to meet her. And again he held her with his hands and looked down into her eyes. He said—

"Whatever I may be going to do, Molly, it's right. I'm sure it's right." And she said very sadly—

"Yes, I know. My King can do no wrong," and again she left him, and in a moment the King heard the door close behind her.

After a few moments he rang, and a servant came. The King said—

"Find Prince Karl and tell him that I wish to see him here at once." The man bowed and went away, and for a time the King stood where he was, buried, it would seem, in thought, his hand stirring among the littered papers which lay upon the big writing-table. But presently he seemed to wake from his apathy with a quick sigh. He pulled open a drawer of the table and from out it drew a pistol. He laid this among the heap of papers in such a way that it was hidden from sight, and then turned back into the room as the lackey announced from the doorway—

"His Royal Highness Prince Karl!"

The King's younger brother was a man of seven or eight and twenty, but he looked younger. He was a handsome lad, quick-eyed and bright-skinned. He had a look of his mother. He said—

"Want to see me, Louis?"

The King said "Yes," and, as Prince Karl came down the room, passed him and went to the door. To the servant who stood there he said—

"You need not wait in the anteroom. Go out and close the door. Let no one into the anteroom."

The lackey bowed.

"I do not wish to be interrupted for an hour," the King said. "In an hour come and knock at this door." The man bowed and went away, and the King locked the door and put the key into his pocket. Prince Karl was lighting a cigarette at the other end of the room, and had neither heard nor seen. But when the elder man turned back to him, he threw away his match and gave a little amused laugh.

"Well, Louis," he said lightly, "still for fighting? Or are you ready to retire with honours?"

"If I could retire with *honour*, Karl," said the King, "I should do it very quickly; but I'm afraid it can't be done."

Prince Karl laughed again, shaking his head.

"I'm afraid you can't be so particular," said he. "I'm afraid we have you—I mean——" He halted suddenly when he realised what he had said, and a swift flash of crimson burned in his cheeks.

The King looked at him gravely.

"'We'?" he commented. "'*We*'?"

"I didn't mean that," said the other sullenly. "It was a—slip of the tongue."

But the King threw up his head with an odd gesture as of one impatient to be done with pretence.

"Why not be frank, you and I?" said he. "After all, why not be frank? Karl, you'd like a crown, wouldn't you? You'd be glad to rule in my place?"

The younger man looked away with a very poor assumption of indifference. He said—

"Oh, I don't know! I've had nothing to do with all this row, you know."

"Come, Karl!" said the King, "be honest!" And, after a moment, the lad turned to him sharply.

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"'You've got to do it, Karl,' he said in a low voice."

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"Well, then, I *should* like it. No good my denying that."

"Quite so!" said the King. "We're getting on. You'd like the crown. How much will you give for it?"

Prince Karl stared.

"Cash?" he inquired. "Jove, you're turning a mercenary beggar, Louis! You must be going to set up in trade."

"Not cash," said the King. "Conditions—concessions. Suppose—mind you, we're only supposing—suppose I were to abdicate in your favour, as everybody wants me to do—step down—get out. You'd be willing, I take it, to trade for what I was giving you—something valuable to me? What? Fair exchange, in other words."

"What could I give?" demanded the younger man. "I've nothing to give. What do you mean?"

"This," said the King, and faced him, frowning very earnestly—"this. You know what I'm fighting against at present. You know I believe, as our father believed, that this racing and gambling Concession would be ruinous to the country. For the money it would bring here, the gaiety, the fun, we should have to give our honour, our respectable standing among nations. All Europe would come here to play roulette, but all Europe would point at us a finger of scorn. We should be a discredited State, a shady object of ridicule and contempt—another Monaco. Against such a calamity as that I shall fight to the last, bitterest end."

"Hear, hear!" applauded Prince Karl. "But what has all this virtuous sentiment got to do with the question, my good brother? What have I to trade with you?"

"Your promise," said the King slowly—"your oath not to allow this gambling Concession to be granted. Promise that, and I will sign an abdication to-night."

The younger man gave a brief laugh of sheer amazement. He said—

"Oh, don't be an utter fool, Louis! Look here," he said, "you've worried over this business too long. It has turned your head."

"There is my offer, Karl," said the King. "You may do as you please about it."

The other man stared into his face.

"Do you mean that you're serious?" he cried.

"Quite!" said the King. "I make this offer because I realise that my usefulness as ruler is nearly at an end. That rascal Tarnau has spread so much dissatisfaction among the people that I shall be able to do less with them than you could do. You could get rid of Tarnau, and then take a firm stand on the gambling matter. And you'd win—hands down. I'm too unpopular to do it."

Prince Karl took another cigarette from from his case and tried to light it, but his fingers shook over the work, and in the end the match went out and dropped curling to the floor, with the tobacco still unlighted. Suddenly he turned to his brother with a suspicious frown.

"Yes, look here!" he cried. "Look here! I thought you were going to win, hands down, yourself, by appealing to the Emperor. He has gone back on you, eh? Aha! I thought he would. I knew he would."

The King shook his head gravely.

"On the contrary, my dear Karl," said he, "the Emperor suggests a way out of the difficulty. I may have to take it, but I should prefer not. I should prefer to reserve it—as a last resort. Come! I have made you a fair offer. Think it over, my boy! Think it over."

The younger man gave a little exclamation of disgust.

"That's nonsense!" said he—"utter nonsense! That's out of the question. Why, Tarnau and Hilkoff know perfectly well that I want the Concession granted."

"Are you definitely pledged?" demanded the King. "Have you given them any promises?" The younger man hesitated.

"Well—no," he said. "No, I suppose not. It wasn't necessary. They knew what I thought."

"Then," said the King, "you owe them nothing."

"But, hang it, Louis!" the boy cried, "I couldn't stand out against that old devil Tarnau any more than you've done. Tarnau's too strong for us. He's the master here. *We* aren't."

"You must get rid of Tarnau, Karl," said the King earnestly. "Kick him out—throw him out—and justify yourself for it afterwards. Tarnau is the cancer in our body-politic. He must be cut out. Oh, yes!"—as the other tried to interrupt—"yes, it can be done. The King has that privilege. There are a hundred things you could prove against him for excuse—afterwards. And the people won't be difficult. They're fond of you. They'd bear a facer from you that would stir up a revolution if I should deal it. Come, Karl, my boy! You've always wanted to reign. Here's your chance now!"

The younger man began to pace up and down the room, his head bent, his cheeks

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flushed, his two hands twisting together behind him, but abruptly he halted before his brother. He said—

"There's something fishy in all this. You're too obviously anxious! Hang it! why should I be making you promises? I shall be King soon enough without them. We've got you, Louis, and you know it! You can't move hand or foot. If you don't abdicate of your own free will, you'll be forced into it by a revolution. Make you promises? Never! I shall get what I want without any of your help, and I shall do as I jolly well please afterwards. I want the gambling and racing. Everybody but you wants them. Trade with you? No—no! That's flat!" He dropped into a chair, breathing a bit hard, and his hands twisted nervously upon the chair's arms.

"Your last word, Karl?" asked the King after a pause.

"Quite!" said the younger man sharply.

The King gave a little sigh.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm very sorry. But there's still a way." He crossed to the big writing-table and stood there with his back to the room. After a moment he turned again and approached the chair where his brother sat frowning. The pistol that he had previously hidden among the papers was in his hand, but he did not raise it.

"You've got to do it, Karl," he said in a low voice.

The lad gave a sudden gasping cry and shrank back into the depths of the armchair. He raised a face that had gone all at once white and drawn and fixed like a strange mask. His lips moved, but at first no sound came from them, only a sort of inarticulate whispering. At last he said—

"Louis! What do you—mean? What do you mean? You wouldn't—dare!"

"It's the only way," said the King quietly. "You've got to give your promise, Karl."

"You—wouldn't dare!" whispered the man with the masklike face. "Kill me?" he cried, "shoot me down like a cornered rat because I'm in your way? You wouldn't dare! Louis, you're—mad! Why, look here!" His voice rose hoarsely. "What good would it—do you? You'd gain nothing. You're mad, mad!"

"You must give me your promise, Karl," said the King again. "I'm not joking," he said, as the boy before him began a shaky laugh. "I'm very serious. You must give me your promise—on oath—or this is the end."

"Fair play!" sneered the younger man; "fair play to shoot down an unarmed man! You ought to be proud."

"I fight as best I can," said the King. "Foul play, eh? How about *you*, my lad—you and Tarnau? The game you've been playing for this past month is spelled *treason—treason!* I'm fighting for Traumland and for the honour of our house. I fight as best I can. Listen, Karl! You spoke the truth a few moments ago. I was against the wall. You had me, you and your friends Tarnau and Hilkoff; I couldn't move hand or foot. You had me safer than you knew, for the Emperor refused to help me. But the Emperor, my good brother, though he did not know it, suggested a way. These are his words as nearly as I can remember: 'Were Traumland actually under our own wing, as in the contingency provided for, etc., I should stand firm against this gambling, for I believe, with you, that it is fatal to any State.' Do you understand?"

"No," said Prince Karl shortly.

"What would become of Traumland-Märchen, Karl," said the King, "if you and I were out of the way—dead without issue?"

"Why," said he slowly, and staring up into the elder man's face, "why—it would become an Austrian Crown-land—*Louis! Louis!*"

"Exactly," said the King.

The lad rose slowly to his feet, staring, and he put out a hand that faltered towards his brother.

"And you—that's what you mean?" he said in a still whisper. "You're going to—do for us both?"

"It's the only way," said the King; "Traumland would be safe then."

Prince Karl drew a long breath, staring into the King's expressionless face. Presently he moved past him and began to walk nervously back and forth from one side of the room to the other. The King went to the great writing-table and sat against the edge of it, watching. He was aware that presently a strain, a sort of rigidity came into his brother's drooping figure, and that the lad in each of his turns back and forth across the room drew a very little nearer the door; but he watched and waited, saying no word.

At last Prince Karl—he was near his goal now—stole one quick look over his shoulder, saw that the King's hands were down, and made a run for the door. His body crashed against its panels, but the door held.

"Oh, yes, it's locked," said the King. "I have the key. And it will do you no good

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to shout. There is no one in the ante-room."

Prince Karl gave a sort of sob and turned slowly back. He dropped again into the armchair where he had sat before, and covered his face with his hands. After a pause, the King stirred behind him.

"It grows late, Karl," said he. "Do we trade, you and I? do we trade?" And the younger man lifted his hands in a little weary gesture of defeat, saying—

"Oh, you have me!"

"On your sacred honour?" demanded the voice behind.

"Honour!" he said.

The pistol dropped clattering from the King's hand, and he pressed his hands over his eyes. He was shaking, who had been so calm, shaking like a man in an ague-fit. But after a time he pulled himself together and came across the room. He said—

"What's the most sacred thing in this world to you, Karl?"

The lad shook his head without looking up.

"I don't know," he said dully.

"Ah!" said the King, "I have it!" He went to the fireplace opposite the western windows. There was a high mantel there, and over it hung the portrait of a stern-looking, elderly gentleman in royal robes—the late King. Just beneath the gold frame of the portrait, held in place by two pegs driven into the wall, rested a sword. It was not a weapon of ceremony, inlaid with gold and encrusted with jewels. It looked as if it had seen hard service.

"Our father's sword," said the King. "The sword he won Traumland's freedom with. A man couldn't swear anything lightly or falsely on that sword, could he? If he should—the hell he'd go to would pay him out, I think. No, we're our father's sons, we couldn't swear falsely on his sword." He took the weapon down from its supports and held it very reverently in his two hands. And he turned to the man in the chair.

"Karl, come here!" The lad rose to his feet and came forward.

"Put your hands between mine on the sword, Karl," said the King, "and swear that you'll never countenance organised gambling in Traumland, that you'll fight against it now and as long as you live, and that so far as lies in your power as King you will forbid it."

"I—swear," said Prince Karl.

He remained standing where he was, with bent head and downcast eyes, but the King replaced the sword and went back across the room. He unlocked the door and returned to the great writing-table and seated himself behind it. He made a little whimsical bow and gesture towards his brother.

"His Majesty Karl Wilhelm Otto, King of Traumland-Märchen!" he said, and the lad's head went up and he gave a little inarticulate cry.

Afterwards he seemed to wish to say something, but it was obviously difficult for him to speak. He stammered—

"Louis, I—I don't want you to think I behaved like a—like a blackguard about all this. I—don't want you to think I worked against you. I didn't. Only they—Tarnau and—and Hilkoff. Well, I feel rather——"

"My dear Karl," said the King, "I cherish no resentment whatever—no animosity. My one sensation at the moment is that of unspeakable, incredible relief. Presently I shall dance and sing, but for a little while I should like to be alone."

The other said hurriedly—

"Yes, yes, yes, of course; I'll go. We'll—talk about—ways and means and all that, later on." He went quickly to the door, as if he were glad to be released, and so out of the room. The King rang and, when a servant appeared, gave him an order. Afterwards he employed a brief interval with removing from his breast and collar and shoulder the various orders and insignia which he had worn during the review and had not yet had an opportunity of laying aside. They made, with their jewelled clasps and their bright ribbons, an impressive little heap on the table before him, but the King poked them with a disdainful finger, and once even so far forgot himself as to shake a savage fist at them, as if they were something to be hated or despised.

Then the lackey spoke from the doorway and the door closed. The King sprang to his feet, and Lady Mary Chalmers came very slowly towards him across the floor. She looked into his face, and once glanced from him to the heap of jewels and coloured ribbons on the writing-table, and so back again, and she caught up her hands to her breast and stood still.

"I'm—free, Molly!" said the King in a half-whisper.

"Molly! Molly!"

She came towards him again, her eyes fixed upon his face, but the King put out his arms, and she came more swiftly, and at the last she ran, and so the King's arms closed about her.

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THE TRIALS OF TRAVEL.

SMALL BOY (insinuatingly): Carry the bag for a tanner, sir? Carry it for threepence—go on, I'll carry it for tuppence. (Very loudly, as his offer is refused): Hi, Bill, there's a bloke 'ere as wants 'is bag carried for a 'a'penny!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

TOUT CHANGE.

IN olden days the sighing swain
His Chloe's lips did fondly praise:
Each eyebrow earned its special ode—
But that was in romantic days.

Beneath her casement after dark,
Guitar in hand, he used to sing.
But now he takes her to the "links"
And teaches her the way to "swing."

He does not say her shining orbs
Put Phœbus' very self to shame,
But drawls, if passion stirs to praise,
"You play a very decent game."

He wants no shepherdess in silk,
No dainty dame with cunning patch:
But someone with a handicap
That's not too far removed from "scratch."

He wants a modern sort of wife,
No maid who craves a dish of tea:
She must be sound in wind and limb,
No victim to the "vapours" she.

His idol neither sings nor spins,
But "bridge" with subtle skill she plays.
Her grandma danced a minuet—
But that was in romantic days.

George Frederic Turner.

A TRAVELLER returning from an extended trip was about to cross the last river on the way to the railway station for home.

"Say, cap'n," he said as he stepped timidly into the rickety old craft, "this boat seems very shaky! Was anybody ever lost in her?"

"Not ter my knowledge," replied the boatman. "There was three men drownded from her last Thursday, but we found them all next high tide, the day after."

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THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN.

ALTHOUGH Sylvia expressed her willingness to marry Sam eventually, she showed an irritating reluctance to name the day—"For I think it only right," she remarked privately, "to try him to the uttermost before taking the irrevocable step." It was with this end in view, therefore, that she desired him to accompany her to Buckle and Holdfast's winter sale; and though, as the sequel proved, the excursion had the effect of precipitating matters, it was hardly in the way that Sylvia had anticipated.

"In case there's a scramble inside," she remarked, when they arrived at the door, "you'd better keep close to me, and hold the things I take a fancy to, so that I can sort out afterwards what I really want. But mind you keep me in sight, and, whatever you do, don't let go of the things!"

Sam had never said "No" to Sylvia yet; still, his assent was a little doubtful as he followed her across the threshold. They had evidently hit on a remnant day, and at sight of the press round the counters Sylvia's eye glittered, her cheek flushed darkly, and she took off her gloves. Like her adversaries, she quickly reverted to the manners of childhood, and being also a young lady of daring and resource, in a wonderfully short time Sam's arms supported a double roll of damask, traywise, on the top of which lay a pale blue bathing costume, a blouse-length of flowered chiffon, a wreath of sequined forget-me-nots, half-a-dozen pairs of stockings, and various odd lengths of white lace insertion and embroidery trimming.

HISTORY BY PRESUMPTION.

GOVERNESS: That's Joan of Arc, Dolly. Now, who was she?

DOLLY: Noah's wife, I expect!

NOTHING IF NOT NAUTICAL.

ANXIOUS TRAVELLER: I say, young man, is your 'bus a pirate?

CONDUCTOR: Lor' bless yer, mum, it's a bloomin' man-o'-war!

His troubles, however, did not really begin till he lost his hat. It was during a cross-rush from the blouse department to the mantles that this misfortune happened. His hands were full, and he dared not relinquish Sylvia's plunder in order to pick it up again, even if he had been man enough to rake for his property among so many frenzied little feet.

The same rush also separated him from his *fiancée*, and it was while he was endeavouring to reach a tilted toque that resembled hers that topped a neighbouring *mêlée* that he felt a tug at his arm, and, gripping his burdens closer to his breast, he discovered a good-natured, vulgar-looking person gazing up at him with a look of wild entreaty in her face and a red velvet bolero in her hand.

"*You* don't insist on my keeping this, sir, do you?" she ejaculated; "it girts me under the arms something *crool*."

Sam was always an easy prey to woman in distress.

"Certainly not, madam," he replied soothingly.

Intense gratitude lent a touch of beauty to her florid face as she struggled back to the counter exclaiming—

"There, miss; I *needn't* keep it—the shop-walker says so!"

Sam might possibly have followed and disclaimed the title, had not his attention been attracted to a pretty, dark girl, who had seized the pale blue bathing costume he was carrying, evidently under the impression he was a perambulating tray of special bargains—an impression shared by her mother, an austere-looking widow.

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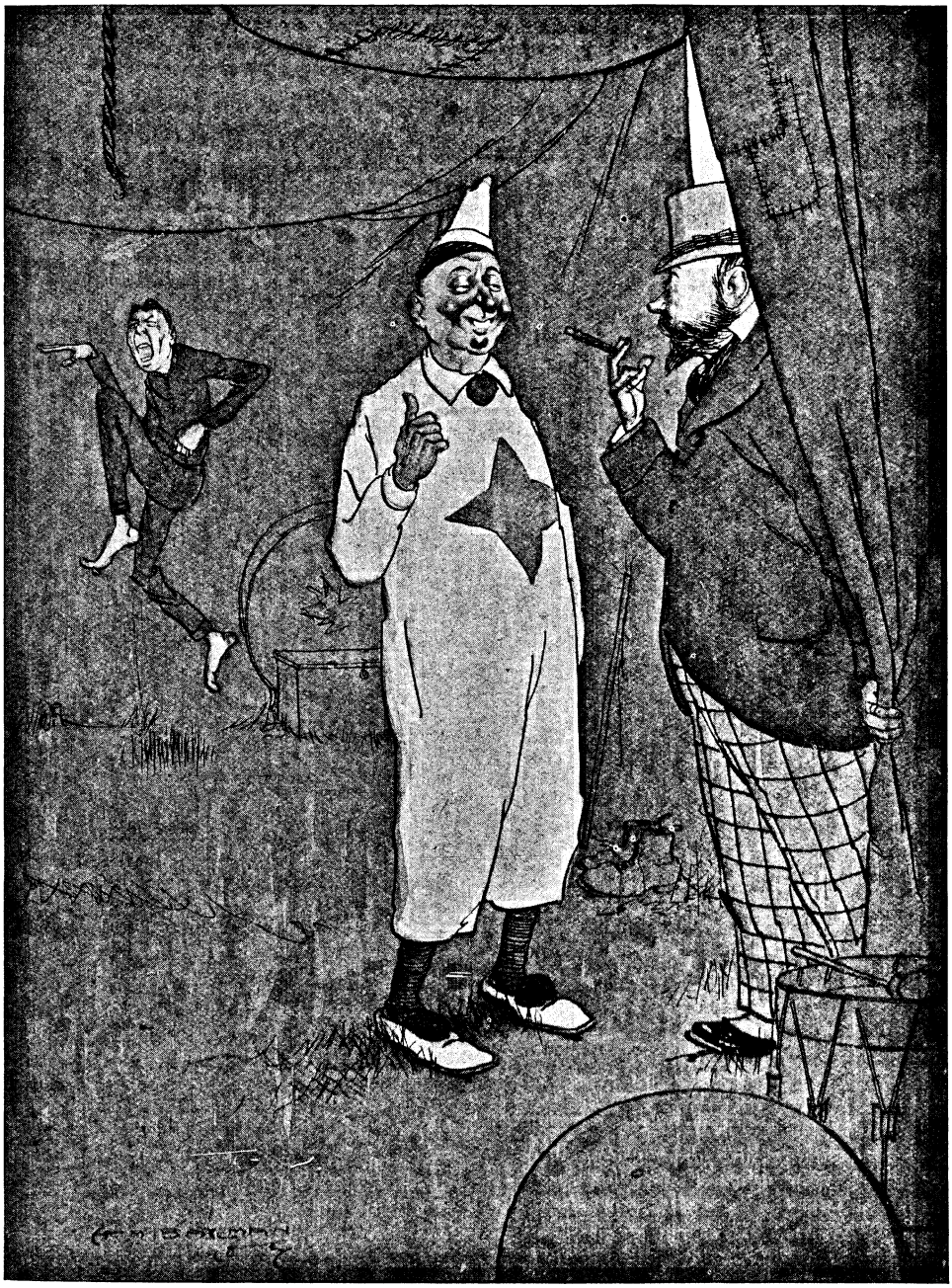

AT THE SEASIDE CIRCUS.

CIRCUS MANAGER: Here, I say, what's all the row in this tent?

CLOWN: Oh, *such* fun! The man who walks barefooted on the razor blades has just run a splinter in his foot.

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"You see, it's just my size, too, mummy," she was saying, as she held it against her to try the length; "and half the price I should have to give for it in the ordinary way—and such a sweet colour!"

"As a matter of fact," interposed Sam, with a nervous smile, "it's—er—not for sale."

"Do you mean it's sold?"' snapped the widow.

"Well—er—not exactly sold; but I'm trying to reserve it for another lady."

At this both mother and daughter exchanged indignant glances.

"But you've no right to do that," exclaimed the widow. "Mr. Buckle never allows his assistants to show favour. He has told me so. I shall report you at once. Edith, bring the costume with you." And they hastened away.

Visions of Sylvia's wrath moved Sam to follow but at that moment he felt a gentle touch, and looking down, surrendered immediately to circumstances. She was the prettiest little person in the world, with very fair hair and very blue eyes—the type of siren that brings a sympathetic element into her shopping, inasmuch as she recognises the man in the counter-jumper.

"You know, this isn't cheap, *really*," she cooed, taking up the flowered chiffon and frowning critically at it; "but it's quite angelic, and just my colour—isn't it?" She lifted her blue eyes to his face, and, reading a satisfactory reply, rippled on: "It's all very well calling it 'sale price,' but I can buy it at one-and-elevenpence a yard, and one doesn't really want this extra half-yard thrown in, does one? Can't you mark it a *little* lower?"

"Impossible!" said Sam, smiling tenderly.

"Oh, you cruel person! then I shan't have it. But, oh, what *darlings!*" taking up the sequined forget-me-nots; "they'll just do for Betty. I want to make her a little present, you know. She's such a dear, and they suit her better than me, because my hair is really too light—isn't it?"

Sam shook his head and looked appreciatively at her flaxen curls. She tossed them back with a little laugh and became engrossed in the remnants of white lace insertion and embroidery.

"These *are* really cheap," she cried; "but I don't know which is best for camisoles. Lace is always dainty-looking, but embroidery stands the wash best; and I believe it's most worn now—isn't it?"

"I—I—really can't tell you," Sam stammered.

She looked up at him quickly, and suddenly blushed rosy-red, while a voice behind exclaimed—"Those are mine, madam!" It was Sylvia.

"I beg your pardon!" replied the little lady. "The assistant should have told me."

"He is not an assistant," returned Sylvia icily; "he is my future husband."

"Oh—is he? I'm *so* sorry!" exclaimed the blue-eyed lady. "At least, I mean——" Here she broke off into an irrepressible giggle.

"Put those things down!" said Sylvia, drawing Sam hastily away. "I don't fancy any of them *now*. Don't wait to look for your hat. We'd better drive home."

THE MODERN BATTLEFIELD.

"Excuse me, sir, is this a Suffragette meeting?"
"No, sir. Bargain sale—doors open at 10 o'clock."

In the cab she sat silently looking out of the window. Suddenly she remarked—

"Did you lose your heart as well as your hat in that wretched place?"

"No," said Sam; "I lost that fifteen months ago."

"Oh, well, in that case," she continued, turning towards him with a tearful smile, "I was going to tell you I shall be quite ready by the thirty-first."

Jessie Pope.

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"THE CHILD HANDEL." FROM THE PICTURE BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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"THE CHILDHOOD OF SIR WALTER SCOTT." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

THE ART OF MARGARET DICKSEE.

BY ARTHUR LEVI.

WHEN contemplating the pedigree of artists, poets, or, for that matter, eminent men of any profession, one generally finds that the most gifted have grown up among prosaic surroundings—sprung up, as it were, in surprising isolation on unprepared soil. With the family tree of the Dicksees just the contrary took place, and almost every twig of it has blossomed into distinction. The Dicksees were a family of artists in the second generation. Thomas Francis Dicksee and John Robert Dicksee were brothers, and exhibited in the Royal Academy, the one for fifty years, the other for even longer than half a century. John Robert's son is Herbert Thomas Dicksee, well known on account of his etchings; and of the children of Thomas Francis, Frank is the renowned Royal Academician, and Margaret Isabel was the accomplished painter whose charming work was justly popular year after year when it found its place "on the line" in the Academy.

Not only are the Dicksees a family talented to a degree rarely found, but also of genuine London origin. What will they say who are accustomed to grumble about the "prosaic" appearances, the lack of artistic inspiration of London, when they are confronted with the life-history of not less than five distinguished artists of one family who were all born in London, studied in London, lived in London? To the *lover* of London nothing, of course, appears more natural. To him even the narrow streets round old-fashioned Fitzroy Square seem attractive, and if for no other reason, on account of the numerous famous men who once lived in these narrow streets, at a time when the vast trade emporiums, which now give their stamp to the neighbourhood, were not yet thought of. It was the quarter of the well-to-do middle classes;

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"SWIFT AND STELLA." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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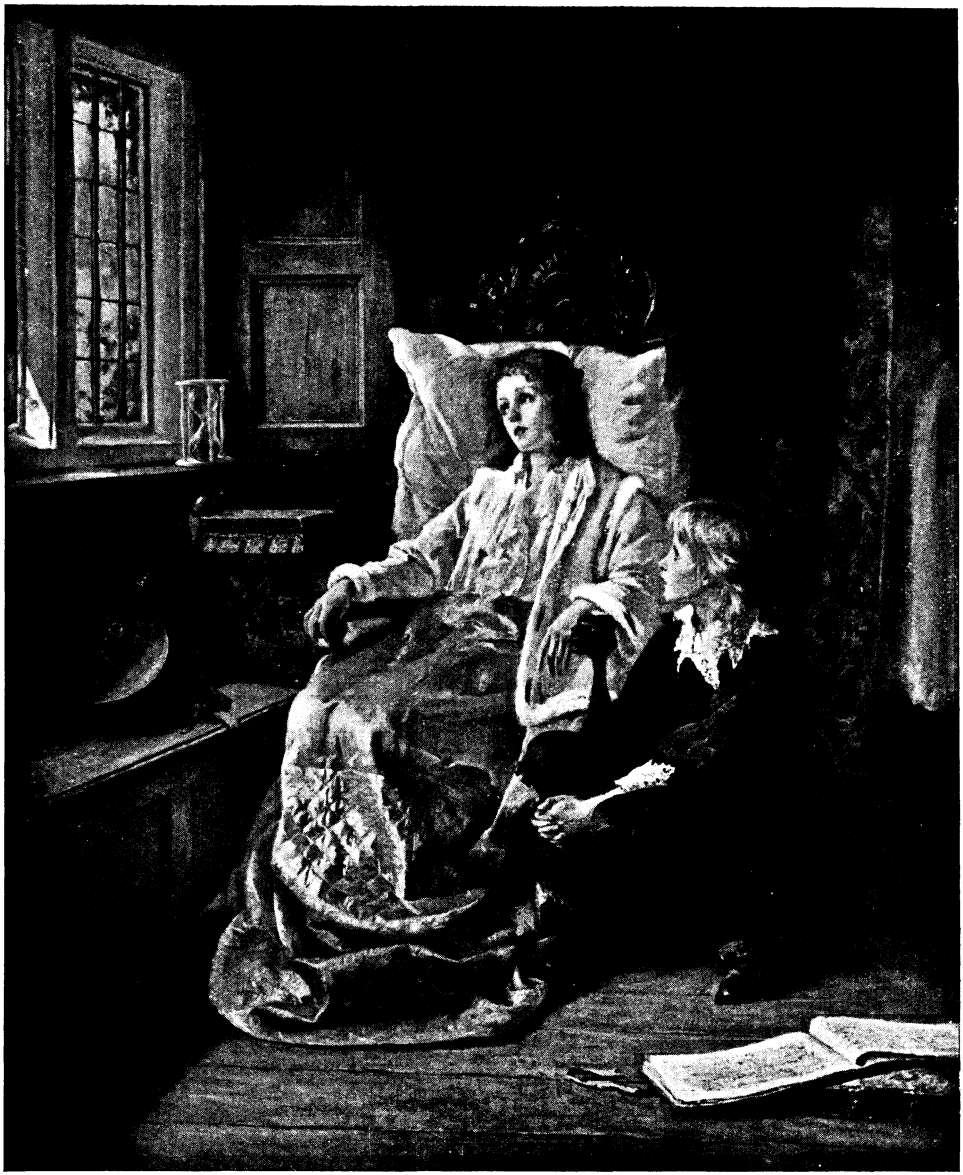

"THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

artists, writers, and professional men used to reside here, and Thackeray found the right *milieu* when he made it the residence not only of the Sedleys, but also of pompous Mr. Osborne.

The early life of Margaret Dicksee is bound up with this, the West Central part of London. In Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, she was born on January 22nd, 1858; she went to school in a by-street, and later on, before she entered the Royal Academy, she studied at the Art School in Queen Square, close by. It is difficult to say when her artistic tendencies first developed themselves: less difficult to understand that they were there, surrounded as she was by a father, an uncle, a cousin, and a brother, who all painted. Schoolfellows relate how she used to draw for the purpose of amusing them, and when her father began to teach her at the end of the schooldays, he found great abilities. She now entered the Royal Female School of Art, which, then as now, was under the supervision of the South Kensington

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"SHERIDAN AT THE LINLEYS'." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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"LONGING." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

authorities. She was hardly twenty when she earned a bronze medal for anatomy and entered the Academy Schools. A large charcoal drawing hung up in the studio still speaks of her successes in the national institution: the life-size figure of an angel, a design for a cartoon for which she received a silver medal, while an award of £40 was given for a sketch for a painting in fresco representing the angel appearing to the shepherds. This sketch, executed in water-colours, was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1884—not her first exhibit, by the by, young as she was, on the coveted walls of Burlington House. Already, the year before, she had started what one might call her public career with the exhibition of a portrait of Mrs. H. D. Shepard, a dear friend of lifelong standing. And in her year of honour at the School she exhibited a second work, too, which is worth being mentioned. One remembers the little incident told in "The Old Curiosity Shop" of the good-hearted schoolmaster who gives shelter to little Nell and her grandfather, visiting a poor little fellow, his favourite pupil, who lies dying on his couch while the frolicsome voices of his playfellows are wafted into his sick-room together with the fragrant air of the departing day. With a sure grasp which gave her the certainty of making a sympathetic picture, even from what at the first glance must appear a rather unpaintable kind of subject, Miss Dicksee possessed herself of the story and, developing it in her own way, produced the picture "Deepening Shadows." As in this case, so in many instances hereafter, she found her first inspiration in literature, and here, as on all future occasions, did she irradiate the simple and telling manner in which she related her story by the warmth of genuine womanly feeling. Unconsciously she observed the rule which Diderot had expressed in a well-known *mot*. "Painting," he said, "is the art to move the soul by means of the eye. However, if the painter teaches the

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"A SACRIFICE OF VANITIES" (A Scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield"). BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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"LIGHT IN DARKNESS." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

eye only, he has done no more than half his work." It is the painter's *heart* that is wanted in his picture, and her heart, a part of that charm which was the characteristic quality in her personality, was certainly sufficiently evident in each of Miss Dicksee's paintings to touch the heart of others. Her subjects were chosen from a limited field, but they were selected and executed not so much with the cold calculation of a professional to whom his actors on the canvas are mere figures, but with the love of a woman to whom each person in the picture is alive, who feels the throbbing heart in each little breast. Her warmth of feeling gives a touch quite her own to many of the best of Miss Dicksee's pictures and lends a distinction to them even if compared with the work of greater artists who did work of a similar kind. When I glance over the series of pictures

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exhibited year after year, I fancy I see her own smiling face, her womanly grace; believe I see her moving in her own family circle, which was so dear to her and to which she added so much charm.

Still, when she worked, she did not let her family influence her, much as she valued the opinion and the advice of the accomplished artists who composed it. Her work belonged to the seclusion of her studio. While still an Academy student, she began to illustrate stories, and many are the volumes of older magazines—*Cassell's*, *The Quiver*, and others—in whose pages we find dainty and sympathetic illustrations signed with the familiar initials, M.I.D.

The exhibition of her first subject picture brought a signal success. An artist cannot feel more happily complimented than when a brother-artist approves of his work, and already on Varnishing Day the little picture "Deepening Shadows" attracted the attention of an Academician, Mr. Brett, who there and then bought it. With this achievement began success which endured unbroken as long as Miss Dicksee exhibited. Year after year her picture was sold as soon as it was shown in the Academy. In the year following came a Tennyson subject, "The May Queen"; in 1886, "The Village Blacksmith"; the year after, quite a large composition, "A Dawning Life"—the interior of a cottage, where a young woman, in the prime of health and pride of youth and motherhood, is showing her bonnie baby to the grandmother sitting by the fire, while the elder sister, a youngster with golden curls, clings in sisterly awe close to the mother. This is in many ways one of the happiest, and certainly the most English, of all Miss Dicksee's pictures. A large colour print of it is hanging in a gold frame in the servants' parlour of Miss Dicksee's home, where, when I saw it, the present occupants of that part of the house had reverently placed a palm leaf above it. And rightly has it this place. Was not the model for "grannie" an old servant who came to the Dicksees' soon after the parents were married, faithfully remained with them for a lifetime, and when in old age she died, left all her savings to "Miss Minnie" and her sister?

In 1892, the reading of some old memoirs suggested a subject which appeared to be peculiarly adapted to Miss Dicksee's style of painting. The reader of Sir Joshua Reynolds's biography remembers that, one afternoon, Lady Wentworth introduced to his studio the young and charming artist whom she had brought with her from Italy, Angelica Kauffmann. A writer, who in literature takes a place somewhat similar to the position Miss Dicksee occupies in the sister art, has dwelt on the scene depicted in a book the biographical pages of which charm the reader like romance, while the romantic chapters still hold fancy in the bonds of apparent historic truth. Miss Thackeray describes how "Miss Angel"—as Reynolds himself used to call Angelica—felt enraptured to be in the studio of the great artist, while her charm captivated the old Benedict. *Mr.* Reynolds, as he then still was, was middle-aged, Angelica just twenty-five, and various entries in his famous pocket-books testify that this first meeting was not without deep influence upon his feelings. Some people believe that the charm of the young artist induced him to propose to Miss Kauffmann. Be that as it may, he certainly painted her portrait a few weeks within the first time of their acquaintance; painted it a second time, and allowed her to paint his own. In his pocket-book is a little entry against her name which has puzzled many biographers: "Miss Angel—*fiori*," it reads, a suggestive reminder, it seems, to bring her flowers. Like a sweet flower herself she stands in our picture, her admiring eyes wandering to the painter from the contemplation of his work, which is standing with the back to us on the easel—maybe it is the portrait of Nelly O'Brien, or of the beautiful Mrs. Abingdon, or of the Duchess of Manchester; they were all painted in the year of this first interview. The studio in Leicester Fields was the rendezvous of all the most famous beauties of the time. A friend once expressed to Reynolds his wonder that he could resist the allurements of the beauty which daily exhibited itself in the painter's room with all the enhancement of costume and attitude, to which he replied somewhat snobbishly that his heart, like the gravedigger's hand in Hamlet, had grown callous by contact with beauty. And now he was to lose his heart on the first shot from a pair of beautiful eyes!

Miss Dicksee had hardly finished this picture when the subject for another and more important one offered itself to her. Someone had contributed a little anecdote, "A True Ghost Story" as he called it, to a modest little magazine, *The Children's Friend*, published by the firm of Partridge. The editor sent it to Miss Dicksee to furnish an illustration, little deeming that he was suggesting to her the very work on which her reputation as a popular and charming painter

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"THE FIRST AUDIENCE." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

Oliver Goldsmith reading the manuscript of "She Stoops to Conquer" to his friends the Misses Horneck.

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"THE FIRST COMMISSION—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AS A BOY." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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"MISS ANGEL." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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was in future most firmly to rest. The illustration was supplied forthwith, and there it lies before me, inconspicuous enough, filling a page in the little magazine. Miss Dicksee liked the subject so much that she asked the firm's sanction to use it for a picture which, as permission was readily granted, she began at once and finished in time for the Academy, '93. She called her work "The Child Handel," for the hero of our "true ghost story" is none other than young Handel, whose father, a stern man

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living in the provincial and prosaic town of Halle, wanted his son to become a lawyer, and dreaded that his early years of intense love of music should induce him to cross his plans and become a musician. Had he not observed the little one, when alone in a room, climbing on a chair to get down his mother's guitar that hung on the wall of the parlour, and running with delight his tiny fingers over its strings? So all music was forbidden in the house. But hark! At eventide, when the boy had been long put to bed, and the parents were ready to retire, tunes were heard, softly and distinctly, from the attic. On inquiring, Lore, the servant, came and related, trembling, that a ghost was in the attic. Once before, when she had been going up to the top of the house to look out the washing, a figure all in white had rushed past her, out of the darkness, blowing out her lantern by the draught it made! Now the father lit a lantern himself, and, accompanied by the mother, Lore, and a few neighbours, climbed up the staircase. Suddenly they were startled by sounds close at hand. They held their breath. A sound of music proceeded from a room hard by. It was a moment of intensest interest. The listeners trembled in fear; the father, however, resolutely opened the door and held up his lantern. There, at an old spinet, sat little George, clad in the white gown in which his mother had put him to bed, and looking up to the strange invaders with wondering and imploring eyes. "Don't be angry," he cried, "father, dear! I only wanted to play a little." This incident—so concludes the author of the story—seemed to be the first thing to break the father's hard resolution about his son, and to induce him to allow the boy to develop his talent. And as the incident made George Handel the famous composer, so the painting of it, in a telling manner full of charm, "made" Margaret Dicksee. The "Biographical Anecdote" became in future her chosen subject, and she was always happiest in the execution of it when a child was the centre of the action. It became her delight with the view to hunt for ideas, to dive into books, preferably of the eighteenth century, memoirs and letters in which English literature is singularly rich. Once it is a chapter from "The Vicar of Wakefield," where the sisters are cutting up their dresses into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill—a sacrifice of vanities which, as all readers of Goldsmith remember, delighted the simple-hearted Vicar. Another time it is Oliver himself, dressed up in a gorgeous velvet suit, with which the vain though by no means handsome author loved to adorn himself, reading a manuscript to his favourite friends, the Misses Horneck, playfully styled by him "Little Comedy" and "The Jessamy Bride." Or the younger children of Charles I. become the subject of a picture as pathetic as was their own life-story. After the execution of the king, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Henry were confined in Carisbrooke Castle. There the little Elizabeth languished for a short time, dying within a year of her father's tragic fate. This picture is now in the Public Art Gallery of Oldham.

Not less studious than in reading was Miss Dicksee in the research after suitable models, and this not alone for the figures she painted, but also for the interiors of the rooms, the furniture and *bric-à-brac*, characteristics of the period selected. With the conscientiousness of a true artist, she left nothing to accident, and drew from life even illustrations for the magazines. Her studies, carefully preserved in books compiled by the loving hands of her brother and sister, are numerous. The compositions, as these studies prove, seem to have generally come right on the first attempt; there is little alteration, as a rule, in this regard between the first conception thrown with an easy pencil on cardboard or paper, and the finished painting. We find besides many studies of detail. She loved to paint flowers, lingered in the contemplation and painting of them in many gardens, and seemed to take a special and characteristic delight in sketching *windows*. Characteristic because it seems to express the yearning of her sunny, lofty soul for that which was akin to it in Nature. In many of her pictures a window takes a prominent place—those cosy, old-fashioned windows of a century or two ago, where the sunlight streams through little panes, and the broad wall under it invites to a seat as near as is possible to the air, flooded by sunshine and scented by flowers.

A window fills half the background of "The First Commission." At the table sits Thomas Lawrence, the future President of the Royal Academy. He was the son of an innkeeper at Devizes, and early evinced his remarkable talent, gaining as a very young child considerable reputation by taking portraits of the travellers who stopped at his father's inn on their way to Bath.

Not a precocious child like Handel or Lawrence, but still one destined to a unique place in the memory of men, is the subject of

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"IN MEMORIAM." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

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yet another canvas, "Swift and Stella." Let us look into Swift's biography to tell her story and explain the meaning of this picture.

"Esther Johnson," so we read, "who purchased by a life of prolonged hopes and disappointed affection, a poetical immortality under the name of Stella, became first known to Swift during his second residence with Sir William Temple. The birth of Stella has been carefully investigated with the hopes of discovering something that might render a mysterious and romantic history yet more romantic. But there are no sound reasons for supposing that she had other parents than her reputed father and mother, the former the younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire and by profession a merchant in London, the latter a woman of acute and penetrating talents, the friend and companion of Lady Gifford, Temple's favourite sister, and cherished by her with particular respect and regard until the end of her life. Johnson, the father, died soon after Stella's birth, but Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters were inmates of Moorpark for several years. General interest was taken by all the inhabitants of this mansion in the progress which little Stella made in her education. And much of the task devolved upon Swift, now a man of thirty, who seems to have for some time regarded his lovely pupil with the friendship of an elder brother. But the constant and habitual intercourse of affectionate confidence between the master and the pupil by degrees assumed a more tender complexion."

This was the manner in which Swift and Stella first met on their path in life—the beginning of a love story which has more often been described, more minutely been looked into, more mysteriously puzzled the world than any other. Esther grew up to great beauty; when she was eighteen years of age, her hair was raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, and her form of perfect symmetry. To those outward graces were added good sense, great docility, and uncommon powers both of grave and gay conversation. Do we not all know her, as if she were an intimate acquaintance seen only yesterday? Have we not read over her shoulder, as it were, the delightful letters—so playful, so full of passionate devotion—left to us in the "Journal to Stella"? And we still engage in earnest dispute about the eternal question: Did Swift ever marry her; and, if not, why did he not do so? He who yet, more than once, had said that "he loved her better than his life, a thousand millions of times." And we continue to brood over the strange words, full of meaning, and yet hiding much, written in the Dean's own hand, on the envelope which contained a lock of Stella's hair, "Only a woman's hair."

"The First Commission" was the last picture which appeared (in 1901) on the walls of Burlington House. A cruel and fatal illness stayed the hand which took as much delight in creating work as others had felt in contemplating it. It was in vain that Miss Dicksee sought recovery abroad; she died, in June, 1903, after a terrible illness, borne with rare patience and fortitude. On the easel of her studio, which loving memory has kept untouched as if she were again to enter it, joyful and ready for her work as she had been wont, stands her last picture, only half finished. It seems all the more cruel that Destiny should not have allowed her to finish it, as it is particularly sympathetic in the choice of its subject, and as concise and happy in the way in which it tells it. Sir Walter Scott relates how, when the first signs of that lameness which should develop and never leave him in later life, were first observed, he was sent to reside in the country to give the chance of natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty, and became an inmate of his grandfather's farmhouse of Sandy-Knowe. Scott mentions in his autobiography how his "kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart." In reading these lines in "Lockhart," the subject of a picture rose before the painter's eye. She saw the suffering little boy, she seemed to hear the voice of his aunt, and the many tales he heard "of Watt and Starden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merrymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John."

It is easy to discover in this early acquaintance with the stories of the Borderland the first roots of that love for the romance of his "ain country" which were to lead on the genius to his appropriate work; but a message deeper than this speaks from this unfinished picture as it depicts in innocent childhood eagerly listening to the stories of romance and history, the wizard who was destined to have the whole world as his audience, enchanted by the tales that flowed from his magic pen.

How sad that the hand which wrought this picture should have been lamed before the work could be finished!

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HELENA'S PATH.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Common opinion said that Lord Lynborough ought never to have had a peerage and forty thousand a year; he ought to have had a pound a week and a back bedroom in Bloomsbury. Then he would have become an eminent man; as it was, he turned out only a singularly erratic individual. Miss Gilletson had been studying the local paper, which appeared every Saturday, and reached Nab Grange on the following morning. She uttered an exclamation and read out to the Marchesa: "'Lord Lynborough, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Leonard Stabb, the well-known authority on prehistoric remains, and Mr. Roger Wilbraham, his private secretary, arrived at the Castle on Friday.'" Helena Vittoria Maria Antonia, Marchesa di San Servolo, was now in her twenty-fourth year. Born of an Italian father and an English mother, she had bestowed her hand on her paternal country, but her heart remained in her mother's. She was early left a widow—stepmother of adult Italian offspring—owner for life of an Apennine fortress. She liked the fortress, but disliked the stepchildren, and England—her mother's home—presented itself in the light of refuge. Nab Grange was in the market. It had served for a family dower-house, till a bad race-meeting had induced the squire of the day to sell it to a Mr. Cross of Leeds. The Crosses held and the Marchesa bought it a year before Lord Lynborough came home. Now, it had long been the custom for residents at the Castle to gain the beach by a short cut through the grounds of Nab Grange, but the Marchesa would have preferred that strangers should not pass across her property, in full view of her windows, without her permission, and thus it happened that on a Sunday morning in June, Captain Irons and Mr. Stillford, walking back through the Scarsmoor grounds from Fillby church as they had proposed, found the gate leading from the road into the Grange meadows securely padlocked. Lord Lynborough wrote a formal letter of remonstrance, with a request to her Excellency to have the kindness to order that the padlock and other obstacles be removed, and concluding: "He will be obliged by this being done before eight o'clock to-morrow morning—at which time Lord Lynborough intends to proceed by Beach Path to the sea in order to bathe." The plot thickens as the members of the two households become further acquainted by various meetings incidental to the polite warfare that is maintained. Miss Gilletson, for instance, is quite won over to the enemy's side after a meeting with Lord Lynborough over the family tombs and brasses in the village church, and the Marchesa herself cannot help making friends with Mr. Roger Wilbraham, and by the time a village cricket match is played the two households are sufficiently acquainted to inspire Lord Lynborough with the hope that the haughty Marchesa has been left to lunch alone "on the other side of the field," but he finds her ladyship merrily entertaining his own henchmen, Wilbraham and Stabb, and is forced to realise that he is "not the only expert in the art of driving wedges."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE LAST RESORT!

It will have been perceived by now that Lord Lynborough delighted in a fight. He revelled in being opposed; the man who withstood him to the face gave him such pleasure as to beget in his mind certainly gratitude, perhaps affection, or at least a predisposition thereto. There was nothing he liked so much as an even battle—unless, by chance, it were the scales seeming to incline a little against him. Then his spirits rose highest, his courage was most buoyant, his kindliness most sunny.

The benefit of this disposition accrued to the Marchesa; for by her sudden counter-attack she had at least redressed the balance of the campaign. He could not be sure that she had not done more. The ladies of her party were his—he reckoned confidently on that; but the men he could not count as more than neutral at the best; Wenman, anyhow, could easily be whistled back to the Marchesa's heel. But in his own house, he admitted at once, she had secured for him open hostility, for herself the warmest of partisanship. The meaning of her lunch was too plain to doubt. No wonder her opposition to her own deserters had been so faint; no wonder she had so readily, even if so scornfully, afforded them the pretext——the barren verbal permission—that they had required. She had not wanted them—no, not even the Colonel himself! She had wanted to be alone with Roger and with Stabb—and to complete the work of her blandishments on those guileless, tender-hearted, and susceptible persons. Lynborough admired, applauded, and promised himself considerable entertainment at dinner.

How was the Marchesa, in her turn, bearing her domestic isolation, the internal disaffection at Nab Grange? He flattered himself that she would not be finding in it such pleasure as his whimsical temper reaped from the corresponding position of affairs at Scarsmoor.

There he was right. At Nab Grange the atmosphere was not cheerful. Not to want a thing by no means implies an admission that you do not want it; that is elementary diplomacy. Rather do you insist that you want it very much; if you do not get it, there is a grievance—and a grievance is a mighty handy article of barter. The Marchesa knew all that.

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"She did a thing more disconcerting still."

The deserters were severely lashed. The Marchesa had said that she did not expect Colonel Wenman; ought she to have sent a message to say that she was pining for him—must that be wrung from her before he would condescend to come? She had said that she knew the custom with regard to lunch at cricket matches; was that to say that she expected it to be observed to her manifest and public humiliation? She had told Miss Gilletson and the girls to please themselves; of course she wished them to do that always. Yet it might be a wound to find that their pleasure lay in abandoning their friend and hostess, in consorting with her arch-enemy, and giving him a triumph.

"Well, what do you say about Wilbraham and Stabb?" cried the trampled Colonel.

"I say that they're gentlemen," retorted the Marchesa. "They saw the position I

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was in—and they saved me from humiliation."

That was enough for the men; men are, after all, poor fighters. It was not, however, enough for Lady Norah Mountliffey—a woman—and an Irishwoman to boot!

"Are you really asking us to believe that you hadn't arranged it with them beforehand?" she inquired scornfully.

"Oh, I don't ask you to believe anything I say," returned the Marchesa, dexterously avoiding saying anything on the point suggested.

"The truth is, you're being very absurd, Helena," Norah pursued. "If you've got a right, go to law with Lord Lynborough and make him respect it. If you haven't got a right, why go on making yourself ridiculous and all the rest of us very uncomfortable?"

It was obvious that the Marchesa might reply that any guest of hers who felt himself or herself uncomfortable at Nab Grange had, in his or her own hand, the easy remedy. She did not do that. She did a thing more disconcerting still. Though the mutton had only just been put on the table, she pushed back her chair, rose to her feet, and fled from the room very hastily.

Miss Gilletson sprang up. But Norah was beforehand with her.

"No! I said it. I'm the one to go. Who could think she'd take it like that?" Norah's own blue eyes were less bright than usual as she hurried after her wounded friend. The rest ate on in dreary conscience-stricken silence. At last Stillford spoke.

"Don't urge her to go to law," he said. "I'm pretty sure she'd be beaten."

"Then she ought to give in—and apologise to Lord Lynborough," said Miss Gilletson decisively. "That would be right—and, I will add, Christian."

"Humble Pie ain't very good eating," commented Captain Irons.

Neither the Marchesa nor Norah came back. The meal wended along its slow and melancholy course to a mirthless weary conclusion. Colonel Wenman began to look on the repose of bachelorhood with a kinder eye, on its loneliness with a more tolerant disposition. He went so far as to remember that, if the worst came to the worst, he had another invitation for the following week.

The Spirit of Discord (The tragic atmosphere now gathering justifies these figures of speech—the chronicler must rise to the occasion of a heroine in tears), having wrought her fell work at Nab Grange, now winged her way to the towers of Scarsmoor Castle.

Dinner had passed off quite as Lynborough anticipated; he had enjoyed himself exceedingly. Whenever the temporary absence of the servants allowed, he had rallied his friends on their susceptibility to beauty, on their readiness to fail him under its lures, on their clumsy attempts at concealment of their growing intimacy and their confidential relations with the fascinating mistress of Nab Grange. He too had been told to take his case into the Courts or to drop his claim—and had laughed triumphantly at the advice. He had laughed when Stabb said that he really could not pursue his work in the midst of such distractions, that his mind was too perturbed for scientific thought. He had laughed lightly and good-humouredly even when (as they were left alone over coffee) Roger Wilbraham, going suddenly a little white, said he thought that persecuting a lady was no fit amusement for a gentleman. Lynborough did not suppose that the Marchesa—with the battle of the day at least drawn, if not decided in her favour—could be regarded as the subject of persecution—and he did recognise that young fellows, under certain spells, spoke hotly and were not to be held to serious account. He was smiling still when, with a forced remark about the heat, the pair went out together to smoke on the terrace. He had some letters to read, and for the moment dismissed the matter from his mind.

In ten minutes young Roger Wilbraham returned; his manner was quiet now, but his face still rather pale. He came up to the table by which Lynborough sat.

"Holding the position I do in your house, Lord Lynborough," he said, "I had no right to use the words I used this evening at dinner. I apologise for them. But, on the other hand, I have no wish to hold a position which prevents me from using those words when they represent what I think. I beg you to accept my resignation, and I shall be greatly obliged if you can arrange to relieve me of my duties as soon as possible."

Lynborough heard him without interruption; with grave impassive face, with surprise, pity, and a secret amusement. Even if he were right, he was so solemn over it!

The young man waited for no answer. With the merest indication of a bow, he left Lynborough alone, and passed on into the house.

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"Well, now!" said Lord Lynborough, rising and lighting a cigar. "This Marchesa! Well, now!"

Stabb's heavy form came lumbering in from the terrace; he seemed to move more heavily than ever, as though his bulk were even unusually inert. He plumped down into a chair and looked up at Lynborough's graceful figure.

"I meant what I said at dinner, Ambrose. I wasn't joking, though I suppose you thought I was. All this affair may amuse you—it worries me. I can't settle to work. If you'll be so kind as to send me over to Easthorpe to-morrow, I'll be off—back to Oxford."

"Cromlech, old boy!"

"Yes, I know. But I—I don't want to stay, Ambrose. I'm not—comfortable." His great face set in a heavy, disconsolate, wrinkled frown.

Lord Lynborough pursed his lips in a momentary whistle, then put his cigar back into his mouth, and walked out on to the terrace.

"This Marchesa!" said he again. "This very remarkable Marchesa! Her *riposte* is admirable. Really I venture to hope that I, in my turn, have very seriously disturbed her household!"

He walked to the edge of the terrace, and stood there musing. Sandy Nab loomed up, dimly the sea rose and fell, twinkled and sank into darkness. It talked too—talked to Lynborough with a soft, low, quiet voice; it seemed (to his absurdly whimsical imagination) as though some lovely woman gently stroked his brow and whispered to him. He liked to encourage such freaks of fancy.

Cromlech couldn't go. That was absurd.

And the young fellow? So much a gentleman! Lynborough had liked the terms of his apology no less than the firmness of his protest. "It's the first time, I think, that I've been told that I'm no gentleman," he reflected with amusement. But Roger had been pale when he said it. Imaginatively Lynborough assumed his place. "A brave boy," he said. "And that dear old knight-errant of a Cromlech!"

A space—room indeed and room enough—for the softer emotions—so much Lynborough was ever inclined to allow. But to acquiesce in this state of things as final—that was to admit defeat at the hands of the Marchesa. It was to concede that one day had changed the whole complexion of the fight.

"Cromlech shan't go—the boy shan't go—and I'll still use the path," he thought. "Not that I really care about the path, you know." He paused. "Well, yes, I do care about it—for bathing in the morning." He hardened his heart against the Marchesa. She chose to fight; the fortune of war must be hers. He turned his eyes down to Nab Grange. Lights burned there—were her guests demanding to be sent to Easthorpe? Why, no! As he looked, Lynborough came to the conclusion that she had reduced them all to order—that they would be whipped backed to heel—that his manœuvres (and his lunch!) had probably been wasted. He was beaten then?

He scorned the conclusion. But if he were not—the result was deadlock! Then still he was beaten; for unless Helena (he called her that) owned his right, his right was to him as nothing.

"I have made myself a champion of my sex," he said. "Shall I be beaten?"

In that moment—with all the pang of forsaking an old conviction—of disowning that stronger tie—the loved embrace of an ancient and perversely championed prejudice—he declared that any price must be paid for victory.

"Heaven forgive me, but, sooner than be beaten, I'll go to law with her!" he cried.

A face appeared from between two bushes—a voice spoke from the edge of the terrace.

"I thought you might be interested to hear——"

"Lady Norah?"

"Yes, it's me—to hear that you've made her cry—and very bitterly."

CHAPTER XI.

AN ARMISTICE.

LORD LYNBOROUGH walked down to the edge of the terrace; Lady Norah stood half hidden in the shrubbery.

"And that, I suppose, ought to end the matter?" he asked. "I ought at once to abandon all my pretensions and to give up my path?"

"I just thought you might like to know it," said Norah.

"Actually I believe I do like to know it—though what Roger would say to me about that I really can't imagine. You're mistaking my character, Lady Norah. I'm not the hero of this piece. There are several gentlemen from among whom you can choose one for that effective part. Lots

"The pair went out together to smoke on the terrace."

of candidates for it! But I'm the villain. Consequently you must be prepared for my receiving your news with devilish glee."

"Well, you haven't seen it—and I have."

"Well put!" he allowed. "How did it happen?"

"Over something I said to her—something horrid."

"Well, then, why am I——?" Lynborough's hands expostulated eloquently.

"But you were the real reason, of course. She thinks you've turned us all against her; she say's it's so mean to get her own friends to turn against her."

"Does she now?" asked Lord Lynborough with a thoughtful smile.

Norah too smiled faintly. "She says she's not angry with us—she's just sorry for us—because she understands——"

"What?"

"I mean she says she—she can imagine——" Norah's smile grew a little more pronounced. "I'm not sure she'd like me to repeat that," said Norah. "And of course she doesn't know I'm here at all—and you must never tell her."

"Of course it's all my fault. Still, as a matter of curiosity, what did you say to her?"

"I said that, if she had a good case, she ought to go to law; and, if she hadn't, she ought to stop making herself ridiculous and the rest of us uncomfortable."

"You spoke with the general assent of the company?"

"I said what I thought—yes, I think they all agreed—but she took it—well, in the way I've told you, you know."

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Lady Norah had, in the course of conversation, insensibly advanced on to the terrace. She stood there now beside Lynborough.

"How do you think I'm taking it?" he asked. "Doesn't my fortitude wring applause from you?"

"Taking what?"

"Exactly the same thing from my friends. They tell me to go to law if I've got a case—and at any rate to stop persecuting a lady. And they've both given me warning."

"Mr. Stabb and Mr. Wilbraham? They're going away?"

"So it appears. Carry back those tidings. Won't they dry the Marchesa's tears?"

Norah looked at him with a smile. "Well, it is pretty clever of her, isn't it?" she said. "I didn't think she'd got along as quickly as that!" Norah's voice was full of an honest and undisguised admiration.

"It's a little unreasonable of her to cry under the circumstances. I'm not crying, Lady Norah."

"I expect you're rather disgusted, though, aren't you?" she suggested.

"I'm a little vexed at having to surrender—for the moment—a principle which I've held dear—at having to give my enemies an occasion for mockery. But I must bow to my friends' wishes. I can't lose them under such painful circumstances. No, I must yield, Lady Norah."

"You're going to give up the path?" she cried, not sure whether she were pleased or not with his determination.

"Dear me, no! I'm going to law about it."

Open dismay was betrayed in her exclamation: "Oh, but what will Mr. Stillford say to that?"

Lynborough laughed. Norah saw her mistake—but she made no attempt to remedy it. She took up another line of tactics. "It would all come right if only you knew one another! She's the most wonderful woman in the world, Lord Lynborough. And you——"

"Well, what of me?" he asked in deceitful gravity.

Norah parried, with a hasty little laugh; "Just ask Miss Gilletson that!"

Lynborough smiled for a moment, then took a turn along the terrace, and came back to her.

"You must tell her that you've seen me——"

"I couldn't do that!"

"You must—or here the matter ends, and I shall be forced to go to law—ugh! Tell her you've seen me, and that I'm open to reason——"

"Lord Lynborough! How can I tell her that?"

"That I'm open to reason, and that I propose an armistice. Not peace—not yet, anyhow—but an armistice. I undertake not to exercise my right over Beach Path for a week from to-day, and before the end of that week I will submit a proposal to the Marchesa."

Norah saw a gleam of hope. "Very well. I don't know what she'll say to me, but I'll tell her that. Thank you. You'll make it a—a pleasant proposal?"

"I haven't had time to consider the proposal yet. She must inform me to-morrow morning whether she accepts the armistice." He suddenly turned to the house, and shouted up to a window above his head, "Roger!"

The window was open. Roger Wilbraham put his head out.

"Come down," said Lynborough. "Here's somebody wants to see you."

"I never said I did, Lord Lynborough."

"Let him take you home. He wants cheering up."

"I like him very much. He won't really leave you, will he?"

"I want you to persuade him to stay during the armistice. I'm too proud to ask him for myself. I shall think very little of you, however, if he doesn't."

Roger appeared. Lynborough told him that Lady Norah required an escort back to Nab Grange; for obvious reasons he himself was obliged to relinquish the pleasure; Roger, he felt sure, would be charmed to take his place. Roger was somewhat puzzled by the turn of events, but delighted with his mission.

Lynborough saw them off, went into the library, sat down at his writing-table, and laid paper before him. But he sat idle for many minutes. Stabb came in, his arms full of books.

"I think I left some of my stuff here," he said, avoiding Lynborough's eye. "I'm just getting it together."

"Drop that lot too. You're not going to-morrow. Cromlech, there's an armistice."

Stabb put his books down on the table, and came up to him with outstretched hand. Lynborough leant back, his hands clasped behind his head.

"Wait for a week," he said. "We may, Cromlech, arrive at an accommodation.

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"'I just thought you might like to know it,' said Norah."

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Meanwhile, for that week, I do not use the path."

"I've been feeling pretty badly, Ambrose."

"Yes, I don't think it's safe to expose you to the charms of beauty." He looked at his friend in good-natured mockery. "Return to your tombs in peace."

The next morning he received a communication from Nab Grange. It ran as follows:

"The Marchesa di San Servolo presents her compliments to Lord Lynborough. The Marchesa will be prepared to consider any proposal put forward by Lord Lynborough, and will place no hindrance in the way of Lord Lynborough's using the path across her property if it suits his convenience to do so in the meantime."

"No, no!" said Lynborough, as he took a sheet of paper.

"Lord Lynborough presents his compliments to her Excellency the Marchesa di San Servolo. Lord Lynborough will take an early opportunity of submitting his proposal to the Marchesa di San Servolo. He is obliged for the Marchesa di San Servolo's suggestion that he should in the meantime use Beach Path, but cannot consent to do so except in the exercise of his right. He will therefore not use Beach Path during the ensuing week."

"And now to pave the way for my proposal!" he thought. For the proposal, which had assumed a position so important in the relations between the Marchesa and himself, was to be of such a nature that a grave question arose how best the way should be paved for it.

The obvious course was to set his spies to work—he could command plenty of friendly help among the Nab Grange garrison—learn the Marchesa's probable movements, throw himself in her way, contrive an acquaintance, make himself as pleasant as he could, establish relations of amity, of cordiality, even of friendship and of intimacy. That might prepare the way, and incline her to accept the proposal—to take the jest—it was little more in hard reality—in the spirit in which he put it forward, and so to end her resistance.

That seemed the reasonable method—the plain and rational line of advance. Accordingly Lynborough disliked and distrusted it. He saw another way—more full of risk, more hazardous in its results, making an even greater demand on his confidence in himself, perhaps also on the qualities with which his imagination credited the Marchesa. But on the other hand, this alternative was far richer in surprise, in dash—as it seemed to him, in gallantry and a touch of romance. It was far more mediæval, more picturesque, more in keeping with the actual proposal itself. For the actual proposal was one which, Lynborough flattered himself, might well have come from a powerful yet chivalrous baron of old days to a beautiful queen who claimed a suzerainty which not her power, but only her beauty, could command or enforce.

"It suits my humour, and I'll do it!" he said. "She shan't see me, and I won't see her. The first she shall hear from me shall be the proposal; the first time we meet shall be on the 24th—or never! A week from to-day—the 24th."

Now the 24th of June is, as all the world knows (or an almanac will inform the heathen), the Feast of St. John Baptist, also called Midsummer Day.

So he disappeared from the view of Nab Grange and the inhabitants thereof. He never left his own grounds; even within them he shunned the public road; his beloved sea-bathing he abandoned. Nay, more, he strictly charged Roger Wilbraham, who often during this week of armistice went to play golf or tennis at the Grange, to say nothing of him; the same instructions were laid on Stabb in case, on his excursions amidst the tombs, he should meet any member of the Marchesa's party. So far as the thing could be done, Lord Lynborough obliterated himself.

It was playing a high stake on a risky hand. Plainly it assumed an interest in himself on the part of the Marchesa—an interest so strong that absence and mystery (if perchance he achieved a flavour of that attraction!) would foster and nourish it more than presence and friendship could conduce to its increase. She might think nothing about him during the week! Impossible surely—with all that had gone before, and with his proposal to come at the end! But if it were so—why, so he was content. "In that case, she's a woman of no imagination, of no taste in the picturesque," he said.

For five days the Marchesa gave no sign, no clue to her feelings which the anxious watchers could detect. She did indeed suffer Colonel Wenman to depart all forlorn, most unsuccessful and uncomforted—save by the company of his brother-in-arms, Captain Irons; and he was not cheerful

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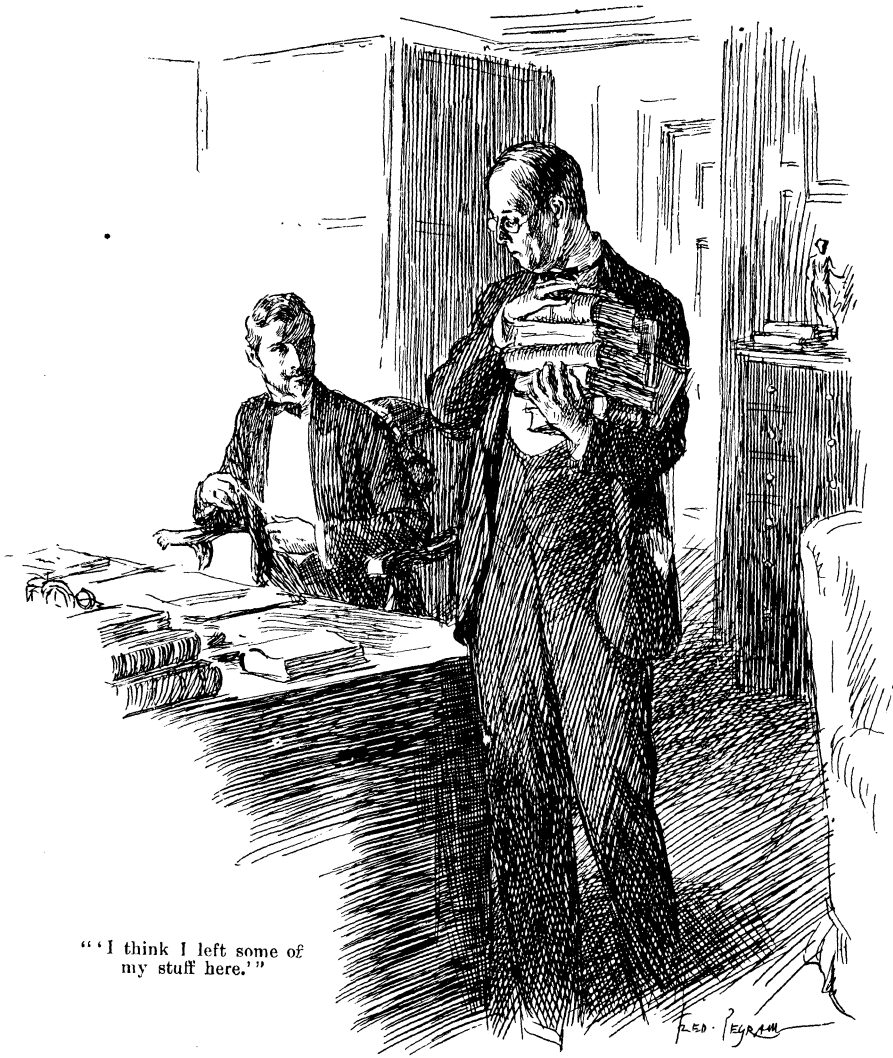

"'I think I left some of my stuff here.'"

either, having failed notably in certain designs on Miss Dufaure which he had been pursuing, but whereunto more pressing matters have not allowed of attention being given. But Lord Lynborough she never mentioned — not to Miss Gilletson, nor even to Norah. She seemed to have regained her tranquillity; her wrath at least was over; she was very friendly to all the ladies; she was markedly cordial to Roger Wilbraham on his visits. But she asked him nothing of Lord Lynborough—and, if she ever looked from the window towards Scarsmoor Castle, none—not even her observant maid—saw her do it.

Yet Cupid was in the Grange—and very busy. There were signs, not to be misunderstood, that Violet had not for handsome Stillford the scorn she had bestowed on unfortunate Irons; and Roger, humbly and distantly worshipping the Marchesa, deeming her far as a queen beyond his reach, rested his eyes and solaced his spirit with the less awe-inspiring charms, the more accessible comradeship, of Norah Mountliffey. Norah, as her custom was, flirted hard, yet in her delicate fashion. Though she had not begun to ask herself about the end yet, she was well amused, and by no means insensible to Roger's attractions. Only she was preoccupied with Helena — and Lord Lynborough. Till that riddle was solved, she could not turn seriously to her own affairs.

On the night of the 22nd she walked with the Marchesa in the gardens of the Grange

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after dinner. Helena was very silent; yet to Norah the silence did not seem empty. Over against them, on its high hill, stood Scarsmoor Castle. Roger had dined with them, but had now gone back.

Suddenly — and boldly — Norah spoke. "Do you see those three lighted windows on the ground floor at the left end of the house? That's his library, Helena. He sits there in the evening. Oh, I do wonder what he's been doing all this week!"

"What does it matter?" asked the Marchesa coldly.

"What will he propose, do you think?"

"Mr. Stillford thinks he may offer to pay me some small rent—more or less nominal—for a perpetual right—and that, if he does, I'd better accept."

"That'd be rather a dull ending to it all."

"Mr. Stillford thinks it would be a favourable one for me."

"I don't believe he means to pay you money. It'll be something——" she paused a moment—"something prettier than that."

"What has prettiness to do with it, you child? With a right of way?"

"Prettiness has to do with you, though, Helena. You don't suppose he thinks only of that wretched path?"

The flush came on the Marchesa's cheek.

"He can hardly be said to have seen me," she protested.

"Then look your best when he does—for I'm sure he's dreamt of you."

"Why do you say that?"

Norah laughed. "Because he's a man who takes a lot of notice of pretty women—and he took so very little notice of me. That's why I think so, Helena."

The Marchesa made no comment on the reason given. But now—at last and undoubtedly—she looked across at the windows of Scarsmoor.

"We shall come to some business arrangement, I suppose—and then it'll all be over," she said.

All over? The trouble and the enmity—the defiance and the fight—the excitement and the fun? The duel would be stayed, the combatants and their seconds would go their various ways across the diverging tracks of this great dissevering world. All would be over!

"Then we shall have time to think of something else!" the Marchesa added.

Norah smiled discreetly. Was that not something of an admission?

In the library at Scarsmoor Lynborough was inditing the proposal which he intended to submit by his ambassadors on the morrow.

(*To be concluded.*)

ROSES—AND A HEART.

ROSES?—I give you roses now, my dear,
Late autumn roses, sweetest of the year!
For all the fragrance of long summer hours
Lies hidden in the lovely autumn flowers.

A heart?—My heart I bring to you to-day.
A heart still young—if youth *has* passed away.
The garnered sweetness of my life lies here,
I give it—with the rose—to you, my dear!

L. G. MOBERLY.

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"THE VIKING'S HOME-COMING." BY HERBERT GANDY.

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THE TURNING POINT.

By JACK LONDON.

HE met him at the door.

"I did not think you would be so early."

"It is half-past eight." He looked at his watch. "The train leaves at 9.12."

He was very businesslike, until he saw her lips tremble as she abruptly turned and led the way.

"It'll be all right, little woman," he said soothingly. "Dr. Bodineau's the man. He'll pull him through, you'll see."

They entered the living-room. His glance quested apprehensively about, then turned to her.

"Where's Al?"

She did not answer, but with a sudden impulse came close to him and stood motionless. She was a slender, dark-eyed woman, in whose face was stamped the strain and stress of living. But the fine lines and the haunted look in the eyes were not the handiwork of mere worry. He knew the handiwork as he looked upon it, and she knew when she consulted her mirror.

"It's no use, Mary," he said. He put his hand on her shoulder. "We've tried everything. It's a wretched business, I know; but what else can we do? You've failed. Dr. Bodineau's all that's left."

"If I had another chance——" she began falteringly.

"We've thrashed that all out," he answered harshly. "You've got to buck up now. You know what conclusion we arrived at. You know you haven't the ghost of a hope in another chance."

She shook her head. "I know it. But it is terrible, the thought of his going away to fight it out alone."

"He won't be alone; there's Dr. Bodineau. And, besides, it's a beautiful place."

She remained silent.

"It is the only thing," he said.

"It is the only thing," she repeated mechanically.

He looked at his watch. "Where's Al?"

"I'll send him."

When the door had closed behind her, he walked over to the window and looked out, drumming absently with his fingers on the pane.

"Hallo!"

He turned and responded to the greeting of the man who had just entered. There was a perceptible drag to the man's feet as he walked across towards the window and paused irresolutely half-way.

"I've changed my mind, George," he announced hurriedly and nervously. "I'm not going."

He plucked at his sleeve, shuffled with his feet, dropped his eyes, and with a strong effort raised them again to confront the other.

George regarded him silently, his nostrils distending and his lean fingers unconsciously crooking like an eagle's talons about to clutch.

In line and feature there was much of resemblance between the two men; and yet in the strongest resemblances there was a radical difference. Theirs were the same black eyes, but those of the man at the window were sharp and straight-looking, while those of the man in the middle of the room were cloudy and furtive. He could not face the other's gaze, and continually and vainly struggled with himself to do so. The high cheek-bones with the hollows beneath were the same, yet the texture of the hollows seemed different. The thin-lipped mouths were from the same mould, but George's lips were firm and muscular, while Al's were soft and loose—the lips of an ascetic turned voluptuary. There was also a sag at the corners. His flesh hinted of grossness, especially so in the eagle-like, aquiline nose that must once have been like the other's, but that had lost the austerity the other's still retained.

Al fought for steadiness in the middle of the floor. The silence bothered him. He had a feeling that he was about to begin swaying back and forth. He moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I'm going to stay," he said desperately.

He dropped his eyes and plucked again at his sleeve.

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"The talon-like fingers gripped his shoulders, jerked him to his feet, and held him there."

"And you are only twenty-six years old!" George said at last. "You poor, feeble old man!"

"Don't be so sure of that!" Al retorted, with a flash of belligerence.

"Do you remember when we swam that mile and a half across the Channel?"

"Well, and what of it?" A sullen expression was creeping across Al's face.

"Do you remember when we boxed in the barn after school?"

"I could take all you gave me."

"All I gave you!" George's voice rose momentarily to a higher pitch. "You licked

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me four afternoons out of five. You were twice as strong as I—three times as strong. And now I'd be afraid to land on you with a sofa cushion. You'd crumple up like a last year's leaf. You'd die, you poor, miserable old man!"

"You needn't abuse me just because I've changed my mind," the other protested, the hint of a whine in his voice.

His wife entered, and he looked appeal to her; but the man at the window strode suddenly up to him and burst out—

"You don't know your own mind for two successive minutes! You haven't any mind, you spineless, crawling worm!"

"You can't make me angry." Al smiled with cunning and glanced triumphantly at his wife. "You can't make me angry," he repeated, as though the idea were thoroughly gratifying to him. "I know your game. It's my stomach, I tell you. I can't help it; before God, I can't. Isn't it my stomach, Mary?"

She glanced at George and spoke composedly, though she hid a trembling hand in a fold of her skirt.

"Isn't it time?" she said softly.

Her husband turned upon her savagely. "I'm not going to go!" he cried. "That's just what I've been telling—him. And I tell you again, all of you, I'm not going! You can't bully me."

"Why, Al, dear, you said——" she began.

"Never mind what I said!" he broke out. "I've said something else right now, and you've heard it, and that settles it!"

He walked across the room and threw himself with emphasis into a Morris chair. But the other man was swiftly upon him. The talon-like fingers gripped his shoulders, jerked him to his feet, and held him there.

"You've reached the limit, Al, and I want you to understand it. I've tried to treat you like—like my brother; but hereafter I shall treat you like the thing that you are. Do you understand?"

The anger in his voice was cold. The blaze in his eyes was cold. It was vastly more effective than any outburst, and Al cringed under it and under the clutching hand that was bruising his shoulder-muscles.

"It is only because of me that you have this house, that you have the food you eat. Your position? Any other man would have been shown the door a year ago—two years ago. I have held you in it. Your salary has been charity; it has been paid out of my pocket. Mary—her dresses—that gown she has on is made over; she wears the discarded dresses of her sisters, of my wife. Charity—do you understand? Your children—they are wearing the discarded clothes of my children, of the children of my neighbours, who think the clothes went to some orphan asylum. And it is an orphan asylum—or it soon will be."

He emphasised each point with an unconscious tightening of his grip on the shoulder. Al was squirming with the pain of it. The sweat was starting out of his forehead.

"Now listen well to me," his brother went on. "In three minutes you will tell me that you are going with me. If you don't, Mary and the children will be taken away from you—to-day. You needn't ever come to the office. This house will be closed to you. And in six months I shall have the pleasure of burying you. You have three minutes to make up your mind."

Al made a strangling movement, and reached up with weak fingers to the clutching hand.

"My heart . . . let me go . . . you'll be the death of me!" he gasped.

The hand thrust him down forcibly into the Morris chair and released him.

The clock on the mantel ticked loudly. George glanced at it, and at Mary. She was leaning against the table, unable to conceal her trembling. He became unpleasantly aware of the feeling of his brother's fingers on his hand. Quite unconsciously he wiped the back of the hand upon his coat. The clock ticked on in the silence. It seemed to George that the room reverberated with his voice. He could hear himself still speaking.

"I'll go," came from the Morris chair.

It was a weak and shaken voice, and it was a weak and shaken man that pulled himself out of the Morris chair. He started towards the door.

"Where are you going?" George demanded.

"Suit-case," came the response. "Mary'll send the trunk later. I'll be back in a minute."

The door closed after him. A moment after, struck with sudden suspicion, George was opening the door. He glanced in. His brother stood at a sideboard, in one hand a decanter, in the other hand—bottom up and to his lips—a whisky-glass.

Across the glass Al saw that he was observed. It threw him into a panic. Hastily he tried to refill the glass and get it to his lips; but glass and decanter were sent smashing to the floor. He snarled. It was like the sound of a wild beast. But the grip on his shoulder subdued and frightened

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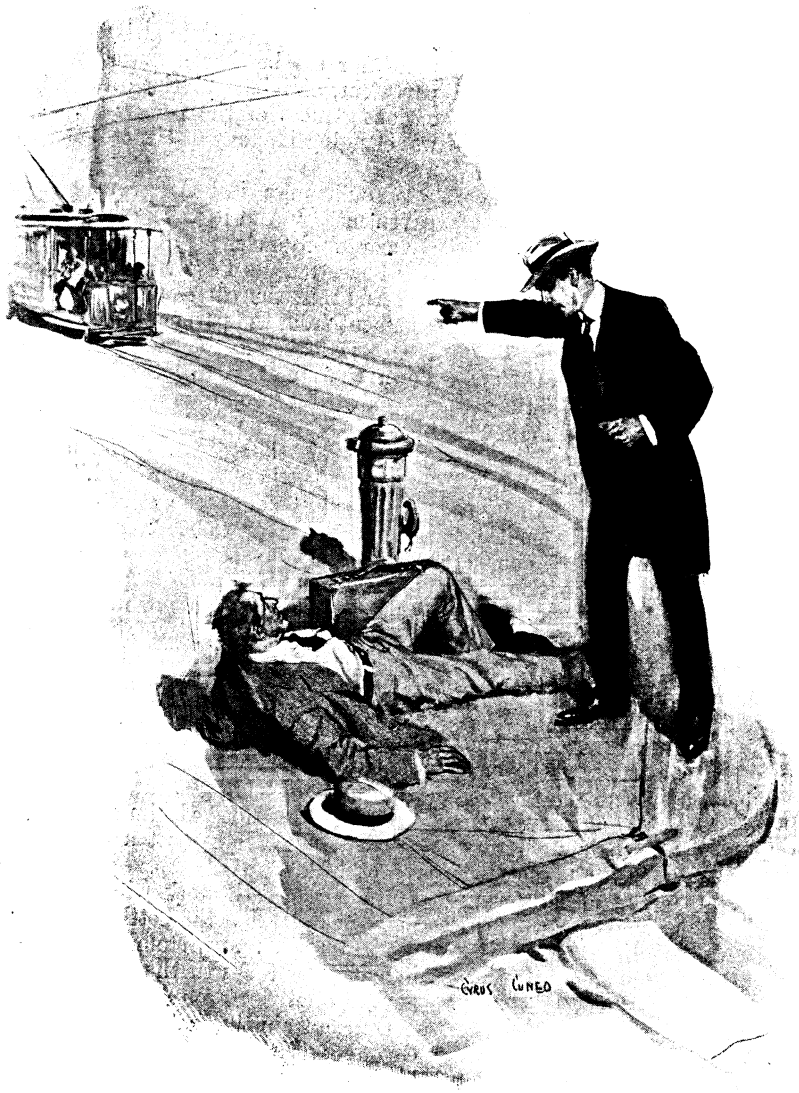

"'All right,' he said. 'I'll get it. But you get on that car.'"

him. He was being propelled towards the door.

"The suit-case!" he gasped. "It's there . . . in that room. Let me get it!"

"Where's the key?" his brother asked, when he had brought it.

"It isn't locked."

The next moment the suit-case was spread open, and George's hand was searching the contents. From one side it brought out a bottle of whisky, from the other side a flask. He snapped the case shut.

"Come on," he said. "If we miss one car, we miss that train."

He went out into the hallway, leaving Al with his wife. It was like a funeral, George thought, as he waited.

His brother's overcoat caught on the knob of the front door and delayed its closing long enough for Mary's first sob to come to their ears. George's lips were very thin and compressed as he went down the steps. In one hand he carried the suit-case. With the other hand he held his brother's arm.

As they neared the corner, he heard the electric car a street away, and urged his brother on. Al was breathing hard. His feet dragged and shuffled, and he held back.

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"A fine sort of a brother you are!" he panted.

For reply, he received a vicious jerk on his arm. It reminded him of his childhood when he was hurried along by some angry grown-up. And, like a child, he had to be helped up the car-step. He sank down on an outside seat, panting, sweating, overcome by the exertion. He followed George's eyes as the latter looked him up and down.

"A fine sort of a brother *you* are!" was George's comment when he had finished the inspection.

Moisture welled into Al's eyes.

"It's my stomach," he said with self-pity.

"I don't wonder," was the retort. "Burnt out like the crater of a volcano. Fervent heat isn't a circumstance."

Thereafter they did not speak. When they arrived at the transfer point, George came to himself with a start. He smiled. With fixed gaze that did not see the houses that streamed across his field of vision, he had himself been sunk deep in self-pity. He helped his brother from the car, and looked up the intersecting street. The car they were to take was not in sight.

Al's eyes chanced upon the corner grocery and saloon across the way. At once he became restless. His hands passed beyond his control, and he yearned hungrily across the street to the door that swung open, even as he looked, and let in a happy pilgrim. And in that instant he saw the white-jacketed bar-tender against an array of glittering glass. Quite unconsciously he started to cross the street.

"Hold on!" George's hand was on his arm.

"I want some whisky," he answered.

"You've already had some."

"That was hours ago. Go on, George, let me have some. It's the last day. Don't shut off on me until we get there. Heaven knows it will be soon enough!"

George glanced desperately up the street. The car was in sight.

"There isn't time for a drink," he said.

"I don't want a drink. I want a bottle." Al's voice became wheedling. "Go on, George. It's the last, the very last."

"No." The denial was as final as George's thin lips could make it.

Al glanced at the approaching car. He sat down suddenly on the kerbstone.

"What's the matter?" his brother asked, with momentary alarm.

"Nothing. I want some whisky. It's my stomach."

"Come on, now, get up!"

George reached for him, but was anticipated, for his brother sprawled flat on the pavement, oblivious to the dirt and to the curious glances of the passers-by. The car was clanging its gong at the crossing, a street away.

"You'll miss it," Al grinned from the pavement. "And it will be your fault."

George's fists clenched tightly.

"For two cents I'd give you a thrashing."

"And miss the car," was the triumphant comment from the pavement.

George looked at the car. It was half way down the street. He looked at his watch. He debated a second longer.

"All right," he said. "I'll get it. But you get on that car. If you miss it, I'll break the bottle over your head."

He dashed across the street and into the saloon. The car came along and stopped. There were no passengers to get off. Al dragged himself up the steps and sat down. He smiled as the conductor rang the bell and the car started. The swinging door of the saloon burst open. Clutching in his hand the suit-case and a pint bottle of whisky, George started in pursuit. The conductor, his hand on the bell-cord, waited to see if it would be necessary to stop. It was not. George swung lightly aboard, sat down beside his brother, and passed him the bottle.

"You might have got a quart," Al said reproachfully.

He extracted the cork with a pocket-corkscrew and elevated the bottle.

"I'm sick . . . my stomach," he explained in apologetic tones to the passenger who sat next to him.

On the train they sat in the smoking-car. George felt that it was imperative. Also, having successfully caught the train, his heart softened. He felt more kindly towards his brother, and accused himself of unnecessary harshness. He strove to atone by talking about their mother and sisters, and the little affairs and interests of the family. But Al was morose and devoted himself to the bottle. As the time passed, his mouth hung looser and looser, while the rings under his eyes seemed to puff out and all his facial muscles to relax.

"It's my stomach," he said, once, when he finished the bottle and dropped it under the seat; but the swift hardening of his brother's face did not encourage further explanations.

The conveyance that met them at the station had all the dignity and luxuriousness of a private carriage. George's eyes were

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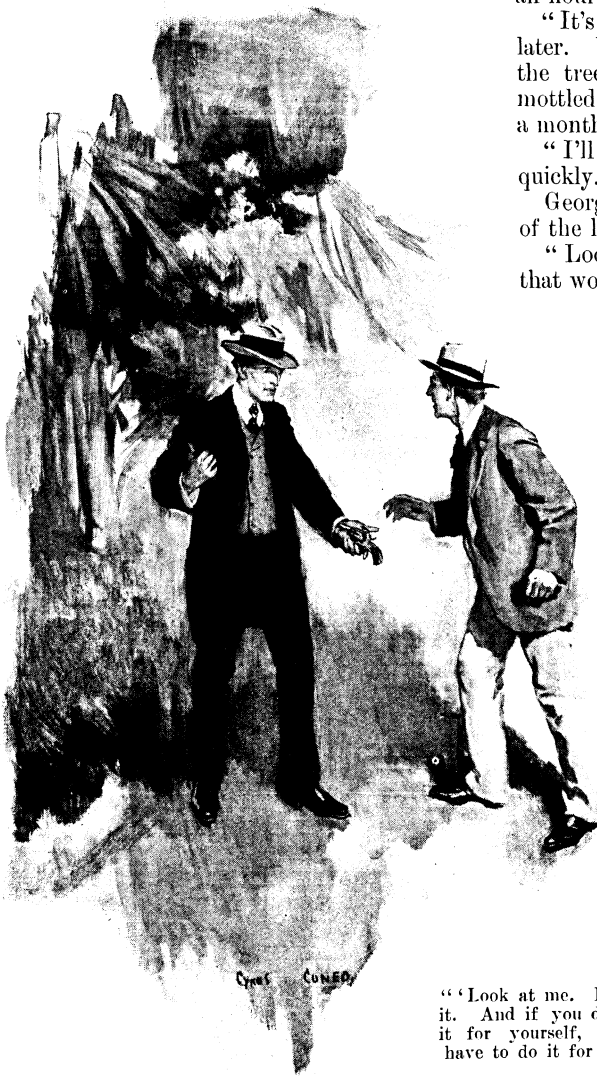
keen for the earmarks of the institution to which they were going, but his apprehensions were allayed from moment to moment. As they entered the wide gateway and rolled on through the spacious grounds, he felt sure that the institutional side of the place would not jar upon his brother. It was more like a summer hotel—or, better yet, a country club. And as they swept on through the spring sunshine, the songs of birds in his ears, and in his nostrils the breath of flowers, George sighed for a week of rest in such a place, and before his eyes loomed the arid vista of summer in town and at the office. There was not room in his income for his brother and himself.



"'Look at me. I mean it. And if you don't do it for yourself, I shall have to do it for you.'"

"Let us take a walk in the grounds," he suggested, after they had met Dr. Bodineau and inspected the quarters assigned to Al. "The carriage leaves for the station in half an hour, and we'll just have time."

"It's beautiful," he remarked a moment later. Under his feet was the velvet grass, the trees arched overhead, and he stood in mottled sunshine. "I wish I could stay for a month."

"I'll exchange places with you," Al said quickly.

George laughed it off, but he felt a sinking of the heart.

"Look at that oak!" he cried. "And that woodpecker! Isn't he a beauty?"

"I don't like it here," he heard his brother mutter.

George's lips tightened in preparation for the struggle, but he said—

"I'm going to send Mary and the children off to the country. She needs it, and so do they. And when you're in shape, I'll send you right on to join them. Then you can take your summer vacation before you come back to the office."

"I'm not going to stay in this wretched hole, for all you talk about it," Al announced abruptly.

"Yes, you are; and you're going to get your health and strength back again, so that the look of you will put the colour in Mary's cheeks, where it used to be."

"I'm going back with you." Al's voice was firm. "I'm going to take the same train back. It's about time for that carriage, I guess."

"I haven't told you all my plans," George tried to go on, but Al cut him off.

"You might as well quit that. I don't want any of your soapy talking. You treat me like a child. I'm not a child. My mind's made up, and I'll show you how long it can stay made up. You needn't talk to me. I don't care a rap for what you're going to say."

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A baleful light was in his eyes, and to his brother he seemed for all the world like a cornered rat, desperate and ready to fight. As George looked at him, he remembered back to their childhood, and it came to him that at last was aroused in Al the same old stubborn strain that had enabled him, as a child, to stand against all force and persuasion.

George abandoned hope. He had lost. This creature was not human. The last fine instinct of the human had fled. It was a brute, sluggish and stolid, impossible to move—just the raw stuff of life, combative, rebellious, and indomitable. And as he contemplated his brother, he felt in himself the rising up of a similar brute. He became suddenly aware that his fingers were tensing and crooking like a thug's, and he knew the desire to kill. And his reason, turned traitor at last, counselled that he should kill, that it was the only thing left for him to do.

He was aroused by a servant calling to him through the trees that the carriage was waiting. He answered. Then, looking straight before him, discovered his brother. He had forgotten it was his brother. It had been only a thing the moment before. He began to talk; and as he talked, the way became clear to him. His reason had not turned traitor. The brute in him had merely orientated his reason.

"You are no earthly good, Al," he said. "You know that. You've made Mary's life a hell. You are a curse to your children. And you have not made life exactly a paradise for the rest of us."

"There's no use your talking," Al interjected. "I'm not going to stay here."

"That's what I'm coming to," George continued. "You don't have to stay here." (Al's face brightened, and he involuntarily made a movement, as though about to start towards the carriage.) "On the other hand, it is not necessary that you should return with me. There is another way."

George's hand went to his hip-pocket and appeared with a revolver. It lay along his palm, the butt towards Al, and towards Al he extended it. At the same time, with his hand, he indicated the near-by thicket.

"You can't bluff me," Al snarled.

"It is not bluff, Al. Look at me. I mean it. And if you don't do it for yourself, I shall have to do it for you."

They faced each other, the proffered revolver still extended. Al debated for a moment, then his eyes blazed. With a quick movement he seized the revolver.

"By Heavens! I'll do it!" he said. "I'll show you what I've got in me!"

George felt suddenly sick. He turned away. He did not see his brother enter the thicket, but he heard the passage of his body through the leaves and branches.

"Good-bye, Al!" he called.

"Good-bye!" came from the thicket.

George felt the sweat upon his forehead. He began mopping his face with his handkerchief. He heard, as from a remote distance, the voice of the servant again calling to him that the carriage was waiting. The woodpecker dropped down through the mottled sunshine and lighted on the trunk of a tree a dozen feet away. George felt that it was all a dream, and yet, through it all, he felt supreme justification. It was the right thing to do. It was the only thing.

His whole body gave a spasmodic start, as though the revolver had been fired. It was the voice of Al, close at his back.

"Here's your pistol," Al said. "I'll stay."

The servant appeared among the trees, approaching rapidly and calling anxiously. George put the weapon in his pocket and caught both his brother's hands in his own.

"God bless you, old man!" he murmured; "and"—with a final squeeze of the hands—"good luck!"

"I'm coming!" he called to the servant; and turned and ran through the trees towards the carriage.

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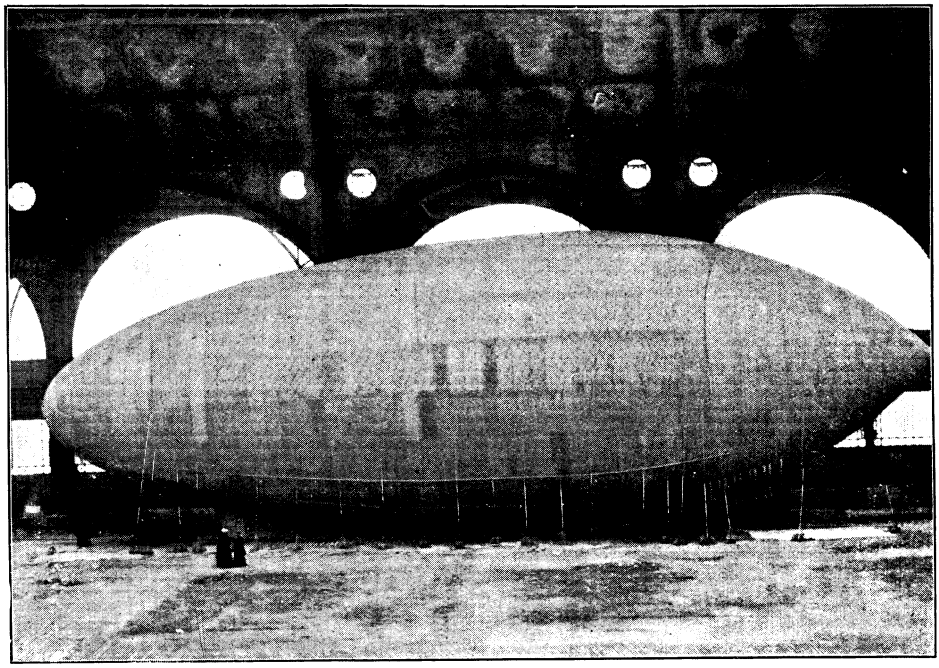

SIDE VIEW OF THE POLAR AIRSHIP "AMERICA."

The immense length—one hundred and eighty feet—is suggested by the figures standing near and under the balloon.

By Airship to the North Pole.

By WALTER WELLMAN.

Photographs by the Author.

SOME day this summer, as we hope and believe, a man standing at the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, six hundred miles almost directly north of the North Cape of Norway, will behold a strange and wonderful spectacle. He will see, rising from a little pocket of land amidst the snow-capped hills of Danes Island, an enormous airship—a huge mass of hydrogen gas imprisoned in a staunch reservoir of cloth and rubber, in shape much like a thick cigar, its sharp nose pointed northward. Underneath the mammoth cigar a curious, spider-webbish structure of steel, enclosed in tense, smooth silken walls and roof. From the two sides of this steel car protrude two steel screws, like the propellers of a steamship, themselves of great size, but dwarfed to the eye by contrast with the dimensions of the gas-reservoir overhead. The screws revolve in the air with a rapid motion, driven by a 60–70 horse-power motor, working in the enclosed engine-room and therefore hidden from the onlooker, but the clattering exhaust will be heard pulling the echoes from the hillside and frightening the rotches and kittiwakes from their nests in the rocky cliffs. At the bottom of the car, and forming the very backbone of it, is a long, slender tank of steel—the bunkers of this cruiser of the air—containing nearly three and one half tons of gasolene. Aft is a large rudder for steering the craft to the right or the left; and here also are movable planes for enabling its navigators to point its nose upward or downward at their will.

Upon the deck and in the engine-room a crew of four men, each at his appointed post. Instruments of navigation and meteorology abound, and the captain of the ship stands with his eyes upon barographs, statoscopes,

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manometers, and other instruments which speak to him of the ever-varying moods and conditions of the parts and vitals of his complex machine. Stowed in kennel-like compartments are a dozen sledge-dogs brought all the way from the habitat of the Samoyed tribes on the Arctic shores of the River Ob in Siberia. A ton and a half of food is in the cargo, that neither man nor beast need starve for many a long month, should the voyage go badly. Sledges, boats, skees, are there, and all the paraphernalia of a sledging-party, should it be necessary to make the return over the ice instead of through the air. An odd-looking contrivance, snake-like, beribbed, articulated, steel-clad with scales of artifice, hangs perpendicularly from the forward end of the car; from the aft part runs far to the rear and downwards, three or four hundred feet to the surface of the earth, a steel cable, dragging after it another and longer steel-scaled serpent, half a ton of food in his belly, swimming upon the water or gliding over the surface of the ice in the wake of the big ship overhead.

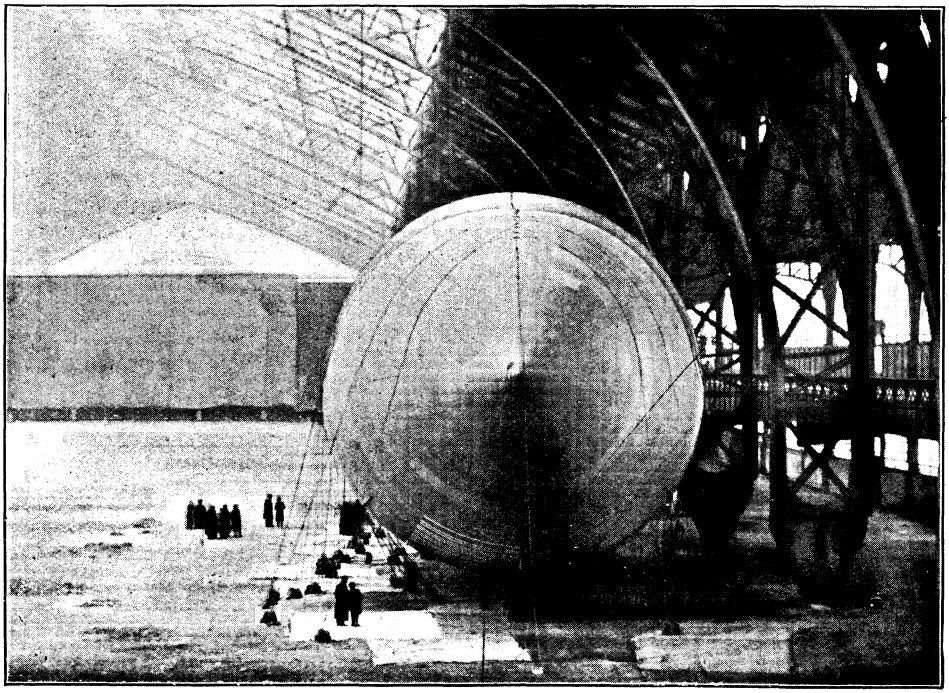
More echoes of the Gatling-like explosions of the motor-exhaust; the steel screws beat the air with increasing velocity; the open strait is crossed, the crew making their last salutes to comrades left standing on the shore; guns are fired from a number of ships lying at anchor in the little harbour; the trail of the serpent is now over the graves of the Dutchmen on low Smeerenberg point—and beyond lies the polar sea, with its eternal fields of ice, its vast unexplored area, its mysteries jealously guarded through the centuries, its challenge to man to conquer them if he dare and can, with the Pole as the symbol of its defiance.

The significance of this strange spectacle and the ingenious and infinite labour which is even now calling it into existence, it is here my business to describe.

A Unique Assignment for a Journalist.

"Build an airship and with it go and find the North Pole." Such was the order given me the last day of the year 1905, by Mr. Frank B. Noyes, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Record-Herald*. No more extraordinary "assignment" was ever given a journalist. Upon the task thus set me I have been engaged ever since.

In the nature of things, such an amazing order would never have been issued had the idea been a new one either to my editor or



THE PROW OF THE POLAR AIRSHIP "AMERICA."
The nose that points towards the North Pole

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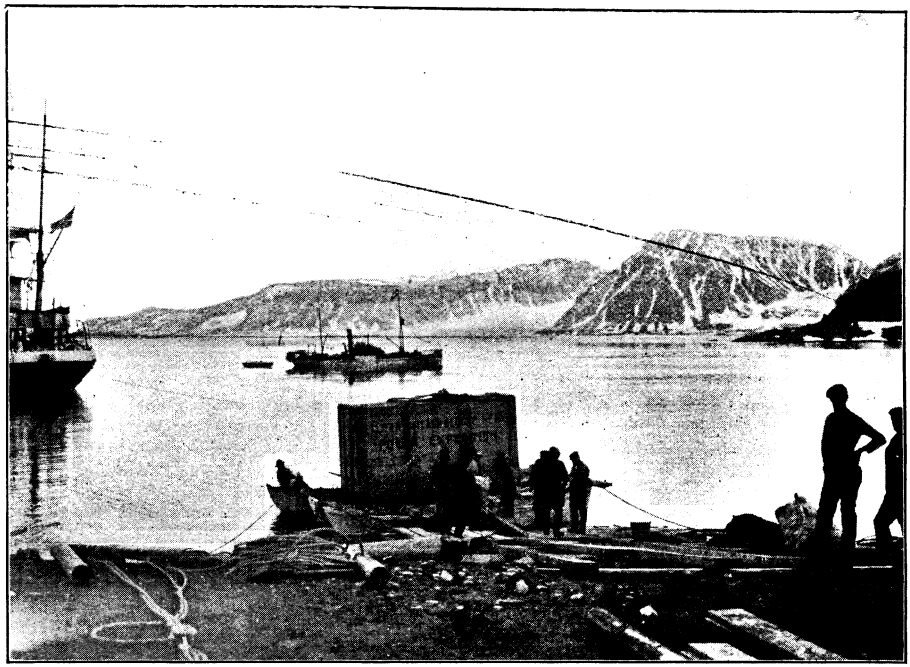

BRINGING THE AIRSHIP ASHORE AT CAMP WELLMAN.

The case which is being landed contains only the balloon of the airship, which weighs, in its box, eight thousand pounds.

to me. And before anyone permits himself to join the ranks of the ill-informed in imagining that our project is visionary, or reckless, or insincere, or unscientific, he will do well, for his own sake, to learn a little of what we knew then and of what we know to-day.

In the first place, Arctic exploration was no new experience to me. In 1894 I led an expedition to the north-east shores of Spitzbergen, reaching latitude eighty-one degrees, five hundred and forty sea-miles from the Pole, six hundred miles farther north than the most northerly point of Alaska. In 1898 a second expedition, under my name and leadership, went north, this time to Franz Josef Land, which lies to the east and north of Spitzbergen. We were seeking the Pole again. Of course we did not find it, but we went as far as the eighty-second degree, and should have gone further but for an accident. Our experience was much like that of every other party which has tried sledging over the treacherous ice-sheet that covers the polar sea—something happened to frustrate our plans. Something is always happening to frustrate the plans of sledge parties. We were caught in an ice-screw, a veritable ice-quake, and wrecked.

In this way I had now spent three summers and one winter in the true Arctics, north of the eightieth parallel. Having led in vain two assaults upon the Pole by the old method of dog-sledging, I had learned what it means to travel the rough and shifting polar ice, breaking your back dragging the heavy sledges six or eight miles a day, and your heart, because it is not in flesh and blood to do more. I have often stopped for breath and thrust my longing gaze up into the air and wished I were travelling there—above all obstacles, undeterred by pressure-ridges and yawning chasms of black water, pockets of deep snow, pools of sludge, and the eternal grind of weight and distance upon the muscles of men and beasts.

The Royal Road to the Pole.

As early as 1894 I was first touched by the temptation of this free aerial pathway. Returning from Spitzbergen to Europe in the autumn of that year, I spent several weeks in Paris in consultation with a firm of aeronautic constructors. I supplied the information as to Arctic conditions, they the aeronautic skill and experience. Together we worked out a project for a voyage by

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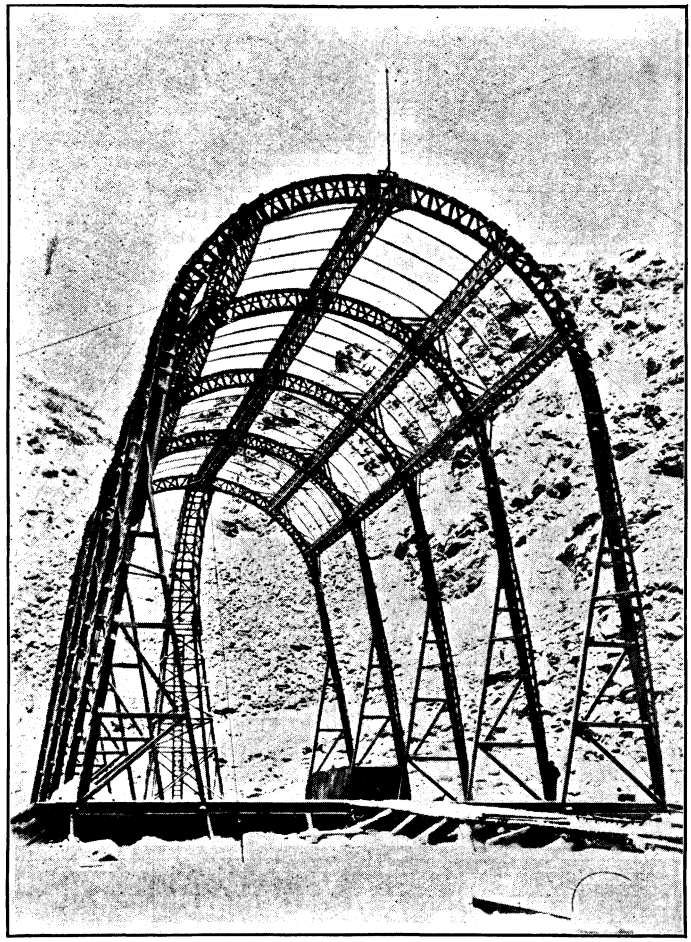
balloon from Spitzbergen to the Pole. This was to be an ordinary, spherical, "free" or drifting balloon, of great size and endurance, but without motive power or means of steering. At that time the motor-driven and steerable balloon or airship was only an experiment, and not a very promising one. The drifting balloon, with its great possibilities, offered temptations to one who had heard the muttering of the north wind; but even Pole-seekers occasionally have prudence, and upon analysis this balloon project seemed to me extra-hazardous. So my decision was adverse. A year later, Andrée of Sweden publicly announced his intention to seek the conquest of the Pole by this method. All the world knows what happened to him: he and his two companions went up into the air in their free balloon, a toy of the winds, and those winds that sentry the fastnesses of the Pole played with the bold adventurer to their vengeance—they hold him still.



THE SKELETON FRAME OF THE WELLMAN AIRSHIP-HALL WITHOUT ITS SKIN OF SAIL-CLOTH.

Eighty-two feet wide, eighty-five feet high, and one hundred and ninety feet long.

In 1899 I returned from Franz Josef Land with a determination to watch the progress of the aerial navigation through which I intuitively believed the ingenuity of man must some day enable him to seek the Pole. I saw Santos-Dumont go round the Eiffel Tower in a small, toy-like, motor-driven balloon, but his performance did not inspire me with confidence. In 1905, however, a new steerable airship, equipped with motors and screws and rudders, achieved amazing results in France. It was called the "Lebaudy," after the firm of brothers who had furnished the money for its creation. This ship beat all records in aerial navigation. It proved itself to be a real cruiser of the air. In the first place, the "Lebaudy" was large enough to be a practicable machine—something more than a mere toy—with sufficient lifting power to enable its builder to gain strength and endurance through the use of steel, and no longer to confine his materials to wood and bamboo and slender cords and wires. The ship could carry a total of about seven thousand pounds, including its own weight. It was equipped with a motor of forty horse-power, which drove it at a speed of twenty-four statute miles per hour. It was perfectly steerable and controllable. With it more than eighty ascensions or voyages were made, often with four or five passengers in the steel car.

The practicability of navigating the air with a large, solidly and soundly built ship of this sort, carrying heavy machinery and

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a crew of several men, was now so well established that the French Government did not hesitate to order a second "Lebaudy" almost an exact duplicate of the other, for an engine of war. The new machine was named "La Patrie," and has been even more successful than its prototype.

Substituting Science for Brute Force.

As I pondered the question, this thought came to me: If the modern inner-combustion motor, with its lightness, its great economy of fuel consumption in proportion to the energy developed, and the progress of the art of steerable balloon construction and navigation, have together produced a practicable and successful ship of the air, why should not these achievements be employed in geographical exploration? If they are good enough for the grim business of war, why not for the more admirable and inspiring pursuit of knowledge? Would it not be possible to construct an airship, larger than the "Lebaudy," specially designed for carrying a large cargo and for going a long distance, and at the same time peculiarly adapted to the Arctic regions, and with it have a fair chance of success in a voyage from a high northern point of departure towards the Pole?

The idea soon took shape. A project, tentative but symmetrical, was evolved. An estimate of the cost and of the time required to execute the project was submitted to the publishers and owners of the newspaper with which I have been associated most of my active life. They accepted the plan as one worth trying. They were interested in a great idea; here was an opportunity to attempt a big thing for the world and for science. A company was formed — The Wellman Chicago Record-Herald Polar Expedition—a dreadfully awkward title, but what else could we call it?—and four days later I sailed for Paris.

In the French capital the new idea was received with sympathy and even with enthusiasm. The daring of it, the picturesqueness of it, the drama of it—the effort to substitute science and mechanics and modern progress for mere brute force in beating down the barriers Nature had placed on the pathway to the Pole—appealed to the French imagination. The Academy of Sciences, to which I had the honour of being presented, received me with more than politeness, with genuine encouragement and understanding. Professor Janssen, the eminent astronomer, in an address to the Institute, declared that, in his opinion, we had a most excellent chance to realise our hopes. To the intrepid Andrée this same *savant* had a few years before remarked: "It is not an exploration you are entering upon, but a suicide." Such was the difference a few years had marked—the superiority of a true airship over a free balloon, the step forward from a drifting raft to a cruiser of the air, with engines in her hold, a rudder at her stern, and many leagues of steaming in her bunkers.

In three weeks conferences were held with all the eminent aeronautic engineers and constructors in Paris. Among thousands of other important questions that had to be decided, and decided quickly, was whether it was prudent to attempt to reach the Pole in 1906 or postpone the effort till 1907. We felt no great degree of confidence in our ability to start in 1906. But we knew we had some reason to hope to do so, and we determined to try.

One month from the day the expedition had been decided upon in Chicago, a contract was made in Paris with a constructor of considerable reputation, for the building of a complete airship of great size, fully equipped with motors and machinery, for delivery at the end of May. When you order an airship, you should have a pretty clear idea of what you want it for. There must be practical, scientific adaptation of means and methods to the end in view. And just here thorough knowledge of Arctic conditions became invaluable.

We were not endeavouring, be it noted, to solve the problem of aerial navigation. Our aim was simply to take what had been done in that field, to enlarge and adapt it, and to apply it to geographical work. If we were trying to solve the problem which now engages so much of the attention of the world, instead of seeking to reach the North Pole, we should not attempt to solve it with a gas-bag driven by motors—that is, with a machine lighter than air, for upon this method physical laws have set certain limitations which stop, apparently, just short of a practicable, commercial solution of the problem of the air.

We fully realised, then, the limitations of our machine, but we knew that the dirigible balloon — the balloon which can be propelled and steered — marks a great advance upon the spherical or free balloon. It fights the air, and is not content to be merely swept along by it. It has propulsion and direction of its own forces. Speed is the critical point—the speed of the winds which may be encountered, the velocity at which

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such a ship may be driven in overcoming those winds if they are adverse. Students of this problem generally agree that to offer an ultimate solution—that is, to secure such speed as is necessary to overcome all the winds that blow, excepting great storms and hurricanes—an air-machine must be able to travel nearly fifty miles an hour of its own force. A steamship which could not hold its own, let alone make headway, against a whole gale of wind on the North Atlantic, would not be considered a solution of the problem of ocean navigation.

Flying at Railroad Speed.

The best performance, up to this time, with this type of airship, was made by "La Patrie,"

PAUL BJOERVIG.

Norwegian sailor, now at Danes Island for the winter. Bjoervig has thrice accompanied Mr. Wellman on his Arctic expeditions. In the winter of 1898-9 he was one of two men left by Mr. Wellman at an outpost in Franz Josef Land. His companion died, and for two months of Arctic darkness he slept beside the body of his dead companion, which he was unable to bury.

the aerial scout of the French Army. Its highest speed was 12·22 mètres per second, equal to 27·25 statute miles per hour. Its average speed, measured in a calm, may be taken at twenty-five miles per hour, and the quantity of fuel which it can carry enables it to maintain this speed for about fifteen hours, thus giving a radius of action of about three hundred and seventy-five miles.

Now, it may be barely possible, with unlimited capital, to achieve the construction of a gas-buoyed, motor-driven airship able to make fifty miles per hour. Theoretically this result could probably be achieved. Practically it would be a most doubtful experiment, because many engineering problems are involved in the construction with known materials of a reservoir of the great size necessary. The manœuvring and navigation of such a huge aeronaut would also entail many hazards.

We resolved, then, to build a ship of the "La Patrie" type. But of what size, form, power, and equipment? Here experience was invaluable. We knew the Arctic regions; the conditions prevailing there were before our eyes, like the pages of an open book. The first of the great physical facts which stared us in the face was the distance to be travelled. From the most northerly base we could prudently strive for, Spitzbergen, it is six hundred sea-miles to the Pole—twelve hundred sea-miles there and back, as a bird might fly. But we must in prudence have a margin of at least fifty per cent., or a total radius of action of eighteen hundred sea-miles. In addition to the great amount of fuel in our bunkers, the ship must carry a crew of four or five men, provisions, instruments, dogs or motor-driven sledges, a small boat, and many things besides. A "Patrie" with twenty-five miles per hour would be splendid. But neither of those ships could carry more than a few hundred pounds' weight of cargo in addition to the crew and machinery, and our cargo must aggregate several tons. It was clear we must have a much larger ship. But if we increased the size, we increased also the resistance to the air, requiring larger engines and more fuel to maintain the same relative speed as that secured by the successful ships we were studying.

Overcoming the Speed of the Winds.

At once the question arose, Was such high speed essential to our success? Clearly it was not worth while to aim at high speed unless we could make it high enough to enable the aeronaut to make headway against the strongest wind likely to be encountered on the voyage. This seemed more than doubtful. So we turned to our analyses of Arctic winds, based upon many thousands of actual observations taken in the months of July and August, the period of our proposed voyage, upon the Arctic Ocean, north of Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, the southern edge of the very region we propose to traverse. We found some examples—not many, but still some—of winds rising as

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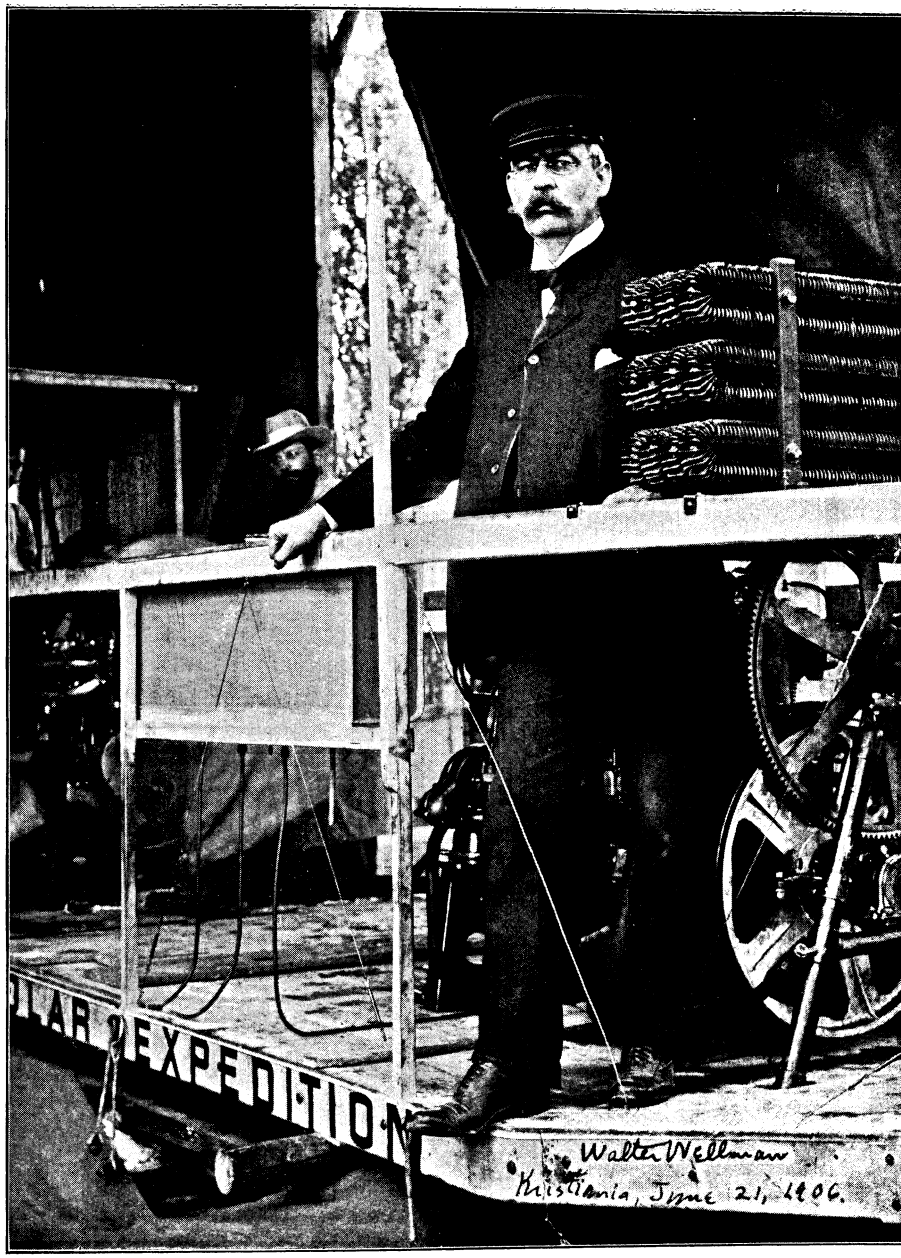

PORTRAIT OF MR. WELLMAN, TAKEN ON THE DECK OF HIS POLAR AIRSHIP "AMERICA."

The "nacelle" or car shown in this picture was the one built for 1906. For 1907 an entirely new car, all of steel, has been constructed.

high as thirty miles per hour. Taking as the basis of our calculations the ship of fifty-two and a half feet diameter, which we had in mind to build, yielding sufficient lifting force to enable her to carry the cargo and appurtenances necessary for the execution of our plan, and assuming that such a ship must be driven eighteen hundred sea-miles, what would be the engine-power and fuel-supply required to secure a speed of thirty

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miles per hour, and, for comparison, to secure half that speed? The result of our calculations is as follows:—

Sea-miles per ho	Required Horse-power.	Per hour Fuel—lbs.
30	300	225
15	60	45

Per mile Fuel—lbs.	For 1,800 miles Fuel—lbs.	Weight of Motor—lbs.
7·5	13,500	3,000
3·0	5,400	600

Inasmuch as such a ship could carry, in addition to its own weight, about nine thousand pounds of cargo and machinery of all sorts, it was obvious that a speed of fifteen sea-miles per hour throughout a long-distance voyage was theoretically realisable, while a speed of thirty miles an hour was wholly impossible. Moreover, the enormous fuel-cost of high speeds—I mean, of course, cost in weight, not in money—led us to content ourselves with quite moderate speed aspirations. But even fifteen sea-miles an hour seemed marvellous to one who had in the past deemed himself lucky to be able to sledge half the distance in a day. Commander Peary is a skilful and energetic sledger; but his average advance during his recent record-breaking dash for the Pole, for the northward part of his journey, was only about five miles per day.

Teaching "Rush" Methods to Frenchmen.

Our contract with the constructor called for an airship meeting these general requirements. It allowed him only four months in which to create a larger and more complex aerial machine than had ever before been built in France—a country wherein the word "rush" is unknown to the lexicon. A steamship was chartered for two years, a scientific and engineering staff was organised, and vast quantities of apparatus and materials were purchased and assembled for transport to the base of operations in the Arctic regions.

When the day came for the delivery of the airship, under the contract, the work was not finished. An agonising delay ensued. The contractor's task was too great for him. Then the Expedition had to go to his rescue and supply him with motors and machinery which he had been unable to procure. A most serious question had here to be decided—whether to refuse acceptance of an untested machine and abandon the summer's programme, or to take the unsatisfactory, and in some respects unknown, apparatus and make a valiant effort to do our utmost to whip it into shape. By this time, ship, men, and materials were waiting in Norway to start for Spitzbergen. We determined to play the game out, to win in the summer of 1906, if possible, and if not, to recur to the original and published programme and use the following winter and spring in preparation for the campaign of 1907.

By the middle of June we were able to start the airship and its appurtenances by special train and steamer on the way to the North. At the same time, the first section of the Expedition sailed from Tromsö, Norway, in the Expedition steamer *Frithjof*, bound for Spitzbergen. Many people think Spitzbergen an inhabited island somewhere along the Norwegian coast. Actually it is an extensive group of lands and islands running almost to the eighty-first degree of latitude. It is now and has always been wholly uninhabited, save for the sojourn there in summer of whale and seal hunters, and of late, in the southern parts, of the workers in two coal-mines.

Our choice of base fell upon the northern end of Danes Island, which lies almost at the extreme north-west point of the Spitzbergen archipelago, latitude 79·42 degrees, 618 sea-miles or 710 statute miles from the Pole.

The first section of the Expedition arrived at Danes Island, June 21st. Four days were spent discharging the enormous cargo. Then the *Frithjof* was hurried back to Norway for the second or aeronautic detachment, at the moment *en route* from Paris. July 5th this second party sailed from Tromsö, and on the 9th the entire Expedition was assembled. We were forty men—executive staff, engineers, mechanics, aeronauts, specialists, workmen, sailors. But there was work enough for a hundred.

Mr. Wellman's "Scientific Village."

Let no one imagine it is a simple thing to make an airship ready for a voyage to the North Pole. First we had to land three shiploads of material—for the *Frithjof* was immediately sent south again for another cargo which she had been formerly unable to carry. This was no small task, as everything had to be taken ashore by boats or improvised rafts and, in the earlier days, by using ice-floes as floats. And such a lot of stuff we had to handle! There were three or four hundred tons of timber and iron for the great airship-hall and other structures;

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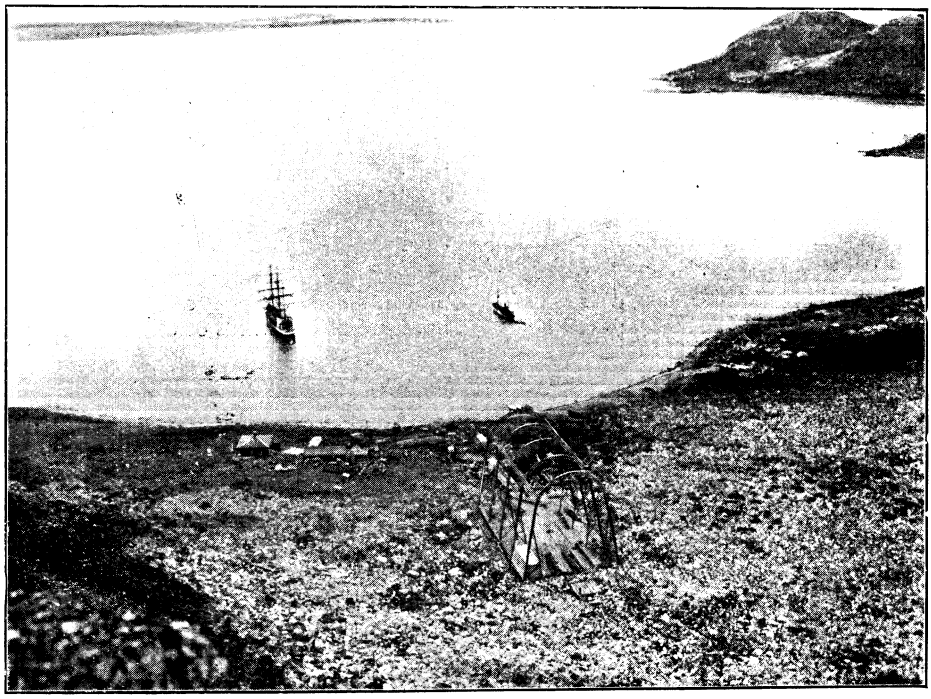
one hundred and twenty-five tons of sulphuric acid, seventy-five tons of scrap-iron, and thirty tons of apparatus and other chemicals for the manufacture of the hydrogen gas; half a shipload of provisions; the aeronautic machine and all its appurtenances: dog-sledges, motor-sledges, a steam boiler and engine, tons of gasolene, tools, coal, iron rods, bolts, nails, steel boats, and all the paraphernalia of what a London periodical aptly termed "Mr. Wellman's scientific village in the Arctics."

As quickly as possible the headquarters houses or living-rooms were made ready, including the erection of what is without doubt the best and most scientifically heated and ventilated house in the true Arctics. Next the machine-shop, with its installation of lathes, drills, and tools; then the boiler-house, steam-engine, steam-pump, and the timber work of the gas apparatus.

The greatest job of all was the erection of the hall in which our airship, the "America," was to be housed whilst being prepared for her voyage. In good weather an ordinary spherical balloon may be inflated in the open air without serious risk of accident. But a machine as complex and delicate as an airship demands great care and caution. Once launched on the voyage, in the element for which it was designed, it is supposed to be able to take care of itself and ride out all the storms that may attack it. But during the preparatory stages of inflation, adjustment of the car and the steel suspension, the motors, the rudders, and all the equipment, it must be housed. If at this time it be exposed to the winds, disaster may come in the twinkling of an eye.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP WELLMAN, LOOKING NORTHWARD.

In the centre, the immense hall for the airship; at the left, the headquarters-house, machine-shop, boiler-house, gas apparatus, etc. At the right can be discerned the ruins of Andrée's balloon-shed. In the harbour, the "Frithjof" and a small steamer hired by a Berlin newspaper to carry its correspondent to Spitzbergen. The low point across the strait to the north is the site of Smeerenberg, the whalers' town of two centuries ago. Note the immense size of the airship-house by contrast with the black specks of men on the floor and round about.

The New Airship.

In seeking the North Pole in an airship, it is no toy that we are playing with. The "America" is no plaything, no fragile, short-lived balloon built to run for a few hours as the wind listeth, and then succumb—but a machine, big and stout, steel-muscled, full-lunged, strong-hearted, built for war, for

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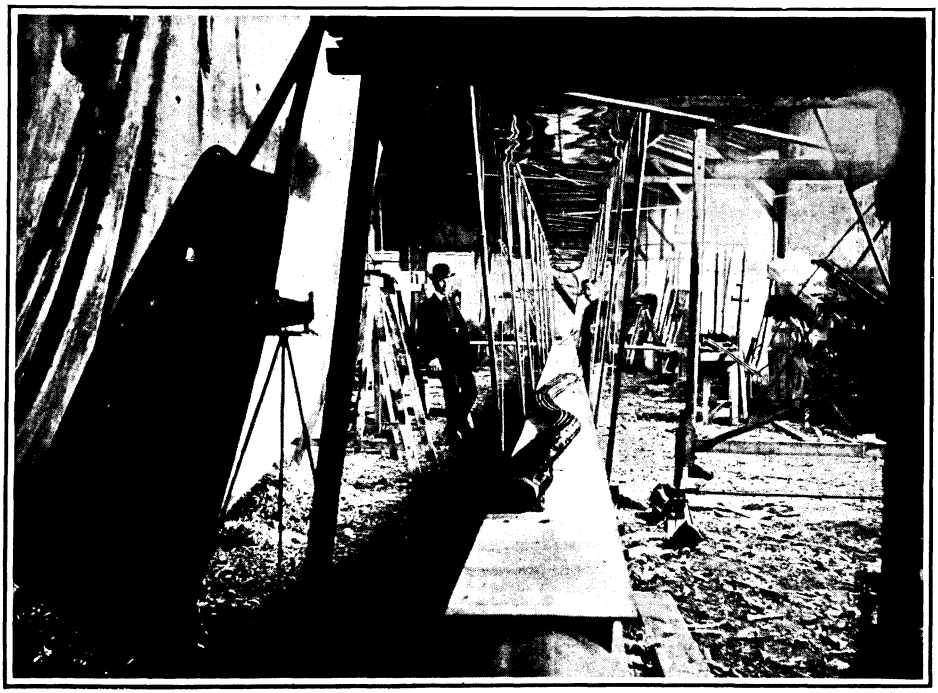
work, for endurance, able to fight the winds that sentry the Pole and perhaps to defeat them. It is no flight of rhetoric to say that this airship is huge. It is gigantic. Its length is 183 feet, and its greatest diameter 52·5 feet. The steel car underneath it is 115 feet long; and from the bottom of this car to the top of the gas-reservoir the distance is 65 feet, the height of a four-storey house. The surface of the gas-reservoir or balloon is 24,000 square feet, or more than half an acre, and the weight of the envelope of cotton, silk, and rubber is two tons.

When the ship sets out upon its voyage, it will embrace, all told, 20,965 pounds—ten tons—of material and cargo.

And how many miles per hour can the ship make at full speed? From fifteen to eighteen statute miles, which is equivalent to from thirteen to sixteen sea-miles. This, of course, is the rate of progress it could make in a calm. The French call this the "proper speed" of an airship, meaning thereby its movement by its own motive power through still air, regardless of the effect of the wind. If we reckon the speed at fifteen miles per hour, and assume that the ship must go against a wind of ten miles an hour, the progress will be five miles per hour. But if the wind is blowing ten miles per hour with the course, the progress will be twenty-five miles per hour.

It may be asked how we can speak with so much confidence of the speed of an airship that has never been tried in the air, that has not even been launched. The answer is that, just as in marine engineering it is practicable to design a vessel with certain displacement, weight, lines, and power, and to calculate within a fraction of a knot her speed in actual trial, so with airships the art has now so far developed that, with a little less certainty and accuracy, perhaps, the performance may be known in advance.

It appears, therefore, that our ship is much like a large yacht, able to carry enough fuel for a voyage of 2,000 to 2,500 miles, and reasonably certain to arrive at her destination if the storms and winds do not too much hamper her, and she can avoid the dangers of shipwreck or other disaster. There is this difference: the voyage of the ocean yacht would be in known waters, and the adverse effect of the winds upon her progress would probably be not very great. In our case the influence of the winds or other weather con-



ENGINEER VANIMAN (AT THE LEFT) WITH HIS HALF-BUILT CAR.

The platform immediately covering the gasolene tank forms the flooring of the car. Upon it rests, by chance, a section of the guide-rope serpent. At the left is shown a blade of one of the twin steel screws.

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IN THE MACHINE-SHOP AT CAMP WELLMAN.

ditions might be controlling, and it behoves us to inquire with care what these conditions are likely to be and how well our craft is adapted to meet them.

The Dangers of Fog and Sleet.

The most unfavourable aspect of the polar area, so far as meteorological conditions are concerned, is the high humidity, the prevalence of fogs, and the precipitation of snow or rain. We have to take into account the probability that almost any hour the huge surface of our gas-reservoir may take on several hundred pounds' weight of snow or moisture, and the possibility that in a snow or sleet storm of unusual severity it may take on as much as a thousand pounds. At all hazards, we must prevent the "America" being overloaded in this manner and forced down upon the surface of the earth. A ship of the air is like a ship of the sea—usually all right as long as it is kept in the element for which it was designed, but pretty sure to go to smash if it tries to navigate upon the land.

To help us meet these peculiar conditions, we have adopted two ingenious appliances which should contribute materially to our success. One is a very modern adaptation of the old and thoroughly tested balloon guide-rope. This rope—or, rather, cable—will fill several important functions. First, it will serve as ballast. In the navigation of any balloon or airship certain frequent vertical oscillations—bobbings, as it were—are inevitable. To overcome them, the method employed by such airships as the "Lebaudy" and "Patrie" is either to let gas escape, or to carry ballast-sand and throw it overboard when necessary. Now, we early made up our minds not to burden our ship with useless material. Our ballast must be serviceable in other ways. Most of it, as I have said, consists of the fuel in our tanks, but besides this we have the guide-rope, the primary purpose of which, as it hangs from the car with its lower end trailing on the surface of the earth, is to keep the airship in continuous contact with *terra firma*. This guide-rope is an automatic regulator of the vertical variations of the ship carrying it, since, by simple self-adjustment, it places its weight on the ground as the ship falls, or on the car as the ship rises. In the Arctics we can use this valuable auxiliary to its full advantage, because of the absence of houses, forests, shrubbery, fences, railway and telegraph lines, and all the obstructions which civilisation puts in the way of cross-country travelling.

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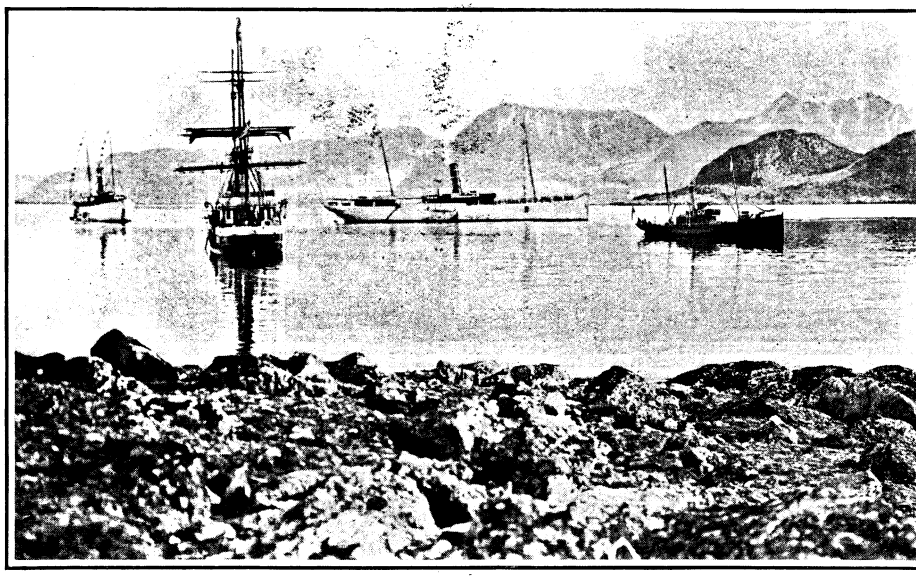
Important as it is to overcome these minor fluctuations, it is still more essential to prevent the airship from rising too high. In the Arctics great altitude means danger to an airship: the experiments of Professor Hergozell, of Berlin, made with small balloons from the decks of the yacht of the Prince of Monaco, only last summer, demonstrated that at an elevation of from three to five thousand feet the temperature is likely to fall twenty or thirty degrees below the normal of zero Cent. (32° Fahr.) at the sea-level. The risk of exposure to this sudden change of temperature is obviated by the extra ballast furnished by the guide-rope; on the other hand, in case the airship descends too low, the guide-rope would relieve it of its extra weight by paying off on the ground.



THE "FRITHJOF" (WITH THE SPARS) AND TOURIST SHIPS IN THE HARBOUR AT DANES ISLAND.

The Sausage Guide-Rope.

The serpent is made of leather, one-eighth of an inch thick, fashioned into a long tube six inches in diameter. This leather has high tensile strength, and the snake will withstand a pull of four tons before parting—an ample margin of safety. It is divided into sections of about ten feet in length, each section a closed compartment, so that if, by chance, water should get into one, it could not pass into its neighbours. Within the skin of the serpent we pack food—bacon, ham, bread, and butter, the bread inside the meat and butter. Should a little salt water get in, it could not hurt the fat meats and could not reach the ship's biscuit enclosed in them. There was at least a little danger that the outer surface of this snake, in crawling a thousand miles over polar sea-ice, might be abraded, torn, or disrupted. What to do about that? Again Mr. Vaniman was equal to the occasion. He riveted upon the leathern tube, all round, thousands of little scales of thin steel, one lapping the other, like the scales of a fish, protecting the leather from abrasion and forming an ideal gliding surface, since the snake is expected to crawl but in one direction, and that, of course, as a fish swims, with the tips of his scales to the rear. This serpent or sausage guide-rope displaces 13·4 pounds of sea-water per foot of its length, itself weighs two pounds per foot, its stuffing 8·8 pounds, making the total 10·8 pounds per foot, leaving for buoyancy in water 2·6 pounds per foot, or about 20 per cent. With a snake 130 feet long, we have a grand total of 1,150 pounds of useful material against only 265 of unuseful, so to speak, a percentage of 81. Certainly this is vastly better than carrying a simple steel cable of a thousand pounds or more, which might do fairly well as a guide-rope (though not as well as the serpent), but would prove dreadfully disappointing if, through some mischance, the crew should wish to eat it.

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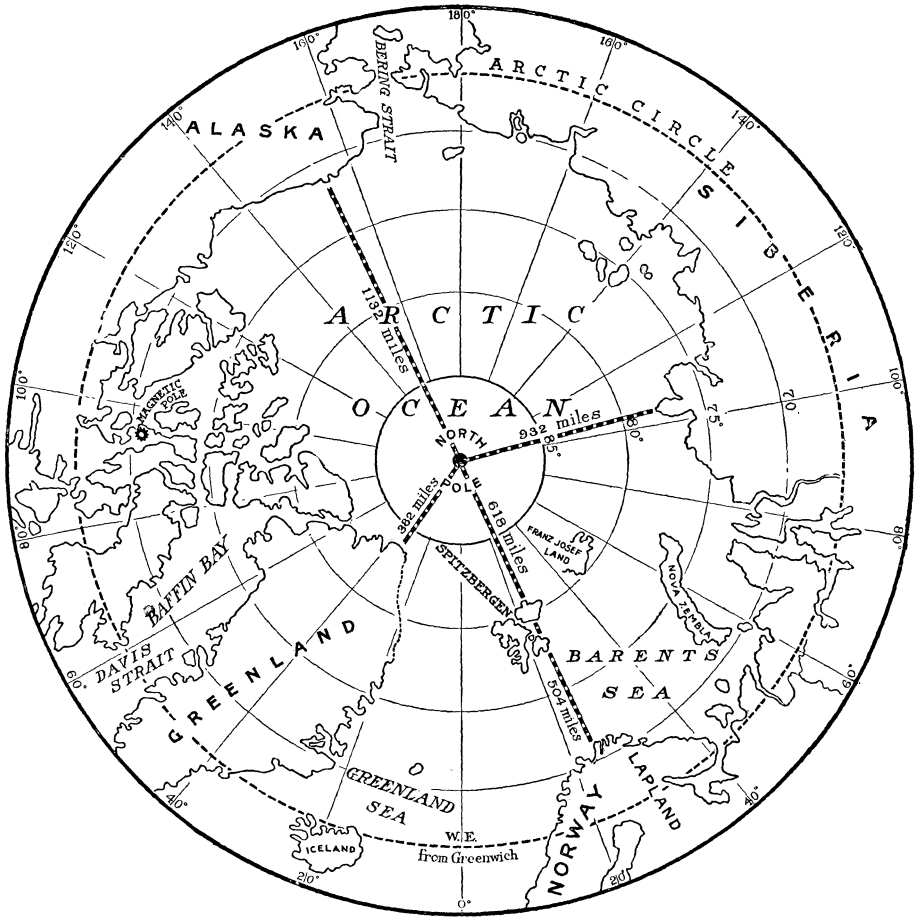
Sail When You Can—Anchor When You Must.

One other appliance, somewhat similar in form, was invented to meet a very different purpose. My former explorations had proved to me that the polar fields of ice afford an excellent surface for anchoring a balloon or airship in case of need. I have already pointed out that our ship is to have a proper speed of about 15 knots per hour for from 150 to 180 hours. But as we do not by any means intend to confine the voyage to that number of hours—indeed, we reckon upon twice or perhaps thrice as many in the aggregate—the question arises as to what we intend doing during the hours the motor is not working. This brings us to one of the most important features of the project.

Our plan is to use the fuel in the motor and keep the screws in motion only in favourable winds or in the lighter of the unfavourable winds. When winds are both strong and contrary—that is, when it would be uneconomical to use the motor, because we should get very little result in miles covered, for the fuel expended—we propose to profit by the peculiar advantages offered by the presence of ice-floes underneath, and anchor the ship to the surface of the earth. Thus, while unfavourable conditions prevail, we lose neither fuel nor position, but hold our own without cost.

By anchorage we do not mean a fast and firm anchorage, but the employment of a simple device—and here is the second appliance I spoke of—called the retarder. It is the strange-looking object that hangs from



MAP SHOWING THE ALTERNATIVES FOR A RETURN JOURNEY.
The figures given indicate sea-miles.

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the forward part of the car, like a huge snake, covered with pointed steel scales, designed to offer the maximum of resistance in proportion to its weight, in gliding over the surface of the ice-floes. This surface, by the way, is not as rough as it is generally pictured or imagined; instead of mountains of ice and rugged masses of irregularly shaped pieces, it is, generally speaking, a series of undulating, snowy plains. The resistance of this retarder, or drag-anchor (for the principle is the same as that employed by sailors for many centuries), is the result of experiment on similar surfaces to a maximum of about 1,000 pounds, which corresponds to the pull of the airship stationary in a wind of nineteen miles an hour. In winds of less force than this, the retarder would hold the ship firmly; in higher winds it would drag, the ship's speed being proportionate, of course, to the velocity of the wind. In a twenty-mile breeze we should lose a mile or two an hour; in a thirty-mile wind, eleven or twelve miles an hour. By using a gliding instead of a fixed anchor, we keep the strain upon tackle, car, and balloon within the limits of safety. With firm anchorage there would always exist danger that high winds or gusts might cause something to give way and involve us in serious trouble, if not actual disaster. With the retarder all strains will be limited, and, moreover, will be cushioned to softness through the weight and sag of the long steel cable by which the serpent is let down upon the ice.

Selecting Our Own Winds.

If the average wind is to be ten miles per hour, directly contrary, and the airship is to make fifteen miles per hour for 150 hours, the net gain per hour over the wind would be five miles, or a total of 750 miles with the supply of fuel carried—more than equal to the distance to the Pole.

But by applying the retarder system we can do this: Motor only in the lighter winds, and anchor or retard against the stronger winds.

Our Unique Car.

Now for the car of the "America." Aeronautic engineers in France have expressed their admiration for the skill and adaptability shown in its design and construction. V-shaped, it realises the highest possible ratio of strength and rigidity to the weight of the materials employed. It was a genuine achievement for Chief Engineer Vaniman to build a car 115 feet in length, eight feet high, and three feet wide at the top, all in steel tubing, with joints of steel castings, and cords and binders of the strongest steel wire, and yet not to exceed the limit of weight allowed him. Inasmuch as we had to provide for the storage of about 1,150 gallons of gasolene (6,800 pounds), which must be carried in absolute safety and therefore in strong metal tanks, and inasmuch, further, as the weight of such tanks must be from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, the question arose: Was it not possible to avoid carrying so much dead weight or useless metal, and make the tank a structural part of the car? The problem was solved by constructing a tank as long as the car itself, forming the bottom of the V, and thus becoming a stiffening and strengthening part of the structure as well as a place of storage. The tank is made of thin steel, divided into fourteen sections, so that if by chance there should be leakage in one, there need be no loss from the adjacent sections. As required, the gasolene can be pumped from any of the sections, thus trimming ship. The form of our gas-reservoir, rather short for the diameter, also makes for stability. Inasmuch as we were not going in for speed, we preferred a stable and evenly managed ship. The more even the keel of an airship, the less the resistance of the atmosphere. Moreover, Mr. Vaniman has arranged an ingenious device by which a platform, containing 600 pounds of food, can be run to and fro on a little railway at the top of the car, enabling us to use this sliding weight as an additional means of balancing the ship.

Each of the fourteen sections of this car is eight feet two and a half inches in length. Three of the forward sections are built triangular, for great strength. In the first of these is the navigating-deck, in the second the motors and machinery, and the third is the cabin where the crew sleep and eat and where spare supplies are carried. The driving-shaft runs through the motor, and by bevel-gearing works the two screws, placed at either side and securely braced and held. We chose a twin-screw cruiser, because a single screw placed forward or aft produces a gyratory or twisting motion throughout the car liable to disrupt the structure. The screws are of the finest steel, they measure eleven and a half feet in diameter, and their pitch, being changeable, has been worked out through trials to the angle of greatest effectiveness. The thrust or effective work

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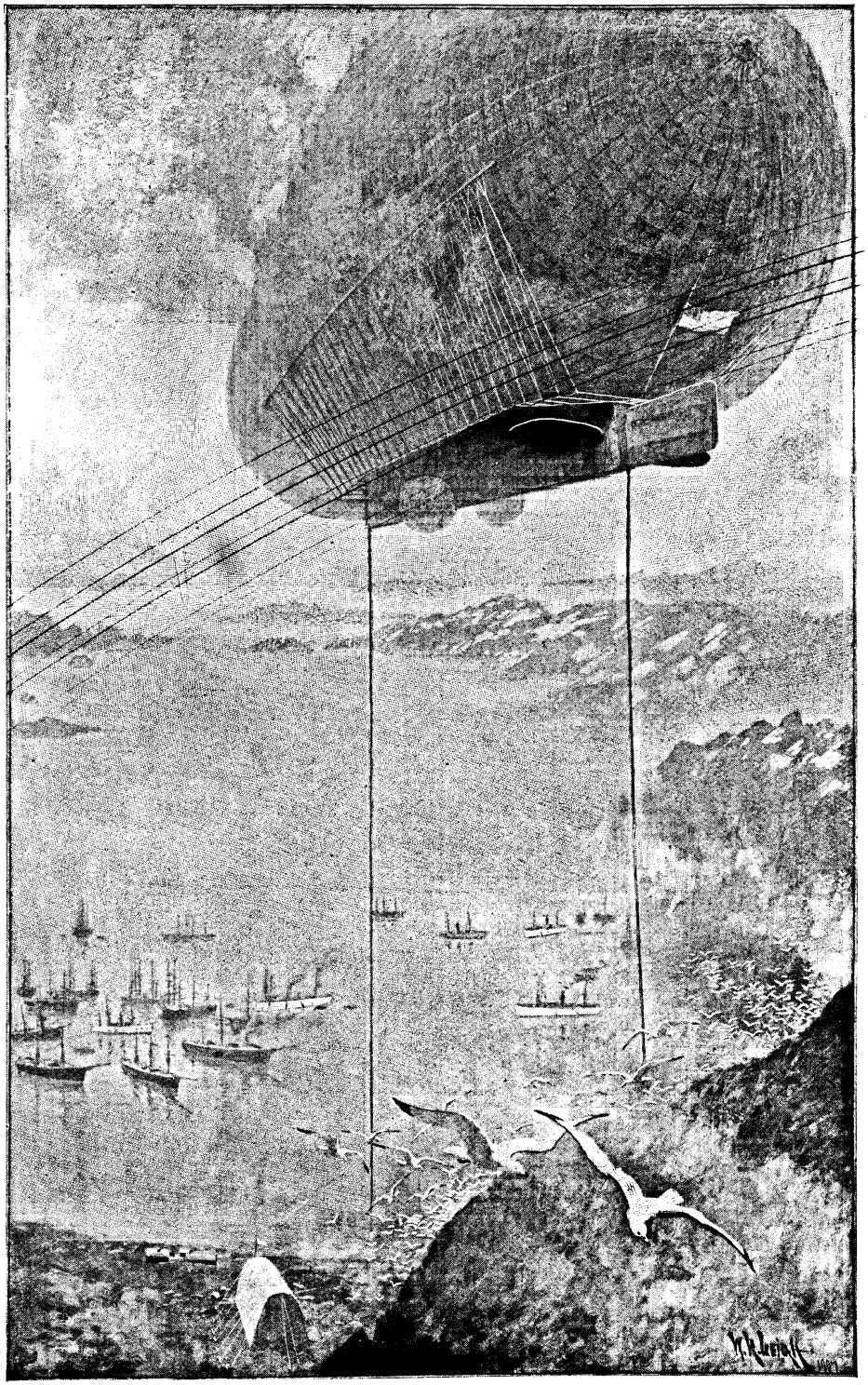

THE START FOR THE POLE.

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of the screws, measured by dynameter in a long series of trials, is from ten to eleven pounds per horse-power, giving a total of from 600 to 650 pounds, equal to a forward motion of the entire craft of about fifteen sea-miles per hour. For our motor we have chosen, after much investigation, a Lorraine-Dietrich, because, in spite of its considerable weight (750 pounds), it is wonderfully economical of gasolene. At a given weight of motor and fuel combined it will carry us farther than a lighter motor, which uses a greater proportion of gasolene. It can develop from 70 to 80 horse-power, running steadily, smoothly, and safely.

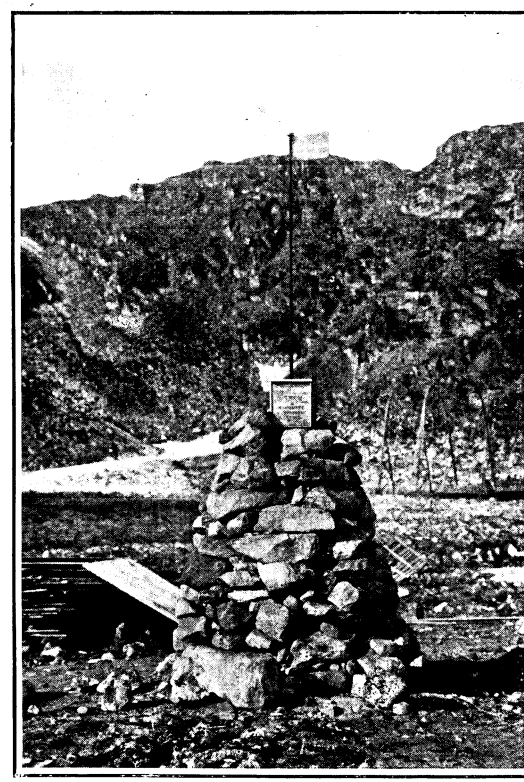
What it Means to Navigate an Airship.

The navigation of this ship of the air, running through an uncharted sea, is not going to be a simple thing. For our direction we must, of course, depend largely upon the compass, though at times we can steer roughly by the sun. Our compasses must be carefully adjusted and compensated, and we shall find it necessary to "swing the ship" for this purpose at our base, precisely as is done in preparing the compasses of any other steel ship for her voyage on the ocean. We shall carry three main compasses, two in the car, and one, a "jump" compass, swung below the car, beyond the influence of the steel of that structure, and designed to serve as a standard or corrector, from time to time, of the other instruments. The needle of the compass works normally in the Arctic Ocean—that is, as it is expected to work. The magnetic pole is far to the south of the mathematical Pole—1,200 miles. In other words, the magnetic pole is as near Winnipeg, Canada, as to the North Pole. Professor Bauer, of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, has provided us with a magnetic chart of the polar cap of the earth, worked out from the latest data, and we believe that the actual variation of the needle will follow almost exactly the theoretical lines laid down thereupon. In the region of the Pole, of course, the needle's north is actually south.

The answer to the question so often asked, "How will you know when you are at the Pole?" is here: We shall know precisely as the navigator at sea knows where he is at noon of a given day—by observation of the sun for its latitude and longitude. There is no other way. In our case, the difficulty is to get to the Pole, not to know when we are there. Once there, if conditions are favourable, we can anchor the "America," and by means of tackle we carry for the purpose, one or two of us can climb down and carry out a series of observations arranged for us by the scientific committee of the National Geographic Society and by other scientific bodies.

The Personnel of the Crew.

The three men who, together with the



CAIRN MARKING THE SPOT WHERE ANDRÉE INFLATED HIS BALLOON.

writer, will constitute the crew of the "America," are provisionally as follows: First, Major Henry Blanchard Hersey, member of the Rough Riders, inspector in the United States Weather Bureau, representative with the Expedition, last year and this, of the Government and of the National Geographic Society of Washington. He was *aide* to Lieutenant Frank Lahm in winning the James Gordon Bennett Cup in Europe in September, 1906, and is executive officer and scientific observer of this Expedition. The second is Melvin Vaniman, an American

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now resident in Paris, where he has built a mechanical flight machine which shows great promise, and where, for the past nine months, his skill and energy as designer and constructor have been devoted to the rebuilding of the airship "America," which contains nothing whatever of last year's construction except a part of the envelope of the gas-reservoir. The third man will probably be either Dr. Walter N. Fowler, of Bluffton, Indiana, surgeon of the Expedition last year and this, and also a competent mechanic, or Felix Riesenberg, of Chicago, now in charge of the Expedition headquarters at Spitzbergen—sailor, navigator, scientific observer. With a crew of only four, each man must be a specialist; not only that, everyone must be an understudy in the parts of all the others.

How long do we expect the voyage to take? We have only a vague idea. With a south wind of ten or fifteen miles per hour, it would be practicable to go to the Pole in a single day. With calms, or neutral winds, it would take two days. With winds directly contrary, blowing at the mean force of the region and season, ten miles per hour, it would take five days. With winds blowing always contrary and at a mean force considerably higher than the general average, we could not get there at all.

Four Strings to Our Bow.

We intend to return. We have no desire to pose as martyrs. There are four strings to our bow, as follows:—

First, we believe we have a fair chance to go to the Pole and back to our headquarters or to other land within ten days or two weeks from our departure, navigating with our own power as a true ship of the air.

Second, if that fails, and the motor and fuel serve only to carry us to the Pole, after the gasolene is exhausted we can use motor and machinery, much of the car and tank, and many other appurtenances, for ballast, throwing them overboard piecemeal, and thus counteract the losses of lifting force through leakage and keep the "America" afloat in the air, simply as a drifting balloon, for a total of from twenty-five to thirty-five days from the start. And in that length of time the chance that the wind would drift us far to the south is a very good one indeed, since the distance from the Pole to land and safety is a mean of only 860 miles, which a fresh breeze might compass in two or three days.

Third, should the airship serve to carry us to or near to the Pole, we have in our equipment a complete sledging outfit, with a dozen picked dogs from Siberia, and we believe that within the two months or more of light remaining it would be practicable to sledge back over the ice to Spitzbergen or Greenland. Sledge expeditions propose to travel from land to the Pole and back again; if the airship takes us to the Pole, we have but the return journey to make, with the drift of the ice helping us on our way, an average of from two to four miles per day.

Fourth, thanks to the increased carrying capacity of our enlarged airship, and to the economical disposition we have made of the serpent principle, we are able to carry with us enough food so that if by any chance the "America" should be blown to some remote spot in the great unexplored area, far from any land, or if accident or ill conditions or other circumstances should make it inadvisable to attempt a sledging return in the autumn, we can pass the entire winter where we come down, making a snug hut of the immense quantities of cloth and other material of which the ship is composed, and leading the simple life, hibernating like bears, without fear of starvation, subsisting wholly upon the supplies taken with us. If this should happen, we should sledge back the following spring, when polar-ice travelling is better than in the autumn, and have enough food to carry us till the first of June.

In anticipation of all possible emergencies, we are taking with us the latest, most minute and authoritative data, maps, and charts of all the lands surrounding the Pole, procured through the co-operation of our own and other governments, and of various geographical societies—information as to tribes, game, outposts, trails, timber, water courses, depôts of supplies, in Franz Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, the great stretch of Siberian coast, Greenland, the northern part of British America and its outlying islands, and Alaska. No matter where the wheel of fortune may drop us, we hope we are prepared for all eventualities—food enough for a wintering in our own larder, and much more food, if Nature favours, in our rifles and cartridges.

Should it be necessary, we could pass the long night of the winter at the North Pole itself, be it land or ice-sheeted sea—the six-months' night, with the moon, the stars and the glorious Aurora for our illuminant—and there await the coming of the six months' sun, before setting out on the long journey homeward.

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THE DOCTOR'S PARROT.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

HEN Johnson maximus, young Corkey's cousin, left Merivale, he went to sea, and a very curious thing happened. He went into what is called the Mercantile Marine, which means liners, and not battleships or destroyers; but you see a good deal of the world, and have not got to fight. A pension is not so certain in the Mercantile Marine as it is in the Royal Navy; still, Johnson maximus told Corkey, when he came off a voyage from the East Indies, that he was hopeful. He had seen a good many curious things and brought home several, including a parrot, chiefly grey, with a good deal of red about its tail. But what was far more wonderful than the parrot was the reason that Johnson maximus had brought it home.

He had brought it home, and also a very fine tiger's skin, as gifts to Doctor Dunstan, and when Corkey reminded him very naturally that he had always hated Dunstan as much as anybody when he was at Merivale, and been jolly thankful to leave and go on to the *Worcester*, training-ship for the Mercantile Marine, Johnson maximus admitted it, but confessed that, looking back, he had found it different, and felt that Dunstan was an awfully good sort and that he owed him a great deal. But a curious thing was that Johnson maximus never would come and see the Doctor in after life. Corkey asked him why, and he said he wanted to remember the awe and terror of the Doctor, and thought, if he ever saw him again, it might not be the same; because, since the Merivale days, Johnson had seen so many queer places and things, including his own captain in the Mercantile Marine, who Johnson maximus said was himself one of the wonders of the deep.

Of course, Johnson maximus left Merivale long before I came there. He was, in fact, nearly twenty when he sent the parrot by young Corkey; and it seemed that the Doctor had never had a gift from an old pupil until that time; and though Corkey said he thought the Doctor would rather have had almost anything than a parrot, still, it was so; and he took the parrot and the tiger-skin, and Corkey told me that Johnson maximus got a letter of four pages from Doctor Dunstan, thanking him for these things, and telling Johnson many facts about parrots in general.

The great point about the parrot was not so much its appearance as the thing Johnson had taught it to say. Simply looked at from the parrot point of view, it was grey, with a black tongue, and curious white lids to its eyes that went up and down like blinds. It climbed about its cage with its claws and bill, and had a curious way of eating nuts, especially walnuts, which was rather amusing. We hoped that it might have learnt some sailor words and would bring them out some day when least expected; but if it knew them, it never spoke them. It only said three words, and they were rather familiar; but they were rather romantic in a way, when you knew what young Corkey knew and was able to tell me.

You see, after Minnie Dunstan, the Doctor's youngest daughter, had that fatal row over the fight between Bray and Corkey, and interfered, and boxed Bray's ears in the fourth round just as he was settling Corkey—well, after that she was sent to a boarding-school; but the Doctor was so frightfully keen about her, and she hated any school life except the school life at Dunstan's so frightfully, that he relented and let her come home again. And she was at home through the last term that Johnson maximus spent at Dunstan's; and they were undoubtedly engaged in secret.

But Minnie Dunstan was just an ordinary little squirt of a girl, with nothing to look round after but a lot of hair, and eyes that happened to be uncommonly blue by some accident; and, of course, as soon as Johnson went to sea, she forgot him and turned her attention to young Carlo, the son of a lord, and about the most utter little outsider who ever came to Merivale.

But when the parrot settled down and suddenly said (after it had been at Merivale

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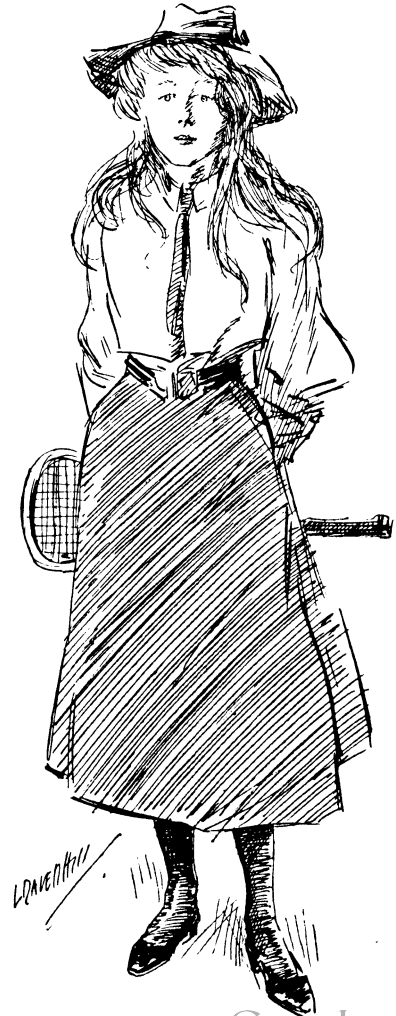
"Joe."

four days): "Dear Minnie Dunstan! dear Minnie Dunstan!" the wretched girl chucked Carlo and blubbed in secret for hours, so Corkey said, and let it be known to the Sixth that she was true to Johnson maximus, because through many and many a watch on the trackless main, when he ought to have been resting from his labours in the Mercantile Marine, he had sat hour after hour by the parrot and repeated, doubtless many millions of times, the footling words: "Dear Minnie Dunstan!"

I don't think the Doctor was so pleased about it as Minnie was. Certainly he did not cry, and Corkey said if the parrot had begun by speaking, Doctor Dunstan might have considered it cheek on Johnson's part and sent the parrot back with the four-page letter; but seeing that he had accepted it before it said "Dear Minnie Dunstan!" he couldn't well return it. Besides, in the meantime Johnson maximus had set sail for South America, and Steggles foretold that he would bring another parrot back from there, which he might train to say something even stronger. He told Minnie so, and excited her hopes a good deal; but Steggles told her she needn't get excited about it, because her father would never let her marry a chap in the Mercantile Marine. This was that same Steggles who did many things at Merivale in the past; but he was now exceedingly old, and expected at any time to be taken away. Many believed he was eighteen, but he had nothing to show it.

The first thing to do was to give the parrot a name, and Minnie told us in triumph that she had made the Doctor call it Joe. Of course, this was the Christian name of Johnson maximus, though I believe the Doctor had quite forgotten that. Anyway, "Joe" is a very good name for a parrot, and everybody got very fond of him, and old



"Minnie Dunstan."

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Briggs lectured on him and told us that parrots reach a great age and have often been known to live a hundred years and more, owing to their healthy diet and quiet life. Old Briggs himself is frightfully keen about fruit and nuts and such things, and I believe in secret he hopes he'll live a hundred years too. But nobody else does. Steggles discovered a likeness between "Joe" and old Briggs. They shut their eyes in the same way certainly, but "Joe's" eyes are like grey diamonds, and old Briggs's, through many years of looking through microscopes at seeds, and bits of seaweed, and stones, and so on, have got a sort of film over them, and are not up to much now, even with two pairs of spectacles to help them.

Well, "Joe" was as good a parrot as ever you saw, and there is no doubt that he would have outlived everybody at Merivale and got to be a sort of heirloom in Doctor Dunstan's family, if he had been spared; but after he had been there two years—at the beginning of his seventh term, in fact—the great and sorrowful death of the parrot took place; and such was the general feeling about him that there would certainly have been a public funeral if the Doctor had allowed it.

Mathers went further and wanted it to be a military funeral and have the cadet corps out with reversed muskets; but Mathers, who is merely Mathers minimus really, though his brothers have long since left, is a chap who is all nerves and like a girl in some ways, being easily made to laugh or cry. To show you the peculiar sort of ass he is, I may say that he always writes home letters of dreadful anguish at the beginning of the term, and then, when the holidays really do come, seems never to want to go home at all! Steggles says this is contrary to nature and will end in pure insanity for Mathers; but Fowle, on the other hand, says that Mathers is already mad. I heard Browne, the mathematical master, speak about Mathers, too—to Shepperd, a new undermaster. They were watching Mathers in the playground, and he was in one of his most cheerful moods and imitating a monkey on a barrel-organ catching fleas. He certainly did it jolly well, and even a chap or two from the Sixth stopped to watch. And then, when he saw these chaps looking on, he got above himself and began playing the giddy ox and spoilt the show. Then it was that Browne gave his opinion of Mathers and said that he had "the artistic temperament," whatever that may be. Anyway, it is no catch, for though boys laugh at you, they despise you; and so do masters. Masters never seem to have the artistic temperament much; or, if they have had it, they get over it after being masters a few terms. I suppose it was the artistic temperament that made Mathers join the cadet corps; which he did do, chiefly that he might wear the red bags, with black stripes, and drill once a week under the sergeant. He was rather small, and it took all his strength to carry the musket round, for the corps had twenty-five old muskets, and I believe it was a regular military affair under Government in a sort of vague way. Anyhow, we had percussion-caps for the muskets, and fired them off at times in the course of the drill; and the first time that young Mathers had a musket with caps, he turned rather white, hating explosions and noise of all kinds, and said out loud in the face of the corps, to the drill sergeant who stood in front of the brigade: "Is it loaded, sergeant?" The sergeant, who was old and had seen battle, and had a grey moustache and medals and a fierce expression, looked at him and merely said: "Good Heavens, boy! d'you think I should be standing here if it was?" Then he spat a scornful spit and twirled his moustache and looked like a ferocious old rat. So always, afterwards, if anybody wanted to rot Mathers—and most people did—they had only to say: "Is it loaded, sergeant?" and he instantly became depressed and mournful, or got into a frightful bate—one or other, according to his frame of mind at the time.

I am telling you all these things about Mathers for two reasons. First, because he is the principal person after "Joe" in this story, and, second, because he was my chum.

My name is Blount, well known at Dunstan's as having had diphtheria and two doctors in my first term, and recovering. What I saw in Mathers I never could tell, but there was something about the piffling duffer that I liked. His good nature was very marked, and he was peculiarly generous of dried fruits, which drew me to him as much as anything. His father was a merchant, and traded with various foreign places especially celebrated for dried fruits; and so grand tuck, that ordinary people have to pay pretty stiffly for, such as candied melons and crystallised pineapples, and other amazing food, very seldom seen in a general way, came to Bunny Mathers as a matter of course from time to time; and he thought no more of opening a hamper and finding the richest and rarest things in it, than I should of getting a windfall from our apple-orchard,

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"Most of the actual work was done by moonlight."

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This provender he gave to his friends, and to those he wanted to be his friends; and some became his friends in consequence; but their friendship, as Mathers rather bitterly pointed out to me, sank to nothing between the hampers; whereas I made Mathers a real chum, and once, when owing to some fearful crisis in the sugared violet trade with France, his father forgot for six weeks to send Mathers any hamper at all, I remained unchanged.

When the parrot died, the first question naturally was "Why?"

We had a debate on it. Our public debates are listened to by the Doctor and the masters, and the subjects are chosen by them; but sometimes we have private debates, and we had one on "Joe," and the Government, led by Fairfield, our champion debater, held that "Joe" had died a natural death, and the Opposition, led by me, thought he had died by treachery. On a division the Government was defeated by two votes, and Steggles said there ought to be an inquest and a post-mortem. The mystery was, who could have done it? because "Joe" had not an enemy in the world, unless it was Mrs. Dunstan's cat, which he mimicked to its face, and then barked suddenly, and made the cat think there was a dog after her.

"The body-snatcher."

But this cat could not have done it. The parrot was found dead in its cage on the morning of a day in February. It was quite stiff and dignified. No cat had touched him. Mathers said it cut him to the heart to think of poor "Joe" falling off his perch in the dead of night, and lying helpless there, and, perhaps, calling for help. He said if there had been loving hands to give it a drop of brandy, and put its claws in mustard and water, it might be among us yet. And he went on in such a harrowing way, and thought such sad ideas, that at last I had to smack his head and make him shut up.

There was no inquest and no post-mortem, for the Doctor refused to have "Joe" examined. The corpse disappeared, and the Doctor was slightly changed, we thought, for several days. He had got very fond of the bird, and I think he missed hearing it say "Dear Minnie Dunstan! dear Minnie Dunstan!" which it did hundreds of times in the day when it was feeling well and happy.

Then, a week after Joe was buried, came the marvellous determination of Mathers. For the first time in my life I felt a sort of pride in Mathers and was glad to be his chum. At the same time, the danger was frightful, and I had no idea what the end might be. Only two people knew it—Minnie Dunstan and myself. I rather advised him against it, but she was hot and strong for it; so Mathers went ahead into a regular sea of danger. Not that he did it for Minnie—far from it: he did it for himself, and to advance his prosperity with the Doctor. His prosperity with the Doctor was extremely low, and he had made one mistake already by offering the Doctor half a box of dates in a rather patronising way, and so now it was neck or nothing, and Mathers well knew the frightful risks he ran in the thing he was going to do.

He said: "I always make a success or an

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utter failure—at games, in class, and everything. Either this will make me the Doctor's friend for life, or make him my bitter enemy for life."

The idea in the strange mind of Bunny Mathers was to bring "Joe" back again to Merivale. He could not raise him from the dead, but he meant to do the next best thing, and dig him up and secretly stuff him.

Only Mathers could have imagined this, though there were one or two other chaps equal to doing the thing if somebody else had thought of it.

I said to Mathers: "What do you know about stuffing parrots?"

And he said: "More than you might think."

He had read the article on stuffing beasts in the Encyclo. Brit., which we are always allowed to refer to; and he said that stuffing was simpler than embalming, and that his brother, Mathers minor, had often stuffed bats and moles and other things in the holidays at home. He told me that all you want for bird-stuffing is wire, cotton wool, and pepper, and for sixpence he could get all these things in great abundance.

Minnie Dunstan knew where "Joe" was buried, and the only difficulty, in the opinion of Mathers, was digging him up. For some reason, though he did not shrink from the horrors of getting "Joe" ready for the stuffing treatment, he hated the digging up, so I undertook to do this. There was little danger, as "Joe" had been buried in a secluded rockery under a large fern, where nobody ever went. Minnie showed me the spot on a half-holiday, when I was supposed to be stopping in owing to a cold on the vocal cords; and I popped out, got a spade from the gardener's potting-shed, and not only dug up "Joe," who had been very nicely buried in a large, empty tobacco tin of Browne's, but also made the grave look all right again, and put back the wooden gravestone that Minnie had put up, and on which West had carved for her the words:

"*To Darling Joe, died 7th February*, 1901. *Age unknown. Regretted by all.*"

Owing to the weather being frosty, and the ground simply full of splinters of ice, "Joe" had fortunately kept perfectly. This comforted Mathers a good deal, and when I told him the poor old chap was not even gamey, he was much pleased. He worked in fearful secrecy at night, and kept "Joe" in his play-box by day. Most of the actual work was done at the passage window by moonlight; and when the moon was no good, which happened in two days, we used a candle-end. Once the pepper got up our noses, and we both sneezed in a way to waken half the dormitory; but nobody suspected, and the work was gradually done.

I merely held things and advised. The actual stuffing was entirely the work of Mathers minimus. When "Joe" was once ready for the cotton-wool, the stuffing was as simple as possible; and owing to his toughness, we easily sewed up his chest afterwards; but the thing was to get him to look as if he was alive. This is evidently the great difficulty in stuffing birds, and Mathers had not mastered it by any means. I said: "For a first attempt it is spiffing; but all the same, 'Joe' never looked like that in life or death. He is now, as it were, neither dead nor alive."

Mathers admitted this. He said he thought it was the want of the eyes, and that all would come right when they were in.

I asked him where he was going to get the eyes, and he said he was going to write to the great Rowland Ward for them. This he did do, and they sent a pair of most lifelike eyes, and only charged three bob. The eyes did a great deal for "Joe," and certainly made him look alive. But it was a strange sort of unearthly life, I thought. They made him look creepy, as if he was a ghost risen from the tomb, to haunt somebody who had killed him. Also, about this time, we had to get some Condy's fluid to steady poor old "Joe" down a bit. I thought this was serious, but Mathers said not. He assured me that Condy's fluid is an everyday thing in stuffing parrots and suchlike; and then I had an idea, and got my "anti-something" tooth-powder, which also helped. We varnished the claws, and tried to stick back a lot of feathers that unfortunately came out in the process of stuffing. Then I got a bit of wood, and a stick for a perch, and we wired "Joe" on, and put a walnut at his feet—which was a good thought of Bunny's, because walnuts were always his favourite food.

Then, from being very confident and hopeful, and full of the Doctor's joy and gladness when he should see the parrot, Mathers sank suddenly into a sort of lethargic state of despair. He couldn't get the wings right, and he said the thought of them tortured him day and night and sent him down three places in his class. At each attempt more feathers fell out, and finally I got impatient with Mathers, and told him that if he messed about with the parrot any more, the thing would fall to pieces and fail utterly. I also

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reminded him that the matron, when passing by the play-boxes the day before, had thought there must be a dead mouse behind the wainscot. Things were, in fact, coming to a climax, and I said that as he'd had the pluck to stuff "Joe," I hoped, after all the fearful danger and swot we'd had, that he would keep on to the end, and give him to the Doctor, and hope for the best.

Then he lost all heart about it and said that Minnie should decide; but he was not fair to her, and only showed her the head. The rest he hid from her in a bath-towel. Of course, the head was the champion part, owing to the eyes from Rowland Ward.

She cried first, but in a general way she was delighted. She praised Mathers; and she also said that it would be well to present it quickly to the Doctor, so that he could get some proper professional stuffer to finish it and put a glass case over it as soon as possible. Of course, a glass case was beyond our power.

Still Mathers hesitated; then, urged by me, he decided to have a second opinion. He said: "I don't like Steggles; but he is the oldest and therefore the wisest boy in the school. I will show him the work and put myself entirely into his hands."

"There's a fearful risk," I replied. "Because Steggles doesn't care for man or beast, and if he sees a chance to have some frightful score off you, he will."

"No, he won't," answered Bunny. "I shall throw myself on his sportsmanlike feeling."

"He hasn't got any," I said.

But he risked it; and, for once, Steggles behaved less like a common or garden cad than usual. We showed him the parrot after making him take an oath of secrecy. The oath would have been merely a matter of form with him generally, for I have known him to break a blood-oath as if it was nothing; but somehow the excited state of Mathers and the extraordinary thing that he had done took the fancy of Steggles, and he showed a great deal of interest in the parrot and gave us some jolly good advice into the bargain.

Of course, he rotted Mathers when he'd got over the shock of the surprise. He struck an attitude of horror and fear and terror, and said: "Great snakes! is it loaded, sergeant?" Then he pretended it was a ghost, and finally held his nose and fainted. After all this foolery Mathers asked him for his candid opinion, and Steggles very kindly gave it. He said—

"If you take my advice, you'll instantly bury it again, for two reasons. Firstly, because if the Doctor sees it, he'll probably expel you; and secondly, because if you don't, the whole school will jolly soon be down with a fell disease."

To show you what Mathers is, after hearing this, nothing in the world would make him bury the parrot again. He said that it was a cruel thing, after all the danger and trouble and expense of stuffing "Joe," that Steggles should advise him just to bury it again; he also said that the slight scent was purely medicinal; and that, as for expelling, if the Doctor could really and truly go so far as to expel a boy who had done nothing but try with all his might to give him a moment of great and sudden happiness—then the sooner he was expelled and sent to another sort of school, the better.

In fact, he was so worked up by the idea of re-burying the parrot, that he decided he would carry "Joe" before the Doctor the very next day—either immediately before or after prayers.

Steggles merely said that Mathers was young and headstrong, and he hoped that he should be there to see. Then he went, and Bunny and I had a long talk as to whether before or after prayers would be best. I said after prayers on a Litany morning, because the Litany always leaves the Doctor weak, but in a very kind and gentle state, whereas before prayers he is sometimes rather short.

Therefore it was so, and after the next Litany morning Mathers went up, as bold as brass to the eye, and in his hand he carried "Joe," hidden under a clean pocket-handkerchief lent by me.

The Doctor had just shut his big prayer-book, and he looked down pretty kindly at Bunny.

"What have you there, Mathers minimus?" he asked, little knowing the nature of the thing that was going to burst upon his gaze.

"Please, sir," said Bunny, "it's poor old Joe."

Doctor Dunstan didn't seem to remember.

"'Poor old Joe'! What do you mean, boy?" he asked rather sharply.

"The parrot, sir. I thought—I thought it was a pity he should be lost to you, being a beautiful object, and I—in fact—here he is, sir—stuffed by me; and the slight smell is medicinal," said Mathers.

Then he drew off the handkerchief and held the parrot up to the Doctor. Certainly it was a great effect, and at first the Doctor was evidently far too astonished to be much obliged to Mathers. He didn't take the

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"His astonishment seemed slowly to change to a sort of horror.

parrot; on the contrary, he fell back a pace or two, and his astonishment seemed slowly to change to a sort of horror. First he looked at the parrot, then he looked at Mathers; then he regularly glared at the parrot again. Seen from a distance, the effect of the parrot was not good. Evidently we had lost more feathers than we thought, and its back had got a lump between the shoulders, more really like a vulture than a parrot. Still, of course, one could recognise it.

Mathers held it up; then, getting frightened, he put it down on a form, and I knew, from the trembling way he began to handle my handkerchief, that if the Doctor didn't speak pretty soon, Mathers would blub in public.

These silences of the Doctor's are well known as awful. You can hear a pin drop in them, and during them his eyes roll round and round in the sockets, like Catherine-wheels, but much slower.

At last he spoke.

"Am I to understand, boy Mathers, that, unaided, you—you dug up, or disinterred, this unfortunate fowl, and then sought to impart to it this bizarre, this grotesque, this indelicate semblance of life?"

Mathers said he was to understand that. He added, with a shaking voice—

"I did it to give you pleasure, sir—on my honour."

The Doctor looked at Mathers minimus, much puzzled.

"It is hard to conceive that even an immature mind, such as you possess, could suppose that pleasure would result to any

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intelligent being from so pitiful and indecent an achievement," he said. "The boy who tore this poor bird from its last resting-place and set it up to caricature the entire race of *Psittacus erithacus*—however, this is no time to investigate your conduct, Mathers. You will join me after evening school in the study."

Then he looked at the parrot again and cleared his throat. Mathers slunk away to his seat, and as he did so, suddenly the Doctor started and seemed to "point," like a sporting dog. I think he had discovered there was more than met the eye about the parrot. He called up Shortland, who happened to catch his gaze, and told him to take "Joe" to the gardener.

"Direct Smith to place these remains in the spot I originally selected," he said; "and if anybody ventures to disturb them again, the consequences will be exceedingly serious. Now go to your classes."

He waved his hand, and Shortland took the parrot, and nobody ever saw it again. But to this day Mathers swears that Smith never buried him. He believes that in some secret place in his house the gardener has "Joe" in a glass case; because very truly he says that no ordinary gardener would be likely to resist the temptation of having a rare and beautiful bird to decorate his house. Besides, it is well known that Doctor Dunstan never goes into the gardener's house—which is really the entrance-lodge to Merivale, and is full of Smith's wife and children. So I dare say Bunny is right there.

He told me afterwards that Dunstan was very cold, but not actively angry, in the evening. Mathers said that the Doctor didn't seem to attach any importance to the fact that he'd done it to give him a great and sudden pleasure. Instead, he evidently thought that Bunny had done a rather daring thing to please himself.

"'Unseemly,' was the word he used," said Mathers to me. "He seemed to think it was not a case for much punishment; but, all the same, he has told me to write out the article on the stuffer's art from the Encyclo. Brit., which is rather rot, because I shall certainly never want to stuff anything again in this world. I couldn't tell him all I'd been through to do it, because he'd got a sort of beastly idea that I *liked* doing it, though you know that it was nothing of the sort. On the whole, it has left him against me, and he seems to take a good deal of credit to himself for not making a lot more row about it. But whether he's going to let it rankle in his mind, so that I may suffer for it more or less till I leave, or whether, when I've done the impot, he'll feel as usual—just neither for me nor against me—I can't say yet."

"He might have looked at it from your point of view. Still, you could hardly expect him to do that," I said.

"It's all the worse for him, anyway," answered Mathers minimus. "To re-bury the parrot was a slight on me, in a way; because, whether he liked it or not, he could have seen at a glance the awful trouble it must have been. The eyes alone were three shillings, and nobody in this world ever threw away valuable money in such a cruel manner. Besides, if it had gone off well and he'd taken it as I meant it, I fully intended other good surprises for him."

"You'd better not surprise him again for a jolly long time," I said. "He doesn't much like surprises—people don't when they grow up. They have a footling way of preferring everything to drag on in a tame and dull manner. My father hates telegrams, for instance."

"I had fully meant to get Johnson to bring him another and a better parrot," said Mathers. "Even a pair of parrots might have been arranged; and they would have made a nest about April and laid eggs, and there would gradually have been parrots for all his daughters; and he could have taught them what he liked, even to the extent of Latin; for it is well known that a parrot will learn anything. But it's all over now. Never again will I try to give him pleasure—or anybody else, either. Why, even Minnie hasn't pitied me much—just because it's all a failure; whereas if he'd taken it in a manly way, and thanked me before the school, and, perhaps, given us a half-holiday or something, and sent the parrot off at once to be measured for a glass case—how different it all would have been! Nobody would have called me 'Body-snatcher' then; whereas now I shall be called that for life."

Which was all true enough in its way, and he was called "Body-snatcher" till he got into the Sixth. Whereas, to show what mistakes happen, I'd done that part—simply as a friend.

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THE LUCK OF THE GAME.

By FRED M. WHITE.

IT seemed to Jack Clifford as if a lid had been shut down somewhere and the noise and roar of London stifled out of existence. Everything was so quiet there, so different to what he had imagined the interior of a newspaper office to be. There was no bustle, no struggling or noise, merely a suite of silent, green rooms where men worked feverishly under the light of shaded lamps. Wickham, the editor of the *Daily Herald*, welcomed Clifford into his own sanctum and indicated a chair.

"I hope you don't mind," he said. "As a matter of fact, I have sent for you professionally. To put the case in a nutshell, we have been receiving from time to time exceedingly valuable pieces of news from a mysterious old man who calls himself Levetsky. I don't mind telling you that I regard this as a *nom de plume*. The man has been to see me more than once, and he always comes with something very startling in the way of news, especially news relating to the Eastern Europe problem."

"Your paper appears to be very well served in that respect," Clifford said. "On more than one occasion you have fairly startled London. That letter from the Kaiser, for instance."

"My dear fellow, that was no thanks to our enterprise. A verbatim copy of the letter was supplied by this Levetsky. He would accept no payment, he refused to give any account of himself, and left us to publish it as we liked. You see, we have always taken the side of the Progressive Party in Russia, and I understood Levetsky to say that he was merely showing his gratitude. I hesitated for a long time before publishing that letter, but, as all the world knows now, I was perfectly justified in doing so. On no less than six occasions we have brought off the most remarkable *coups*, and all owing to that extraordinary old man who comes and goes in the most mysterious fashion and who is never wrong. Which brings me to the point. About nine o'clock to-night, Levetsky called to see me, but I was busily engaged then and could not give him an interview. I sent a message down to ask him to come back about half-past ten, to which he replied that he might not be able to do so; at the same time he sent me a few lines in an envelope—I presume, as a guarantee of his *bona fides*. I tell you I fairly jumped when I read the contents of that note."

As he spoke, Wickham bent forward and whispered into Clifford's ear. His voice was low and impressive.

"I don't want a soul to know this," he said. "According to this morning's papers, the Czar was more or less a prisoner in the Kremlin Palace, practically owing his life to the courage of a regiment of Cossacks. That is what all Europe believes, but Levetsky tells me that the Czar is at present in England and is hiding at Buckingham Palace at this very moment. I tell you, Clifford, this is the kind of "scoop" that makes an editor's blood tingle. Common sense inspires me to trust Levetsky implicitly and make a blazing feature of his information in to-morrow morning's *Herald*. The man has never played me false yet, and I don't see why he should now, but I have got a fit of editorial stage fright upon me and I dare not risk it."

"I'm not surprised," Clifford said. "I can see your dilemma exactly. Here is a chance of a lifetime, and yet if the information proves to be false, you do your paper incalculable damage. But tell me, where do I come in?"

"Well," Wickham said, "you are the one man in London I can trust in a crisis like this. An old Secret Service man like you is better than half-a-dozen detectives. I quite expect that Levetsky will come back here about half-past ten, and I shall see him and get full particulars. I want you to wait outside in the corridor and follow Levetsky. Find out all about him, and according to your report, so I shall act in the matter of this exclusive information. It does not matter if you fail to make your report to me before half-past one this morning, as we don't go to press till after two."

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"He turned round suddenly and waited till the amateur detective was alongside."

Clifford looked up eagerly with the light of battle gleaming in his eyes. Here was an adventure after his own heart—something dark and mysterious, and with a strong suggestion of danger about it. He nodded briskly.

"You can count me in," he said. "I only wish I was dressed better for the part. One does not generally go off on this sort of excursion in an opera-hat and a dress-suit. Still, I dare say I can manage to borrow an old overcoat from one of the staff."

The matter was arranged to Clifford's satisfaction. He was still talking to Wickham

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when an assistant came up and whispered something to his editor. The latter turned immediately to Mr. Clifford.

"Here's our man," he said. "If you wait outside, you will get a glimpse of him as he comes up the stairs."

It was too dark in the corridor for Clifford to get more than a hazy impression of the visitor. He was of medium height, and would have looked taller but for a painful stoop in the shoulders. He dragged his left leg after him as if it had been maimed in some accident; altogether he suggested an old man who had suffered much by contact with the world. The slightly aquiline features were almost smothered with a mass of black moustache and beard, the eyes were hidden beneath the shadow of a large-brimmed hat; altogether the purveyor of exclusive information bore a strong resemblance to the typical Nihilist of the stage.

* * * * *

It was half an hour later before Clifford had an opportunity of shadowing his quarry. The old man passed down Tudor Street on to the Embankment and turned presently into one of the walks beyond Temple Gardens. The electric lights cast clean shadows of the trees on the gravel, beyond the shrubs where was an inky mass of darkness. The old man limped along for some time, with Clifford strolling some twenty yards in the rear, then he turned round suddenly and waited till the amateur detective was alongside. It was quite clear to Clifford's mind that Levetsky meant to speak to him.

"You will pardon me," he said, "but I am going to ask you to do me a favour. It is only a small matter."

Somewhat to Clifford's surprise, the speaker's English was not only correct and bespoke a man of education, but there was a ring in it which proclaimed the fact that Levetsky was accustomed to giving orders and in the habit of being obeyed.

"Certainly," Clifford said politely. The adventure was shaping after his own heart. "I shall be only too delighted. My knowledge of London, like that of a certain historic personage in fiction, is extensive and peculiar. My purse, alas! is not so extensive, though it may be equally peculiar. Still——"

"Mr. Clifford will have his joke," the Russian said, with a quiet smile. "I think you will admit, sir, that one good turn deserves another. I am not in the least annoyed that Mr. Wickham had me followed to-night; he has the interests of his paper to safeguard, and he was prudent to act as he did. My good fortune lies in the knowledge that Mr. Wickham selected Mr. Jack Clifford to play the part of his detective."

"This is gratifying," Clifford said. "This, if I may so put it, is fame. But I fail to see why I should go out of my way——"

"Precisely," Levetsky smiled. "A little time ago, you were interested on behalf of a certain Cabinet Minister who had become entangled with a lady whom we will simply speak of as the Countess. He wanted to prove what you suspected—that the Countess was no more than a police spy and an adventuress. In this case, luck stood you in good stead, for an anonymous letter which you received enabled you to persuade the Countess that the air of London was dangerous to a constitution like hers. Not to make too long a story of it, Mr. Clifford, *I* sent you that letter."

"Did you really?" Clifford exclaimed. "Now, that was devilish—I mean, exceedingly thoughtful of you. You may command my services in any way you wish."

Levetsky's manner changed; he became suddenly curt and stern. With a swift, flashing glance around him, he drew Clifford behind a clump of bushes and commanded him to take off his overcoat. Once this was done, Levetsky took a pair of scissors from his pocket, and, coolly untying Clifford's cravat and unfastening his collar, he proceeded to cut away the whole of the shirt-front and neckband, to which extraordinary proceeding Clifford acquiesced without a murmur. It was one of the strange, *bizarre* kind of things that he was accustomed to himself.

"This is all very well," he said, "but what am I going to do?"

"You are going to be *me*," Levetsky said. "See, I discard my coat and the scarf which is about my neck, then I place this apology for a dress-shirt about my breast, and tie the collar, so. Also, I take your opera-hat like this, then I slip on the overcoat, so, and button the two bottom buttons. In the darkness of the night I pass for a gentleman going home after dinner. Then I dress you up like this: I place over your face my ragged moustache and beard, then my wig and the slouch hat. When the man who is watching for me by Cleopatra's Needle sees me emerge from the Gardens, he says to himself: 'That is not my man'; then, when he sees you coming out of the Gardens, he says: 'Ah! here is the old fox! Let

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me follow him.' But I do not want to be followed, because I am going to your Buckingham Palace; on the other hand, I want you to be followed. You will walk straight from here down the Embankment and over Westminster Bridge. Your adventure will not be entirely free from danger, so that if you are afraid——"

"I am not in the least afraid," Clifford said. "On the contrary, I am looking forward to the adventure with great eagerness. If I am kidnapped——"

"Which is more than probable," Levetsky said coolly. "In that event, you must ask your captors to send for Colonel Azoff. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the gallant colonel is an old official acquaintance of yours, and it would be a great misfortune to him if anything happened to you at this moment."

"That is right," Clifford said drily. "A little matter of forgery which would be exceedingly awkward for a member of the Russian Ambassador's staff if the thing became public."

Levetsky smiled with the air of a man who knows all the circumstances of the case. He stood in the darkness; then, as he bent forward and a ray of light flickered for a moment on his face, Clifford could see that his aspect had entirely changed. He was no longer bent and old; he stood there alert and vigorous, his powerful face as if cut in marble. There was a long scar on the left cheek. All this Clifford noted in the winking of an eye. It was not for him to ask questions. He was ready to obey.

"What am I to do now?" he desired.

"Merely to carry out instructions," Levetsky said. "Now that you are figuring in my disguise, I see a resemblance to me which is remarkable. Unfortunately, my enemies have penetrated my disguise, and this is why you are appearing, so to speak, as a wolf in sheep's clothing. I dare say so clever a mimic as yourself could copy my slouch and my limp. All you have to do now is to walk along the Embankment and stroll across Westminster Bridge. As your bishop said in the story, we can leave the rest to Providence."

II.

Somewhere or another a clock with a remarkably sweet chime was striking the hour of eleven. Clifford sat up and began slowly to collect his thoughts and review the events of the past hour or so. He could distinctly remember limping across Westminster Bridge; he recollected that he had paused there to look down into the water; the bridge had been singularly quiet for that time of night. There were practically no passengers on foot, so that Clifford seemed to have London to himself. He was enjoying the adventure keenly enough; he half expected at any moment to be pounced upon by something weird in the way of a malefactor, so that he took no notice of two men who came along arm in arm, as if they had just left the Houses of Parliament. In a casual sort of way Clifford could see that they were in evening dress; just before reaching him, one of them paused to light a cigarette. The match went out, and Clifford understood the smoker to say that it was his last.

"You got a match?" he said, addressing Clifford as a man of that class would speak to the derelict.

Clifford fumbled in his pocket; he did not notice that the second man had dropped behind him, and an instant later a grip of steel was about his throat. Something sweet and pungent was crammed into his mouth and nostrils; the whole world fainted away into a kind of easy dream. Clifford's last recollection was the sound of a cab-whistle and the jog-trot of a horse on the roadway.

It had all come back to him now. He was feeling a little dizzy and sick from the effects of the drug, but his head was rapidly clearing, and his courage came leaping to his finger-tips. At any rate, he had not been decoyed into any loathsome den, for the apartment in which he found himself was a singularly well-furnished one, and could only have belonged to a house in the best part of the West End. From the absence of noise, Clifford guessed that he was at the back of the house. He saw that the three windows were shuttered and fastened with iron bars. A closer examination revealed the fact that the bars had been screwed into the shutters. Also the heavy door was locked on the outside. All this Clifford found out for himself with the aid of a box of vestas, then his eyes fell upon the artistic arrangements of electric light, there was the snap of a switch or two, and the fine room was bathed in a flood of subdued illumination.

Clifford surveyed himself critically in a fine old Florentine mirror suspended over the fireplace. Evidently his captors had handled him more or less carefully, for, beyond a slight disarrangement of his wig, his disguise remained intact. He had pro-

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"An instant later a grip of steel was about his throat."

bably been brought here and placed on the couch to recover from the effects of the drug. The more he looked around him, the more convinced he was that he had been forcibly conveyed to the house of someone who did not lack means and whose resources were ample. A box of cigarettes, flanked by a pint bottle of champagne and glasses, stood on a side table which in itself was an admirable specimen of Chippendale's earlier methods.

"This is thoughtful," Clifford murmured to himself. "It would be ungenerous not to accept such a delicate hospitality."

Clifford drank the wine and smoked a cigarette in ruminative silence. It was borne in upon him presently that he was not alone in the house, as he had at first imagined. It had occurred to him that those who were in search of Levetsky had probably hired a house for the purpose of spiriting their prisoner away. But presently Clifford could hear the ripple of an electric bell, the

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opening and shutting of distant doors, and then a man's voice laughing heartily. The man was not alone, evidently, for his mirth appeared to be shared by a woman, whose delicate treble mingled musically with the bass of her companion. So far as Clifford could judge, the sound came from an adjoining room. Then, as his upturned glance detected a large ventilator, Clifford understood. The ventilator was open, and by means of a trinity of chairs it was possible to look into the next apartment.

This room was furnished, if possible, more luxuriously than the prison-house. A couple of servants in livery were engaged in removing the remains of an elaborate supper, round a card-table by the fireplace two men and two women were seated. Clifford's features expanded into something like a grin as he noticed the face of one of the men there, but the grin became a chuckle as he took in the woman with the diamonds in her hair. Clifford had made up his mind what to do. He removed the chairs and, crossing over to the fireplace, coolly rang the bell.

There was a sound presently as if the card-party had been disturbed ; there was a click in the lock, and the door opened to admit a figure, tall and well proportioned. The newcomer was in evening dress ; Clifford recognised him for one of the card-players.

"What do you want?" he asked haughtily. "There is everything here that you can possibly require ; if you are disposed to be quiet, you will come to no harm for the present."

"It is not the present that troubles me," Clifford said. "I am thinking of the future. What are you going to do with me ? I cannot remain here."

"You are not likely to remain here," the other said with a grin. "The air of this country does not agree with you; besides, you are too busy with affairs which should not concern you. Once you are back in Russia, we shall know how to deal with you."

"Oh, indeed," Clifford said drily. "You are perhaps aware of the fact that there is no extradition for political offences in England. "If I choose to object——"

"You will not be in a condition to object," the other man said. "Pouf ! The thing is as easy as kissing you hand. You are our brother—our poor brother who is sick unto death. A little more or less of that drug with which you became acquainted to-night, and you are in a condition of practical insensibility all the way from London to Paris. We travel with a doctor from the Embassy who is certifying as to your condition. A little more of that drug, and you wake to find yourself in St. Petersburg. You understand ? "

"Oh, precisely," Clifford said. "From your point of view the programme does not contain a single flaw. But in the first place I will ask you whom you take me for ? "

The other man bowed and smiled. There was a strange, meaning look in his eyes.

"In diplomacy it is always well to be discreet," he said. "If I ask for you at your rooms, I inquire for Levetsky. I know you by no other name. St. Petersburg will know you by no other name. To go still further, Siberia will know you by no other name ; and when you tell the governor of Tobolsk gaol that you are not Levetsky, but —er—a much more important personage, he will laugh at you and place your petition to the Czar in the stove."

"I need not go so far to petition the Czar," Clifford said. "A hansom cab would take me to His Majesty in ten minutes. Pshaw ! Do you think I don't know that the Little Father is in Buckingham Palace at the present moment ? "

Clifford was enjoying his part in the comedy immensely. He had thrown himself into the part of Levetsky heart and soul. It was a pure pleasure to him now to see the look of amazement and alarm which had spread itself out over the face of his companion.

"What I say is evidently news to you," he went on. "It is probably news to the Embassy also—but send Colonel Azoff to me."

"Azoff?" the big man stammered. "I—I don't understand what you mean. Besides, he is not——"

"Oh, yes, he is," Clifford cried. "He is in the next room playing cards with Countess Czerny. Tell him that if he doesn't come to me at once, nothing can save him from standing in Bow Street dock to-morrow morning on a charge of forging the signature of—well, we need not mention the name of the nobleman."

The listener passed his hand across his forehead as if to gather together his scattered thoughts. He muttered something under his breath and cast a malignant glance in Clifford's direction. Then he turned on his heel and left the room, carefully locking the door behind him. No sooner had he gone than Clifford buttoned the borrowed coat around him and removed every trace of his disguise, which he carefully stuffed

away under the couch. He could hear the whispers and muttered conversation in the next room, but there was no more laughter and no further sounds of gay enjoyment. The key clicked in the lock again, and Colonel Azoff entered the room. Clifford was standing looking into the fireplace, so that it was impossible for the new-comer to see his face.

"What is the meaning of this?" Azoff demanded, "and who are you to send me so insulting a message, by——"

"Softly, my dear Colonel," Clifford said as he wheeled round. "You are always so headlong, so impetuous. You do not seem to realise that I have run a considerable risk, and incurred a considerable danger also, to see you to-night. But won't you sit down? It is so much better than standing."

No reply came from Colonel Boris Azoff, of the Czar's Household. He stood there gnawing at the end of his waxed moustache, his dark eyes fairly bulging from his head. He seemed utterly incapable for the moment of comprehending the fact of Clifford's presence. The latter lay back in an arm-chair in sheer joy of the situation.

"You are not well," he said. "Something seems to have upset you. You do not seem to understand why I am here——"

"But how did you get here?" the Colonel burst out at length. "We thought—we thought—that we had laid hold, but I must not mention that name. My dear fellow, you are in great danger here. You must get away at once. At any risks, I must clear you out of the house. This is no place for you."

"But where am I?" Clifford asked. "In what part of London?"

Azoff made no reply. He seemed to be utterly lost in contemplation of a problem beyond his mental grasp.

"I must not tell you," he said presently. "I could not betray a confidence like that. There has been some terrible mistake here. In the exercise of our duty we have been endeavouring to lay hands upon—upon a man called Levetsky. I could have sworn to-night that I saw Levetsky carried into this room——"

"Impossible!" Clifton cried. "The man you call Levetsky is at the present moment at Buckingham Palace, where he is having an interview with your Emperor."

It was the crowning stroke in Clifford's little comedy. He saw Azoff stagger back as if he had been struck with a whip-lash. He saw the great drops standing out on the Russian's forehead. Then, with a wonderful effort, Azoff pulled himself together and threw the door wide open. Silently he beckoned Clifford to follow him into the great wide hall. A moment later and Clifford was pushed violently down the steps into the roadway, and the door was banged behind him. He could hear the shooting of bolts and the rattling of chains, followed by a long ripple of electric bells. Clifford could make out the outline of trees opposite, and a long row of fine houses stretching on either hand. It was just a moment before he could make up his mind to the exact locality in which he stood.

"Belgrave Square," he muttered. "795, Belgrave Square. I must not forget the number. I must find out who lives here. Hi, cabby! I want you to drive me as far as the office of the *Morning Herald;* an extra shilling if you get me there in twenty minutes."

The cabman grinned as Clifford jumped into the hansom, the horse's head was turned towards the East as they flew along.

III.

WICKHAM was pacing restlessly up and down his office as Clifford came in and cast aside his slouch hat and cloak and demanded that someone should take a note to his rooms and procure him a shirt and collar.

"Oh, Heavens, yes!" Wickham said irritably. "You can have a whole hosier's shop if you like. But you look as if you have been having a good time of it. Only do get to the point."

"I have had an excellent time of it," Clifford said cheerfully. "But I know what you want. Our friend Levetsky has not come back, and you are worrying yourself into fiddlestrings as to whether or not you shall publish that important news about the Czar. Well, you can do it; it is absolutely correct."

"Is that really so?" Wickham exclaimed. "You are quite sure of it? But, seeing that there is plenty of time, you might just as well relate your adventures."

Clifford proceeded to tell his story at considerable length. He saw the face of his companion gradually clearing as he went on with his convincing narrative.

"Then I'll risk it," Wickham said. "There is only one thing wanted to round off the account perfectly. Of course, it is out of the question to believe that the man who calls himself Levetsky is no more than an obscure refugee who has suffered at the

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hands of the Russian Government. It is equally absurd to say that the Czar would come on a secret mission to England merely to meet this clever old man. If we could only get at his name——"

"I have," Clifford said coolly. "I am prepared to bet anything you like in reason that I can give you the proper name of the man who calls himself Levetsky. Mind you, it would be a distinct breach of faith on my part to do so without our mysterious friend's permission. But the first thing we have to do, it seems to me, is to find out who lives at 795, Belgrave Square. Just hand me over the London Directory, will you?"

The volume in question stood on Wickham's desk, and Clifford rapidly fluttered over the leaves. He was not a man usually given to the display of emotion, but his face was a study in astonishment as he bent down once again to read the figures.

"Well, if this doesn't beat me!" he cried. "Number 795, Belgrave Square, owner and occupier, Prince Boris Gassells. Good Heavens, Wickham, if you only knew what I know, what an eye-opener it would be for you! Of course, the name of Prince Boris Gassells is quite familiar to you?"

"Rather," Wickham said drily. "Why, he was the man who last year very nearly succeeded in bringing about a proper Russian constitution. If he had had his own way, Russia would have a parliament like England by this time. As it was, the old official party deliberately conspired to ruin the Prince, and he escaped with his life by getting away to England. I understand that when he arrived here he was practically penniless, for his estates were confiscated. Mark me, if that man had had a better chance, he would have saved Russia, and the official gang knew it. It is any odds, Clifford, that the Czar is here now with the sole intention of settling matters with the Prince."

"You've got it," Clifford said drily. "Wonderful what a grasp a journalistic mind has! At any rate, there is one thing you may be sure of—Levetsky will not return to-night, and you may set about preparing your big 'scoop' with an easy mind. I'll drop in and see you to-morrow evening, and I shall be greatly astonished if I am not in a position to afford you matter enough for one of the most sensational articles that ever bucked up the circulation of a newspaper. Good night."

* * * * *

London seethed with excitement next morning, once the true inwardness of page five of the *Morning Herald* was grasped. The air was full of rumours which were more or less dissipated as the day went on by an official acknowledgment of the fact that His Imperial Majesty the Czar had paid a flying visit to London for the purpose of consulting King Edward on matters of a private family nature. It was also intimated that the Emperor was already on his way back home, and that he was accompanied by Prince Boris Gassells, and that important constitutional changes were in contemplation. It mattered very little to Wickham what the evening papers had to say. They were welcome enough to their crumbs of late information, for the cake had been his. He was therefore prepared to receive Clifford in a genial frame of mind when the latter put in an appearance at the *Herald* office after dinner.

"I can tell you the story in a few words," Clifford said. "I gave you an elaborate description last night of what happened to me at that house in Belgrave Square. My main cause for astonishment was the audacious trick played by my friend Colonel Azoff and his companions on the man called Levetsky. Now, you told me that Prince Boris Gassells came to England a poor man. You had utterly forgotten that he used to spend six months of the year in London, and that he had a house of his own in Belgrave Square. After his disgrace he let the house furnished and thus found means to live. On this occasion the house was not let, and the Prince lived there in strict retirement with one old servant, occupying between them a small room in the basement. Colonel Azoff and the other man, whose name I cannot ascertain, wanted to get hold of Levetsky and take him back to St. Petersburg. I know how anxious they were to do that, or I should not have had so striking an adventure last night. But just mark the audacity of these people. They actually obtained possession of the Prince's house and conveyed Levetsky—that is, myself—there where no one would dream of looking for him. They were perfectly safe, as you will see quite plainly. But, mind you, they knew what I only discovered last night, and what you have suspected for some time—namely, that this so-called Levetsky was a man in a much higher position than he pretended to be. My dear fellow, you are very sharp as a rule, cannot you guess who our friend Levetsky really is?"

Wickham shook his head as if the puzzle was too much for him. He turned eagerly

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"Clifford was pushed violently down the steps into the roadway."

to Clifford for an explanation. The latter rose and walked excitedly up and down the room.

"Why, the Prince himself, of course," he cried. "Azoff and his companions knew that all the time. They also knew that the Czar was in England, and they were perfectly well aware what he came for. As those people belong to the corrupt Court party, it was absolutely essential to move the Prince out of the way. Therefore they managed to get into his house and plant their own servants there. Then they, fearful perhaps that he should tumble to their scheme, set out to kidnap him and keep him a prisoner in his own residence. The thing was audacious and yet so absurdly simple. As soon as ever I looked at the Directory last night, I guessed exactly what had happened. I had my suspicions before, mind you, for I had a swift glimpse of Gassells when he was changing dresses with me. No wonder, my dear fellow, that this shabby old 'Levetsky' was in a position to come down to your office and give you these wonderful pieces of exclusive information. You will also see why he was so anxious for it to be known that the Czar was in London. Depend upon it, before many days are over, both of us will hear from St. Petersburg from the Prince direct. And now, my dear chap, if you cannot make a really interesting column out of what I have just told you, why, you are not the brilliant and versatile journalist that I take you for."

Wickham grinned as he reached for a pad of copy-paper and a quill pen. The light of inspiration that gleamed from behind his golden spectacles was striking. He held out a warm hand to Clifford.

"I can't thank you now," he said. "I am going to be exceedingly busy for the next hour or two. Good night, my pearl of Secret Service agents, and pleasant dreams to you!"

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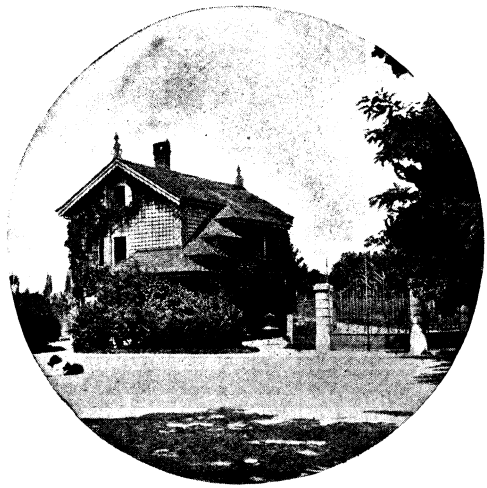
PADEREWSKI AT HOME.

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD AND R. C. TRAFFORD.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI is, as all the world knows, a great musician—the greatest probably that it has ever known. Like Perpander, of whom, two thousand seven hundred years ago, it was said he "added a new string to the lyre," Paderewski may be credited with having conferred a new tone to the piano, since he has made it, as it were, his own voice.

There have, of late years, been great changes in piano-playing, the development of the instrument having bent itself to more and more freedom of *technique*, a freedom which, beginning with Czerny, and progressing by way of Liszt and the Rubensteins, has reached its apogee in the performances of Paderewski.

When we hear a piano struck by his master hand, we realise for the first time the measureless beauty of tone of which it is, to-day, capable, and we say with Izaak Walton: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordeth bad men such music on earth?"



THE LODGE GATES OF THE CHÂTEAU RIOND-BOSSON.

Infallible, magnetic, irresistible, Paderewski is a living demonstration of the height of accomplishment to which human intelligence can reach. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his amazing fingers should bring him an income exceeding £20,000 a year, that a twenty minutes' performance commands a fee of 500 guineas, and that on one occasion a five months' tour in America was productive to him of £30,000, or that, in "drawing" power, no other has, even remotely, approached him.

As a pianist Paderewski possesses in eminent degree that elusive quality vaguely known as "personality" or "magnetism," and if ever it is permissible to talk of man as divinely inspired, he is the man of whom this may be said, on so lofty a level of excellence is his understanding of his art.

In every country the enthusiasm of his audiences is unbounded. Let him arrive in a foreign city, and at once he, by right of the aristocracy of genius, takes rank with the highest.

No other artist maintains so great a hold upon the public; he is the figure colossal in the musical world to-day, the artist of all classes, and of the masses, in this generation. Let him appear never so frequently, let the prices charged at the concert-hall be of the highest, all the world flocks to listen, and a late-comer is grateful to be given standing space, that he may participate in the enchantment under the spell of which the whole world has fallen.

Ignace Jan Paderewski was born in the province of Russian Poland in 1861. When he was twelve years old, he began to take lessons in Warsaw; after three years' study he was appointed to a professorship in the Warsaw Conservatoire, and at the age of twenty-three he was made professor for composition at the Music Conservatoire of Strasburg. In 1899 he commenced, after a previous three years' study in Vienna, his wonderful career as a pianist.

Since then he has made five extended tours in America, and in Australia and New Zealand, always with the same wonderful success; he has also visited and played in every country in Europe, and received from many crowned heads various decorations and orders. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria was exceedingly fond of hearing him, and on many occasions commanded him to play at Windsor Castle.

Judged by any standard, even by a non-musical one, Ignace Paderewski is a remarkable figure in the world. He is marvellously well informed on every subject, and to talk with him is to be left with the impression

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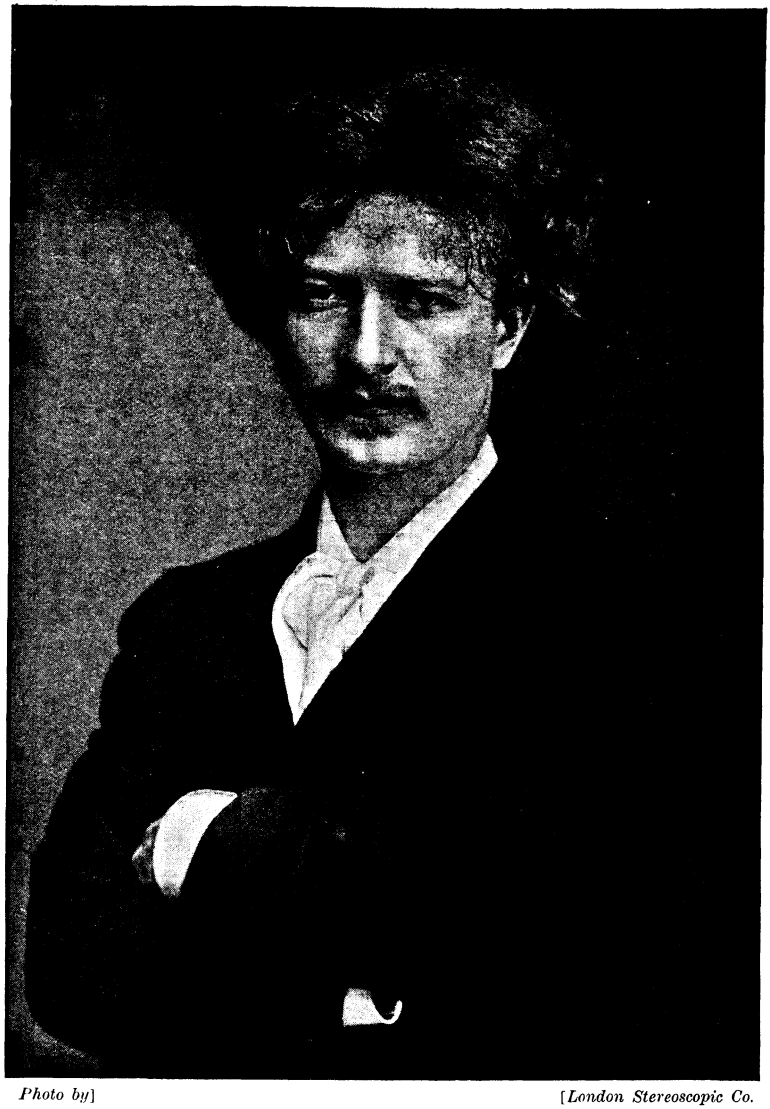

Photo by] [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

PADEREWSKI.

that he would have made the same phenomenal success in any other career that he has made in music. He speaks no less than six languages fluently, and he understands men almost as well as he understands the piano. He is great at the "ivory allegory"—chess—a game that for skill and foresight involves the faculties of anxiety, memory, and strategy to a large degree; he is a mathematician, which shows him the possessor of a flexible mind; he is intellectual in the truest sense of the word, since his intellectuality is of that type which is an intelligence to others; he is a scientist, which—since he is so great a musician—is not perhaps wonderful, for is not all science one, its different parts being, for utility's sake, divided under different names?

His mind is the seal of a score of great equalities, to each of which, when he considers some special power, he gives his whole soul: thus, when he talks on politics, one feels he should have been a statesman rather than a musician; and when he discourses of Poland, one realises that he loves his country more than he loves himself. His passion of patriotism is, indeed, only equalled by his passion for music. "Ignace Paderewski is the best companion, the wittiest, kindest, wisest, and the nicest man I have ever met,"

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is the verdict upon the "master" by his friend of fourteen years of intimate association, his trusted agent, his constant adviser, Mr. Adlington, or "M. le Gouverneur," as he is affectionately called.

Paderewski—whose name should be pronounced as if spelt Paderesskee—has made for himself two homes: one is the Château Riond-Bosson, at Morges, on the Lake of Geneva, and the other is the large estate Kosna, not far from Tarnow, in Poland.

The Château Riond-Bosson is a structure of red brick, half villa, half château. It is almost wholly covered with creeping vines and wistaria, which run riot over the wide balconies that rise in tiers on the face of the house.

No one who has never visited the Château Riond-Bosson can appreciate this exquisite asylum, this bower of beauty with which an artist has surrounded himself as with a bulwark, shutting out the ugly realities of the world. The Lake of Geneva is here at its widest, stretching its azure waters fully eight miles from the hoary old Château of Morges, across to the Savoy shore, where Amphion nestles amid its chestnuts.

The enormous drawing-room on the ground floor of the Château faces a wide sweep of velvety lawn; and in this spacious *salon* are gathered together paintings and miniatures, scraps of *bric-à-brac*, and sculptures which emperors and kings have chosen from their treasures.

As one sits in the drawing-room by the open windows, there is an indescribable atmosphere of repose, mixed subtly with bird-songs, the fragrance of roses and honeysuckle, and the plash of falling waters.

There are homely sounds, too, to be heard, as, from a far distance, come the crowing of cocks, the quack of ducks, and the occasional lowing of cows or the impatient movements of horses in their stalls.

The poultry-yards are screened from the Château by trees and flowering hedges. Each variety of domestic fowl has its own house and exquisitely clean run, protected by high white palings. There are majestic Brahmas, jet black Dutch fowls, Cochin Chinas, pure Indians, and many more. Madame Paderewska takes great pride in the fact that her poultry have taken many valuable prizes in international exhibitions. Each bird is physically perfect, and the houses are miracles of cleanliness. The perches are enamelled white; the drinking-troughs are of spotless glass, and sand and gravel are changed frequently by the expert whose sole duty it is to look after the Paderewska fowls.

An almost whimsical refinement of luxury is noticeable, even in the stables and cow-houses. "Monsieur regards his birds and beasts as almost human," says the poultryman. "He bestows as much thought and care and money upon their welfare as upon his own. Perhaps more, even, for Monsieur is very simple in his personal tastes, but grudges nothing spent on the animals and birds."

The great dining-room at Riond-Bosson is at the back of the house, rich and dark in tone and panelled with high mirrors. The Paderewskis entertain but little, but dinner-parties at the Château Riond-Bosson, though few and small, are brilliant in the extreme.

On such occasions the Polish artist is at his best. Of exquisite courtliness of manner and quick wit, he is an ideal host. The diplomats at his table feel that he should have been one of them, so perfect is his tact, so winning his gentle sweetness.

Paderewski at Morges enjoys utter privacy. One feels that on stepping from the Lake steamer on to the shady quay. Morges knows in a vague way that a great soul is gathered into her cool woods and rolling vineyards. Mine hosts of the local hotels put portraits of the *maestro* in their bedrooms, yet will hint that, after all, he must be very human.

"M. Paderewski is my friend," one of them remarked with great pride. "Often he comes here and drinks *une petite verre* with madame and me. And—yes—I have heard him play in Geneva; *he plays pretty well, monsieur!*"

Mine host is a bit of a *blagueur*, for he is far more impressed by his great neighbour than he pretends. His whole house, indeed, is permeated with Paderewski. The first thing you see on entering is a big portrait of the palefaced Pole, with his flying aureole of silky hair familiar the world over. The little *salon* is full of other portraits, and there is at least one in every bedroom.

At the gates of Riond-Bosson a monstrous St. Bernard dog mounts guard, as though desirous of excluding from his master the anxieties of an outside world, yet he has learnt to know that the postman laden with letters—largely requests for autographs from every part of the world, from London to Buenos Ayres, and from New York to Sydney, must have access. To these letters M. Paderewski replies, and having started a fund to erect in Warsaw a statue to Chopin, he puts a price upon his autograph. Thus

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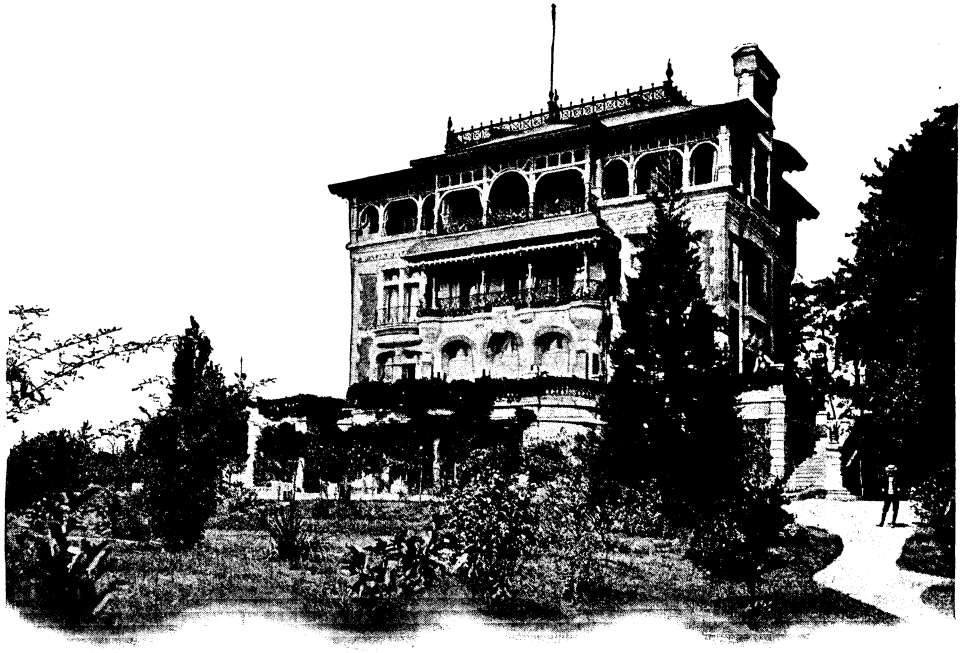

THE CHÂTEAU RIOND-BOSSON.

he charges five francs for an ordinary signature, ten francs if the applicant wishes him to scribble a few bars of original music, and twenty francs for a signed portrait. All money so obtained—and the total is already very large—goes towards his Chopin statue, for which he has secured permission from the Russian Government.

Paderewski's second home, which holds perhaps the first place in his affections, is upon his large estate in Poland, for he is a philanthropist and his plans for the future are invariably of the laying of some scheme by which his fellow-man will benefit. At Kosna he is adored by his tenantry, who realise that it is his greatest ambition—an ambition that more than equals that other—to follow in the footsteps of Liszt and Chopin, and leave behind him something which the world will not willingly let die, to benefit them and free them and his country from the dire distress of poverty which lies upon them like a blight.

A Pole in distress in any part of the world has a friend in M. Paderewski. There are many such in America. A year or two ago a wretchedly poor Polish couple started out to walk from Savannah, in the Southern State of Georgia, to New York, a distance of hundreds of miles. On the way the man begged, while the woman carried on her back, after the manner of her race, a huge feather bed, which was her wedding dower, and the last of all things to be sold.

When they reached Baltimore, this had to be done, however, and bidding his wife see to the sale, the man arranged a meeting at a railway junction north of the city. The two never met again. The man's body was found mutilated on the railway, where he had been struck and killed by a passing train. The unhappy widow gave birth to a child next morning, and was taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Here none spoke Polish, and difficulties were encountered; but next day, unannounced, M. Paderewski presented himself as interpreter and benefactor.

He caused mother and child to be taken on to New York, and there installed them in the Polish Catholic Hospital of the Misericordia, where both were visited almost daily by himself and his wife.

This is but one of many cases that could be instanced of Paderewski's kindness, but his schemes for the welfare of his beloved Poles are not to be gauged by chance charity. He is desirous of permanently alleviating their condition, and to this end he employs in the forests that, well filled with game, surround the park, some forty or fifty men as keepers; he is stocking the river Biala, of which he owns forty miles, with fish, and seeking to introduce a profitable method of vine-growing that the people may till their grounds to profit. A park, of which he has been his own landscape gardener, surrounds

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a large, commodious house with wings, one of which is devoted to domestic offices, and the other to the many guests whom here he loves to entertain. He, although he provides plenty, joins them, however, in no sport; for, since he holds his fortune in his hands, he takes with these no unnecessary risks.

At all hours of the day and night Paderewski plays the piano. His passionate devotion to his art is, perhaps, the most wonderful thing about him. "I never neglect my daily practice," he told me—"arduous and wearing though it be. My hands and fingers are always kept perfectly oiled, as you see, and both hands and wrists are massaged daily. I find it an excellent thing, just before giving an important recital, to steep my hands for some time in extremely hot water."

"Perhaps the piano has carried me away at times," he says. "I have often spent the entire night on a sonata of Beethoven. One day I shall retire from concert work altogether and devote myself entirely to composition."

That he should do this is not unlikely, for he craves above all things peace and quiet, with opportunity to work out his destiny, his great ambition being to write music rather than interpret it.

ON LEAVING A VILLAGE IN KENT.

'TIS the blue of the Weald I'm wanting,
And the song of the lark so gay;
For the fairest of England's gardens
Has stolen my heart away.

'Tis the hill by the old church rising,
And the dip in the fields below;
The grass and the daisies waving
Where the freshest of winds do blow.

The lights in the village twinkling
To welcome the traveller late;
The sweet peace of Saturday vigil;
The voice of a friend at the gate.

'Tis for these that my heart would be longing
In dreams of the days gone by;
'Tis these with sweet memories thronging
That bring just a tear and a sigh.

'Tis the blue of the Weald I'm wanting,
And the song of the lark so gay;
For the fairest of England's gardens
Has stolen my heart for aye.

R. O. KEYS

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THE SNAKES' CURSE.

By SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

LIKE most boys, I had my dreams of adventure; perhaps I may say, more than most boys. Several of them, naturally, were connected with a Robinson Crusoe life on a tropical island.

A few years after boyhood was left behind, I was appointed Vice-Consul in what was then the British and German territories of the Cameroons, in Western Equatorial Africa. The question of the site for my official residence was being discussed by the Foreign Office, and as I had already visited the Cameroons in the capacity of a tourist, I was invited to offer an opinion.

I asked for leave to select the little island of Mondole, in Ambas Bay. On the island I should be safe from any attack by wild natives, I should be on British territory, in a healthy locality, and yet only two miles across the water from the little civilised negro settlement of Victoria. My request was granted, and shortly after I started for Mondole, in 1885, an English builder was sent out to erect the Vice-Consulate in wood, iron, and cement.

I found Mondole Island of surpassing beauty—a little square mile of crumbling rock, which rose to a height of some five hundred feet above the very blue waters of Ambas Bay. To the west was the Atlantic Ocean and the pale blue silhouette of Fernando Pô, a large island with a peak rising to ten thousand feet.

Eastward rose above Ambas Bay the stupendous mass of the Cameroons volcano, more than thirteen thousand feet above sea-level. To the south a beautifully wooded peninsula jutted out from the mainland towards Mondole, from which it was separated by barely a mile of somewhat rough sea.

My first residence was in a little, two-roomed, timber house, which had been built and abandoned by a Polish explorer, who had attempted to found a kingdom in the Cameroons, with Mondole as his impregnable capital!

A few natives—fishermen mostly—lived on the western side of Mondole Island, but for the most part this little paradise of tropical vegetation was uninhabited by the human race. But, instead, it was abundantly supplied with serpents. My first attempts were directed towards clearing a site for my official residence on the central ridge of the island. In doing this, I had to wage an exciting battle with the snakes, which had taken possession of most of the old and hollow tree-trunks.

These snakes belonged to the particularly venomous *genus* of the tree-cobra, a snake that is the source of endless African legends. All over negro Africa one hears that the *dendraspis*, or tree-cobra, crows like a cock. In native legend it has some of the other attributes of the basilisk. It is further, and truthfully, celebrated for its unusual ferocity. A tree-cobra will frequently fly out from its hiding-place and attack passers-by, quite unprovoked. The two sexes, moreover, exhibit great attachment to each other when mated.

On the way from the beach to the site of my projected house there was one particularly large bombax-tree, which was the home of a pair of these tree-cobras. They were from about twelve to fourteen feet long, lithe, and of a dark slatish blue above, with yellow bellies. Again and again as I passed this tree I could see the male and the female snakes lovingly intertwined, or, separately, mimicking some twisted branch in rigid immobility, waiting, no doubt, for their prey.

None of my negro labourers would lay an axe to this tree, nor would they at first let me kill the snakes, as they predicted that the most terrible consequences would occur—a veritable war of serpents. So this bombax-tree was left standing longer than the other vegetable monsters which obstructed the building-site, and the tree-cobras became quite accustomed to our coming and going.

They attacked no one at first, but soon became a nuisance from their fondness for my domestic ducks. In West Africa, at the time of which I am writing, the muscovy duck, a native of Brazil, was the most useful domestic bird. Its eggs are excellent eating, and its flesh is, as most Americans know, a toothsome article of diet.

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The inroads on these ducks became too serious to be tolerated. One day I encountered the male snake with a muscovy duck half-way down his gullet, and then and there shot him.

Thereafter, as the negroes had predicted, began a series of misfortunes. In the first place, the female snake entirely cut off our communications with the beach by the new-made road. She flew at the first party of negroes who were descending in that direction, bit one of them in the leg, and his death two hours afterwards, in spite of all antidotes I could think of, caused all the other native labourers to take to their canoes and desert the island.

I supplied their place with Kruboys, the universal coast labour of West Africa, from my residence at Old Calabar; but meantime I was left alone on the island with my Indian servant and my Accra cook, till the English builder arrived with his materials and his staff of men.

Between us we made a determined onslaught on the female snake, no doubt very much at the risk of our lives. We cut down the huge bombax-tree, and our imported labourers—their legs and much of their bodies swathed in felt—flew at the hissing snake with long staves and did her to death.

But it seemed that ill luck was to continue so long as I remained on that island. Prior to these events, the Indian servant in question, who had been with me all through my East African journeys to Kilimanjaro and back, had been a very quiet, well-conducted person. But he was suddenly seized with a bad attack of black-water fever, and after recovering, quite lost his mental balance and became at times a raving maniac. A strong house of logs had to be erected hastily for his detention pending the arrival of some steamer by which he could be sent away to a healthier climate.

Although little more than a boy, his strength when seized by one of these fits of raving became almost superhuman. One evening, as I was preparing for bed, and was, in fact, clad in nothing but pyjamas and slippers, the door of my temporary house was dragged open, and the Indian servant stood before me with flashing eyes and a huge club, which was really an uprooted log from the house out of which he had broken.

After glaring at me for a moment, he said: "If you had not been such a good master, I would do for you to-night."

Not thinking it wise to trust indefinitely to his clemency or gratitude, I sounded my whistle and called up my six Kruboys.

Very friendly relations had existed between these Kruboys and this Indian servant of mine. They therefore endeavoured, in their amusing broken English, to cajole him to return to the log hut. Turning on them, however, like a tiger, he stabbed one of them mortally and another very nearly so. The rest of the Kruboys fled, and I was left alone with this raving madman in the bright moonlight on the sea-beach.

Showing me the still dripping knife, he flung it behind him into the sea, saying: "I do that lest I should be tempted to stab you."

I have never been placed in such an awkward position. The English builder was a mile away, all my men had bolted into the bush, and the only outward and visible sign of legal authority was at the little settlement of Victoria, two miles across the sea.

Somehow or other, my first thoughts turned towards the wounded men, in the hope that both might be saved. I managed to staunch the flow of blood from the less seriously wounded of the two.

As to the other, he was stabbed in the stomach. Whilst attempting to restore him to consciousness, I was suddenly aware that the murderer was holding a candle and assisting in every possible way. He betrayed no trace of his recent excitement, but in a tone of the deepest commiseration kept saying—

"Poor Grando! Who could have done this?"

Under the circumstances I thought it best to avail myself of all the help that he could render at this moment, and he was most deft in binding up the wound. When all that could be done for the two men with the limited means at our disposal had been accomplished, I had to turn to the Indian and say: "Now I have got to put you in irons." He held out his hands quite submissively for the handcuffs.

By this time the English builder had arrived, and one or two of his men assisted to get out my boat and row us over to the mainland, where the Indian was put in custody. He was eventually sent to an asylum, recovered, was released, and returned to his country.

With assiduous attentions one of the Kruboys recovered, but the other died. The place of the Indian as general factotum was taken by a very intelligent negro ex-slave named Solomon. Solomon had been freed as a boy by one of Her Majesty's

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cruisers, and had been landed for education at the little Baptist Mission settlement of Victoria in Ambas Bay. Here he received an excellent training.

He was so ugly and ungainly in his movements that it was difficult to realise what a truly noble-hearted creature was concealed under his grotesque mask. Solomon was one of the many wonders I have encountered in the negro world; had he lived, he might have been another Bishop Crowther. He took the keenest interest, I remember, in the revision of the Old and New Testaments, and was one of the first persons in that part of Africa to get a copy of the Revised Bible.

He was a hard and steady worker, who kept the men in order without violence, and felled timber, quarried stone, collected and skinned birds, beasts, and reptiles, and was always in a good temper, ready with a cheery answer to even the crossest question.

It seemed to me that with the acquisition of Solomon my troubles on Mondole were over. But the slaughter of the snakes was not yet expiated according to the negro opinion. One day, when Solomon had been with me for three months,he proposed crossing to the adjoining peninsula to cut timber and convey the logs back to Mondole. For this purpose he preferred, he said, to use native dug-out canoes rather than my little boat.

He started early in the morning, but I never saw him again. Late in the afternoon the canoemen returned, blue with cold, and their bodies wrinkled and flabby with long immersion in the water. They described how, just as Solomon had started to return with his little flotilla, a great sea had come in from the open Atlantic and swamped the canoes.

This in itself was a matter of little moment, where every native swam like a fish, and where the contents of the canoes would float. But it was supposed that a crocodile or a shark had seized Solomon and dragged him under.

One result of all these worries and anxieties was that I became seriously ill with blackwater fever and had to remove to Old Calabar. On several occasions subsequently I returned to Mondole and attempted to reside there, for the place was supremely beautiful and possessed features of great natural interest; but so sure as I ever stayed there, something untoward happened to myself or to someone staying in the house, though nothing that occurred, it is true, might not equally well have taken place without the snakes' curse, in which, I need hardly say, I placed no faith whatever.

After my transference to East Africa, and the cession to Germany of the Ambas Bay Settlements, the house was removed. The island is probably now under cultivation by German planters, who must have removed, without regard for superstition, the bulk of the tree-cobras, and have been able to show the natives, by the prosperity which attends the cultivation of cacao in these regions, that the misfortunes which befell the English Vice-Consul had no connection whatever with supernatural causes.

UNDER THE PILLARS OF THE SKY.

UNDER the pillars of the sky
I played at Life—I knew not why.

The grave recurrence of the Day
Was matter of my trivial play.

The solemn Stars, the sacred Night
I took for toys of my delight.

Till now, with startled eyes I see
The portents of Eternity.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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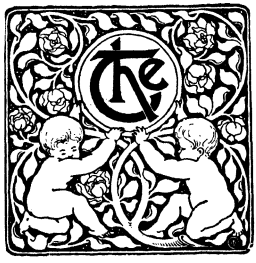
A PARENTAL BIRTHDAY.

By ETHEL TURNER.



THE DIFFICULTY Frank and Ettie and Stan had in making both ends of their respective incomes meet was a frightful one. The hair of older people would have gone grey with the struggle, but these three small heads still bubbled over serenely with unfaded brown and gold.

Which plainly shows that children bear trouble with greater fortitude than their elders, whatever may be said to the contrary by those elders.

Only that morning their father had answered their modest request for "a penny each" in a most unfeeling way.

"Another penny!" he said. "What extravagant children you are! You had your pocket-money as usual on Saturday, didn't you?"

"Threepence between us," sighed Ettie.

"Threepence," said Frank.

"Frepence," said Stan.

"And you mean to tell me it has all gone, the whole of a threepenny—piece?" The father had almost used the term "threepenny-bit," and thus betrayed the paltriness of the coin; but he caught himself up just in time, and substituted the more dignified word "piece."

"It was in pennies," said Ettie.

"A penny each," said Stan.

"Mine was two ha'pennies," protested Frank.

"And you mean to tell me you have rioted away two whole pennies and two whole halfpennies since Saturday!"

"This is Tuesday, father," Frank said with gentle reproach. "Saturday, Sunday, Monday, *Tuesday*."

"Tuesday," said Ettie.

"Choosday," said Stan.

"Well," said the father gravely, and he did not even attempt to put his hand into that pocket of his that even Alf and Baby knew was always full of jingling money, "you will get no more. I can't encourage a reckless expenditure like this."

But he sighed a little as he walked to his train, for a wider margin than rent, and insurance, and doctoring, and household expenses leave in a clerk's narrow income. It would be a pleasant thing to always have a handful of pennies—bright ones preferably—to scatter among his young ones for repayment in eye-sparkles.

The children moved slowly away to their own little nook in the garden, and were joined by Alfie—Alfie, who also liked the jingle his pennies made in his tin box, but who had no keener appreciation of actual money values than usually obtains between the years of two and three.

"It's enough for a girl," said Frank disconsolately, turning over the halfpenny that was his entire fortune at present; "but a fellow can't be expected to make a penny a week do for everything."

Enough for a girl! And Ettie had a family of thirteen dolls entirely dependent upon her for their frocks and bonnets and boots and opera cloaks! Even if one's mother and aunts and friends did supply materials at frequent intervals, there were still sash ribbons and other harassing toilet requisites for such a family that could only be obtained with hard cash. And Frank never took it into his consideration that Eugenie Isabella, the French doll, wore pink kid boots that cost the frightful sum of sixpence a pair—six whole weeks' money!

The dolls' house had also to be kept up, and the most ignorant householder knows the amount of money new furniture costs. The kitchen was very inadequately supplied, and grandmamma had a most disturbing axiom that "a lady is known by her kitchen."

There was a dresser, to be sure, but then the salt-box reached up nearly as high as the top of it, and the sense of proportion that was dawning with Ettie's seventh year told her that these things ought not to be so.

Down at the corner toy-shop was a dresser that would reach up to the ceiling and allow the salt-box to be a mere incident upon it. The price was fifteenpence, and among the great unattainables—unless for fifteen weeks

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nothing else were bought, or an uncle or aunt in an open mood happened along.

Then the drawing-room! Ettie had made all the furniture herself, with keenest delight, one wet day. She had cut out chairs and tables, and a piano, cabinets, coal-vases, and sofas, from a furniture catalogue, neatly pasted them on cardboard, and gummed flaps on behind for standing purposes. But then there came to play one day a very fine little lady, who turned up her nose and called the beautiful suite "home-made and paper."

So Ettie now ardently desired a boxful of upholstered goods that the toy-shop had cruelly ticketed "two and sixpence."

"Look here," Frank said, "what good is money to you, Ettie? You only spend it on fooling things like dolls' combs or little teapots. How much have you got?"

Ettie held very tightly to her little purse. "A halfpenny," she said; "and I want to buy the dresser down at Green's, so you can't borrow it, Frank."

"A stupid dresser," said Frank disgustedly. "As if you couldn't make a box do! And here's Stan and me can't do anything, 'cause all the marbles are lost."

"Glad they are," said Ettie. "Baby is always picking them up, an' yesterday she nearly quite swallowed one."

"Not my best agate, was it?" said Frank anxiously.

"Had it got blue stripes on it?" said Stan excitedly. "It's mine—I've lost it for long 'nough. Where is it?—quick!—I know it's mine!"

"I tell you it's my agate!" shouted Frank. "Where'd you put it, Ettie? She didn't go and *quite* swallow it, did she? I gave fourpence for that agate."

"I throwed it out of the window," said Ettie; "any more I find I'll throw in the fire. If she had swallowed it, she would have been ever and ever so ill."

But Frank was quite unmoved. "She wouldn't be such a little donkey. She knows a thing or two, that kid—think of all the things she has put in her mouth, buttons and shells and pins——"

"And the pig out of my Noah's Ark." The supplement was Stan's. "And the key to wind my train up, and the feathers. And she's never let anything go down her throat yet. She knows what's good for her, that baby."

"But some day she will," persisted Ettie, whose temperament led her to share her mother's frequent fears rather than the boys' happy optimism; "and then it will be a marble, I know."

"Where'd you throw my agate, quick?" said Frank.

"My tor—which window did you frow it out of?" demanded Stan.

But here came the mother over the grass to them with pleasing but frightful news.

On Friday it would be their father's birthday!

Now, this was the happiest of happy celebrations; but still, there was the financial question to meet, and without delay. There must be presents piled up on the breakfast-plate that stood before the flower-twined chair of honour. Not to have a present ready to wrap in many layers of paper and tie round and round and round again with knotty string, and to inscribe in your best round hand: "To dearest daddie from your lovingist little dorter Ettie," or "To dear old dad wishing you happy returns from his afecshonate son Frank," or "To Dad from me with Stan's love," would be to feel yourself an orphan and an outcast, abjectly unworthy of a father who played cricket with you and never refused to make a wooden substitute for any arm or leg your family of thirteen might have lost or broken.

"If only I'd not got that last cocoanut rock!" groaned Frank.

"Yes," said the mother sympathetically, "I ought to have warned you before, oughtn't I? But let us put our heads together."

She sat down on the grass, and Baby crawled away to try whether a nice brown pebble, upon which she had had her eye for the last minute or two, was more or less pleasantly succulent than a marble.

"If Ettie hadn't chucked my marble out of the window," said Frank, "I'd have had a good lot. There's a boy at school what often buys the other boys' marbles. I'd have sold it to him for fivepence."

"But you only gave fourpence for it," said Ettie, who had still elementary notions of business transactions, "and you've usened it for long 'nough."

Frank put on a crafty, swaggering look, copied from the boy at school who did a trade in marbles. "I wouldn't have told him that," he said.

On which the scandalised mother had to leave the great issue at stake for some minutes while she tried to inculcate her six-year-old son with sounder morals than he would deem necessary at six-and-twenty.

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"'Yes,' said the mother sympathetically, 'I ought to have warned you before. But let us put our heads together."

Then they attacked the great question again.

Sixpence was the lowest sum deemed worthy by any of them for the purchase of a parental present.

For a brother or sister indulging in a birthday, twopence, or even a penny—the savings of one week only—was considered a sufficient individual outlay, especially if maternal ingenuity could be obtained to improve the investment.

But parents were different. At their mature age, it was sadly agreed in conclave, pleasure could no longer be obtained from a penny top or a twopenny doll with a china head. Expense was the chief consideration. And expense meant sixpence and nothing less.

"Well," said Frank, his hopes dashed as to realising on a marble—and more especially a marble that was lost in the grass and, after all, *might* be Stan's property, "I'll just have to earn some money. Tell you," his eyes grew brilliant, "I'll clean all the windows outside with the hose." He began to drag off his shoes. "I won't get a bit wet. Six windows—I'll do them for a penny a window. Undo my coat."

"Oh, oh!" said Stan forlornly, "I was just going to pick that. Frank grabs everyfrink. I want to do frings with my coat off."

But the mother firmly refused the noble proposition connected with the hose, and made her own terms. The lawn was covered with dandelion roots; she would divide it into three equal portions, and pay sixpence to each labourer who at the end of the morning could show a strip of grass unsullied by the upstart foreigners. She hunted up some blunt knives, explained how faithfulness demanded the whole body and legs of the upstart, and not the scalp only, as Frank seemed to think sufficient, and then went back to her household duties, the baby, mulct of the pebble, tucked under her arm.

For half an hour the children worked

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tempestuously, their sixpences looming large before their eyes. Then Frank's ardour began to abate a little, and he sat back on his heels to find variation for the monotony. He determined to divide up his allotment so that he could better see what he had done and what remained to do, and he spent twenty minutes gathering up garden sticks and laying them in lines to act as divisions. Then he counted the weeds in each division and tried to multiply them by the number of fences, but the problem presented such frightful figures he gave it up in disgust and used his knife again for fully five minutes. Ettie and Stan meanwhile plodded along patiently, and refreshed themselves as they went on by spending the great sums verbally.

Stan inclined to a "football goal." He was sure his father would enjoy it very much, and it could be easily erected in the paddock.

"But you would enjoy it, too," said Ettie, who was ever a martinet. "You oughtn't to get things you want yourself for other people's birthdays."

Frank did not uphold this view of the question; he thought the notion a very good one—for what was the use of the football till they got one? But he added gloomily that he did not think sixpence would cover the cost.

"They're only made of wood," said little Stan. But then his face fell; the notion must be abandoned. You could not wrap a football goal up in layers of tissue and brown paper and tie it with string and let it lie palpitating on the breakfast-table. And how else could a parental gift be properly presented?

He prodded away sadly and solemnly with his knife for several minutes. Then his face beamed again.

"Tell you!" he said. "Bon-bons! He laughs like anyfring when he pulls them, and he *does* 'joy having a paper cap on."

But Ettie was merciless.

"He only laughs to please *us*," she said sententiously; "grown-up people never really like bon-bons. You're just trying to get something you like yourself, you greedy boy."

Stan protested angrily. He had never even thought of getting a cocoanut, or a balloon, or a pistol, he said indignantly; and those were the things he wanted himself. He was only trying to think of things his father really needed.

Then Frank had another restless fit, occasioned by the sight of energy going to waste. Alfie was steaming round and round a path, his arms working with a circular movement, his lips hissing steam or whistling as the need might be.

"I'll make that kid help," said Frank; "he'd like it no end. Hi, Alfie! Come, and I'll teach you how to get dandies up. It's grand, I can tell you; and if you do a lot, I'll give you a marble next time I get some."

Alfie trotted up willingly, and Frank expended much patience in trying to teach him the business. But after a time the maternal Ettie looked up, and at once insisted on the cancelling of the new apprentice's bonds, on the ground that he was too young to use a knife.

So Frank flung off angrily, and went up to the house to make more noble propositions to his mother of work that he felt convinced would be far more useful to her than getting silly weeds out of a stupid lawn.

"I could whitewash the apple-tree for you," he said. "Go on, mother. Grandpa's got all his whitewashed to keep the moths out. Oh, go on, mother. Can I get a bucket?"

"But the poor old tree never bears an apple," said his mother. "We should chop it down, only that you are so fond of climbing it."

"If I whitewashed it, it would," said Frank excitedly; "dozens and dozens—and you'd never have to buy from the greengrocer. Go on, mother. You'd soon save the sixpence in apples."

The mother stated her prejudice against having whitewash on his clothes. He offered to undress and work in his vest.

"And the whitewash will do *that* good," he added; "you said yourself my vests were going a bad colour."

But the mother would have no transfer. She rejected his offer to paint the fowl-house, to go on errands, to stone raisins for the next Christmas pudding, to pluck a fowl. He must keep the conditions like the others, or else content himself with buying a present for the halfpenny which was at present his only visible means.

He dragged back to the dandelions, and his spirits fell lower and lower as he noticed how far ahead of him were the other two.

Stan was still harping on his certainty that it would make his father feel "ver' happy" to open a parcel and find bon-bons within. And Ettie was still casting doubts upon the purity of his motives.

"What are *you* going to get?" Frank

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asked her. "Mother says a new hammer-handle would please him, 'cause his is split. How'd it be if you gave that? You can't give tobacco or cigars, 'cause I've picked that—it's always the best present to give a man—Jim Smith says so, an' that's what he always gives *his* father."

"A hammer-handle! Indeed I won't!" said Ettie. "And you can keep your old tobacco and cigars—I wouldn't give such horrid things. No. I am going to make him a shaving-ball."

"A shaving-ball!" echoed Frank. "Oh, a soap thing like the one he has."

Ettie paused, almost for the first time, in her steady work, while she dilated on the utter beauty and extreme usefulness of a shaving-ball.

"You make it with tissue-paper," she said; "all lovely colours. I have decided on pink, pale green, and scarlet, and it will be tied up with string and hang over the washstand."

"But what's it for?" demanded practical Frank.

"To wipe his razor on, of course, silly," said Ettie in a superior fashion. "It must be very miserable for him having to get any common bit of paper for it every day. Think how lovely it will be for him to dry it on a pink bit one day, and a scarlet another, and green another! Or I might put purple instead of pink. Down at Green's they've got the loveliest tissue, and it's only twopence a sheet."

"Don't believe he'll like it a bit," said Stan vindictively; "you just want to make it, that's all."

"A hammer-handle 'ud be a lot usefuller," said Frank; "men don't want finnicky tissue-paper things. He'll like my cigars much betterer." Ettie jeered at him and bade him look at his dandelions. "Perhaps daddie *would* enjoy the cigars—when he got them."

Frank fell to work savagely.

About twelve o'clock Ettie made a joyous dash for the house, shouting that she had finished. The mother came down to examine, praised the faithful work, paid the sixpence promptly, and gave permission for an instant visit to "Green's" which palace of delight flourished at the foot of the road.

Stan she encouraged and patted and refreshed with a juicy apple. She yearned to kneel down and help his tired little fingers, but recognised that such an act would not be compatible with the high standard of justice the children demanded of her.

Frank she let alone except for the gift of an apple, realising that this was entirely his own affair—and a character-fashioning one at that. Then she hastened back to the house, where who knew what the baby might be considering edible and delectable, Alfie steaming and whistling behind her.

From the verandah she saw a sight that quieted the maternal misgivings she occasionally felt as to whether she delivered sufficient moral maxims and homilies to her offspring.

Ettie, who had sprung away with her sixpence like an arrow from a taut bow, was running back along the garden path, a lovely smile spread all over her little face.

"Don't cry, Stannie!" she said; "I'll wait for you. Don't cry, I'll help you." And then Stan dried his eyes on his sleeve, and for the next twenty minutes there were two little figures stooping and rising, rising and stooping, struggling with the upstarts on his patch.

When they had finished and were starting off hand in hand with their precious sixpences, Frank tried to squeeze a few tears, hoping he might thus enlist the services of two ministers of mercy. And indeed the pathos of his situation, sitting there with three-quarters of his patch untouched, while they dashed off free, struck him so forcibly that he even managed a roar or two of anguish.

But Ettie had no pity for him.

"Serves you right!" she said; "you played while we worked. Serves you right!"

Stan, his heart warm with the help that he himself had received, suggested that he should go back and lend a hand, even though his heart sank at the prospect, so very little headway had his brother made.

But Ettie held tightly to his hand. "Teach him not to play another time," she said self-righteously. "Come on! you've got to do as I tell you, 'cause I helped you. Come on!"

So Stan, much relieved at having the matter taken out of his hands, set briskly off with her down the shining highway that led to purple tissue-paper, and scarlet, and green, and to bon-bons marvellously made of brilliant, transparent stuff that turned the whole world green or red or orange when you held it up before your eyes.

And Frank was working desperately now—with his brain. His knife still hung idle in his hand. Sixpence he must possess, and that without any more delay. It was quite useless now to attempt to earn it in this peddling way, he decided; some bolder

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"'Serves you right!' she said; 'you played while we worked.'"

stroke must obtain it for him. He reviewed his grandparents, his various aunts and uncles, who doubtless would come to his assistance if they knew of his extreme need. But they were all too far away and only to be reached by the medium of trains or boats. True, Friday was still two days distant, but it was insupportable that Stan, and even Ettie, a mere girl, should be in possession of their presents this very afternoon, and able to whisper about them, and hide them hastily in drawers at the sound of a footstep, and to laugh self-consciously whenever their father referred to the coming celebration.

Something made him reject the thought of an impassioned appeal to his mother, for he recognised in his worried little soul that she was playing quite fair.

Suppose he flung himself upon his father's mercy—simply put it, as between man and man, that he needed sixpence more than he ever needed it in his life before, though he could not reveal the nature of his necessity.

But no, that would make it too nearly like the way in which they had obtained their mother's birthday presents, a couple of months ago; and the mortification of that method still remained with them all.

For the financial crisis on that occasion had been precisely the same as on this one, with the added drawback that they all had very bad colds and were confined to the house. So in the morning they had been obliged, with actual tears in their eyes, to ask their mother for sixpence each, and to further require her not to demand of them why they needed such large sums.

And in the afternoon—when they hoped that she had delicately wiped from her memory the morning's transaction—they were obliged to ask her to go to Green's for them and purchase one pincushion, pear-shape for preference (at a cost of sixpence), one gilt thimble lined with blue enamel (at a cost of sixpence—on no account was she to look at the threepenny line), and one shell-covered hairpin-box (at the cost of sixpence).

Certainly her surprise and delight the next morning were very consoling, but it was an experience one did not like to repeat, so Frank sadly rejected the idea of an appeal to his father.

But here was Ettie back again, Ettie with

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the tears streaming down her face. Just behind her ran Stan, his face ashine with sympathy.

How could the salesman at Green's realise the bitter blow he had dealt? He had seen two children flattening their noses at his window, certainly, but then that was a sight he frequently saw. And he had civilly answered question after question as to the cost of various articles, when, after gimlet-like inspection, from the outside, of his goods, they darted in to his counter, and then retired again to the street to deliberate together.

That was all the usual preliminary. Ettie had no real intention of purchasing the pack of cards, the penwiper, the ink-bottle, though she liked to feel that the choice of all these was open to her. And nothing could make Stan swerve from his allegiance to the bon-bons, though Ettie insisted that he should inquire the price of a china dog, a purse, and a padlock, all of which she considered were suitable for her father.

But finally they went in with firmer steps and peace in their eyes.

"A sheet of purple tissue-paper, a sheet of scarlet tissue-paper, and a sheet of green tissue-paper," said Ettie happily.

The man wrapped them up and handed them to her. "Sevenpence halfpenny, miss," he said.

"Why," gasped Ettie, "I bought a sheet of blue only a month ago; it was only twopence a sheet."

"It's gone up," said the man. "A scarcity of cotton. It is twopence halfpenny now."

One could not burst into tears before a salesman. Ettie swallowed hard, pushed the parcel back to him, and rushed from the shop. But she cried her very heart out all the way up the hill, and Stan gulped as if the disappointment were his very own.

They rushed to their mother with the heartrending tale, and Frank hastened in after them, more than half expecting to hear that they had lost their sixpences.

But the tears were swiftly dried again, for to be able to avert a tragedy with three halfpence is a power often blessedly bestowed upon grown-ups.

Frank followed them to the gate as they danced off again.

"Look here," he said, "will you wait for me if I'm only a quarter of an hour?"

Ettie's sorrow had softened her heart.

"You couldn't be finished so soon," she said, "even if we both helped."

"Oh, I don't mean dandelions," said Frank contemptuously, as he walked on with them. "I've got a very good plan, only I'm not going to tell you." He stopped at the gate of a dear old lady whom they occasionally went to see.

"You don't mean to *borrow* sixpence!" said Ettie with bated breath.

"Course I don't, stupid," said Frank.

"You can't ask her to *give* you it," Ettie said.

"As if I would!" blustered Frank. "You wait here for me, that's all."

A remembrance had come flashing to him how on one visit to this dear lady he had fallen off the roof of her summer-house on to the gravelly path beneath, and made his knees bleed so badly that she had comforted him with bread and strawberry jam, and given him sixpence for further consolation.

He strode up the path, and there was the dear lady snipping off roses.

He shook hands politely and removed his cap, and answered cheerfully to questions that related to the health of the different members of his family. Everyone was all right, he affirmed, and Baby was very well and hadn't swallowed a marble.

The old lady looked a little puzzled, since he bore no message, and it was not his habit to call on her alone, and before lunch, in his holland tunic. He had come before in his best sailor suit, and accompanied by his mother; still, she was pleasant with him, and pointed out where her little dog was that he had played with on his last visit.

But he seemed to have lost interest in dogs.

"Can I climb on the roof of your summer-house?" he said nervously.

"Certainly," said the old lady. She had long realised that that particular roof appealed passionately to the legs of all her young visitors, and she had quite forgotten this one's tumble. She went on calmly snipping her roses and considering what biscuits she had most suited to her present caller.

She turned to ask his opinion as to the merits of Mixed or Gingerbreads.

And he fell deliberately off his perch before her startled eyes!

His knees bled freely again, and one of his hands was so very badly scratched that she had to bathe it in warm water and wrap it tenderly up in white muslin.

And she administered biscuits both in their Mixed and Gingerbread forms, and finally——he had held himself so bravely under his pain—she presented him with a shilling.

If it had been sixpence, he could have borne it, perhaps.

But a shilling!

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"Even when Ettie and Stan had a parcel each, he was still carrying his coin."

He found himself weeping on her neck and confessing his crime, and sobbing that he wouldn't have done it "only it was father's birthday." He even tendered the shilling back, but the dear lady merely kissed him again and slipped the coin back in his pocket.

Ettie and Stan were faithfully waiting without the gate, and were loud in amaze at his moneyed condition. He swaggered to the shop with them and spent fully half an hour in examining articles that bore the extremely dignified price of "one shilling" marked upon them. Even when Ettie and Stan had a parcel each securely enwrapped in tissue-paper, he was still carrying his coin and staring unhappily, now in the tobacconist's window, now in the stationer's.

"Oh!" said Ettie at last, her patience at an end, "I'm going home. Come on, Stan." They turned to leave him, a little jealousy of his wealth tugging at their hearts.

Then to their amaze they found that he was following them. He walked through the gateway and marched off to the patch where his knife lay. He took his coat off and fell to work. Lunch intervened, but he refused to leave off, and Ettie, marvelling, brought him his food as bidden by her mother.

Finally his sixpence was earned, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief, the doubt that had oppressed him, as to whether his father would derive pleasure from a present not quite honestly obtained, laid for ever.

Next morning the old lady found a very dubious-looking envelope had been slipped beneath her door.

On opening it, her shilling rolled out.

"THE SEA-BIRDS' HAUNT."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ELMER KEENE.

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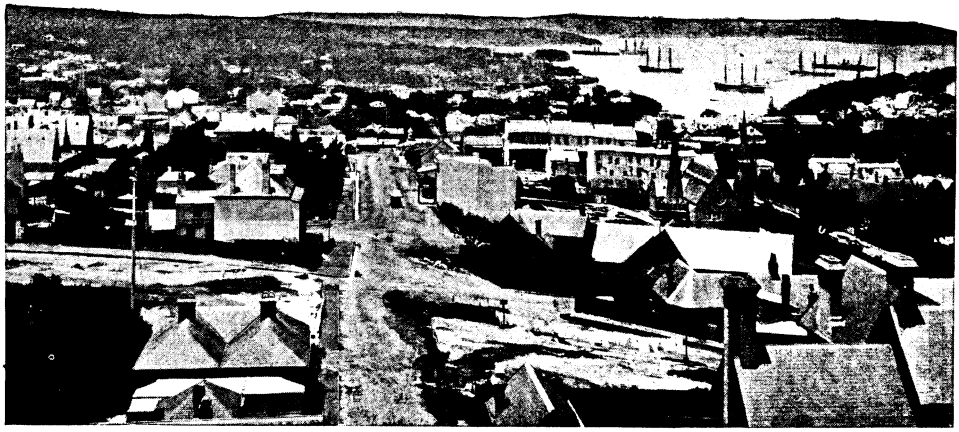

SYDNEY FROM NORTH SHORE.

NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE:

SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND.

BY C. DE THIERRY.

Photographs by Neville Edwards.

ENGLAND'S EMPIRE in the East, and the chain of fortresses that connects it with the Mother Country, were mainly built up by the British merchant and trader. England's Empire in the Pacific was mainly built up by the British settler. The great trade route of the world has been a highway of commerce from time immemorial, and the nations which, in brilliant succession, once controlled it, still look out on it in undiminished numbers. Hence the West in Asia is a not very vigorous graft on ancient civilisations, and its basis is commercial. For this reason it adds no moral strength to Europe in general, nor to England in particular. The Pacific, on the other hand, is an ocean highway without a history, having been for the first half of the nineteenth century known only to England. It is, therefore, new in the sense that the Mediterranean Sea, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean are old.

The mainstay of British power in the South Pacific is Australia. There is nothing exotic about England as she is here; rather is she typified by a sturdy oak which has taken root in virgin soil. Not by conquest, but by peaceful settlement, does she base her claim to a continent; not by the genius of adventurers, but by the daring of navigators, explorers, and pioneers, has the slow pageantry of civilisation moved over a wilderness as large as Europe without Russia. Its main gate is Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, with which for over two generations the history of Australia was identified. The entrance to Port Jackson, on which the city stands, was sighted by Captain Cook, during the memorable voyage of the *Endeavour*, but he had no idea that it was one of the finest harbours in the world. He himself landed at Botany Bay, to the southward, and gave such glowing accounts of the country round about that it was fixed on as the site of the first British Colony in the great unknown land of the South Pacific. Unhappily it was a penal settlement—the expression of an idea which found favour with English statesmen until they were forced to abandon it by vigorous Colonial opposition. Never before since time was did the Imperial ideal sink so low.

The preceding articles in this series dealt respectively with Gibraltar, Malta, Bombay and Trincomalee, Singapore and Hong Kong. Ensuing articles will be devoted to Capetown, Esquimault and Halifax, and the West Indies.

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Governor Phillip, however, showed a foresight and judgment that were wanting in his superiors at home. He found that Botany Bay, owing to its exposure to the heavy swell of the Pacific, and the scarcity of fresh water in the neighbourhood, was not a good site for the infant Colony. He therefore went with a small exploring party up the coast to seek a better. A row of a few miles brought him to the narrow opening seen by Captain Cook, and on rounding one of the two headlands which guard it, they found themselves in a landlocked harbour, whose size and surpassing beauty called forth their wondering admiration. As they were returning from Botany Bay with the flotilla, they met the ships of a French exploring expedition, so that Port Jackson was ours only by a few hours' start of France. The spot chosen by Governor Phillip for settlement was Sydney Cove, where wood and water were plentiful, and landing was as easy as it was safe. Here, a hundred years later, the Commonwealth of Australia was inaugurated with all the pomp and circumstance of a mighty Empire.

Never did a great State have an origin so pitiable. In all, the Colony consisted of little more than a thousand persons, seven hundred and fifty-six of whom were convicts, the forlornest emigrants who ever set foot on virgin territory. So little care was taken in securing the success of the undertaking that they lacked some of the bare necessaries of life. Apparently it was forgotten that they were to be placed on the edge of a wilderness four months' distant by sailing-vessel from the Mother Country, an instance of absent-mindedness which has been paralleled many a time from that day to this. Nor did the worst end here. For years, Sydney, in the name of philanthropy, was made a veritable hell on earth. No chapter in our Colonial history is so discreditable to us as a people, none so wounding to our pride in British statesmenship.

GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

For the better half of its existence Sydney

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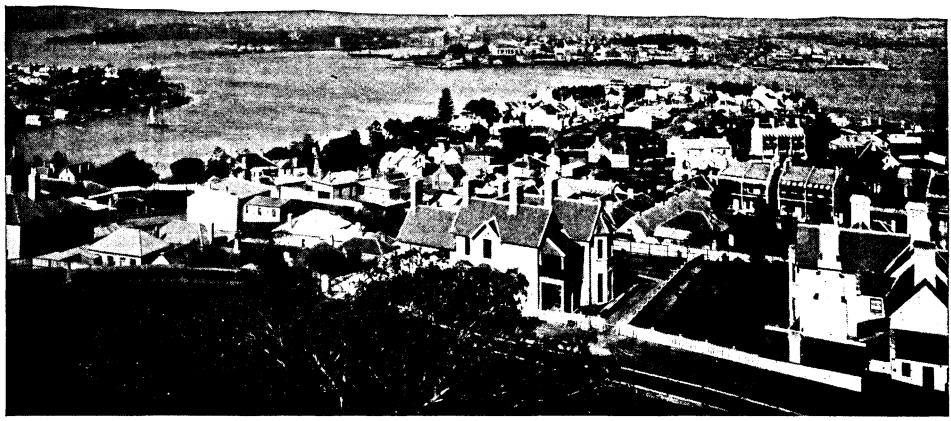
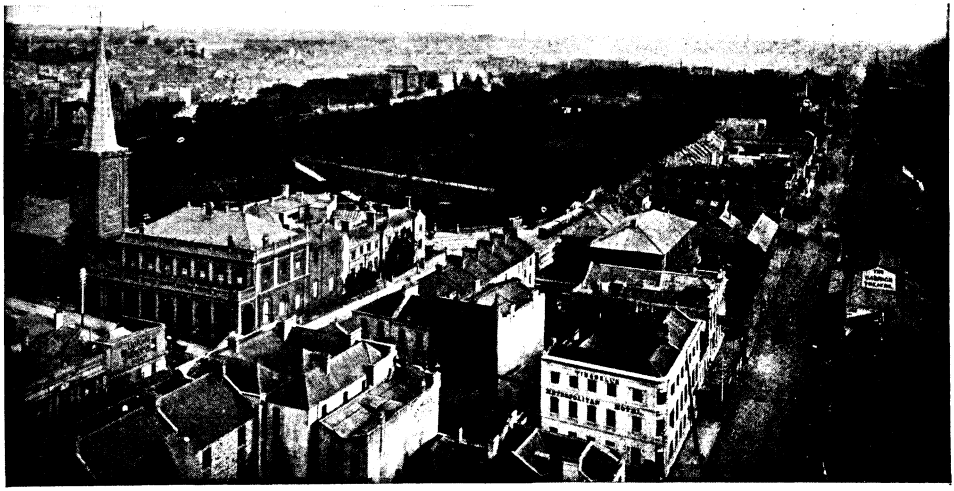


SYDNEY FROM NORTH SHORE.

was not only the governing centre of Australasia, but it was from New South Wales that Victoria, Tasmania, and Queensland were settled. Here, too, the great Wentworth, explorer, squatter, and statesman, led his fellow-countrymen in the fight against Colonial office tyranny and incompetence; here, too, was moulded the constitutional character of Australian liberty. Moreover, Wentworth, whose whole political career was identified with New South Wales, took the first step towards Federation, and his work was continued by Sir Henry Parkes and Sir Edmund Barton, of the same Colony. From Sydney, too, the contingent of 1884 sailed for the Soudan, the first time since the Napoleonic wars that Colonial soldiers from oversea stood side by side with their English brethren on the field of battle. Hence the position of Sydney as the Mother City of the continent is unchallenged.

With the foundation of the pastoral industry by Captain MacArthur, and the finding of a passage through the Blue Mountains to the boundless plains beyond, Sydney entered on that era of prosperity which, with short intervals of depression, has continued to the present day. It was, however, the discovery of gold that "precipitated the Colony into a nation." Melbourne it transformed into a splendid city with almost magical rapidity; Sydney it developed into one of the world's greatest ports. In Australia it stands easily first, and as the chief *entrepôt* for the commerce of the Pacific, it has no rival south of the Line. The facilities of the harbour for shipping are unequalled. Not only can the largest vessels



HYDE PARK, SYDNEY.

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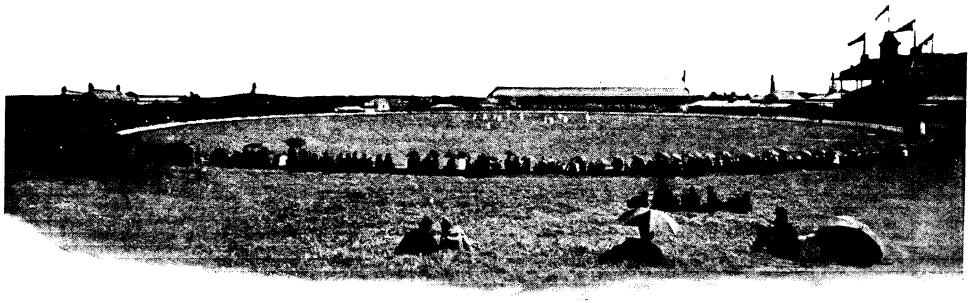
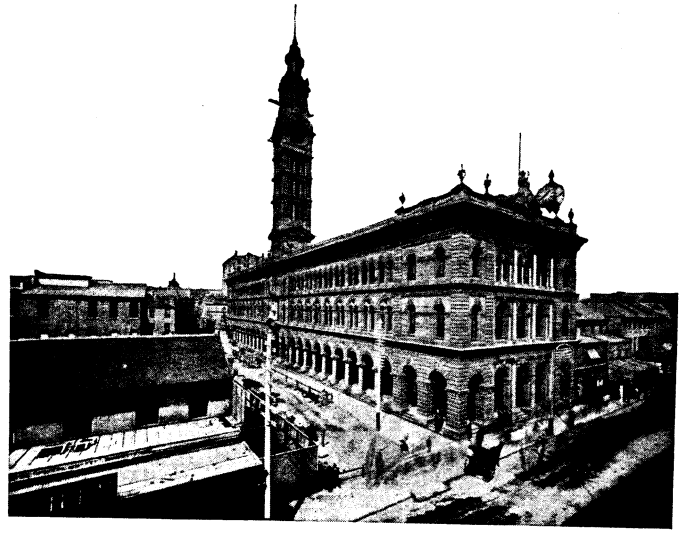


THE CRICKET GROUND, SYDNEY.

afloat be moored alongside the fine wharfs and quays which extend for miles close to the business centre of the city, but the tide varies so little that the port can be entered at any time. So great are its natural and geographical advantages, indeed, that New South Wales is the only British Colony which hankers after Free Trade. When it is remembered that since 1851, gold worth £53,235,286 has been found in the State, and that the value of the wool exported in 1905 was estimated at over twelve millions sterling, some idea may be formed of the commercial significance of this southern city. In the Mother Country the volume of its trade is exceeded only by London, Liverpool, and Hull.

On account of its age and history, Sydney possesses an old-world air, an atmosphere of repose, and a solidity, that newer cities sneer at while they envy. Nature is here so fair that, under her influence, even the stolid Anglo-Saxon is being transformed into a creature of imagination and artistic possibilities. The greater part of the population, 486,000 by the last census, lives in pretty suburbs on the shores of the harbour. Hence public buildings, not the mansions of the rich, overlook the parks and gardens, an arrangement which is entirely in harmony with the picturesque. Everything in the city is on a grand scale, from the University to the pleasure-grounds of the people, which are as extensive as those of a European capital. But no European capital is so superbly situated as Sydney. As Anthony Trollope says: "It is one of those places which, when a man leaves them, knowing that he will never return, he cannot leave without a pang and a tear." To its enchanting loveliness no pen can do justice. It is Nature's masterpiece of soft, sensuous beauty, and in the days when the world was young would have been the favourite shrine of Venus. The foreground, the middle distance, and the background, are each alike perfect. The water is blue and sparkling, shading off into an exquisite pale green towards the shore. The formation of the land is old red sandstone, which peeps out from forest-clad promontory and island with fine effect. So numerous are the indentations of the harbour that the shore-line is two hundred miles long,



GENERAL POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

though Sydney is only four miles from the Heads, majestic sentinels of the narrow entrance. The suburbs extend not inland towards the country, but seawards along the windings of Port Jackson, and every little point is the site of a home whose grassy lawns slope down to the water's edge.

Nowhere in the world are the sea and the

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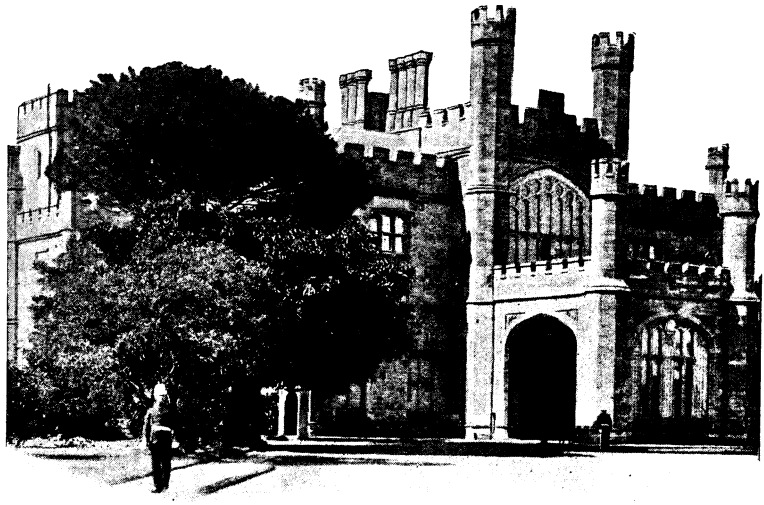
city so entirely one. Port Jackson dominates Sydney, whether at work or at play. In London no pageant is complete, because the Navy is never represented with suggestiveness. Here the glory of every pageant is lent by the water. And so it is with the pleasures of everyday existence. They all begin and end on the shores of the harbour. On Saturday afternoons sailing-craft of every description, from the natty little boat of the artisan to the luxurious steam-yacht of the millionaire, whiten the sparkling waters the year round, and the picnic is a joy that never palls. A perfect climate, a perfect harbour, and perfect facilities for getting about—what more have the people of Sydney to desire?

As the headquarters of the Australian Squadron, Port Jackson is a strategical position in the South Pacific of the first importance. It is defended by Armstrong guns, and a military road connects all the forts on the northern side of the harbour. So admirably does the conformation of the shore-line lend itself to the erection of fortifications, indeed, that there is nothing to prevent the city from being rendered practically impregnable. The main works of the naval establishment are at Garden Islands, where also stands the powder-magazine. Sydney Cove, the most historic spot in the continent, is the anchorage of the ships of the Fleet. Facing it are the Botanical Gardens, and looking down on it are the towers of Government House. Public foresight and private enterprise have provided the port with dock accommodation on a scale proportionate to its strategical and commercial importance. At Cockatoo Island there are two dry docks for the use of the Navy, one of them capable of receiving the largest battleships afloat. The great wool merchants, Mort and Co., have a dock, and the workshops in connection with it are so extensive as to cover five acres of ground. Another more recently built takes in vessels of 12,000 tons burden, besides which there are several patent slips. In addition to these facilities for the Navy and Mercantile Marine, the wharves are provided with the necessary machinery for loading and unloading ships, with vast storage-sheds and with every device for rapid coaling. On the South Head is a lighthouse, which can be seen thirty miles off.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.

Auckland, the largest and most beautiful city in New Zealand, is built on a narrow neck of land six miles wide. On one side is the Manukau Harbour, whose value would be greater if there were no bar at the entrance: on the other is the Hauraki Gulf, of which the Waitemata, on whose southern shores Auckland rises, is an arm. It is thus the centre of the vast Southern Ocean, which the most adventurous sailor has never yet explored. From its situation it is sometimes called "the Corinth of the Pacific."

Until 1865 it was the capital of the Colony, the site having been chosen by Governor Hobson in 1841, the year after Maoriland was proclaimed British territory. A relic of these days is Government House,

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which crowns the central point of the city. Of history in the ordinary sense of the term Auckland has little. It was the main base of supplies during the great native war, and was closely associated with the lives of Selwyn and Pattison, but these are its only claims to distinction beyond any other of New Zealand's big towns. Of the first all traces vanished when the barracks were pulled down and the parade-ground was transformed into a park; of the second the most interesting monument, St. Paul's Church, was pulled down when the precipitous front of Britomart Hill was given a gentle slope to the sea. Fortunately the Bishop's Palace and a few small churches, built after Selwyn's designs, are still in existence.

In natural beauty, safety, and size, Auckland Harbour rivals Port Jackson, but its loveliness is not so sensuous, its colouring so brilliant, nor its vegetation so luxuriant. Its presiding deity is Jupiter rather than Venus, since its outlines are bolder and more massive, and its expression more majestic than alluring. Then, too, it has the crowning beauty which Sydney lacks. In the blue of near distance rise up the forest-clad peaks of the Waitakerei Ranges. The unique feature of the landscapes is, however, the extinct volcanoes. Over sixty of them can be counted from Mount Eden, one of the show places of the city, on account of its perfect crater and the magnificent panorama which spreads out from its base. They vary in height from a few hundred to nine hundred feet, and this natural diversity has been lent a new and more inviting aspect by the labour of man. One is a park; another is terraced and crowned with sombre pines. The slopes of others are covered with villas and gardens. Some the skill of the husbandman has clothed with a rich carpet of grass, as though, in a long-forgotten age, the earth had never trembled with the violence of earthquakes nor panted under scorching streams of lava. A few stand grimly forth undamaged from the day their fiery forces left them, their rich stream surface the refuge of a sparse growth of fern and coarse grass; the outpost of this volcanic host, the island-mountain Rangitoto, which stands at the entrance of the harbour, towering in disdainful austerity above the richly cultivated mainland. It is a feature which gives Auckland an individuality peculiarly its own.

WHARF, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

In truth, the city is built on a lava-bed, which perhaps accounts for its hilly character. Before the advent of the white man, the isthmus, because of its strategical value, was thickly peopled by Maoris, who fiercely contested its possession with their northern and southern neighbours. Every hill in the vicinity was a fortress, which was scarped, trenched, terraced, and palisaded until it was

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impregnable even to regular European troops, as the British found to their cost in the native wars. To this day these Maori fortifications, grass-covered as they are, outline themselves with a regularity which would do credit to an engineer corps. Unfortunately, such traces of Old New Zealand are few. The picturesque Maori and the virgin forest, which once possessed the isthmus, linger only in the "cabbage tree" palm—the most distinctive tree in the Colony—native names, and the Domain, where Nature is seen as she was before Captain Cook ever set his foot in New Zealand. Only that the sky is bluer, the sunshine brighter, the air warmer, and the spring flowers Italian in their beauty and variety, Auckland might be an English town.

The North Shore of the Waitemata is a peninsula which ends in a hill shaped like a bowl inverted. Between it and Rangitoto is the main channel for entering the harbour, which is thus completely landlocked. Among the outlying chain of islands in the Hauraki Gulf is Kaavan, the favourite residence of the late Sir George Grey. So safe is the Waitemata, indeed, that, like Port Jackson, it can be entered at any hour. Moreover, it is provided with every facility for carrying on an extensive commerce. The Harbour Board has constructed two graving-docks, the Calliope on the North Shore, and the Auckland, near one of the main streets of the city. The former can accommodate the largest ships of the Royal Navy, and, owing to an arrangement made with the Admiralty by Mr. Witheford on behalf of his fellow-citizens, it is to be fully equipped by the Home Government. Auckland is thus officially recognised as the headquarters in New Zealand of the Australasian Squadron.

The Harbour Board is perhaps the most richly endowed corporation in the Colony, possessing as it does the most valuable water frontage on both sides of the Waitemata. In the future this princely inheritance is destined to play an important part in the development of Auckland as a great port. Already it has reduced shipping charges and dock dues to a minimum, carried on reclamation works on a large scale, and is now preparing to undertake the cutting of a canal at a point where the Waitemata and the Manukau Harbour are less than a mile apart. This would connect the east and west coasts of New Zealand, so as to render Auckland nearer to Sydney by nearly two hundred miles. As Auckland owes its position as a naval base largely to the energy of Mr. Witheford, so it is likely to owe the erection of an Admiralty House and coaling-wharf for the Navy to Mr. Napier. Unlike Sydney, Auckland is not the capital of an old Colony, and the *entrepôt* for half a continent, but one of several cities in a young Colony not larger than the United Kingdom. The greatness of Auckland is all in the future.

What Sydney is to Australia with regard to the Islands of the Pacific, Auckland is to New Zealand. These two ports are the main gateways of the southern half of the ocean, which is to be the theatre of the world's rivalry as the Atlantic was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At present the position of England, through her Colonies, is stronger than any of her rivals, and it will be the duty of the Empire to see that it is maintained. In Westport coal New Zealand produces a coal which is nearly equal to the best Welsh; the whole of the territory between Sydney and Newcastle is one vast coal-bed; and the facilities for victualling, repairing, overhauling, and sheltering ships which Australasia provides are on an Imperial scale. Moreover, the Commonwealth now proposes to build a navy of her own. Such advantages as these, in war time, will be possessed by no other power in the South Pacific. Unfortunately, English statesmen take views as short as the views of Colonials are long—as, for instance, when Lord Salisbury, after he had given the Samoan Islands away, complained that he could not understand why Germany or any other wanted to possess them, while at the same time the ordinary Australian regarded them as a future British sentinel on the future British highway between the Dominion and the Commonwealth. New Guinea, commanding the northern gateway of Australia, was secured to the Empire only by vigorous action on the part of Colonial statesmen, and nothing less will save the New Hebrides from France. For the Commonwealth and New Zealand are determined that England is to be the Great Power of the Pacific, and that they are willing to share in the burden of maintaining this pre-eminence is beyond dispute. The part which Sydney and Auckland will play in the future is, therefore, a great one. They are to the new highway of the Pacific what Bombay and Colombo are to the ancient highway of the Indian Ocean, but they are stronger, because behind them is the power of young England as well as the Power of Old England.

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"THE FIRST SORROW."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

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"I sculled so feverishly that we made the landing-stage in record time."

CELIA'S SPLENDID PLAN.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

"DON'T you think it's an awful pity," said Celia, "that the majority of married people can't live without squabbling?"

"Awful," I replied gravely.

"Austin and I," she continued, "are never going to quarrel when we're married."

"I see. You're getting it all over beforehand."

Celia gave me one of her famous cold-douche looks.

"What do you mean?"

"I—I beg your pardon. I misunderstood you. You mean that when you're married, you will continue to treat each other with unruffled amiability?"

"Exactly."

I should explain here that Celia is seventeen and Austin twenty-two. Celia's father urges her to wait at least two years, and Austin's mother insists that he shall not take a wife within three years. But I happen to know that the young couple are already house-hunting. The lucky suburb they propose to adorn is Richmond.

"I don't wish to discourage you," I ventured to observe, "but wouldn't it be wise, perhaps, to allow yourselves, say, one squabble a week? Just to clear the air, you know."

"I have yet to learn," replied Celia loftily, "that squabbling clears the air."

"It does, though, just as sneezing clears the head. Besides, if you never squabble, you'll never know the delight of making it up."

"If you'll excuse my saying so, I can't see the sense of quarrelling just for the sake of making it up. You might as well ask me to cut my finger for the pleasure of getting it to heal. No; Austin and I have arranged to dispense with the usual vulgar squabbles, and we have thought of a splendid plan to help us carry out the idea."

"I'm so glad. May one ask what it is?"

"Certainly. I should like everybody to know it, and then the world would be ever so much happier. We hit upon it by asking ourselves what was the reason for all these rows between married people. What would you say was the reason?"

"Lack of money?"

"Don't try to be cynical."

"Incompatibility of temper?"

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"No. You seem rather stupid this afternoon, so I'll tell you. People squabble because there's no definite understanding as to whose word shall be law."

"Ah! I never thought of that. And which of you two is to be the master?"

"Neither—and both."

"Oh, yes. That sounds excellent."

Celia was vastly amused at my confusion.

"I thought I should puzzle you," she said. "Now I'll explain. When we differ on a very big matter, Austin is to decide. And when we differ on small matters, I am to decide. Isn't that a splendid plan?"

"Magnificent!"

"You don't think so, you sulky, disagreeable old wretch!"

"Yes, I do, really. The only difficulty I foresee——"

"I might have known you'd foresee something horrid! You're the kind of person who makes it impossible for people to live up to their ideals."

"I'm sorry. I won't tell you what I foresaw."

At this, of course, she fell to coaxing. I was not to be angry. It was only her fun, and I was a dear old thing to bother my head about them at all. With more to the same effect, which meant that Celia was inquisitive. Presently I allowed myself to be persuaded.

"I was going to say that the only difficulty I foresee will arise when it becomes necessary to decide whether the matter under consideration is a big one or a small one."

"Oh, that will be obvious," argued Celia. But my suggestion had evidently made her uncomfortable.

"I hope so, but I'm not sure. For example, suppose Austin's mother wanted to come and live with you. Would that be a big matter or a small one?"

"A big one," said Celia promptly; "but, in that case, you see, I should decide, because Austin would naturally be biased."

"But Austin might be very anxious to have his mother living with him. What would happen then?"

"Well, I didn't say I should object, did I? I'm afraid you jump at conclusions."

This retort baffled me—as she had intended. I was determined to get even.

"I beg your pardon. We'll take another proposition. Suppose you differed over the selection of your house. Would that be a big matter or a small one?"

"The woman always selects the house," declared Celia.

"Really? I didn't know that. I thought that, as the man has to live in it and also pays the rent, he would naturally be allowed a voice in the matter."

"A voice—yes. But no man would be such a brute, I should hope, as to make his wife live in a house she didn't like."

"And wouldn't a woman be rather a—rather unkind—who made her husband live——"

"Men," interrupted Celia, "don't take such violent dislikes to houses as women do."

"That depends on the temperament of the man. You can't lay down hard and fast rules about these things. I should say that Austin, now, would find a certain sort of house unbearable."

"What sort of a house?"

"Well, I'm not sure. I——"

"There you are, you see. You're talking rubbish. Austin will like any house that I'm in. That sounds conceited, but I don't mean it that way. We're genuinely in love with one another."

"Therefore you would like any house he was in."

"Certainly, while he was actually in it. But as he'll be out all day, and I shall be at home all day, it is obvious that, if we do happen to differ about the selection of our house, I have the right to decide."

"Well, I sincerely hope the contingency will not arise, as they say."

"I'm sure it won't. Row a little faster, please, or I shall be late."

"For dinner? Why, it's only——"

"No, for Austin, stupid. I always meet him at the station, and his train gets down at five minutes to six."

"Oh!"

I sculled so feverishly that we made the landing-stage in record time. Celia, looking delightfully cool and pretty, tripped off to meet her beloved. And I, floating dreamily down-stream, wondered whether any matter would ever seem big enough to be worthy Austin's decision.

II.

I SAW nothing of the interesting young couple until the following Sunday week. This did not astonish me. I could picture them wandering about Richmond, arm-in-arm, if not hand-in-hand, seeking the ideal habitation of their dreams. I envied them the wanderings less than the dreams.

It chanced, after lunch, that I took a little stroll in the direction of Teddington lock. The scene was all life and colour. Suddenly

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a pretty girl, lolling gracefully on some cushions at the end of a punt and looking radiantly happy, waved me a gay salute. It was Celia. But the man punting was not Austin.

This was odd. Sunday, of course, was their great day. They lunched and supped at each other's homes, took tea up the river, and were deliriously happy for twelve long hours. Yet here was Celia, beaming and laughing in the company of another man.

The thing was inexplicable. I strolled on, turning it over and over in my mind. Had they quarrelled? There was no suggestion of such a catastrophe in Celia's manner. All women, one is told (despite some little experience of playhouses) are actresses, but could any child of seventeen who had fallen out with the object of her serious affection conceal her grief so successfully? I was quite baffled.

Among the usual crowd at the lock I found Austin. He was leaning over the rail, staring moodily at the mass of craft in the lock. I think he resented the presence of so many people when a young gentleman wished to commit suicide.

I slapped him on the back. This is contrary to my usual custom, because the back-slapping habit is as loathsome as chewing tobacco. But I knew that it would be good for Austin to be annoyed.

"What the——!" He turned on me with an angry growl. "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"How are you?"

"Pretty fit, thanks. Going for a walk?"

He fell to studying the depths of the lock again. This meant that I, too, might drown myself for all he cared.

"If you'll come with me."

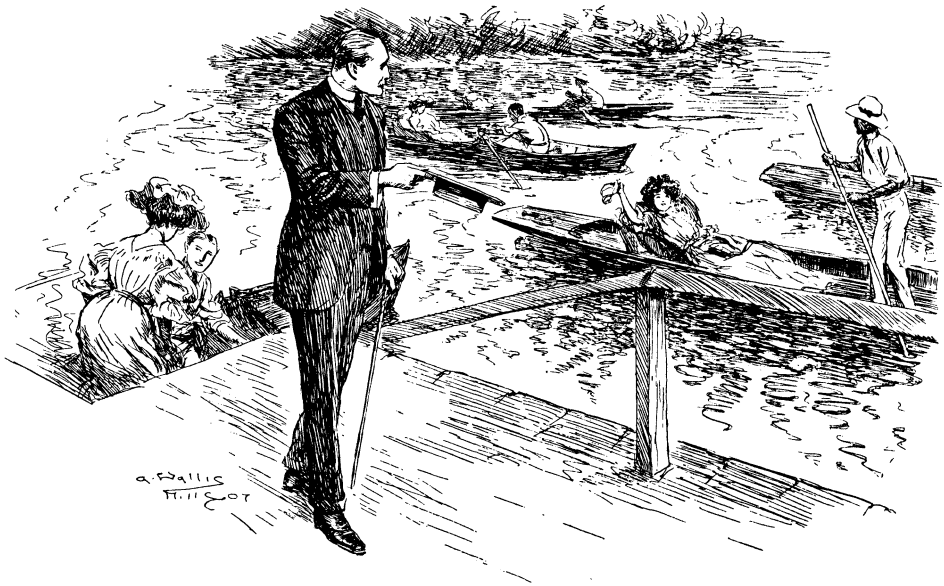
"I can't, thanks. I'm—busy."

"With your thoughts?" That brought us face to face again.

"What d'you mean? You've heard something."

"No, I haven't. But I've seen something."

"What have you seen?"



"Yet here was Celia, beaming and laughing in the company of another man."

His tone was very eager. I was touched. Miss Celia deserved a lesson for her little bit of coquetry.

"Celia."

"With that cad Oakshott?"

"I don't know whether his name is Oakshott. But he certainly suggested the cad. He was one of the perfect-Panama brigade."

"That's the fellow." Austin looked murderous.

"You'd better come for a walk," I told him; and he came. At first he refused to speak, and I thought it better to let him take his time. Presently, though, the softness of the fair June day opened his heart, and he told me, bit by bit, just what had happened.

Miss Celia, it appeared—and I really

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ought to have guessed it—had set her heart on a little house—or, rather, a cottage—that Austin did not fancy at all.

"It isn't a fad," he explained excitedly. "I'm perfectly certain we should both hate the place before we'd been in it six months. It's just the kind of cottage that would take a girl's fancy, you know—ivy, and low ceilings, and old-fashioned windows that don't fit, and doors that either drag the carpet up when you open them, or allow an inch or two top and bottom for ventilation, and a staircase that threatens to come down every time you tread on it, and bedrooms about as big as cupboards, and a view from the dining-room window of a beerhouse, and a view from the drawing-room window of other people's damp linen, and twisted chimneys with beams in them that couldn't help catching fire if they tried, and—oh, lots of things!"

"It certainly doesn't sound ideal," I agreed.

"Ideal! My dear chap, I may be a fool—I dare say I am—but I'm not such an absolute idiot as to let myself in for a three-year lease of a hovel like that, even to please Celia!"

"Well, if you feel as strongly as all that about it——"

"That's all very fine; but you don't know Celia as well as I do. They say outsiders see most of the game, but outsiders haven't got to play the game. When Celia makes up her mind about a thing, you may argue and persuade until you're black in the face, and she won't give way the hundredth part of an inch."

"Why not try some other plan?"

"What other plan? Anybody can——"

"Why not try humouring her?"

"Land myself with a three-year lease of that rabbit-hutch, d'you mean?"

"Not necessarily. Let her think that you've taken it."

Austin shook his head.

"I don't like telling lies to women. It's not done, old chap."

"Of course not." I stooped, picked up a piece of stick that was on the path, and threw it, with some care, into the river. "Still, in such an excellent cause——"

"I'd rather punch Oakshott's head."

"I'm afraid that would merely have the effect of arousing sympathy for Oakshott. Now, look here. If you can reconcile your conscience to telling one little fib, I think I can guarantee that Celia will not only change her mind about living in that cottage, but will absolutely refuse to set foot inside the place."

"I don't see——"

"Never mind whether you see or not. Just have a little confidence in me, make your announcement as nicely and as humbly as you can, and I'll guarantee to do the rest. Do you agree?

"All right," said Austin dubiously.

"That's good. Now let's make our arrangements. I suppose she doesn't meet you at the station just at present?"

His face grew dark.

"That beast Oakshott catches one ten minutes earlier."

"Oh. you needn't worry about Oakshott. He's only being used. Can you be strolling casually in the direction of the lock about half-past six on Wednesday?"

"Right you are. What then?"

"You'll see me approaching you in my boat. Celia will be steering. She'll probably stare hard at the other bank, but don't be put off by that. Just hail us, and I'll pull in."

"Well?"

"Say, briefly and simply, that you have taken the cottage. Then raise your hat and walk away."

"Walk away? But——"

"Celia will call you back."

"How do you know?"

"I feel sure of it. Buck up!"

"You know, you're not half a bad old sort," said Austin.

III.

It was a listless, fretful, almost sad little Celia who dabbled a hand in the water as we lapped lazily up-stream. I would not ask her, however, what it was that troubled. For one thing, I knew. For another, it was good for Celia (and not bad for Austin) that she should be made to pay the price. I believe in the males, poor, patient fellows, standing by one another in times of stress.

I looked at my watch. It was five minutes past six.

"We ought to be turning," I said, suiting the action to the word.

"It's quite early, isn't it?" asked Celia, swallowing a sigh.

"I have an appointment at a quarter to seven."

A pause. I rested on my sculls, and the boat drifted very sluggishly homewards. The wings of Fate rustled overhead. Celia cleared her throat twice, blushed, scrutinised my face from beneath the brim of her hat,

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"'A g-ghost is a small matter, isn't it?''

and then, deciding that I looked sympathetic, observed—

"I say!"

"Well?" I replied. The carelessness of the tone was probably overdone, but Celia was too agitated to notice fine shades.

"I—I want to ask your advice about something. You won't laugh at me, will you?"

"Do I ever laugh at you when you are really speaking seriously?"

"No, you don't. I don't know why I said that. I beg your pardon."

"What's the problem?"

"Well, you may have noticed that Austin and I are not—that we don't—that—it's awfully difficult to begin!"

"That you have broken off your engagement?"

"Oh," said Celia hastily, "it isn't anything like as bad as that. But we have come to a sort of deadlock. It's all about a house. Has he said anything to you about it?"

"No," I lied.

"Well, I'll explain. I've discovered a dear little house at Richmond that I want him to take. It's one of the sweetest little places you ever saw in your life, and I know I could make it simply charming with old-fashioned furniture and pretty curtains and all that sort of thing. But Austin has no imagination. He simply sees it as it stands, all bare and empty, with the paper peeling off the walls, and he absolutely refuses to live in it. The consequence is that we haven't spoken for more than a week, and it looks as though we might never speak again. *He* won't give way, and of course *I* can't, and there you are!"

"What about the plan? It doesn't seem to be——"

"Oh, this has nothing to do with the plan. At least, it has, only you must see how unfair it would be if I had to live in a house that I detested. It doesn't so much matter for Austin, because he would be out all day. Besides, he wouldn't detest it when he came to live in it."

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"Is it an expensive house?"

"Oh, no! Austin admitted himself that the rent was low. As a matter of fact, it's ridiculously low for such a quaint, picturesque place. The agent told me he couldn't understand himself why the owner was letting it so cheap, especially when everybody is trying to get gabled cottages covered with ivy."

I sat up and stared at Celia with an expression of anxiety.

"Is it," I asked, "a gabled cottage with ivy all over it? And old-fashioned windows? And low ceilings? And funny old chimneys?"

"Yes!" said Ceila, staring back. "Do you know it?"

"What's the name of it?"

"'Ferry Nook.'"

"By Jove!" I gave a long, low whistle. "No wonder it's going cheap!"

"Why? What do you know about it? What's the matter with it?"

I looked round. Approaching us along the towpath I distinguished a youthful, straw-hatted person who was certainly Austin. Celia was not looking at the towpath.

"Oh, nothing," I replied, dipping the sculls.

"But there *is* something. I insist on your telling me!"

"Don't press me," I pleaded. "If you're going to live at 'Ferry Nook,' it's far better that you should be entirely ignorant of the history of the cottage. It would only make you uneasy."

"If you don't tell me everything you know about it," threatened Celia, "I'll never speak to you again."

"Very well, then. But don't blame me afterwards." We should be level with Austin in two minutes. "'Ferry Nook,'" I said solemnly, "is haunted."

"Haunted!" cried Celia. "Who told you so? How do you know?"

"I've known it a long time, and everybody in the neighbourhood knows it. That's why the rent is so low. The agent ought to have told you, the rascal!"

"W-what haunts it?" faltered Celia.

"The ghost of a young bride who was murdered by her husband. It happened nearly twenty years ago, and nobody has been able to live——"

A sudden shout from the bank interrupted our thrilling conversation. We both turned. Celia, after one glance, found an object of intense interest a long way down-stream.

"Why, it's old Austin!" I exclaimed, pulling hard with the right. "Let's take him aboard."

"He can have my place," said Celia coldly. "I'd rather walk home, if you don't mind."

"Just as you like."

It chanced that the bank, at that point, was particularly steep. Celia could not disembark without help. Before she had made up her mind to risk a wetting or ask Austin's assistance, the brave youth was aboard.

"I should have thought you might have waited to help me out," said Celia.

"But you're not going to walk home, are you?" he inquired tenderly.

"Yes. I don't like a squash."

"I'll get out again, then. Only, before I go, I've something to tell you that you'll be pleased to hear, I think. I've taken 'Ferry Nook.'"

I saw Celia catch at her breath. Her voice, though, was admirably steady as she said: "Have you signed the lease?"

"Not yet. But it's all ready. I shall sign it to-morrow."

"I don't wish you to. I've changed my mind."

I was proud of Austin. He rose to the occasion in magnificent style.

"My dear Celia, I can't back out of it now. It wouldn't be fair, and the agent would think me such a fool."

"I refuse to live there."

"Then I think you're most unreasonable."

"No, I'm not. The agent cheated us. The place is haunted."

"Haunted!" Austin caught my eye. "That doesn't matter," he declared stoutly. "A good ghost will liven us up on the long winter nights. I shall sign the lease to-morrow; that's settled. You seem to forget that I was to decide the important matters."

Celia's lower lip began to tremble. "This isn't an important matter," she protested. "A g-ghost is a small matter, isn't it?" She appealed to me.

"As a matter of fact," I said gravely, preparing to step out of the boat, "this is a very small ghost."

"*There!*" said Celia, whipping out a tiny handkerchief.

* * * * *

Two hundred yards down the towing-path I stopped and looked back. I was just in time to see my boat shooting swiftly into the mouth of a snug backwater.

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A SWAN'S NEST IN A THAMES BACKWATER.

SWAN UPPING ON THE THAMES.

By F. G. CALLCOTT.

Photographs by the Author.

THE halo of romance which always surrounds the observance of old customs, and endears them to the hearts of all who have not lost their reverence for the good old days, lends its charm to the ceremony of Swan Upping, or Swan Opping, as it is variously called.

This is the annual journey taken by the watermen who have charge of the swans belonging, respectively, to the King and the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies, for the purpose of marking the ownership of the young birds born since the last season.

It is as long ago as the days of King Edward IV. that the ceremony must have originated, for it was during the reign of that king that the privilege of keeping swans on the River Thames was granted by the Crown (which alone had previously held the right) to the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies. The halls of these two Companies being situated on the banks of the river, it is probably for that reason that the invidious distinction, which raised them above their fellows, was made in return for some service rendered to the King.

At that time and until much more recent days, the swan was considered a great table delicacy, and the dish always added a dignity to the banquets of these civic bodies, which was the more valued because unobtainable by others. Swans are still served at the King's table at Christmas-time, and one of the duties of the King's Swan Master is to select and capture suitable specimens, at the approach of the festive season, for delivery at Windsor Castle. Probably, if young birds are chosen, the taste may be very similar to the more commonly eaten duck or goose; but having regard to the great age to which swans live (over one hundred years in some cases), it is as well, perhaps, not to wait for a natural death to occur in the herd before serving on the table.

The duties of the Swan Master also include the care of the swans during the winter months of the year, when, owing to the absence of picnic parties, food is scarce, and the swan's natural diet of fish is not supplemented by the cake and bread contributions of visitors. In very cold weather, or in flood time, the swans are collected and housed in various centres, such as Windsor, Maidenhead, and Hampton Court, until the river

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resumes its normal condition, and it is once more possible for an industrious swan to gain its own livelihood.

In the early spring of each year, the Swan Masters take a preliminary trip up the river, making notes both from their own observation and from information given to them by the lock-keepers, of the various broods of cygnets hatched since the last season. Thus, when later in the year the marking is to be done, they have with them a list of the numbers of birds which they may expect to find in each stretch of water between locks. For the Thames swan, having had its wings clipped when young, cannot fly as wild swans frequently do, and does not as a rule leave its own part of the river. They generally nest, year after year, at the same spot, and come to regard the particular reach which they frequent as their own exclusive property, driving away any fresh-comer who may, by chance, have wandered there. After the lapse of the first season, when their own cygnets have assumed the white plumage of the adult bird, even they are looked on as intruders by their progenitors, who will force them to seek fresh quarters for themselves. Sometimes a redistribution may have to be made by the swan-keepers. When a bird is found which is obviously one too many in one part of the river, they will carry it in their boat through the next lock and leave it where the struggle for life is not so keen. If this were not done, it is quite possible that a bird might be starved to death, so jealous of intrusion and so determined to prevent any new-comer from obtaining food are the original swans of the district.

THE SWAN UPPERS STARTING FROM SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

THE SWAN UPPERS PASSING THROUGH MOLESEY LOCK.

In former times the Swan Upping ceremony was made the occasion of an annual outing by the members of the two Companies and the City Corporation, who joined the procession in their state barges, and in more recent years in a launch named the *Swan*; but this launch has, within the last few years, followed the celebrated

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CAPTURING SWANS FOR MARKING.

LANDING SWANS FOR MARKING.

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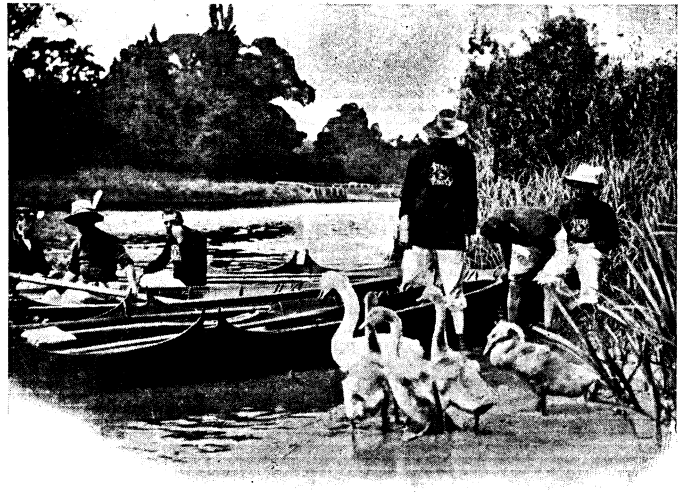
Maria Wood barge into the hands of the old-timber merchant, and the trip is, as a rule, left to the watermen officially engaged and any interested spectators who may happen to be attracted by their gay trappings.

The force consists of six boats (two belonging to each Company, and two to the Crown), gaily decorated with flags, the watermen being dressed in striped blue or red jerseys, with swan's feathers stuck in their caps.

Starting from Southwark Bridge, in London, the journey to Henley (beyond which point the swans seem to be left to their own devices) occupies four days, all swans encountered on the way being examined, the old markings if necessary being renewed, and all young birds receiving the same marking as the old birds in whose company they are found.



A FAMILY OF SWANS CAPTURED.

SWANS SURROUNDED.

The method of procedure on sighting a flock of swans is to drive them forwards and gradually surround them, and then to pull them on board, a rod shaped like a shepherd's crook being employed when any difficulty is experienced in making a capture. This fits round the bird's neck, and it is then easily drawn into the boat. Its legs are then tied, and when the whole family has been secured, the party lands on the neighbouring bank, and after examining the marks on the old birds, proceeds to mark the young ones accordingly. If both parents belong to the same owner, the cygnets will, of course, all receive the same mark; but if having different owners, the brood will be divided between them.

The marks are made by cutting the mandible with a knife, the Crown mark consisting of two diamonds, while that of the Dyers' Company is one nick, and that of the Vintners' Company two nicks.

It is to this fact that a common inn-sign owes its origin—the "Swan With Two Necks," as it is generally written and generally depicted, but the name is evidently a corruption of the "Swan With Two Nicks," which, being the mark of the Vintners' Company, would be peculiarly appropriate to an inn.

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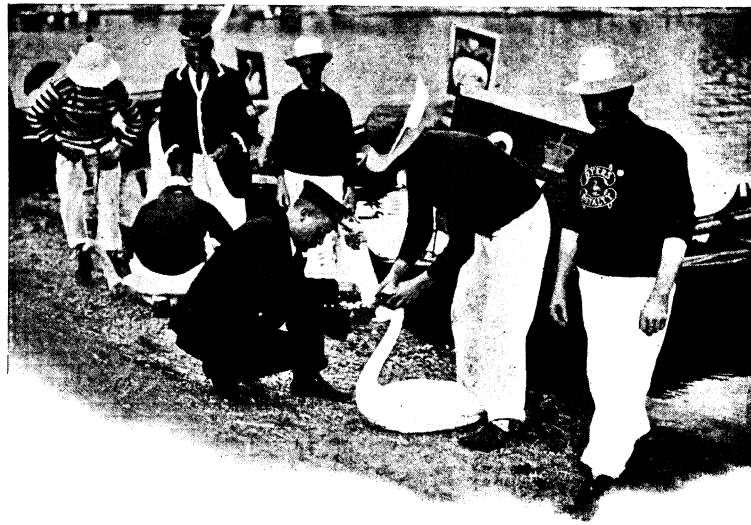
The marking process being complete, the incisions are tarred to stop bleeding, and the legs of the birds being untied, they swim away, the operation not seeming to have caused them any particular inconvenience.

The number of swans kept on the Thames was formerly five hundred belonging to the Crown, forty-five to the Dyers' Company, and sixty-five to the Vintners' Company; but owing to complaints made by anglers of the havoc wrought amongst the young fish, the number has in recent years been reduced by one half.



THE KING'S SWAN MASTER MARKING A SWAN.

It frequently happens that some of the birds will have strayed along small tributaries of the Thames, and may even have nested there a mile or more from the main stream. In this case the boat has sometimes to be carried some distance across the fields, to be launched again in some inland pond or muddy brook to which the brood has wandered, or a troublesome swan may have to be captured at the cost of wading through the muddy bed of some half-dried-up stream.

READY TO MARK THE SWANS.

The swans, as a rule, are peaceable and law-abiding, but they are well able to take care of themselves and to resent any impertinent behaviour on the part of a too venturesome dog. It is said that a blow from a swan's wing is sufficient to break a man's arm, but fortunately, up to the present time, it has not been in our power to test the truth of this. An old swan is occasionally found to be very quarrelsome, and one in particular, which frequented the neighbourhood of Windsor, is known to have killed several of its comrades. It became at last so savage that it was found necessary to destroy it. However, such instances are extremely rare, and the swan

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certainly adds to the beauty of the river, and would be as much missed there as would the tame deer which the excursionist delights to feed in Bushey Park.

In ancient times the rearing of swans in all parts of the country seems to have been much more general that it is at the present day, the office of swanherd being apparently as indispensable to the complete establishment of a nobleman's house-

CARRYING THE BOAT ACROSS THE FIELDS AFTER SOME STRAYED SWANS.

MARKING A SWAN.

hold as that of cowherd or shepherd.

Few large swanneries now remain within the bounds of the British Isles, the best known probably being that belonging to Lord Ilchester, in the immediate neighbourhood of Weymouth, which has been maintained in its present condition for more that eight hundred years. In striking contrast to the habits of their relatives on the Thames, where swans are very seldom gregarious, and as a rule will fight for the sole possession of the particular stretch of water to which they have been accustomed, the swans of Abbotsbury live in one large "happy family," numbering probably over a thousand —a remarkable sight during the nesting season in the early spring.

Another large collection of swans was formerly to be found on the River Yare and the broads of Norfolk, a similar festival to that known as swan upping on the Thames taking place annually in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich. This

CATCHING A BROOD OF CYGNETS.

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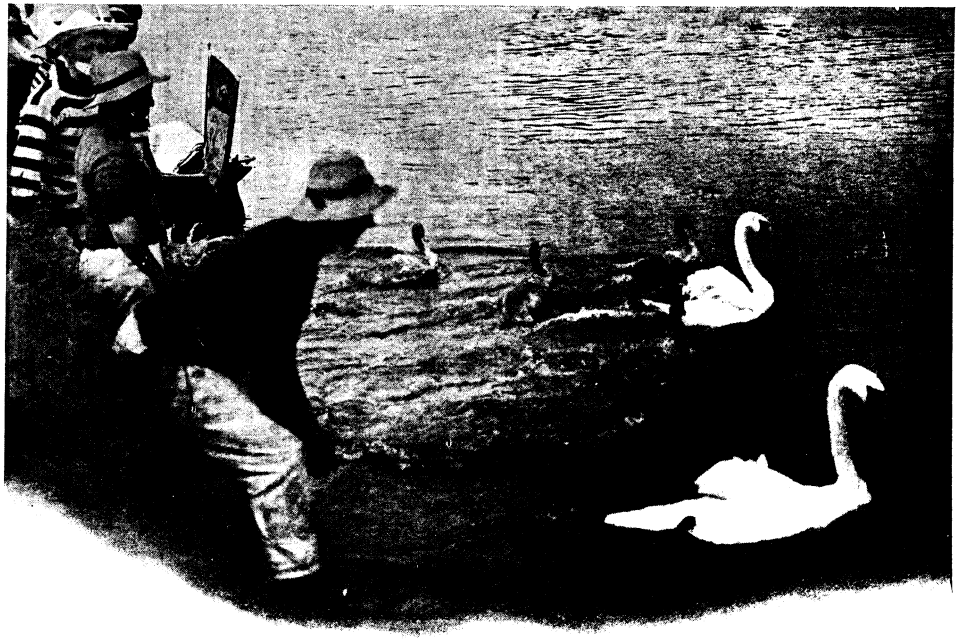
SWANS GOING AWAY AFTER BEING MARKED.

practice has now, however, been allowed, like many another old custom, to fall into desuetude, and the ceremony and festivities which marked the occasion in the days of our forefathers are no longer attractive to their more highly educated descendants.

An account of the swan upping as carried out on the Thames at the beginning of last century, given in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, shows that "the citizens accompanying the swan markers in gaily decorated barges used to land at Barn Elms, and after partaking of



RELEASING SWANS AFTER MARKING.

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a cold collation on the grass they merrily danced away a few hours. This was a gala day for the *village*, and happy was the lad or lass admitted into the party of the fine folks from London." The fine folks from London would probably not consider Barnes at the present day a suitable place for a country picnic, nor would they find the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood quite so rustic in appearance and manners as they were a hundred years ago.

The high esteem in which the swan was at one time held is evidenced by the many laws which have at various times been passed concerning it, and the severe penalties enforced for their infringement. The stealing of swans' eggs was in the sixteenth century punishable by a fine of thirteen shillings and fourpence for every egg stolen, or, at the will of the Sovereign, by a year's imprisonment. Moreover, by a statute of Edward IV., no one was permitted to keep swans who did not possess a freehold of at least five marks yearly value. For the erasure, counterfeiting or alteration of the mark on a swan, the offence being proved before the "King's Commissioners of Swannes" (another evidence of the swan's importance), the penalty was one year's imprisonment and a fine of three pounds six shillings and eightpence.

Amongst the many old superstitions current regarding swans we may mention one which states that "a swanne cannot hatch without a cracke of thunder," and the very widespread belief in the burst of melody with which the swan is supposed to signalise its approaching death. The longevity of the swan gives few opportunities of ascertaining what truth may lie in the report, but the ancient fable does not seem to be supported by modern naturalists, though we have the authority of one, himself known as the Swan of Avon, for believing it—

> Let music sound while he doth make his choice,
> Then if he lose he makes a swan-like end,
> Fading in music.

BOATMAN BRINGING A DEAD SWAN HE HAS FOUND TO THE KING'S SWAN MASTER.

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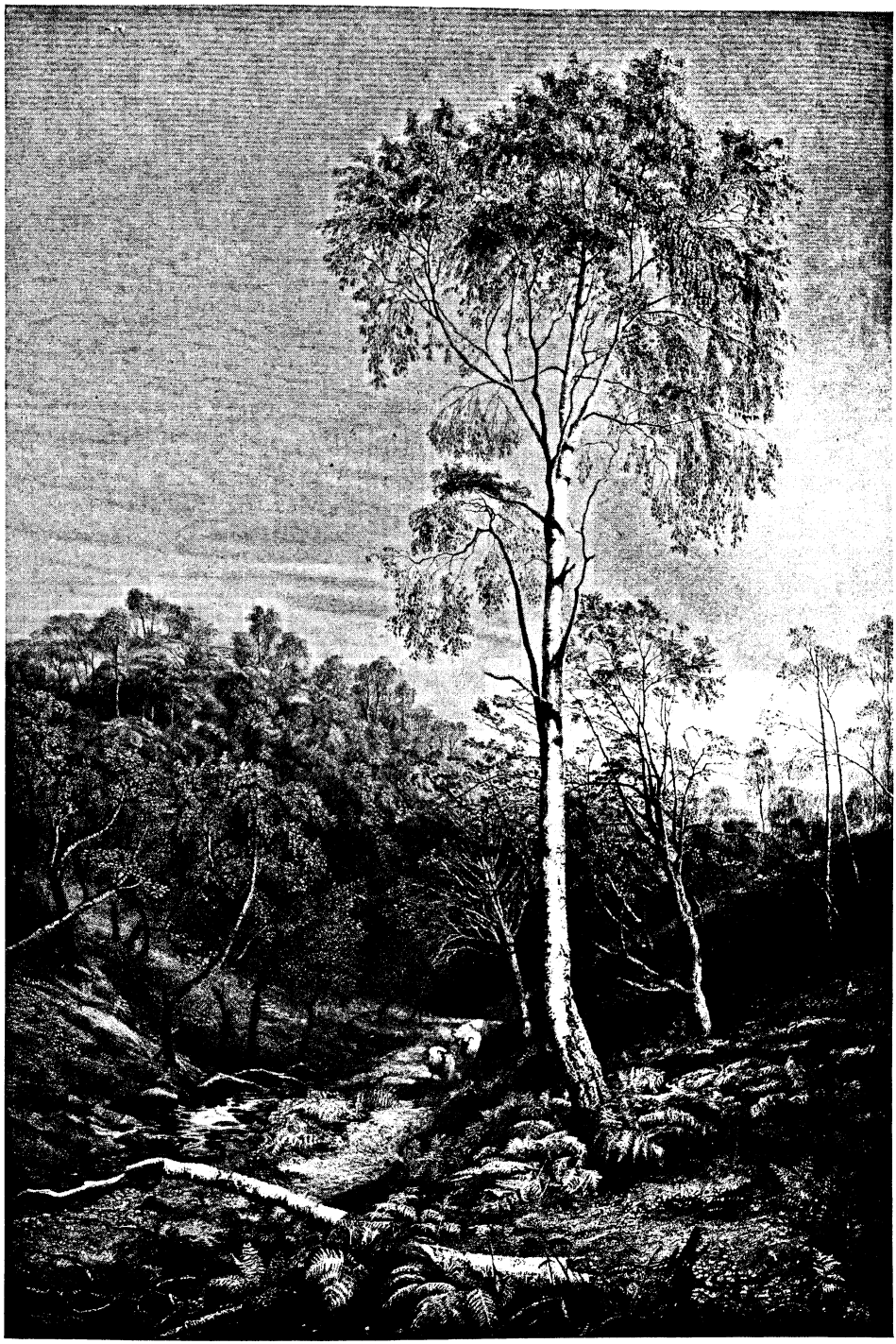

"THE LADY OF THE WOODS." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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IN SNOW AND CANDLELIGHT.

By KATE JORDAN.

ST. PETERSBURG shimmered like a crystal that night. The tints of the spectrum were in the still, icy air, as I sleighed homeward in the long sunset along the Nevsky Prospekt. I had been married only a few months at this time. Robert was a London war correspondent, and had been sent by his newspaper to Russia to write about the revolutionary troubles that were throwing the Tsar and his family into the agonies of mortal fear. I shall not touch on the political situation at all. Like the average woman, I understood it superficially, just enough to talk about it with Robert with a helpless, questioning air, which gave him the opportunity all men like, to be all-wise and informing.

He had gone to Tikhvin, not far from St. Petersburg, a week before. A fanatical massacre had occurred there, and Robert was to supply his papers with the dark details—a secret mission, of course, because Russia's intolerance makes it the home of subterfuge and pretence. The week had been a long one for me. Russians are hospitable, but the land is mysterious. There the stranger feels indeed an alien. The monotonous snow chills while it fascinates; the signs in the Slavic tongue, over the shop-doors, are as *outré*, despite their French translations, as so much Chinese. No one walks there but the poor, the snow is so deep, the big boots one has to wear leaving traces like elephants' feet. The religion shuts you out, though you see so many blue and gold Muscovite belfries, priests mitred and veiled, the people making ground reverence before the shrines on the streets. But you understand nothing, and no one cares a pin that you don't. Oh, how often I ached with a whimsical nostalgia for a sight of Bond Street, even in a fog; to see a lumbering 'bus with a cajoling guard, and hear his familiar "Penny to the Benk, all the wiy—penny to the Benk!"

We had a lovely apartment not far from the Admiralty, and my sledge left me at the door as the gas was being lighted around the phantasmal squares. I hoped to find a letter from Robert saying he would be back on the morrow. Instead I found better news: I was to see him within a few hours. He wrote me that he would leave Tikhvin by the first evening train possible. But instead of coming straight on to me, he would have to stop at Baron Orloff's, just seven miles out of St. Petersburg. This man was to give Robert some important political information at dinner. I was to meet Robert there, see what the country home of a Russian nobleman was like, and enjoy the welcome of one whom Robert called "a strange being, an aristocrat, but whose heart bleeds for the *mujiks*." I was charged to wear my prettiest dinner-frock and to get to Baron Orloff's by eight. Robert would arrive as near that hour as possible, and we were to sleigh back in the moonlight. The rest of the letter was full of the sort of things lovers delight in and other people think silly. I folded it and kept it against my heart.

As Sparrow brushed my hair I could hardly sit still for joy. Sparrow was my English maid, and that was her family name. Sometimes it sounded absurd calling: "Sparrow, fetch me my tea, please," but I had no choice, for her Christian name, given her by a grim, Dissenting mother, was "Judgment." If Robert had not put in that line about sleighing back in the moonlight, it is possible I'd have taken Sparrow with me to Baron Orloff's. Had I done so, I might not have had this story to tell.

When I was ready, I felt sure Robert would like me. My gown was a net of flashing steel beads, which fell away from the shoulders and twisted in a serpent-like way about the feet. I wore some beautiful diamonds, and a big gardenia that had cost a pretty penny pressed its deathly white petals against my bosom. I am a pale blonde, and gowned this way there was something moonlighty and frostlike about me.

As my light sledge on flashing runners carried me through the white squares of the city, the strange, ghostly fascination of the north creeping over me, I was a happy

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creature. In that still, blue, icy air even death did not mean decay; the gilded belfries of St. Isaac's, with the spangle in the dome reflecting the moon, seemed an enchanted edifice to a strange god; the world seemed to have spread a carpet of unspotted ermine for fairies to dance on in the green light. The same mood lasted as we left the city. On every side diamonded roads sparkled, with only an occasional *mujik* or other darting sledge making shadows like bats' wings on the whiteness.

I came out of my waking dream when the *isvochtnik*, as the sledge-driver is called, drew up with tinkling chains at great gates with spars of crystallised snow. They stood slightly ajar, and it was necessary for the *isvochtnik* to get down and push them back, for the usual *dvornik*—a sort of porter in a sheepskin worn wrong side out—was not to be seen. As the sledge went chiming up to the house, which stood back on a rise of ground, I was impressed by the brilliancy of its lighting, and, after a pause, by the solemn, supreme quiet hanging over it. It might have been an illuminated mausoleum. This was an unusual thing in Russia, because the double windows, sealed in winter, are covered at night by heavy curtains of velvet or wool. These must all have been pushed aside. Each casement, with an opaque covering of pale silk, was a square of yellow light.

The horses champed and neighed, tossing their metal chains, the *isvochtnik* called loudly, but no footstep was heard, no shadow crossed the flaming windows.

"I will get out, *isvochtnik*," I said, in a laboured mixture of Russian and French, as I unbuttoned the fur rugs that had been banked upon me. "Wait—I will knock."

To my knocking and calling the door remained shut. I felt a fear of the place. The *isvochtnik* cursed in his beard, which had become a triangle of icicles; the sweat congealed on the horses till they seemed frosted with sugar; shorn of my rugs, I was icy cold, my fur pelisse covered with tiny frost globules, my veil frozen hard as the air congealed my breath upon it.

"Are you sure this is Baron Orloff's?" I cried frantically to the man.

"*Da vot*," he said, nodding his head in its high, scarlet velvet cap; "so the *mujik* on the bridge told me."

As he finished speaking, the sound of footsteps crunching the snow came to us. They were unhurried, as regular as a soldier's marching step, and from the side of the house an imposing figure stepped into the moonlight. This was a man, and the vivid brightness showed that he was wrapped in a magnificent paletot of sable and Siberian blue fox. The collar of this rose up so high and the cap came down so low that only his nose looked out from the furry screens.

"*Ach! the barin!*" cried the *isvochtnik*, and as I recognised the word to mean "master," I realised that the owner of the house was before me.

He came up the steps in the same slow, measured way, and uncovered his head. The porch was in shadow. I saw faintly a pair of very dark eyes, a pale, thin face, and close-cut, white hair.

"Pardon, madam. Had I known it was you who knocked——" he began.

"But you expected me!" I broke in nervously, tearing off my veil. "My husband told me to meet him here. I am Mrs. Robert Trecartin," I said in French.

Knowing how accomplished in languages the upper classes in Russia are, I was not surprised to hear him reply in English as perfect as my own, except for an over-careful division of each word—

"I had not expected you so soon. I hope you have not been knocking long. This welcome seems inhospitable. It is a feast-day, and every servant in the place is drunk. They are simply sodden with *vodka*. I shall have to make myself very useful. Pray walk in to the fire. I will show the *isvochtnik* the way to the stable."

He unlocked the door, and I ran in shivering to the roaring wood fire. I was in a most interesting place—a spacious, oblong-shaped hall, high ceiled, richly tinted, and furnished like a comfortable room with fine pieces of old oak and mahogany. The characteristic Russian notes gave it the charm of the unfamiliar; on a rack near the door a line of pelisses hung, a row of goloshes showing beneath them giving a lifelike suggestion, reminding one of our childish idea of Bluebeard's wives strung on a line; the blue and gold shrine to the Byzantine Madonna in a niche in the panelling, the flame that is never quenched flickering before it; the rich Russian's profusion of flowers everywhere, trying to cheat himself that it is spring and the long winter is over; the candles flaming like stars. I had grown used to the extravagance of Russian candle-lighting, but this scene was of disturbing brilliance. Those many candles! There were masses of them in high silver candle-sticks; the rooms off the hall blazed the same way; and from the illuminated façade

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as I had seen it I felt that every nook in the house was lighted as if for a festival.

Baron Orloff came in. I was standing by the fire. My hood was off and I had partially unfastened my pelisse. I turned, meaning to speak lightly and cheerfully to him. But I could not. I remained dumb, looking at him. A cold thrill ran through me. It was not fear, yet it had some likeness to it. He stood in the glitter of the candles, and I thought I had never seen a stranger face nor one more pathetically beautiful. His finely cut features were emaciated, his dark eyes were wild and mournful, his flesh was of a deathly tint and drawn tightly over the cheek-bones, with violet stains about the lips. But despite all this, and his white hair, he was young. Tragedy and illness were in the face, but not age. He was markedly eccentric, too, for, as in a weary way he took off the superb fur paletot and hung it up, I saw that he was not dressed for dinner. Instead, his clothes were wrinkled and in places stained, his collar and flying tie were rumpled. Baron Orloff evidently despised custom. Probably a nobleman of radical views would.

"I have been a long time," he said gently. "I have been making the *isvochtnik* comfortable. Will you go to a room above and lay aside your cloak and heavy boots? It is a pity there is no servant fit to wait upon you."

"I'll throw my things off here," I said. "This fire is too beautiful to leave."

I spoke almost gaily, because I felt ill at ease. Baron Orloff disturbed me. There was a continual, fluttering restlessness about him. Either his fingers twitched, or his brows, his lips, his eyelids. His staring eyes, lighting his face so vividly, had a continual question in them giving a suggestion of a gaping mouth. It was foolish to feel a shrinking from him. He was odd, a recluse probably, and some frightful happening had marked him, but he was a friend of Robert's, who had thought him worth my knowing. I should feel differently when Robert came, I knew, and I began to listen for some sound from the shut-out world heralding his arrival.

Baron Orloff placed my cloak and boots on a settle in a corner and came slowly back to me.

"I can't thank you sufficiently, Baron," I said, while gazing into the fire, "for your invitation. This is the first country house I've seen in Russia."

He did not answer, and when I looked up quickly, I found him gazing at me in profound sorrow, with pity.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Elinor," I said obediently, awed by his expression.

"How old are you?"

Instead of showing my surprise at the unusual question, I answered him as a child would have done.

"I am just twenty-five. I'll have a birthday next week."

"Next week!" he echoed, making a helpless gesture with widespread hands. "Ah! if your birthday had been just passed instead of coming, I should be better pleased." I started up, but he continued quickly, a touch of fire in his melancholy gaze: "You are one of those gold and white and turquoise-tinted women who could stand for a symbol of Russia. You seem clad in moonlight. You seem made of ice. Oh, you are very beautiful—but your heart? Is that like Russia's—a dead, black, awful thing, strapped with brass and oozing poison?"

"Baron Orloff," I stammered, retreating, the heart he had spoken of quivering weakly and seeming to beat in my throat as well as my side, "you certainly are a very original person," and I laughed feebly.

"You don't know what sort of a heart you have?" he persisted.

"I'm sure it's not like your description. But then," I said lightly, "I've never seen it."

"No one could see it unless you were dead," he said in a slow, dreamlike voice.

I had never wished for anything in my life as I wished for Robert's coming. He should have reached the house by that time. Baron Orloff no doubt was a great soul, but his originality was too uncanny for a fanciful woman to enjoy in a lonely country house, in a strange land, with all the servants drunk.

"Won't you sit down?" I faltered, trying to speak in the politely interested tone of convention. "Let us talk of—Russia. My husband tells me you have liberal views, Baron. You—you—sympathise with the movement to help the *mujiks*, don't you?" and I listened for some sound at the door.

He did sit down in a big oak settle opposite me, but he sat stiffly, his hands grasping his knees, his lips twitching, his melancholy eyes wandering over me with a strange, consuming look.

"I am sorry for them," he said thoughtfully, and added with a surprising vigour: "They ought all to die."

"You see no future?" I rushed on, feeling vaguely that a silence between us

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"He came up the steps in the same slow, measured way, and uncovered his head."

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might breed something ominous, though I had no clear idea of what I stood in awe.

"I am sorry for everyone," he said. "Everyone would be better dead." The pulse of fear that had throbbed at the first full sight of him began to beat hard. "Did your husband not tell you this?" he asked impatiently. "Did he not tell you that I believe the world is to be redeemed by death? If some amazing, universal holocaust were to come crashing upon this puny globe, so that no living thing moved upon it, no spear of grass were left, if only the vast oceans sighed around its nothingness, then from this nullity new pulsations would come, life would recommence, a new race, made of the flashing essences of pure air untainted by human breath and of electric waves rising from the cleansed earth, would begin to appear." His eyes narrowed, the most intense longing shook his tones. "Oh, I can see the shining eyes and godlike smiles of those strangers with no likeness to mortals as they are now! They would never know the meaning of *Self*. Their first instinct would be to save others. Their aim would be, not to live, but to die—to die beautifully, to return like a mist to the sunshot ether where they were created." I tried to speak as he paused. It was useless. I sat crouched in my chair, very cold, my rigid hands clutching each other. "Yes, there is nothing as beautiful as death." He smiled and rose.

I faltered to my feet, too, trembling. I faced him. I felt an instinct not to lose sight of him, to watch his every movement.

"I will play for you," he said, resuming his sorrowful tone. "I will get my violin, and you shall hear the requiem I composed myself. There is no laughter heard in the world as joyous as my requiem. I played it over my wife as she lay dead."

He went up the curving stairs, I watching him. When I was alone, I did not cheat myself—*I was afraid of Baron Orloff*. There was something undecipherable, alarming about him. I could only marvel that Robert should have urged my visit to such a man without his protection. My instinct was to rush into the bracing cold and wait there for Robert, for whose presence every darting nerve and rapid heart-beat were now clamouring. But I was afraid to *seem* afraid to the strange being entertaining me so singularly. While he was gone, however, I looked about the place. He had said nothing of dinner, did not seem to mind Robert's delay, although it must be past nine, and I knew that, owing to the servants' condition, no preparations for it were under way. But I could see the table in readiness in one of the rooms off the hall, lighted candles on it, and small, silver vases holding flowers at each of the three places. This gave substance to the experience. At any rate, I was not dreaming. I was here to meet my husband and to dine. We had been expected.

I tried to reason myself into calmness, and had partially succeeded when I caught sight of my face in a mirror inset in one of the panels I passed; it looked old, blanched—it was like the face of a distraught stranger. Again the desire to leave the place gripped me, and I felt I must obey it, no matter how absurd I might seem later after Robert had come. I had put on my pelisse, and was about to thrust one foot in the fur boot when the Baron came back.

"You are going out?" he asked, frowning, laying the violin he carried on the table.

"I feel a little faint, and the cold air——"

"Nonsense! The mercury has dropped—it must be thirty degrees below."

"I think I'd like to go out near the gates." The words were so rapid they struck against each other into foolish-sounding murmuring.

"Most unwise."

"But I must have my way." I masked my seriousness with a smile. "Just a moment or two in the cold air will be delightful."

"You are not going." His voice was gentle, but he came to me, laid hands that seemed of steel on my shoulders, and literally tore the garment from me. "Now," he continued, in the same soft yet indescribably terrifying tones, "you shall sit by the fire and listen to me." He pushed me backward into a chair in the same controlled, masterful way. I was as helpless under the dominion of his eyes and touch as a leaf in a gale, and I sat there, a faint, sick feeling creeping over me. "The happiest things in the world are in my music—you shall hear—the flutter of butterflies, the song of brooks, the glory of spring mornings and of rose gardens, the call of the laughing seas, of love without sorrow and birth without pain. Ah, you shall hear! you shall hear!" he muttered wildly, and as his thin cheeks wrinkled in a smile it was like seeing happiness blaze for a moment in a dead face.

He took his stand by one of the high cluster candlesticks and began to play. I had only a confused idea of volumes of

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triumphant music, furious and soft by turns. My terror increased as I sat listening, listening for Robert's coming. Perhaps he was on his way—perhaps he was that moment being driven to the doors—the music was drowning the sound of the sledge-chains—he must be near—he must be near. So my thoughts raced; but the music, after a wild eagle-sweep upward, pulsated, then shivered slowly into silence, and no other sound broke the burdensome calm that followed. I was still alone with Baron Orloff in that strange, vast, candlelighted hall.

He laid the violin down and sank into a chair, throwing his head back, exhausted. I did not speak, but he seemed to have forgotten me. Moments passed, during which my desire to escape, and a recognition of the futility of the desire, waged like combatants in my consciousness.

I kept gazing at the door. Through that Robert must come. Oh, he would bring a feeling of safety, he would bring joy keener than any I had ever known! Perhaps I had grown morbidly fanciful, and with Robert beside me this white-faced man would seem only piquantly original, not menacing like a creature out of a fearful dream. I looked at him timidly. His wide-open eyes were fixed on the ceiling. After what seemed a long time, he began to speak to me, yet without looking at me.

"It is right that you should see a man's soul. You shall see mine. You have laughed too much. You have been too happy. I shall tell you about my wife." He turned, frowning, words leaping like a torrent from his lips. "She was as fair as you are—the same sort of a woman—the white and gold sort, who are children always and laugh so easily. She laughed when she awoke in the morning and saw the sunlight. She loved just being alive." He paused and said furiously: "That was wrong! Life is thrust upon us. We tolerate it. But we must not rejoice in it!" He began pacing up and down before me, his hands and lips twitching. "I took her travelling. She had the most expensive tastes. I gratified them. Why not? I loved her. I was rich. One day, in Paris, I learned I was poor. I had lost my fortune in one of those financial crashes that cause as much death as cholera. I did not tell my wife. She was too happy. She loved me—rich. Poor, she might not have loved me. Women are like that—she was like that—and oh, I loved her! I became a gambler. To our home in Paris the richest, the silliest, the most degraded of France's miserable aristocracy came. I played and won. After a while I played and lost. I kept on losing. When I saw beggary before me, I began to cheat. I cheated successfully for four months. One night, as my wife sat watching me at play, I met her eyes. She had found me out. That look was her doom. I did not act suddenly, however. I gave much thought to it. Eventually the sentence against her read this way: "No one who knows I am a thief shall live—and death is the crown of life." It was after this, while I saw her detestation of me growing daily, and while my heart was breaking, that I wrote the requiem. I put her laughter into the music, and all the things she loved. I did not act in haste, you see. I was very calm. I had never loved her so much. When the requiem was finished, I killed her."

I had often read that in moments of extremest peril one's brain stays quiet and clear. People saved miraculously from shipwreck and other violent deaths have said so. It is true. I saw the truth. I realised that while he must have hidden his affliction from Robert, Baron Orloff, probably from brooding over the wrongs of Russia's poor, had become a fanatic whose cult was murder. My senses sprang to my relief like so many sentinels. I looked back at him, recognised the deadly intent peeping from his eyes, and knew I was about to fight for my life. He meant to kill me, with as little understanding of the atrocity as a cruel boy has who, whistling, dismembers a fly. To keep my head, to interest him enough to delay him, to surprise him—this was all I could do.

I lifted my head defiantly, feeling sure he had not expected this, and I actually laughed. Laughter more desolate never passed human lips.

"And now, Baron," I said, "now that you have told me of your dishonour?"

"No one shall live who knows of it."

"But wait," I said rapidly; and my laughter continuing, confused him, I could see. "I don't know it. You tell me so—but I did not *see* you. If you went into a court of law, your confession would not be believed without proof."

While I was speaking, two women really stood in that lonely hall—one laughing wildly, with pallid face; one praying desperately to God for life—for life!

"Do you mean I would lie to you?" he asked with anger.

"Ah, Baron, that is a harsh word. But thinking me afraid of death, as so many are,

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"But the shimmering blue line at its edge showed its deadly fitness as a weapon."

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but as I—I am not, you might enjoy interesting me by a tale that you would tell me afterwards was but a bit of fiction, a contrast to the gay, exhilarating requiem. Surely you see? Don't you see?" I asked rapidly, and "Robert! Robert! Robert!" I was calling silently in anguish.

His brain seemed fumbling with my words, his fingers fluttered as he clasped and unclasped them in a flabby way. My eyes did not waver from his murder-obsessed eyes for the fraction of a second. I was not going to be taken at a disadvantage. I did not want to give him time for clearer thought. But his next words shook the very roots of my courage.

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No—no—no," I said faintly, and rushed on: "Let me tell you why. You seem to think me happy, clinging to life, loving laughter. Ah, Baron, I am a cheat. You told me your story—hear mine—hear mine! Yes—listen. Is my heart sad?—then I put on my most beautiful gown and go into the world without a trace of care on my face. Does sorrow shadow me?—I laugh. Do disappointments come?—I set my teeth, I sing, and keep on—keep on! Oh, Baron—don't you see—don't you——"

I could not go on. His gaze left mine and fastened itself upon something among the books and flowers on the table. I looked, too, and saw a *cloisonné* scabbard with a delicate Japanese blade beside it. It was beautiful enough to be a toy, and up to this had probably lain there as a curio or paper-cutter, but the shimmering blue line at its edge showed its deadly fitness as a weapon.

I could feel the flesh on my face dragged and stiff. I had reached the limit of terror. With a despair that rolled over me in waves, I renounced the hope of Robert's coming in time. On the next few moments the issues of my life spun. I saw this in Baron Orloff's face. I seemed looking into my grave.

As he lifted the blade, I saw him turn his head for a few seconds towards one of the closed doors at the end of the hall. He was listening. There was not a sound. But from that turning of the head another faint hope began to crawl, like a half-dead thing, through me. It came back to me that I had noticed this before, as if he listened for *something*, feared *something* from behind that particular door. These pauses had been almost imperceptible, but as straws acquire importance to the drowning, I remembered them now.

He came towards me, broken sentences tinctured with worship and a grim epicurianism leaving his lips in whispers.

"To feel the ebbing of the life tide . . . to feel the coming of the great peace . . . to be lifted to the stars . . . to see the face of God . . . to have Life's terrible 'Why—why?' answered——"

"*Hush*—listen!" I broke in, bending forward and gazing at the door at the back of the hall. I saw him straighten, craft and expectancy in his look. "Don't you hear?" I cried. "Oh, what a strange sound—there—*there!*"

He dropped the knife. As he did so, I really heard a sound, one that sent the blood to my brain. It might be only a stranger passing, but the chiming of distant sledge-chains came to me. Baron Orloff must not hear it. I drowned it in a cry that I could see frightened him—

"Baron—*in that room*—what is it? Don't you *hear?* Oh, I am afraid—I am afraid—don't you hear?—don't you hear?"

He left my side with despatch. Indeed, he sprang into the room, and the door flapped behind him. I ran with all the speed of the scared down the long hall, and now there came to me clearly the castanet-like sweetness of the sledge-chains and the sound of horses stopping. Before I could reach the door, I heard Baron Orloff rush back, and his voice, risen to a screech, flung the word "Stop!" after me. In weakness I fell against the knob and tore the door back. Robert was just bounding up the steps.

"The train shot off the track into a drift—I had the hardest work getting a sleigh," he began, but broke off in a panic: "Elinor, my darling!"

I had flung myself into his arms, heaving hard breaths that hurt me. I clung to him while pointing backward into the hall, where Baron Orloff stood with defiant face, a wild animal trapped. I tried to tell Robert that he had meant to kill me, to warn him to protect us both, when the final, hobgoblin touch to that night of fear was given by Robert staring over my shoulder and whispering—

"What man is that, Elinor?"

With the words a black curtain came down upon my consciousness. When I recovered, more than an hour later, I was lying on a rug-covered couch, my face wet, brandy burning my lips. Robert knelt beside me, my hands were in his, and with a return of fright I clutched them hard as I looked about. The place presented a scene of disorder and excitement in forcible contrast to my memory of it when I trembled in its stillness in fear of death. The man I had known as Baron Orloff was strapped in a

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chair, three men in a livery of long grey coats, with fur capes, busied about him. He was lying as if spent from running, his mouth fallen in weakness. Two haggard servants, one of them limping painfully, were hurrying about at the direction of a man, evidently a doctor, who was bending over something on the rug before the fire. When he rose, I saw that the patient was an old, distinguished-looking man. He was unconscious; his shirt had been torn open over the shoulder, and bandages wrapped it; on a chair near him his evening coat hung, brilliant with stars and crosses.

"Close your eyes—rest," I heard Robert whispering. "Don't ask me anything now. You're safe, dear—and I've been thanking God with every breath. You're safe—but it was a narrow escape."

"But tell me——" I began.

"Not now. Keep very calm. I won't answer a single question. Instead, I'll bundle you up and take you back to town at once."

But I couldn't be satisfied with that—what woman could?

"Just tell me this, dear——" I pointed to the figure by the fire. "That's Baron Orloff?"

"Yes, poor old chap!"

"Is he dead?"

"No."

"And the other—who was the other, Robert?"

"Are you asking one question or twenty? Get on your pins now, like a good girl, and slip into this," and he held up my pelisse.

He did not let me speak during the drive back. I lay against his heart under the robes, stupefied and thankful. When I saw at last the glittering needle of the Admiralty, and knew that home was near, all I had suffered and feared sent me into shuddering weeping. Later, when I was calm, and Sparrow had given me my steaming chocolate by the fire, Robert told me the story.

The man who had posed as Baron Orloff was one of four lunatics who had broken from a *maison de santé* about two miles away. He was Cyril Mokeyef, a nephew of the Baron's and a *protégé* also. He had been insane for years. One of the keepers of the asylum who had come in search of him, not long after Robert's arrival, had given a brief sketch of his history. He was a musical genius. Baron Orloff had paid for his musical education, and he had been for years before his affliction first violin at the Opera House. He had married a very beautiful girl, daughter of a Moscow editor who was a secret Nihilist. She became inoculated with her father's beliefs and converted her husband to them. They were among the strugglers for Russia's liberty from its many phases of bondage. After a few years certain acts of treason were attributed to the woman. She was arrested and put in prison in St. Petersburg to await trial. "*To await trial*" is a phrase in Russia to make angels weep. She had waited for almost a year, and waiting had died there of smallpox. After a long period of melancholy, her husband's grief changed to dementia, then to madness, and he was put under restraint. With the cunning of the mad, he often seemed almost sane, merely eccentric, and at such times would dwell always on his wife's death, never telling the sodden, dark reality, but the most fanciful stories, a coinage of mad imaginings. His mania was always for universal death, and this sprang from the belief that since she, the flower of the world, was gone, death was the guerdon of all.

Baron Orloff had been in readiness to receive us at dinner, and had fallen into a doze while reading. The madman, familiar with the place, had no difficulty in entering, had bound the Baron and hidden him in the library. After wounding him into insensibility he had attacked the four house-servants. Recognising him, their terror had made them helpless. One was dead. My poor *isvochtnik* had been found strangled in the snow. One servant who had escaped had brought back the asylum attendants.

Robert and I were very quiet, very serious, when the story was finished. Suddenly he knelt down and put his arms quite about me.

"Oh, when I think what the ending might have been, dearest! when I *think*——!" he said, trembling. "It was the lunatic who lighted the house that way, and—I did not tell you before—he had everything arranged for burning it when your arrival made him follow a new whim for the moment. But you weren't to be taken from me that way, Elinor. No; thank God, no!"

I took Robert's face in both my hands and we looked long into each other's eyes.

"Think how *she* was taken from him—smallpox, in a Russian prison! Oh, how I pity him—poor, stricken man!" The tears crept down my face. "This Russia frightens me. I'm glad we're English, dear, aren't you?"

"Of course," said Robert emphatically; "everybody would be English if they could."

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THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

ART CRITICISM.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR (to artistic friend): I shall call it "Smugglers Surprised at Sunrise." Now tell me candidly what you think of it.

FRIEND: Candidly, I don't wonder they were surprised at it.

A HOTEL PROBLEM.

WE found the management in the throes of a crisis. A visitor refused to pay his weekly bill, and for the best reason. He had no luggage, and it was discovered that other hotels had suffered from him. No one wanted the bother of prosecuting him, so he was just told to go. He refused to, and appeared at lunch. The porter would not admit him to the dining-room. The non-paying guest, sallow and excitable, with black, flashing eyes, made pretence of struggling fiercely, and many got the impression that he was being handled roughly. Someone interfered, paid for the lunch, and rated both porter and manager. The comedy was repeated in the evening, but upon a more emotional scale. Admitted to the dining-room, the non-payer was seated amongst people who knew nothing about his case, and on the butler refusing to take his wine-card, a gentleman said: "Put the wine down to me; it is intolerable that anyone should be treated so rudely."

Where the man slept is not known, but he returned for breakfast, got it from one new-comer, and his lunch and dinner from two others. I don't know where it would have stopped if the little man had not lost patience in the bar (where he had already secured liqueurs) at the delay shown by sympathisers in coming forward with cigars. He climbed over the counter, and the manager gave him into custody. He was released on condition of leaving the Colony, and given a third-class railway ticket. He entered a first-class compartment, and showed such a warm indignation with a ticket-collector, who was for ejecting him, that some working-men, themselves travelling third, paid the difference. We did not see this finish—the hotel runner told us of it.

B. A. Clarke.

A SMALL boy went into a village shop and asked for a box of matches for his mother. Presently he returned, saying—

"Please, mother says these matches won't strike." "Won't strike!" cried the shopman irritably. "Why, look here!" and he struck one up his trousers to prove their quality.

The boy took the matches back, but presently returned with them once more—

"Please, sir, mother says she hasn't time to come and strike all her matches on your trousers."

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

MODERN WAYS.

VISITOR: Well, Mrs. Hodges, and what did you do in London?

MRS. HODGES: I see pretty well everything, and went on the Tuppenny Tube; but Lor', ain't it funny, miss, that aweighing of you every time you goes down?

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THE ZOOPHILIST.

I AM fat, I am ugly, and nearly four-score
And, to tell you the truth, just a bit of a bore;
I do not like men, they are noisy and gruff,
And of smooth-spoken women I've seen quite enough.

There isn't a soul on this pestilent earth
Who values my merits at half of their worth,
There isn't a soul whose appearance or thoughts
Can produce from me aught but contemptuous snorts.

If I need recreation, I go to the Zoo,
Make friends with the Lemur and big Kangaroo.
The Antelope loves me, and so does the Sloth,
And I in my turn am devoted to both.

The back of the Leopard I tenderly stroke,
The ribs of the Panther I playfully poke,
The Red River Hog is a beast I adore,
While the Tapir regards me with reverence and awe.

My visits are welcomed by Monkeys and Seals,
The Crocodile loves me as much as his meals,
While even the Cobra, with poisonous bite,
Receives my advances with grateful delight.

'Tis sweet to attend to their animal wants,
To feel that one meets with a grateful response:
To know that that gratitude's genuine, too;
Oh, 'tis sweet to be loved by the beasts of the Zoo!

G. Frederic Turner.

AT CONWAY STATION.

WELSHMAN: Well, and what do you think of Conway Castle?

AMERICAN: Wal, I guess it's a vurry fine old bit, but what on earth possessed 'em to build it so close to the station?

THE NEW MOON.

"Sue, dad says there are as many people on the moon as there are on the earth."

"How crowded they must be now, poor things!"

ONE of the physicians at a popular winter health resort was looking over his books one day, comparing his list of patients.

"I had a great many more patients last year than I have this," he remarked to his wife. "I wonder where they have all gone to?"

"Well, never mind, dear," she replied. "You know all we can do is to hope for the best."

A BUSY man, much engrossed with his newspaper, when leaving a street-car one morning absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella belonging to a man sitting next to him. The latter protested, and our friend, greatly mortified, apologised earnestly. On his way home from business that evening, he called, at his wife's request, for three umbrellas she had left at a store to be mended. Now, Fate decreed that the umbrella owner of the morning should be his nearest neighbour on the homeward car. He eyed the first man and his umbrellas keenly, and at last said quietly, but suspiciously: "I see you have had a successful day!"

THE composer Rossini was a great eater. He went one day into a restaurant and ordered a dinner for three. After a while the waiter said: "The dinner is on the fire, sir. When the people come, it is ready."

"Very well," said Rossini, "serve it. I am the people."

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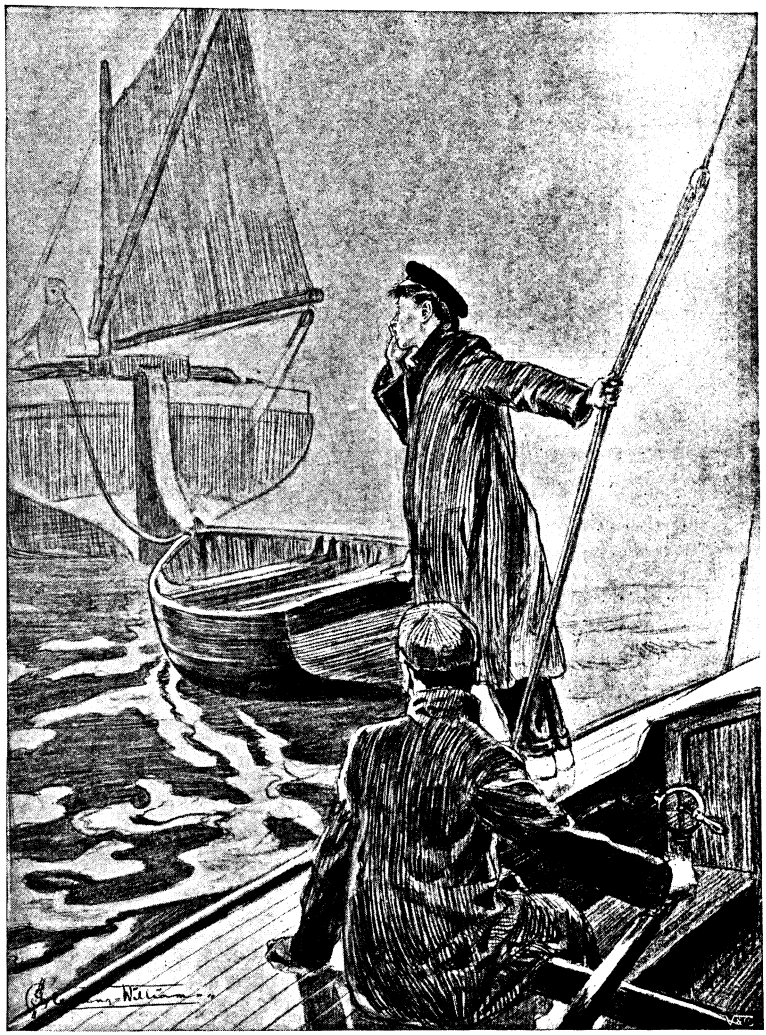

A YACHTING CONUNDRUM.

VERY AMATEUR YACHTSMAN (who is lost in a fog, without foghorn, and has nearly run into a barge): Ahoy, barge! Can you tell me where we shall get to if we keep on this tack?

BARGEE: No, I cawn't—I'm not a clergyman!

ONE summer Sunday morning the preacher innocently delivered a sermon which, it appears, had been given by him two or three years previous.

During the progress of the sermon a violent thunderstorm came up which created some little nervousness among the congregation.

After the services were over, and as the minister was about to leave the building, he met the verger.

"Henry," said he, "that was a pretty severe storm while I was preaching this morning, wasn't it."

"Yes, sir," replied Henry, "and the singular thing about it is that there was a thunderstorm the last time you preached that sermon."

A WELL-KNOWN comedian says that many years ago when he was a member of a company playing "She Stoops to Conquer," a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box-office in a small town and said—

"Pass me in, please."

The box-office man gave a loud, harsh laugh.

"Pass you in? What for?" he asked.

The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily—

"What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the box-office man, as he hurriedly wrote out an order for a box.

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A CLERK'S TALE.

NEAR Regent's Park I met a clerk
Alone and palely loitering;
"And why," I said, "not go to bed?
The halls are shut, and no stars sing."

He, thus addressed, to me confessed,
Sighing in meditative fashion,
"I am a swain, whose heart in twain
Is riven by a dual passion!

"Though far I roam, my simple home
A Southern Sun hath set upon;
In other words, my father's herds
Graze on the heights of Surbiton.

"Thither I wis, my custom is,
When the diurnal task is ended
At break of day, to make my way
On a South-Western strap suspended

"And two there be, too dear to me,
Who journey from the self-same station,
And each is fair and each is rare,
And Richmond each her destination.

"We three would meet at Baker Street,
To Waterloo I would escort them,
Each shared the whole of my great soul,
There was no need for me to sort them.

"We banished cares as thrice three pairs
Of feet tramped with exhilaration;
Ah, happy days! The modern craze
Spells more than Time's annihilation.

"They learned to heed the Song of Speed,
And, oh, the difference to us!
Beryl is true to Bakerloo,
But Maisie loves the motor-bus!"

Nigel Playfair.

THE most graceful compliment ever received by Sarah Bernhardt was paid to her, she says, upon her recent American visit, when a clerk in the West, being presented to the great actress, said: "Madame, I have spent over a year learning French only to hear you, and it was worth it!"

THE MEASURE OF HOSPITALITY.

HOSTESS (in agitated undertone to "country girl," recently imported, who has appeared with the coffee in breakfast cups): Mary, what are you doing? You know those are not the cups we use for coffee.

MARY: Well, 'm, I thought, seein' as you 'ad company, you'd like to give 'em something a bit bigger than them little things.

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"LADY COVENTRY'S ESCORT." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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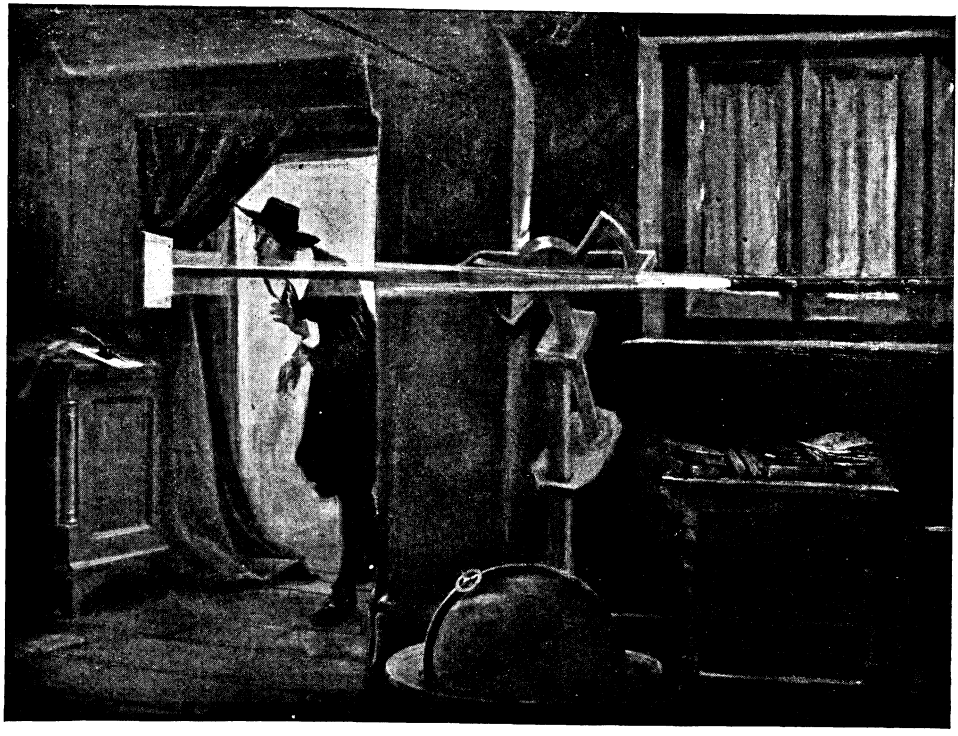

"THE FATHER OF ENGLISH ASTRONOMY, JEREMIAH HORROCKS." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

From the picture in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.

THE ART OF MR. EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

IN the pictorial work of Mr. Eyre Crowe we are brought face to face with the fact that literary knowledge has run hand-in-hand with artistic ability. This is, perhaps, owing to the fact that his father was a man of letters, and that his early life, passed in Paris, was divided between the home, in which he breathed an atmosphere supplied by general, cultivated discussion, and the studio of Delaroche, in which was the atmosphere, actual as well as mental, of paint, and where he made one of the hundred and fifty pupils who sought, under this master, guidance. There was an historic air also in the Rue Mazarine; and to work under a man whose masterpieces "The Assassination of the Duke of Guise," "Marie Antoinette Leaving the Convention after her Sentence," "Cromwell Lifting the Coffin-lid and Looking upon the Body of Charles I.," were of this *genre*, was to be impressed by his influence.

Delaroche interested his pupils in events of the past, helped them to understand that picturesqueness which lies in life and character, and showed them how to turn old events, with their passions and weaknesses, to pictorial use, and that Mr. Eyre Crowe has chosen the generality of his subjects from similar traditions or facts as his master is not to be wondered at.

On his own part, however, Mr. Eyre Crowe has pondered upon the lives of many famous men, and has thus been able to visualise for us, in terms of paint, many a happening which we have either forgotten or never known.

It is to argue in a circle, perhaps, to say

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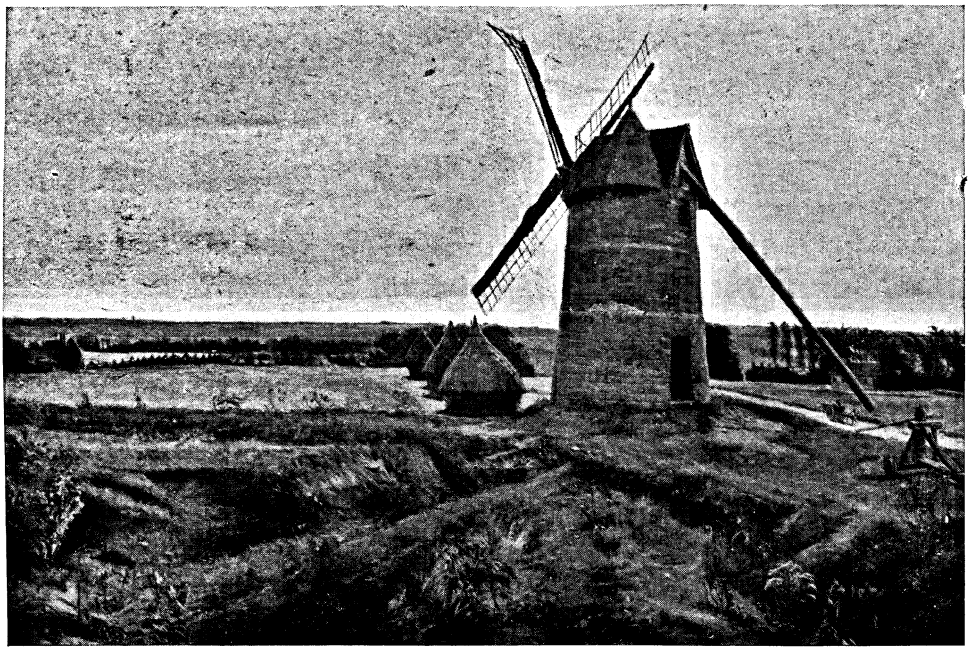
that some class of art supplies a want the existence of which is unknown until satisfaction in its creation is experienced; but we have something of this feeling when we consider the numerous subject-pictures of Mr. Eyre Crowe. His drama is never strange, his sentiment never exorbitant. With a capacity for perceiving a something poetic in not specially picturesque episodes, he is rarely endowed, and not a little of his merit consists in the vein of poetry he shows himself to possess in his treatment of the almost commonplace.

His first exhibited picture—well hung on the Academy walls, and bought thence by an Art Union prizeholder—in 1846, was entitled "Master Prynne Searching Archbishop Laud's Pockets in the Tower, May 31st, 1643," a time when Prynne was devoting his chief energies to persecuting the Archbishop, bent on retaliation for the Star Chamber proceeding against himself in which Laud, nine years before, had taken so prominent a part.

Next Mr. Crowe treated an historical person in a non-historical manner, and he shows us "Cardinal Richelieu Playing with Kittens," whilst his secretary, Père Joseph, a Capuchin friar, looks on, tolerant but amused. Animals have, we know, been a fruitful source of pleasure to many an important personage, but, as a rule, their choice has fallen upon dogs rather than cats. It is on record that Henry III. of France used to keep "rarely less than a hundred toy dogs in the royal apartments." Charles II. of England was devoted to the special breed of small spaniels now known by his name. Mary, Queen of Scots, had a "troupe" of little dogs, and she wrote, during her imprisonment, to the Cardinal of Guise for more to be "sent her in baskets very warmly packed," saying that, "besides reading and working, I take pleasure only in all the little animals I can get." No historical painter could deny himself some record of this most pathetic figure in history, and Mr. Crowe takes his subject of Mary Stuart from Miss Strickland's life of her. "The remains of the royal victim were contemptuously covered with an old cloth from the billiard-table."



"THE BATTLEFIELD OF CRECY, AUGUST 26, 1346." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

This statement is substantiated by a letter from the French ambassador in England to Henry III., for in A. Teulet's "Lettres de Marie Stuart" it is given thus: "*Aussitôt le corps fut recouvert de ung drap noyr et reporté en sa chambre.*"

"At 8 a.m.," writes Mr. Swinbourne of the scene which immediately preceded this

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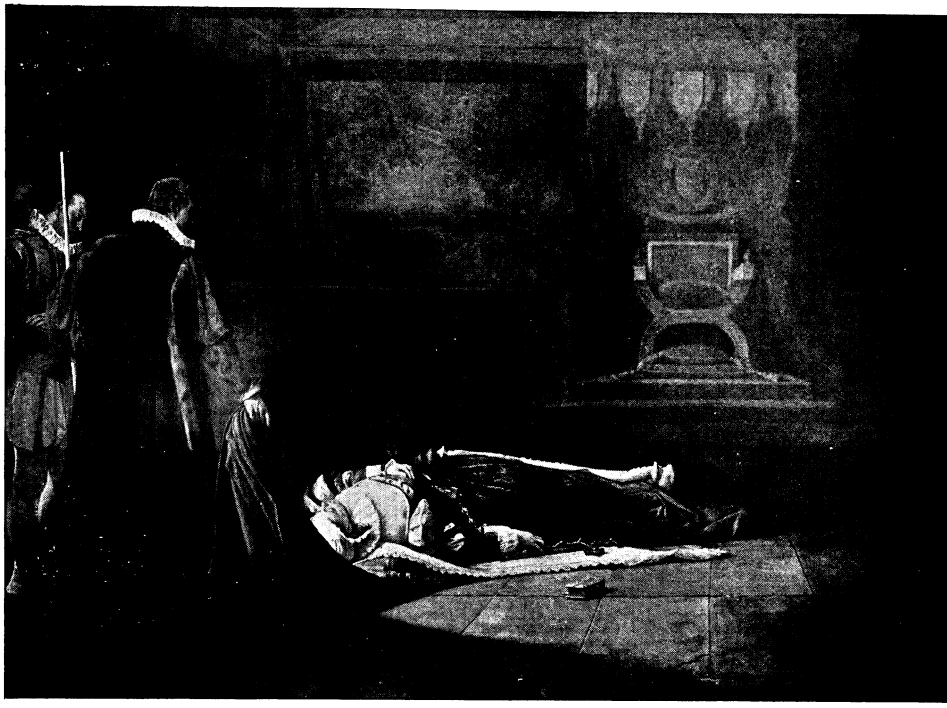

"THE DEATH OF MARY." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

"DRAWING LOTS FOR THE GUELPH SUCCESSION AT CELLE, A.D. 1592."
BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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"JAMES II. AT LA HOGUE, MAY, 1692." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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last indignity, "she entered the hall of execution, having taken leave of the weeping envoy from Scotland, to whom she gave a brief message for her son, took her seat on the scaffold, listened with an air of even cheerful unconcern to the reading of her sentence, solemnly declared her innocence of the charge conveyed in it, and her consolation in the prospect of ultimate justice, rejected the professional services of Richard Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, lifted up her voice in Latin against his in English prayer, and, when he and his fellow-worshippers had fallen duly silent, prayed aloud for the prosperity of her own church, for Elizabeth, for her son, then, with no less courage than had marked every hour and every action of her life, received the stroke of death from the wavering hand of the headsman."

Still in pursuit of dramatic subjects, Mr. Crowe painted his important picture of "Defoe in the Pillory"—that Defoe known to most of us as simply the author of "Robinson Crusoe," but who was actually a prominent figure of the seventeenth century. The exact date of his birth is not known, but it is supposed to be 1661, and that he came from a wealthy stock of yeomen established for many years at Elton, in Huntingdonshire; his father, who dropped the prefix to his name and wrote it Foe, was a butcher and citizen of London, and Daniel was educated at a famous Dissenting school kept by a Mr. Morton, at Stoke Newington; here it is interesting to note that one of his schoolfellows bore the name of Crusoe. As quite a young man Daniel took to pamphlet-writing, then turned to arms, and made one in the unfortunate Monmouth expedition, and is supposed to owe his escape from the clutches of the law to the fact of his having been recognised as a Londoner, and therefore "not of the west country." At the entry of William III. and Mary into London he served as a volunteer trooper, "gallantly mounted and richly accoutred." Then he appears to have lived at Tooting, and to have become a sort of commission merchant in Spanish and Portuguese goods. He is even spoken of as a "civet-cat merchant"; but, as Mr. Saintsbury says: "As he can hardly have kept a menagerie of these animals, it is odd

"THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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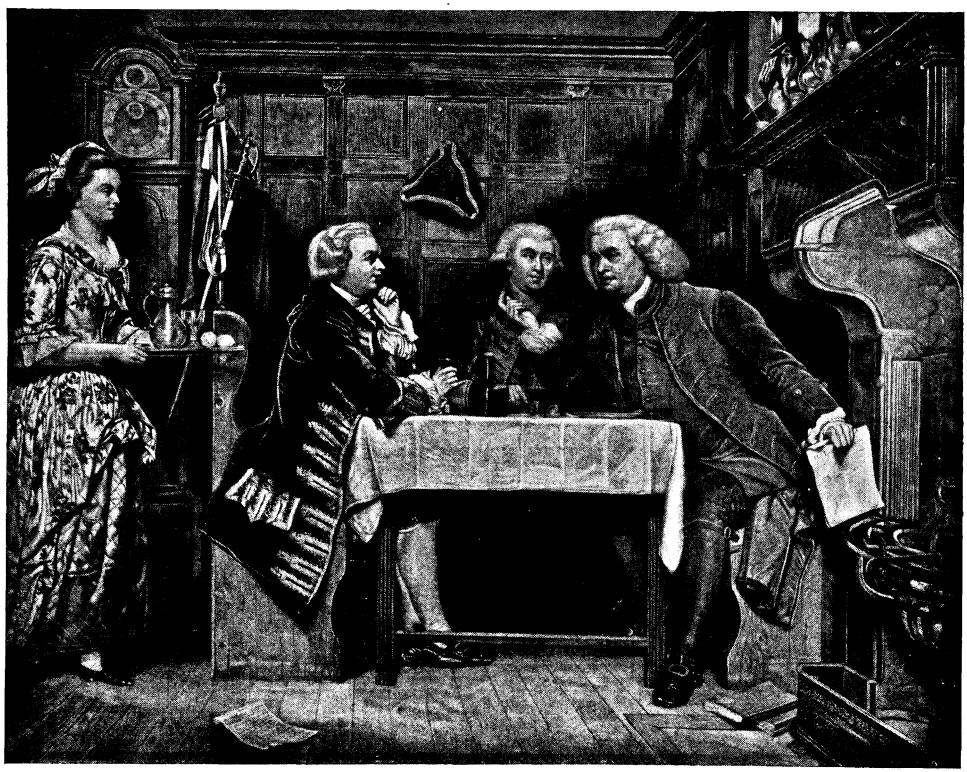
that no one has supposed that the civet-cat was the sign of his place of business rather than the staple of his trade." He came to financial grief in it, however, and failed for the then large sum of £17,000; and he, although still doing some business, turned seriously to the production of those literary efforts to which he owes his fame. He became a strong Whig after his introduction to William III., and was not infrequently heard to boast of his intimacy with that king of "pious and immortal memory." Afterwards he took an independent course and succeeded in turning every man's hand against himself. He offended the Dissenters by issuing a pamphlet "on the scandalous inconsistency of their playing fast and loose with sacred things"; the Government by another on "Electioneering Corruption"; and the King by, perhaps, one of the best-known, called "The True-Born Englishman," a satire which dealt with the national objection to William III., as a foreigner. Then, in an evil hour, he wrote the famous "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," an exposition in plain and forcible terms of the extreme High Church position.

This pamphlet, published anonymously, attracted the attention of the High Churchmen; and their leader, Nottingham, took exception to its publication, and a reward was offered for Defoe's apprehension in an advertisement which described him as: "A middle-sized, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark, brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hook nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." He surrendered, was fined two hundred marks, condemned to be pilloried three times, to be imprisoned indefinitely, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years. His sojourn in the pillory was a triumph rather than a punishment, for the populace took his side; and in Mr. Eyre Crowe's picture we see the crowd pressing round the structure, throwing flowers and garlands, and drinking the martyr's health, whilst guards with drawn swords and musketeers pushed them back.



"THE MITRE TAVERN." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

The meeting of Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and James Boswell, after the first performance of "The Good-Natured Man."

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"GOLDSMITH'S MOURNERS." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

Defoe was imprisoned for a couple of years. He owed his release to Lord Harley.

The same year in which "Defoe in the Pillory" was exhibited came the picture of "Slaves Waiting for Sale, Richmond, Virginia"—a picture which was a direct outcome of one of the most interesting episodes of Mr. Crowe's career—his visit with Thackeray to America, which the author toured to lecture. Happening to see the announcement of a sale of slaves in a local paper, Mr. Crowe wended his way to the place of auction, where, from the doorway, the sale was announced by the display of a red flag. On this was pinned a manuscript notice of the lots to be sold. "Thus I read," wrote Mr. Crowe, in a book he published in 1895, entitled "With Thackeray in America," "'Fifteen likely negroes to be disposed of between half-past 9 and 12—five men, six women, two boys, and two girls.'" He entered, and, in his book, goes on to explain how "on rough benches were sitting, huddled close together, neatly dressed in grey, young negro girls with white collars fastened by scarlet bows, and in white aprons. The form of a woman clasping her infant—an ever-touching sight—seemed the more so here."

This trip to America, as Thackeray's amanuensis, was a delightful experience, and through Mr. Crowe's eyes we see the genial satirist, the sensitive man, with perceptive intelligence and creative mind, nodding approval over the contents of his young friend's sketch-book. Mr. Crowe tells how May 28, 1852, saw "Finis" written to "Esmond," and the autumn of that year, their embarkation in the *Canada* for the United States, whither, at the invitation of the Mercantile Marine Association, they were bound. Mr. Crowe tells, too, of the send-off from Liverpool; how, as they were just embarking, a messenger hurried up from Smith and Elder with the first bound copies of "Esmond"; and he tells also how extraordinarily alert Thackeray was in reading the character of each person they encountered. His book is filled with delightful pen-and-ink and word sketches—sketches of Washington Irving, with his handsome head and mellow, chatty voice with, in it, the dash of huskiness due, at that time, to age; sketches of the "poet Bunn"; of the enterprising Barnum—even then desirous of running Thackeray; of

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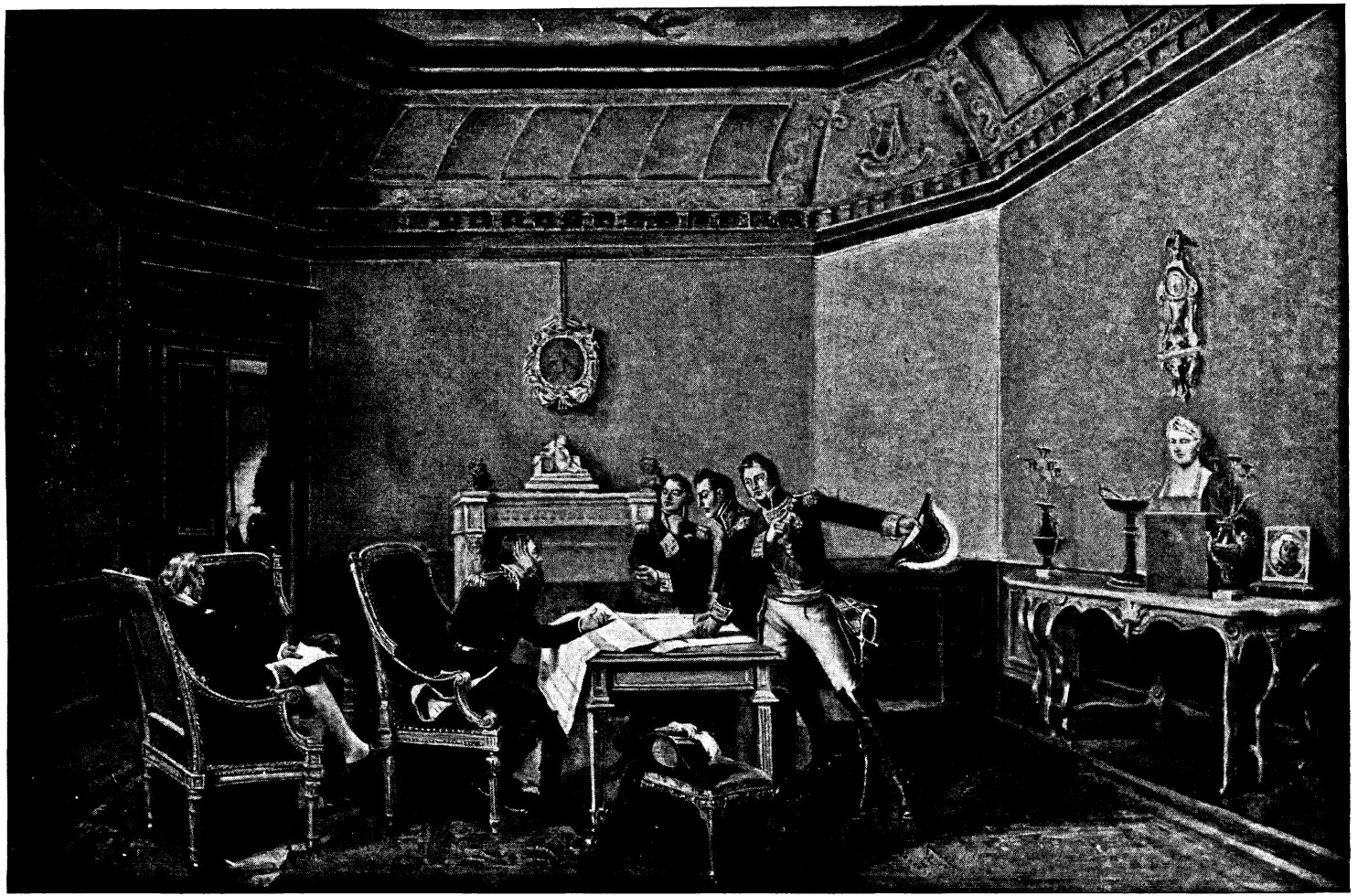

"THE ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON, APRIL 5, 1814." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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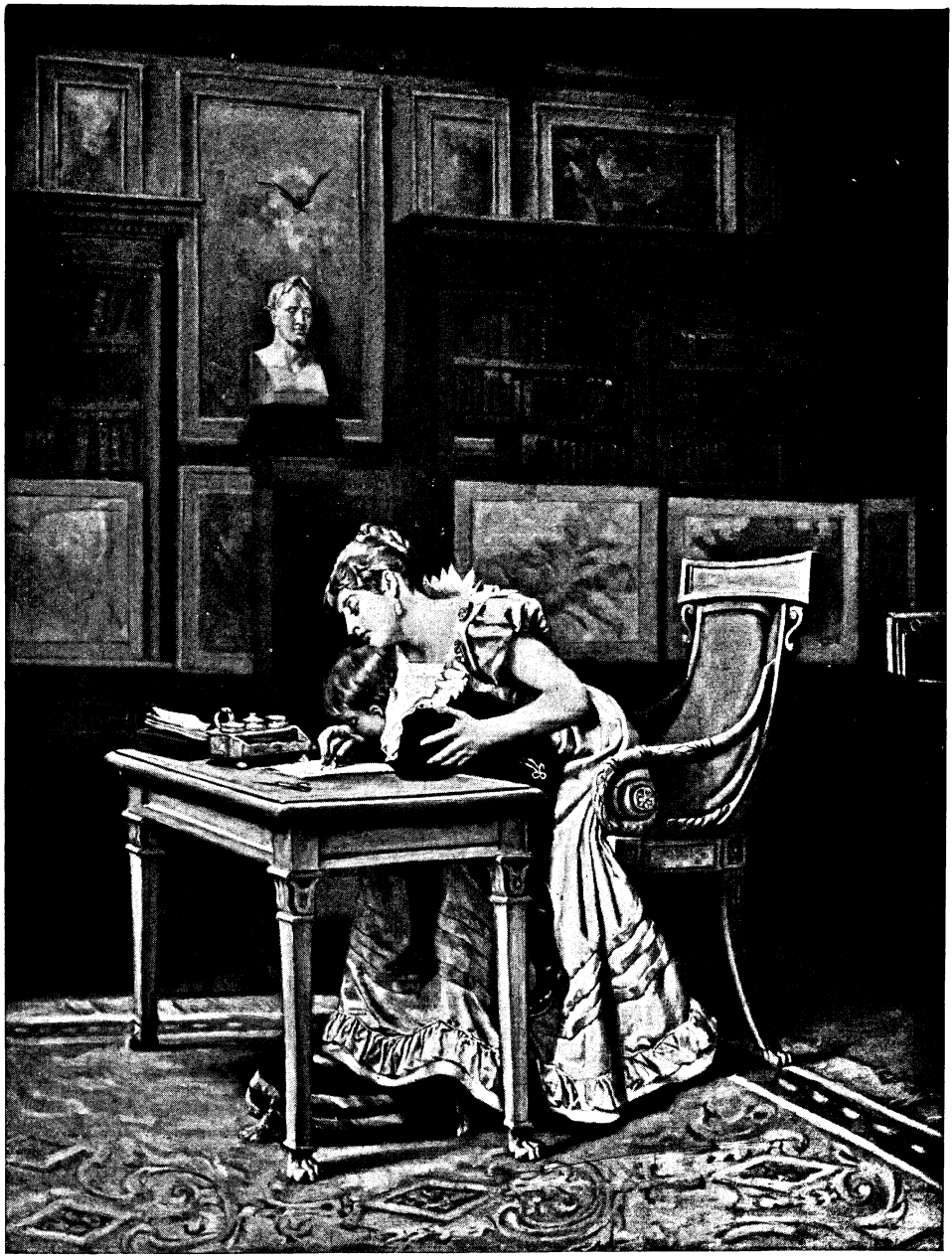

"WRITING TO ST. HELENA." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

Madame Sontag, the famous *prima donna*—of whom he gives a charming picture, Leech-like, with the gown of the 'fifties and the arch intelligence which seemed especially to distinguish the ladies of that era. The book is full of records of all manner of interesting people whom, in their journeyings, the two had met. His taste in subject, it is to be noted here, as in his canvases, inclined to lead Mr. Crowe into those interesting bypaths of observation which so few tread.

Thus he shows us "The Countess of Coventry's Escort," a subject taken from the career of Maria Gunning, the elder of the two Irish sisters famed for their beauty. She was eighteen, and her sister

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Elizabeth sixteen, when they came to London in 1751. Their unusual beauty attracted so much notice that crowds followed them wherever they went, and on one occasion George II. allowed Maria, who was on very friendly terms with the King after her marriage with the Earl of Coventry, the escort of a small guard of soldiers to permit of her walking unhampered by the attentions of the crowd.

He constitutes himself Goldsmith's Balzac, seeing him, to use the poet's own words, "through the glass of Art," and he gives us three pictures which he associates with his name. The first is Oliver's home at Lissoy, co. Westmeath, where, as a boy, he was taught his letters by a maidservant; sent in his seventh year to the village school, kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who taught no more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who filled the child's mind with stories of ghosts, banshees, and fairies, the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, and many another tale from his apparently inexhaustible fund.

In the picture "Oliver Goldsmith at Lissoy," which village, it is to be suspected, is the poet's "Sweet Auburn," we see him in his maturity revisiting his childhood's home:

> How often have I paused on every charm,
> The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill!

The second Oliver Goldsmith subject is the scene laid in that historic hostelry, "The Mitre" Tavern in Fleet Street; and here, with his two friends, Johnson and Boswell, he, after the failure of "The Good-Natured Man" at Covent Garden in 1768, which was his first essay as a dramatist, is seen, discussing the situation.

"THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P., AT THE REFORM CLUB, 1883." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

The third picture is called "Oliver Goldsmith's Mourners," and was painted from the still standing house in Brick Court, Temple. It represents the disconsolate recipients of the poet's charity. "Noll" must have been a lovable person, for his grave—now untraceable, for it was marked by no inscription—was reopened the day after his death, that his friends, the Miss Hornecks—who are seen in the foreground of Mr. Crowe's picture—might cut a lock of his hair.

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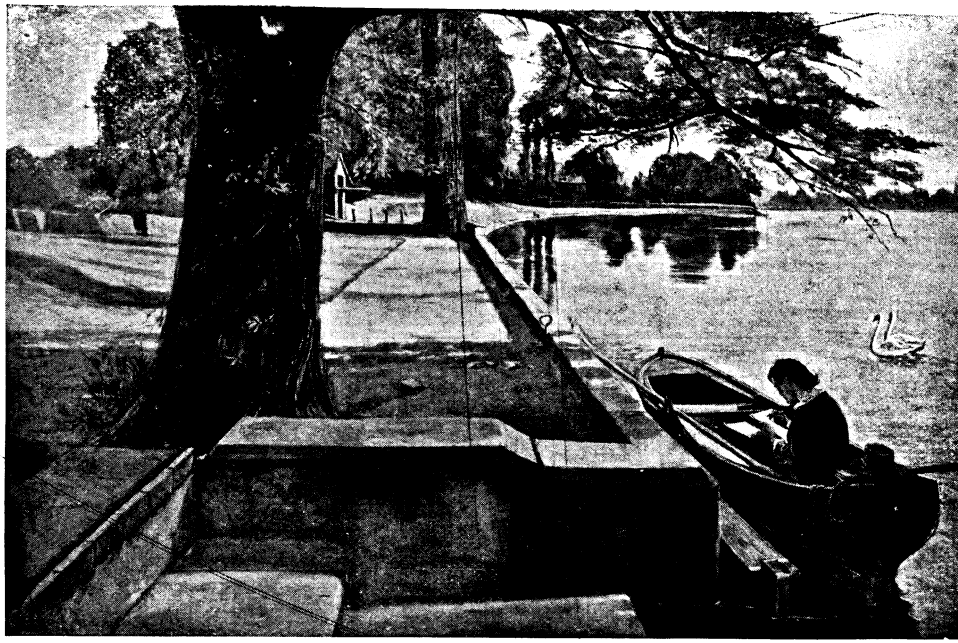

"SHELLEY, AT MARLOW, WRITING 'THE DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.'"
By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

"J. F. MILLET IN HIS STUDIO AT BARBIZON." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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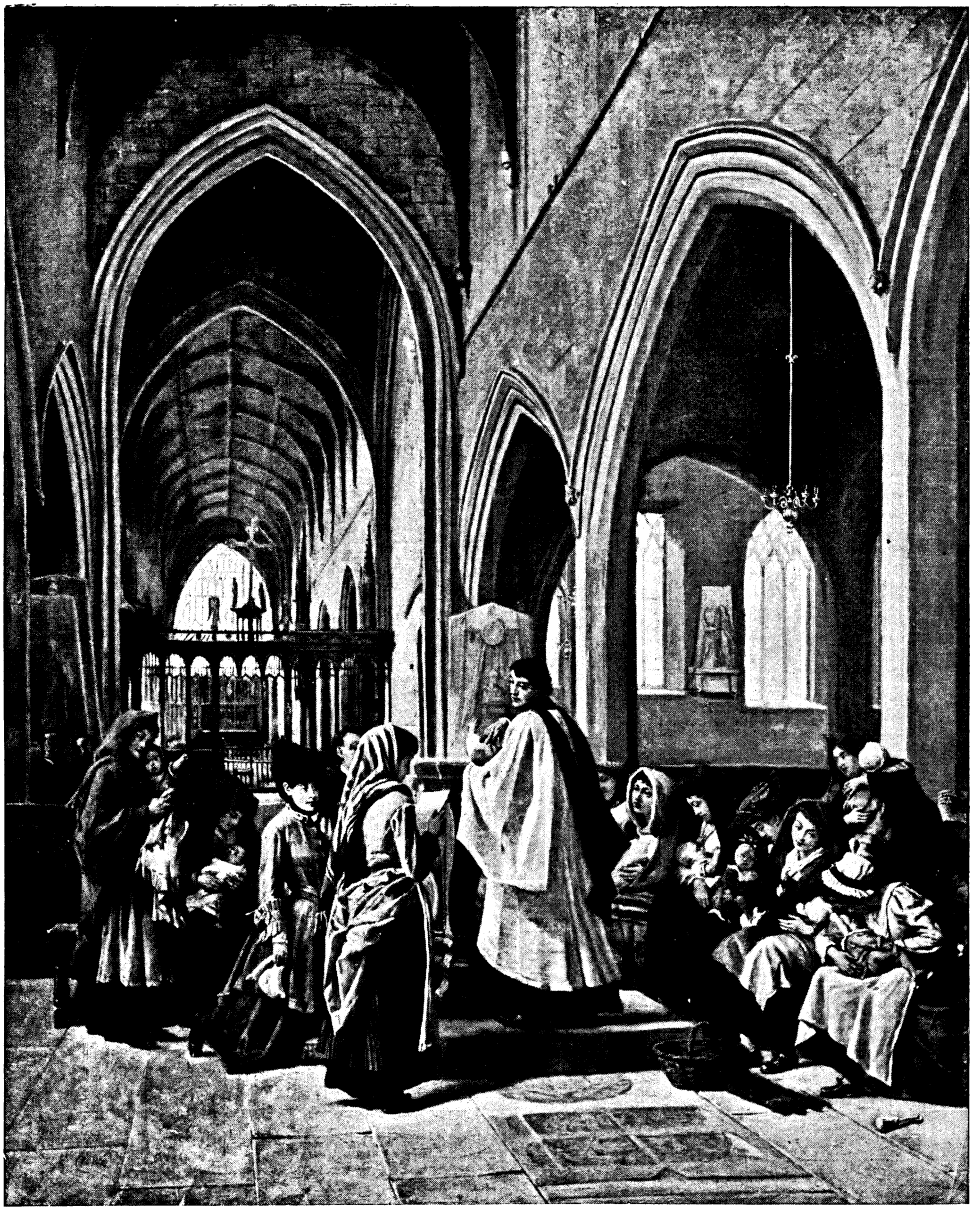

"A BAPTISM IN THE CATHEDRAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

The subject "Drawing Lots for the Guelph Succession" is one of such national interest that we give a brief sketch of the circumstances which led to the famous lottery.

After the extinction of the Billing family, which ruled Saxony for about two centuries, the Duchy was granted to Lothair of Supplinberg (1123), who was elected Emperor. His daughter married Henry the Proud, Duke of Bavaria, of the ancient house of Guelph, which already had freehold possessions in Saxony. Henry, by this marriage, became Duke of Saxony, as well as of Bavaria, and his son, Henry the Lion, was, by Frederick Barbarossa, installed in due course in his father's possessions. Then, somewhere about 1180, falling out of Barbarossa's favour, he was deprived of his duchies, though allowed to keep his freehold possessions in Brunswick and Lüneburg. These, however, by his grandson, Otto Puer, were yielded to Barbarossa's successor, who

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"THE SEVEN SISTERS, VALE OF ELWY, NORTH WALES." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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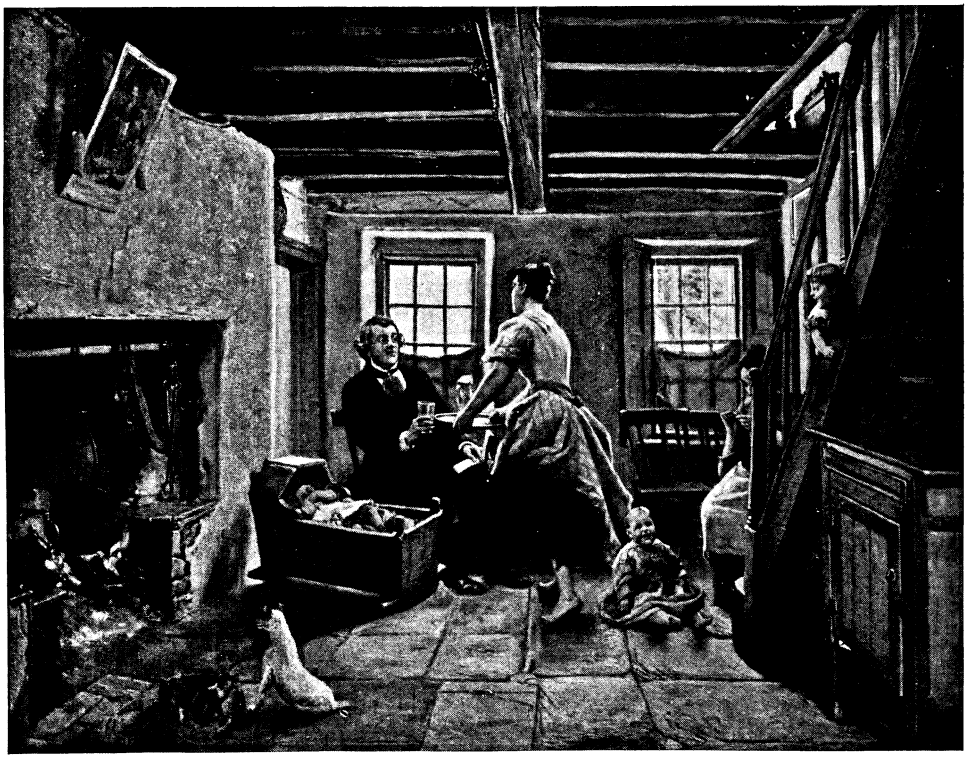
granted them to him back, in fief, as a duchy. Otto had two sons, who, in 1267, divided the duchy, and thus was formed the Lüneburg and the Brunswick lines. There was re-division in 1428, by which was formed the so-called middle lines of Brunswick and Lüneburg. In 1527, Lüneburg was under the sole government of Duke Ernest, the Confessor, who was an ardent adherent of Luther. He died in 1546, and from him descended the younger lines of Brunswick and Lüneburg. In 1634, Duke Frederic Ulrich, of the younger line of Brunswick, died, childless, and his duchy was inherited by Augustus, the descendant of Duke Ernest the Confessor's eldest son Henry. Meanwhile Lüneburg itself was ruled by William, Ernest's youngest son, and upon this Duke William's death, in 1592, there were left seven sons, who drew lots for the Guelph succession at Celle. It is this scene which Mr. Eyre Crowe commemorates in his picture. "To preserve the splendour of our house, only one of us should marry, so that one may be the head of the new line . . . they drew lots." Seven balls, one of which was gilt, the other silver, were thrown into a helmet. . . . Fate decided in favour of George, the youngest but one. He married in due course. His eldest son ruled in Lüneburg until 1675; the second son ruled over Calenberg until his brother's death, when he transferred himself to Lüneburg, which he governed till 1705; the third son, John Frederick, upon his second brother going to Lüneburg, became Duke of Calenberg, in which position he was succeeded by Ernest Augustus, who had married Sophia, grand-daughter of James I. of England, and their son was our George I.



"PEG OF LIMAVADDY." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

"James II. at Cape La Hogue, May, 1692," is the title of another of Mr. Eyre Crowe's historical pictures. The expedition in the king's favour, projected by Louis XIV., was, in 1692, frustrated by the defeat of the French fleet off Cape La Hogue on May 17 of that year. "Ah," said James during the action, as he noted the seamen swarming up the high sides of the French ships from their boats, "none but my brave English could do so daring an action."

"The Abdication of Napoleon" has, in

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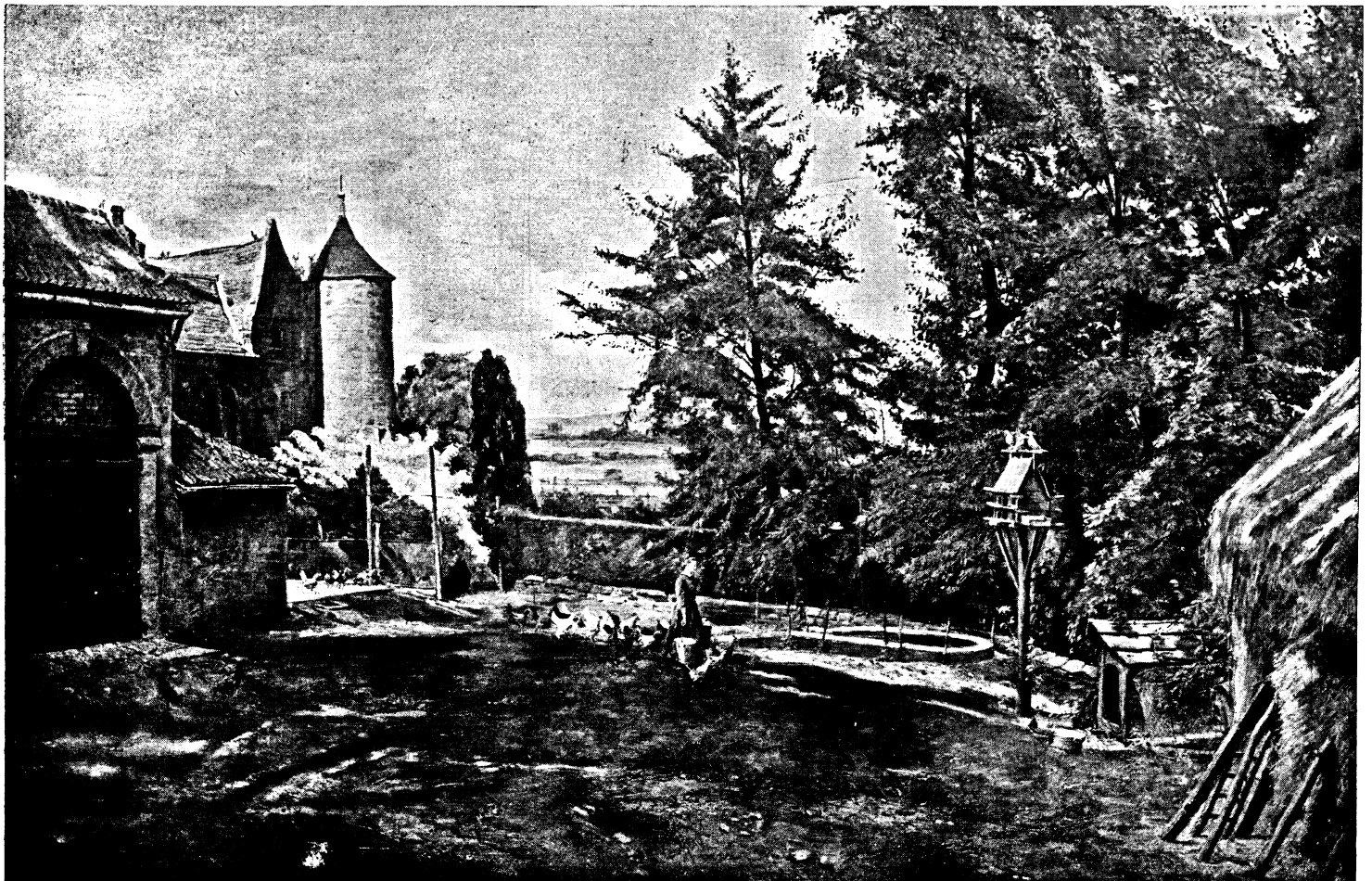

"THE POULTRY YARD." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

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addition to historical interest, that of likeness, for we have portraits of Marshal Ney, on the picture's right, and Alexander facing him in the chair; Talleyrand sits a little apart, and Napoleon is impassive.

A picture which belongs to this French series is "Writing to St. Helena." In this we see Marie Louise guiding her little son's hand, the Roi de Rome, while he scrawls a message to the exile. The Princess Matilde, seeing this picture at Gerome's, looked long at it, and then, turning to the painter, said: "Poor Marie Louise! it's very like."

On occasion Mr. Crowe turns to science for inspiration, as in "The Father of English Astronomy." This was Jeremiah Horrocks, who died in 1641 at the age of twenty-two. He was a sizar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and was ordained before he had reached the usual canonical age. He was curate of Hoole, near Preston. Painfully straitened in means, he pursued his scientific tastes amongst innumerable difficulties, and devoted to astronomical observations the brief intervals he could snatch from his duties and studies, first in college and afterwards in his cure. He worked first under the guidance of Lansberg, the pretentious Belgian astronomer, then exchanged his methods for those of Kepler, whose Rudolphine tables he set himself to revise. In the progress of this task he became assured that Kepler had overlooked a transit of Venus, which, he was convinced, would nevertheless occur on November 24, 1639 (O.S.). This date fell on a Sunday, and Jeremiah Horrocks was fearful lest his clerical duties would clash with his astronomical observations. After having prepared his apparatus, which was of a very rude character, he attended to his duties, but was released from them just in time to see the verification of his forecast, and note the progress of the celestial phenomenon which occurred between 3.15 p.m. and 3.45 p.m. He was thus able to make important corrections into the elements of the planet's orbits, and to reduce to its exact value the received estimate of its apparent diameter. Mr. Eyre Crowe's picture shows us Horrocks interestedly watching the verification of his forecast, and the artist gives us yet another astronomical subject in "Milton Visiting Galileo."

When one can get Mr. Eyre Crowe to talk of the pictures he has painted, and the places he has visited, he will tell how he went to Ayr, and how the canvas of "The Twa Brigs," made famous by Burns, was the result; how that in the Elwy, in North Wales, he, on one bright, sunny day, saw "The Seven Sisters" mirrored in its placid, unrippled surface; how "Martin Luther Pinning his Theses on the Church Door of Wittenberg" was evolved after a visit to the place where the building was still to be seen, and where, not far afield, were found the portraits of the people who were closely connected with the events of this time—Tetzel, the Seller of Indulgences, Lucas Cranach, and numerous members of Luther's family; how a visit to Dublin resulted in a picture of an interior of one of the rooms in Swift's Parsonage, and a portrait study of the cleric, looking at the lock "blacker than the raven," of Stella's hair, called "Only a Woman's Hair." Thackeray, upon seeing this picture, exclaimed: "Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic?—'only a woman's hair'; only love; only fidelity; only purity, innocence, beauty."

"Peg of Limavaddy" has the double interest of having been painted in the quaint old tap-house at Limavaddy, where Thackeray lost his heart to the maid in that land where, as he says:—

> Beauty is not rare
> In the land of Paddy,
> Fair beyond compare
> Is Peg of Limavaddy.

The picture actually illustrates the verse:—

> Presently a maid
> Enters with the liquor
> (Half-a-pint of ale
> Frosting in a beaker).

> As she came she smiled,
> And the smile bewitching
> On my word and honour
> Lighted all the kitchen.

Mr. Eyre Crowe has painted many more pictures than we have space to reproduce, and they have found purchasers in England, America, and Australia. He has seen many schools of painting, for he was working in Paris when there arose the severance between the old methods and the new: in his own country he saw the rise and fall of the Pre-Raffaelites, and was himself made an Associate of the Royal Academy at the time —1875—when his attainment of a greater freedom of expression, acquired by his training in the French school, separated his work from that of many of his contemporaries.

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THE HOLIDAY COMPETITION.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

IF your parents happen to live in India, of course your holidays are not all they might be, because India is too far off to go to often, and such relations as aunts and uncles don't seem much to care to have you if you are the son of an Indian soldier. But grandmothers always seem to want to have you—at least, they do in the case of Travers; but his parents are dead. Anyway, me and Morris have to stop at Dr. Dunstan's for holidays, and so we have to be friends at those times. I am eleven and he is twelve, and we are very different, him being never known to lose a conduct mark and me being ordinary. I am called Foster, and the happiest day of my life was when I got ten shillings all at once, being my ninth birthday, in a postal order from my father. The first feeling was one of sheer joy, and the second feeling was that if it had been a pound, it would have been even better.

I remember the birthday only too well, though nearly two years ago, because immediately after getting the money I wrote to Mr. Gamage—the grand toy and games man—for some important things wanted by me and my chum, Smythe—him that cut off the doctor's tiger's tail, with such disastrous results. And by great ill-luck that beast Steggles looked over my shoulder and saw how I had begun my letter. I had asked Smythe how to begin it in a very respectful way, so as to please Mr. Gamage, and Smythe had said: 'I should make it as friendly as you possibly can"; and I had said "Yes." Then I thought that as the friendliest letters I ever write are to my mother, I would begin it like that, and I had written down: "Darling Mr. Gamage, I shall be very greatly obliged by your sending me, if you have time, by return of post——" certain things. Because Mr. Gamage was quite as much to me as my mother, in those days, if not more.

Well, the beastly Steggles saw this and set up a loud and hideous yell of laughter which was very painful to me and Smythe. And presently when he had drawn the attention of many chaps to the letter, he told us on no account to send it, but to write in a firm and manly tone and *order* the things. He said when you are sending postal orders, you have always the right to be firm and manly; and when you are asking for them, that is the time to be affectionate. So we wrote the letter again and merely said: 'Dear Mr. Gamage," and signed ourselves: "Yours truly, Arnold Foster and Huxley Smythe."

I must now return to Morris, who was left at Merivale with me during the great summer holiday last year. In a way his luck was frightful, although he had nowhere to go in holidays. Even his amusements were such that they turned into marks and pleased the masters—such as natural history; and his conduct marks were so extraordinary that he never lost any at all without an effort.

In face he was nothing, being sandy-haired and pale, with a remarkably small mouth and watery eyes. He had not much courage, but was fond of chaps who had, and he liked me and Smythe more for our courage than anything. We tried without success to increase his courage, and he helped us a lot with work that didn't want courage, but only intellect, of which he had a great deal.

It was really owing to my courage that the adventure of the old slate quarry happened. You see, the holiday competition for that year was a collection of insect life, such as beetles, moths, and butterflies; and as Merivale happened to be a fine place for insect life in general, Morris determined to win the prize if he could.

When the Doctor and his family went off to the seaside, the last thing he said to me and Morris was this—

"Farewell, my dear lads! Pursue all innocent pleasures and give no cause of offence during the vacation. The matron will be at your service, and she has the key of the library. The playing-field is also open to you, and having regard for the season I relax a little of the rigid discipline of time and place, of hours and boundaries, proper to the term. But I put you on your honour in this matter, and feel that the chastening influence of Morris will possibly serve to restrain the native exuberance of Foster. Lastly, I have directed that the commissariat shall be ordered on a generous—nay, lavish—

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scale. Good-bye, my dear boys, and God bless you!"

We said "Good-bye!" and I hoped that the Doctor and Mrs. Dunstan and the girl Dunstans would have a good time; and the Doctor thanked me and said he was glad I had the grace to make that wish; and after he had gone, Morris said that he very nearly said "God bless you!" to the Doctor, but stayed just in time. And I said it was jolly lucky he had, for it certainly would have been frightful cheek to do it.

Then two cabs rolled away with the Doctor, and his luggage, and his family; and me and Morris were left. We found what "commissariat" meant at dinner, and I will say that the food was magnificent, and the matron was a brick all through the holidays—very different to what she is in term time; and she told us a lot about her private life, which turned out that she was a widow matron with a son. And Morris said: "Why don't you bring your son here, matron?" And I said: "Of course, why don't you?" And Morris said: "It would hurt the Doctor's feelings a good deal if he knew you had a son being educated somewhere else." And she said it was all right, and the Doctor was as kind as any man could be, and that the son was working hard and was a very good son, being an office-boy in a lawyer's office in London.

Then came the quarry, and my temptation of Morris, which ended in Morris going to the quarry.

The quarry was certainly out of bounds, and it was when out of bounds in secret, with Freckles and other big chaps, that I found all the wonders of it. It was a stone quarry in Merivale Great Wood, and there were game preserves near by, where Freckles hunted, and practised to be a bushranger when he went home to Australia. But, of course, Morris had never seen the place, because he never went out of bounds at all, from fear, and also from goodness; but chiefly from fear.

I said to Morris on a fine day in the middle of August: "Have you got any dragon-flies in your collection?"

And he said: "There are no dragon-flies in Merivale."

And I said: "You're a liar!"

And he said: "Well, anyway, I never saw one."

And I said: "In the old quarry in Merivale Great Wood there are billions."

And he said: "They can't live without water to cool their tails."

And I said: "Any fool knows that. There's a stream and a pond in the quarry, and dragon-flies, and blackberries, and butterflies, including peacocks and red admirals, are all as common as dirt."

"It's a frightful pity it's out of bounds," said Morris to me, and I explained that, though out of bounds in term time, yet, owing to the Doctor's special words to us before he went on his holiday, everything was free now.

Then Morris said: "He put us on our honour."

And I said: "I've got just as much honour as you, for that matter. But my honour covers the whole of Merivale Great Wood, and if your honour doesn't do the same, you'll lose the dragon-flies."

Morris thought over this a good deal.

At last he said: "There's no doubt that Slade, and probably Thompson minor, will get dragon-flies in their collections, owing to their living by swamps and rivers."

And I said: "Do what you like, only it happens I'm going to the quarry to-morrow for the whole day, and matron is going to make me sandwiches to take."

"If you honestly think it is an honourable thing to do——" said Morris.

"I honestly do think so," I said.

"I believe you're right," he said. Then rather a footling idea struck him.

"How would it be if we wrote a polite letter to the Doctor?" he asked.

"Not me," I said. "You may be sure that the Doctor, in his hard-earned vacation, doesn't want polite letters from me, or even you. In fact, it might so much annoy him that he might change his mind altogether, and not put us on our honour at all, but merely say we were to keep bounds, which would be death to me. Not that I should do it, in any case."

So after a lot more rot and jaw about his blessed honour, Morris came; and the day was jolly fine to begin with, and we went well armed for sport in general. He had his butterfly-net and killing-bottle—a beastly thing full of chemicals, but merciful in its way, because when you put a butterfly in and shut down the cork, the butterfly becomes unconscious without pain, and dies pretty comfortably. All the same, as Morris said to me while we watched a lesser tortoiseshell passing away, "Death is death," and the killing-bottle was the only part of natural history he did not care about. Before we got to the quarry he was wondering if the chemicals in the bottle would be strong enough for a dragon-fly.

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I said: "You've got to jolly well catch them first."

I had the sandwiches, and a sling, made of leather, which hurls a stone frightful

"She was a widow matron."

distances. I had also got in secrecy a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches. These I did not intend to show to Morris, because it would have upset his honour again; but I had been a smoker for years, having been taught by Steggles, and it seemed to me if I couldn't have a cigarette in the summer holidays now and then, I might as well give up smoking altogether.

There were tongue sandwiches, and bread-and-butter ones, and two hard-boiled eggs each, and two large lumps of caraway seed cake. It seemed a good deal to carry and yet not much to eat. I also took an indiarubber cup for water; but Morris said the water in the quarry was no doubt where the dragon-flies lived in the first stages of their careers, and he doubted if we could drink it with safety. He little knew that he would soon drink it, whether it was safe or not.

There was only one way into the quarry, and that was down a very steep and dangerous place. The opening into the quarry was all filled up, and there were railings all round it to keep anybody from falling into it by night. Morris funked getting down for some time; then a dragon-fly actually soared past, and so much excited him that he said he was ready if I went first. I told him to see exactly what I did, and then I went down. At one spot the descent was very perilous, owing to a huge stone that stuck out in the middle of the cliff. You had to curl over it and feel with your feet for a tree root below, then, for one great moment, you had to let go with your hands and clutch at a pointed stone on the right-hand side. This stone was always loose and wanted very delicate handling. To me, with years of practice, it was easy; but I felt sure it would be a bit of a twister for Morris.

He lowered down his killing-bottle and net and caterpillar-box, then he began to slowly descend. But at the critical moment he stretched for the pointed stone before he had got his foot on the root, and all his weight came on the stone, with the terrible result that the stone gave way. And when the big stone gave way, about a million other stones gave way also, so that Morris fell to the ground in an avalanche of stones, and the woods resounded with the sound. My first thought was keepers and my second thought was Morris.

He was alive, and hardly hurt at all more than a sprained ankle. He went very white, and sat down and shivered, and felt his bones and limbs one by one. He said it was his first great escape from death.

And I said: "You may not have escaped, all the same, because you've pulled down the cliff in your descent, and that was the only way out of the quarry, and now there isn't any way out at all!"

Which was perfectly true, and not said to

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"We went well armed for sport in general."

frighten Morris. Getting out of the quarry was far, far worse than getting in, and wanted a nerve of iron, which I hadn't mentioned to Morris till I got him safely in; but now he'd pulled down the place completely and left a naked precipice, and my nerve of iron was no good. In fact, we were evidently going to have a great adventure, and so I told Morris.

It certainly spoilt the day for him, because you can't very well have a ripping good picnic if you don't know how the picnic is going to end.

"It's a fine place for natural history, no doubt," he said, "but we can't pretend we're going to have a good time now."

"We're going to have a long time, anyway," I said.

He smiled in rather a ghastly way and said he hoped not, because the weather was changing and it might rain later on.

Then I told him that weather didn't matter, as there was a pretty dry cave where Freckles used to do his cooking of rabbits on half-holidays. Morris seemed glad about the cave. He rubbed his ankle and said, so far as that went, he felt pretty right. Presently he said—

"There are certainly red admirals here in great quantities, and also dragon-flies; but somehow I don't feel I've got the heart to kill anything for the moment, especially after what I've just escaped myself. Death is death."

"You'll be better after food," I said.

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But he wouldn't hear of food.

"We must face the position," he said. "Here we are in a quarry and we can't get out."

"Yes," I said.

"Very well. Then, there being no food in the quarry except what we have brought with us, we shall soon be hungry."

"Yes," I said. "I am now."

Morris went on trying to be calm, but I could see the more he explained the situation, the more frightened he got. His voice shook when he said the next thing.

"You can't go on being hungry for more than a certain time. After you reach a certain pitch, you die."

"Yes," I said.

"Well, there you are," he said.

He fidgeted about with his killing-bottle and things, then made a hopeless sort of sound like an engine letting off steam.

"We must consider means of escape," I said. "People come here sometimes, no doubt."

"Only boys out of bounds," said Morris faintly. "Oh, what would I give to see the face of Freckles peep over the top!"

"It's impossible," I told him. "Freckles is spending the holidays with some cousins in Scotland. But there are often keepers in in the woods, to look after the game."

"Then we must shout at intervals, night and day—as long as we've got the strength to do it," said Morris.

"Before each shout we will eat a sandwich to increase our strength," I said. But Morris fancied half a sandwich would be safer.

I thought it wasn't much good beginning by starving ourselves. In adventures nobody begins by starving—they end like that; but Morris, who has a watch, looked at it and said the time was only half past ten, and that, even if we were safe and within reach of food, we should not eat any for two hours and a half. But I said plainly I could not wait that time, and it ended by our dividing the food into two heaps of exactly the same size to a crumb. And I ate a sandwich boldly and fearlessly, but Morris shook his head and said it was foolhardy.

He took a very hopeless view from the first, and even thought that perhaps, when my food was all gone and his hardly begun, I should turn on him with the fierceness of starvation and tear his food away from him. But I said: "No, Morris. Whatever tortures I may suffer, I am a gentleman; and I would rather die a hundred times than take as much as one seed out of your piece of cake."

This comforted him rather. He put his hand on his chin and stared before him in a very feeble manner.

"Death is death——" he began again.

"That's the third time you've said that," I told him; "and if you say it once more, I'll punch your head! Now, I'm going to utter the first great shout, and I hope it may bring a keeper—not Thomas or Waxy West, for they are both very hard and beastly men, and very likely wouldn't rescue us even if they knew we were here; but the under-keeper, Masters. He will certainly save us; and if he does, I'll give him my packet of cigarettes."

I shouted six times; then I shouted six more times; then I told Morris to have a shout. But he made such a piffling, feeble squeak that you could hardly have heard him a quarter of a mile off.

"Lucky I can howl," I said, "or we should both be done for, without a doubt. Why, a lamb that has lost its mother would get up more row than that."

Morris was rather hurt at this. He explained that he was making an Australian sound taught him by Freckles.

"It may not be loud," he said, "but it is a well-known sound in Australia, and travels great distances, especially over water."

The mention of water made us go and look at the pond. I was frightfully thirsty by now and drank some. It was grey in colour, but clear when seen in my straw hat, and quite wholesome to the taste. Morris doubted, but still he drank. I advised him to catch some dragon-flies, and he said he would after the next time for shouting had come. We arranged that I should shout every half-hour, and Morris wanted to give me one sandwich from his store as payment for the exertion of shouting; but I scorned it, and told him I would not think of doing so.

After the second shouting, which did nothing, I used my sling a bit and nearly hit a bird, and Morris caught a dragon-fly and let it go out of pity; and then he caught another and kept it, to see if the killing-bottle would kill it. It did. After a minute and a half in the bottle the dragon was gone; and we shook him out and examined his beautiful markings of yellow and black, and his transparent wings, that had the colours of the rainbow on them when the sun fell on them in a particular manner.

Morris stroked it in a sorrowful way.

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"It is out of its misery now. I wish me and you were," he said.

I said we hadn't begun our misery yet. I advised him to eat a sandwich, and he did, but very reluctantly.

He said that water would keep life in the human frame for many weeks. He also said that he felt, in a damp place like this, we might easily get pneumonia. He wondered if I hadn't better shout every quarter of an hour. He also thought his watch was going far too slow, owing to his fall down the side of the quarry. The sun had gone behind some rather dark clouds, and we couldn't be sure where it was.

The only thing that happened during the next hour was that the dragon-fly came to again, not being dead, but merely insensible. It lifted a paw rather feebly to its forehead and evidently had a headache. Then it took a step or two and shivered a lot. Somehow it greatly cheered Morris, the dragon-fly recovering. He said it had come out of the jaws of death, and so perhaps we should. He gave it an atom of tongue out of a sandwich, but it was not up to eating and turned away from it. Then Morris got it some water to wet its glittering tail. This certainly refreshed it, and so Morris dashed a few drops on its head, which refreshed it still more. At half past two it rose and flew several inches, and at three it disappeared.

By this time I had eaten all my sandwiches and drunk tons of water, and was peeling my first hard-boiled egg.

Suddenly Morris had an idea. He had only eaten one sandwich, and was, of course, famishing with hunger. He said—

"If you write a message and tie it round a stone and sling it into space, it might be found and read. Then a rescue party would be arranged, and we should be saved."

It was pretty good for Morris, and I took out my pocket-book instantly and wrote three messages. And he wrote three. He said it was like men on sinking ships, who send off messages in bottles that are found many years afterwards in Iceland. And I said it was. Of course, we hoped one at least of the six messages might be found pretty soon. Years afterwards was no good to us.

I merely wrote—

"Lost in Great Wood Quarry and unable to get out. Arnold Foster. Come at once."

And Morris wrote—

"At the point of death in Great Wood Quarry. No escape. Food nearly done. A handsome reward will be given. William Arkwright Henderson Morris."

I asked him how he knew a handsome reward would be given, and he said he didn't, but that he felt it was a safe thing to say, and might make all the difference to anybody finding the message. Then I shot off the six messages wrapped round stones, and they easily flew over the edge of the quarry. I then shouted again and ate my first egg.

Just when it began to rain, Morris had another great idea.

He said: "Didn't you say something about a packet of cigarettes some time ago?"

And I said: "Yes, and I am glad you reminded me about them, because I just feel that one will do me a lot of good."

Then I pulled them out, and opened the packet, and took one, and lit it.

"It is very restful in such an adventure as this," I told Morris.

Then he explained his idea. It is well known that when you are learning to smoke, your appetite is often spoilt for a time. Now, Morris thought that if he smoked, he would not want food, and so much valuable food might be saved, and life prolonged, if necessary.

He said: "To you, who smoke so easily, no doubt it is no good; but I have never smoked, and if I took a cigarette and went through with it, it might turn me off eating for some time."

This was true, but I pointed out a great danger that Morris had forgotten.

"That is all right, and I will, of course, share my cigarettes with you, and as there are twenty, that will be ten each," I said; "but I must seriously warn you, Morris, that to a perfect beginner, like you, many things might happen besides merely a feeling against tongue sandwiches. You might be absolutely ill, and then——"

"All the food would be wasted," said Morris in a very tragic tone.

He turned quite white at this idea. He said it would be madness to do anything to weaken his system at such a critical time, and I said so, too. Then he asked me to go and smoke further off, because the very smell made him feel rather strange after what I had told him.

I smoked three cigarettes bang off, and they only made me hungrier than ever. Then the rain became rather bad, and at four o'clock we entered the cavern. At least, I did, but Morris stood at the door, ready to run out and shout if by a lucky chance anybody came in sight on the edge of the quarry. But nobody came, and the next serious thing was that my voice began to get husky after

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so much shouting. Morris said it was the cigarettes, but I told him it was owing to yelling all day every half-hour, which undoubtedly it was.

At six I went to sleep for some time in the cave, and Morris did not wake me, because he said that I was gaining strength by it. When I woke, it was getting darkish, and I thought it would be a good thing to make a fire. Morris thought so, too, and we made one ready with a lot of dead fern that Freckles had put long ago into the cavern. We took the paper that had wrapped up our lunch, and put it under the fern, and covered it with my coat to keep it dry; and after dark we lighted it, and it made a good blaze for a minute, but unfortunately went out, owing to the rain.

The rain, in fact, began to pour steadily, and it was a particularly dark evening. Morris became a simple worm after dark. He took a small bite out of a sandwich, and said his prayers from end to end every half-hour. I had only got my cake left now, and it seemed to me better to have one good meal and have done with it, than keep messing about like Morris was. So I finished my cake and tried to go to sleep again.

We found that water came through the roof of the cavern in rather large quantities, and Morris had a new terror. He said—

"If we can't get out of the quarry, then I don't see how water can get out; and so if it rains more than a certain amount, the quarry will get full, and we shall be drowned."

Which showed what a footling state of mind Morris had got into.

Presently I sneezed, and he said, of course, that it was the beginning of pneumonia. Then he asked for a match to see the time, and it was

"At one spot the descent was very perilous.

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"'Be you young varmint down there?'"

six minutes past ten. Then I shouted again at the cavern entrance, without result.

He kept on asking for matches to see the time, until there were only five left, and I said we must keep these for emergencies, and he said he supposed we must.

At last he went into a sort of sleep, after shedding some tears and pretending it was a cold in his head. Then I lighted a cigarette, and found, much to my surprise, that I was beginning to feel queer myself, with a sort of queerness quite new to me.

I woke Morris and told him that I was sorry to say I was ill; and he said he was undoubtedly ill, too, and had been dreaming of his mother, which he only did when very ill. He also asked me if I believed in

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ghosts, and I said I thought I did. And he said he always did.

There were some awfully strange noises happening outside at this time, and I sacrificed another match and found it was nearly one o'clock. Then we went to the mouth of the cavern and listened to a peculiar, creepy sound far off. The rain had stopped and a sloppy-looking moon was coming up. Morris shivered.

"That might be the mournful yell of some wretched ghost," he said.

"It's owls," I said, but he did not think so. He thought it was too miserable for owls.

It came nearer and certainly was not owls.

Then a thought struck me.

"It's a rescue party!" I said.

We shouted with all our might, and screamed and yelled, and presently there was an answering yell, and we felt that with any luck we were now saved. Soon torches gleamed through the trees, and there were sounds of human feet and language.

I said to Morris: "We are now saved, Morris, and if you are not going to eat your piece of caraway seed cake, I should very much like to."

And he said: "You can eat everything. I have such a feeling of thankfulness to be saved, that I couldn't eat for the moment, empty as I am. Besides, there will be supper provided."

A man shouted above us, and I heard the hated voice of Waxy West.

"Be you young varmint down there?" he cried out.

"Yes, we are, Mr. West," I answered him very loud. "We're doing no harm at all—merely waiting quietly to be rescued. We only came for dragon-flies, and the side of the quarry gave way, unfortunately, or we shouldn't have had to trouble you at such a late hour."

He growled in rather an unkind tone of voice, and we saw there were two other men with him. Then they began to make arrangements for the rescue, and one was told to go and get a rope.

"If ever I catch you in this place again, I'll break both your necks!" said Waxy West; and though this was rather strong, it comforted Morris in a way, because it showed that West hadn't found his messages offering a handsome reward. If there had been any question of that, he would have been polite and cringing; but he was just as usual.

We found out, after, that matron had got in a funk and gone to the big house, where the people belonging to Merivale Great Wood live; and the people had sent their keepers in all directions to find us.

These keepers got a rope and made knots in it and lowered it down, and told us that we must climb up it. And I let Morris go first, which he did; and then I went up, and the keepers saw us home.

I told Waxy West that I should mention the subject to my parents in India, and that I hoped they might send at least a pound to him; and he said it wasn't likely, because he'd done them the worst turn any man could. And he said that if I wanted to reward him, I would never go into Merivale Great Wood again; and I promised I wouldn't go in again for a full month, which he evidently didn't believe.

There was frightfully good tuck waiting for us at school, and the matron, who had been blubbing, said a great many rather unkind things while we ate it. But she promised not to tell Doctor Dunstan, and he does not know even to this day.

Morris didn't win the holiday competition, because, as he expected, both Slade and Thompson minor brought back dragon-flies. We might easily have gone to the quarry again, after the month I promised Waxy West was over, but nothing would tempt Morris to go, though I bought ten yards of good rope for my own use. However, he paid me sixpence for getting him back his killing-bottle and his butterfly-net and his caterpillar-box; and that was all to the good.

THE WHIRR OF WINGS.

ALONG a lonesome city street I strolled,
The afternoon autumnal, calm and cold;
A flock of pigeons hied past; as they flew,
Methought an angel tore the heaven's blanched blue!

CHARLES INNISS BOWEN.

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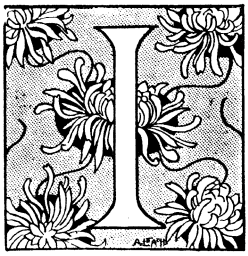
"THIS, MY SON—"

By L. G. MOBERLY.



"I AM sorry that our ways will part so soon, Mr. Musgrave; you have been good to an old man with a sore heart."

"I wish I could have done more," I said.

A smile crossed the handsome old face, the thin, blue-veined hand rested a moment on my arm, the eyes that were still so keen looked into mine.

"Sympathy is always helpful," he said, "and if—some day my quest is successful, and I find my boy—you must promise to come to Maltravers and let me thank you again. If—I find him."

The break in the quiet voice was very pathetic. I looked out silently over the shining sea without a word, watching the mist on the horizon that meant the Canary Islands, where I should leave the great vessel.

An unexpected piece of good fortune had fallen to my lot, seeing that I was still comparatively a youngster in the medical profession. I had been selected to spend some months at a small West African station, there to investigate the cause of a certain little known and deadly malarial fever.

And now I was nearing my goal, and only one thought lessened the excitement at the end of my voyage—I was genuinely sorry to say good-bye to the stately, gentle old man who stood beside me watching the sunny sea. He had been my neighbour in the dining-saloon, and we had become friends, until finally he told me of the strange quest upon which he was bound.

Lord Burnham (my old friend was the eighth earl of the name) was actually, in spite of his seventy and odd years, travelling to South Africa in search of a son who had disappeared there more than fifteen years before—a search which could not but appear to me a very visionary and impossible one.

"He is my only surviving son," Lord Burnham had said pathetically, when he first told me the story, "the only one left to me of my boys—and the heir of my house, now that they are gone. I think he would come back if he knew that I was a lonely old man. I should like him to come back—just for me—not for the estate and the title—but just for his old dad."

The story was a common enough one—the old, old story of the prodigal son.

"Denis," as his father called him, was the youngest of three brothers, and evidently from his boyhood a wild young scapegrace. Plainly he had gone near to breaking his father's heart, falling out of one scrape and into another as fast as he could, and finally leaving his friends and his country, and decamping to the South African gold-mines, fifteen years before.

He had been traced so far; then all clues ceased, and Denis Maltravers had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed him up.

"We left no stone unturned," Lord Burnham said, "but it seemed hopeless. Perhaps I shall find it hopeless now, but he is my heir. He is Lord Stanway, my heir! And I want him. I want my heir; but, most of all, I want my boy!"

The hopelessness of his quest certainly struck me acutely, and when he bade me farewell, I could not echo his cheery words.

"Good-bye, Mr. Musgrave," he said, "and good luck to you! May you find your microbe, and get great honour out of him!"

"Good-bye," I answered; "and you must take my good wishes, too. I hope——" The words stuck in my throat, but he did not notice it.

"I feel sure I shall find him," was his reply; "and when we are all safe home again, you must come and see us at Maltravers, and stay with my boy and me."

* * * * *

An atmosphere like the hottest hothouse in Kew Gardens. A sun that blazed down out of an uncompromisingly clear sky, with the heat of a seven times heated furnace, drawing out of the marshy ground ten thousand varied and unpleasant odours, chiefly those of an over-luxuriant and continually decaying vegetation.

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I lay back in the long cane chair, which was the coolest my room could supply, and thought maddening thoughts of green lanes and fresh English breezes, and gardens that smelt of roses.

My little wooden shanty, built on piles to raise it above the surrounding swamp, communicated with the tiny temporary hospital in which my studies of malaria were being carried on.

Three Europeans besides myself dwelt in this malodorous and fever-haunted spot—the agents of two trading companies and the wife of one of them, and all four of us already looked like washed-out rags of the colour of whitey-brown paper. The climate of Asbah is not a becoming one for European complexions, nor is it a healthy one for European constitutions.

But though I gasped like a fish, whilst I lay trying to forget English lanes and English roses, a glow of satisfaction nevertheless coloured my otherwise painful musings.

"My microbe," as Lord Burnham had called it, was becoming less and less elusive. I thought I was on his track at last; and if I could find him—really and truly find him—my name was made!

Perhaps my microbe and I would even have the superior honour of sharing a name, my remembrance would go down to posterity tacked on to the tail of this malaria fiend!

My thoughts grew mazed. I knew I was thinking nonsense, but the drowsiness would not be overcome, and I fell soundly asleep, to be awoke with a violent start that bathed me in cold perspiration as a voice spoke close to my ear.

"I'm so sorry, Doctor"—I awoke to look into the apologetic countenance of Mr. Reed, one of the agents—"but I knocked in vain. A poor chap has just staggered into my verandah in a state of utter collapse—a white man, too, poor beggar; and I thought perhaps you'd come and have a look at him."

"Yes, of course," I said thickly and sleepily, for I was only half awake. "Will you have him moved into the hospital, or what?"

"I don't know." Mr. Reed looked doubtful, and I got upon my feet and began collecting one or two necessary articles from the corner of the room which I used as a kind of inner surgery wherein to keep my special drugs and instruments. "He's awfully bad. I don't know about moving him, though, of course, he'd better be under your eye."

This remark I most heartily echoed when, a few minutes later, I stood beside the bed in Mr. Reed's bungalow, on which lay a man, in the very worst stage of the very malaria with which I was especially grappling.

He was quite unconscious, and his hands wandered restlessly to and fro in a way ominously significant of his grave condition. His linen garments had once been white, but they were now soiled beyond recognition, and torn and ragged into the bargain. His face was deeply lined and pitifully thin, and bore the marks of much privation and suffering. His age it was impossible to guess at. It might have been anything between forty and seventy, but no doubt he was younger than his worn appearance would have led one to suppose. Now and again he tossed and moaned, and a few words of English dropped from his lips, but they were disconnected and meaningless.

"He is an Englishman," Mr. Reed said, when he caught the words. "Heaven knows where he can have come from!"

"Was he able to explain anything?" I asked, and the agent shook his head.

"I was sitting reading," he said, "when I heard a step on the verandah, a queer, uncertain sort of step. I lifted the blinds and looked out, and there was this poor fellow tottering across towards me, his eyes staring straight in front of him, though he evidently saw nothing. He was babbling something incomprehensible, but before I could get to him he had stumbled and fallen—and it was all my servant and I could do to lift him in here."

What remedies were possible I applied at once, but it was perfectly obvious that the poor stranger needed careful nursing quite as much as doctoring; and to give him that, I must have him in the hospital, where I could bestow upon him my unremitting attention.

Mr. Reed watched beside him whilst I returned to make necessary preparations, and when the sun had gone down, and we dared to take the patient outside Mr. Reed's house, he was carried over to the bare room I dignified by the name of private ward.

My new patient was so desperately ill that the chances of saving him looked remote indeed; but I settled down to that awful struggle with Death—the struggle so familiar to every doctor and nurse—with a setting of the teeth both actual and metaphorical, and a grim determination to conquer in the struggle if such conquest were even remotely possible.

For an interminable week I fought the grim fight against overwhelming odds, each

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"I bent over him to say clearly: 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son.'"

day seeing my patient grow perceptibly weaker, day and night listening to the confused ramblings of a delirium from which he never emerged for a single instant, but which gave no real clue to his identity or to his sudden appearance at the station.

His talk was generally too incoherent to be followed at all, but sometimes I could catch stray words that bore reference to a perilous journey, to jungle wanderings, and he made constant references to a river and some place he anathematised bitterly as "that dismal swamp."

His prostration was so marked on the eighth day after his arrival, I almost began to despair of saving him; but my nature is optimistic, and I braced myself to a renewed struggle with the King of Terrors.

It was evening, the evening of the eighth day since his arrival, and I sat fanning my patient with a great palm-leaf fan, watching his drawn and wasted features by the dim light of a lamp that burned behind me.

The clumsy venetians of native construction were drawn aside, and only mosquito-curtains hung between us and the outer world, but not a breath of air stirred the heavy, steamy atmosphere.

I felt quite breathless myself, and the man on the bed lay like a log, gasping faintly, his hands spread out lifelessly on the sheets, his eyes fast closed, his mouth

partly open in the effort to inhale what air there was.

The long week's strain had told on me a little; an overpowering drowsiness lay on my heavy eyelids, and I think I must have dozed even though my hands mechanically continued to move the fan it held, for all at once a faint voice startled me into vivid wakefulness.

"I — do — believe — it's — an — Englishman!" the faint voice said, and the sentence was in itself a note of exclamation.

I looked at my patient. His sunken eyes were open, and gazing up at me with an expression of supreme amazement.

"And — I — don't believe — it's another dream," he ended wearily, his eyes closing again.

"No," I said quietly, "it is not a dream." I touched his brown hand gently. "It is quite real, I am an Englishman, and your doctor and nurse rolled into one. Now, will you drink this?"

I kept my voice as calm and unemotional as I could, for the sick man's features were working strangely, and in his eyes was an excitement which I did not want to increase.

He obediently drank what I held to his lips. Then he said in a rather stronger voice:

"Can God drag me out of the pit?" and a whimsical smile hovered about his lips, to die away instantaneously as a livid hue swept over his face, and I saw that the effort to speak had been too much for him.

He had fainted dead away.

The night that followed was the most critical of his whole illness, and I hardly dared believe my own senses, when daylight poured into the bedroom, and I realised that man who lay literally at the gates of death had not actually passed through those gloomy portals.

I scarcely dared leave him for a moment, and he seemed to be quite unconscious, hovering, I thought, in that dim borderland where life meets death, when suddenly his eyes opened again, and he whispered, so faintly that I could barely hear him:

"I—can't—get—it—right—I—can't—remember—how—it—goes—I—will—arise—arise—my father—what is it—I—will—arise——" the weak voice repeated, with a note of agonised entreaty, "how *does* it go?"

I bent over him to say clearly: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son."

"That's it," he murmured; "I—will—arise—and—say—I—am—not—worthy—— Well—I'm not—and yet——"

The feeble voice trailed away into silence, but the eyes still looked wistfully at me. He seemed to long to say more, and when I had revived him with brandy, he spoke again.

"You—see—one—thinks a lot—when—this cursed land gets its grip on one. I—can't—get—the—thoughts out of my mind."

"What thoughts?" I questioned gently.

"Why—of home—and—the—old—man. He's bound to be an old man by now, you see; and I—I'd like—to—go—and say: 'I am not worthy,' before I peg out altogether."

"We are not going to let you peg out," I said firmly. "Have you a father you want to go home and see?"

I put the question purposely. If I could put into the almost dying man a real desire to live—if I could persuade him to join me in that fight with Death, the issue was far more likely to be a victory for us.

"Yes," he said. "It came over me—I don't know when—it seems like months ago—up in the back swamps somewhere—it came upon me that I must go back to see the old man. I'm not likely—to get—much of a welcome—I—broke his heart!"

The intense bitterness, the poignant anguish in the weak voice made me put out my hand impetuously and lay it on his.

"Oh! but I believe fathers are like the father in the parable," I said. "The Prodigal Son received a fairly good sort of welcome."

The smile that was somehow so pathetic on the poor, thin face flashed over it again.

"Something—about—was dead—and is alive again," he murmured drowsily, "was — lost — and is — found. This — my — son——"

The sentence died away into the silence of renewed exhaustion; but, to my immense relief, the exhaustion took the form this time of a deep sleep, from which he did not wake for many hours. And whilst I sat in the silence, keeping watch over him, a real hope that he might win his battle with Death, after all, seized and held me.

It was drawing towards evening before he awoke and spoke again, and then he took up the conversation exactly where he had left it off before he fell asleep.

"Do you really think he'll say that to me?" he asked, his eyes very wistful—"'This—my—son,' I mean?" His voice was stronger and clearer. "You see, there are the other two—my brothers. They

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were always good fellows, I——" He broke off, and his head moved restlessly.

"They would have every right to say to me: 'Denis—my good chap—you've made your bed, and you've got to lie on it.'"

As he spoke, he laughed—a weak, shaky laugh; but I did not heed it. I scarcely even noticed the rest of the sentence, because the first word struck me with the force of a blow.

"*Denis!*" This man's name was Denis? Then could he be—was it possible that he could be the son of my dear old friend, Lord Burnham? Had the search ended at last? And had I—I—Jack Musgrave—found what had been lost for so long?

My first and natural impulse was to tell the sick man straight out that I knew his father, that he would receive a welcome far beyond his dreams, not to say his deserts, and that his brothers had passed out of his ken, leaving an undisputed field to him.

But—whether rightly or wrongly, the future only could decide—I held my hand. Some words of Lord Burnham danced before my eyes, and would not be dismissed from my memory: "I should like him to come back just for me—and not because of the estate and the title—just for his old dad."

And, remembering those words, I came to the sudden resolution to tell Denis Maltravers nothing of what I knew, unless such telling seemed absolutely necessary and unavoidable, but to let him go back of his own accord to the father who loved him so passionately.

Only a very few minutes after the resolution was made I felt that it was justified.

My patient, who had lain very quiet for a long time, spoke once more—

"I've been a pretty bad lot, you know, but—through it all—I've never forgotten the old dad—and I've tried—not to soil—the old name. I—never meant to go home again—and I've wandered—East and West and North—in this cursèd land—but I never meant to go home—till—the other day." His eyes grew dreamy, then he went on, after a pause: "It was away in the back swamps that something seemed to come to me—an overpowering, overmastering longing to see my old dad again. I laughed at myself—I told myself I was a fool—but I couldn't shake the longing off. It wouldn't go. I kept on remembering things out of a long-ago past: a past when I was an innocent lad, before I began to go the way that led me to—this. But most of all I thought of the dear old dad, and I—wondered," here his hands moved uneasily, "I wondered whether he—ever missed me—whether he ever wanted to see me again! He was always such a loving, tender-hearted old fellow, and he was father and mother in one to us boys. I wondered if I'd go——"

"And how did you make up your mind?" I asked, with suppressed eagerness, when he paused.

"I made up my mind to go," he answered slowly, "away up there in the ghastliest jungle you ever dreamt of, amongst swamps it makes me shudder to remember—I made up my mind to go home! I kept on saying, over and over to myself: 'I will arise and go to my father: I will arise and go to my father'—I believe that was the only thing that kept me sane, for I was alone up there amongst the swamps—and—it would have been easier to go mad than to stay sane. I think I *was* half mad sometimes."

A little shudder shook him, and a long, long silence came again.

"I got the name of the place fixed in my mind," he said presently. "I was determined to come here and make my start for home. I fancy I was delirious for days before I got here, but I kept the name Asbah in my head all the time, and I kept saying it over and over again with those other words: 'I will arise and go to my father.'"

"Those were amongst the first words you spoke when you were conscious," I said gently.

"They've never gone out of my brain," was the reply, "and when I saw you—when I realised that I was just about as ill as a man can be, I made a kind of vow that I was going to fight for my life, and for the chance of telling the old man that I mean to make a fresh start—though I—am—not worthy——"

"I am sure——" I began, but he cut me short.

"Perhaps he'll give me a fresh start somewhere in a Colony. I couldn't exactly expect him to set me up at his own front door: I only want to see him again and to know he's forgiven me."

Though he had not told me in so many words who he was, I was as certain by now of his identity as if I had seen his baptismal certificate, and the very next day he confirmed my suspicions fully by unconsciously letting slip his father's name. But I still maintained silence as to my acquaintance with Lord Burnham: I wanted the prodigal son to go home solely on his own initiative, just as his father had longed for him to do. The only step I felt justified in taking was

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"He laid an arm about his son's shoulder and drew him up the steps."

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to go to the telegraph-station and send a telegram to Lord Burnham's home address: "I have news of your son. He will reach home soon."

I knew the telegram would be forwarded to the old earl, and end the suspense and anxiety he had so long endured.

* * * * *

My patient and I travelled home together. My work was done, and successfully done, I am glad to say, and I was able to act as escort to the man who still called himself Denis Maltravers, with no idea that he was now Lord Stanway and heir to one of the proudest earldoms in England.

He had not wired to his father to say he was coming, but I did so; and when we reached London, I wrote to prepare the old man for his son's arrival, and explain to him that Denis had no idea that I was already acquainted with him. Denis was still too much of an invalid to travel quite alone to Maltravers, and I therefore accompanied him by his father's express wish.

I shall never forget his face when, at the little wayside railway station, he caught sight of his father's carriage and pair waiting, whilst a tall man in livery came at once to the window of our compartment.

"It is Lord Stanway, sir?" he said, touching his hat. "We're pleased to welcome you home, my lord."

My patient looked at the man vacantly.

"Why do you say that?" he exclaimed. "I'm not Lord Stanway—I'm—plain"—then he broke off and said quickly—

"You can't mean that my brothers—that I——" And all the time the man was helping him out of the carriage, whilst I collected the rugs and bags.

"You are Lord Stanway now, my lord," was the man's quiet but respectful answer, and Denis looked too dazed to answer, much less to contradict again.

He was very silent during the long drive along the peaceful English lanes; only once he turned to me with a smile—

"Don't they look good—and *green?*" he exclaimed, and then he never spoke another word till we had swept up the historic avenue and drawn up to the great hall door.

Lord Burnham stood out upon the steps, the sun shining on his stately, white head, his blue eyes dim, his hands shaking with excitement, but with an air of quiet dignity, yet of heartfelt joy that could not be hidden.

Through the open door behind him I caught a glimpse of a great bevy of men and women, and I knew instinctively that the dear old man had assembled his whole household to do honour to his heir.

"My boy," he said, as his son stumbled up the steps, "my boy—at last," and their hands were locked together in a long, close clasp that seemed as though it would never end.

Next I heard the low, triumphant words in Lord Burnham's voice as he laid an arm about his son's shoulder and drew him up the steps.

"And you came home for me—only for *me?* You never knew that the others had left me, and that—this," he swept his hand round, "is your inheritance?"

"No—I never knew—I never guessed," the younger voice faltered. "I don't know now how you knew I was coming. I only meant to creep home and tell you," the voice dropped, "I was not worthy to—to——"

They had reached the top of the steps by now, and were facing the serried mass of men and women in the hall.

The younger man's voice died into silence, because his father drew him forward into full view of the assembled company.

Then the old man lifted his head with a little proud gesture; but the look in his face, the break in his voice, brought a lump into all our throats, made all our eyes dim.

"This—my—son," he said, and then he stopped, and choked like the rest of us, "this—my son——"

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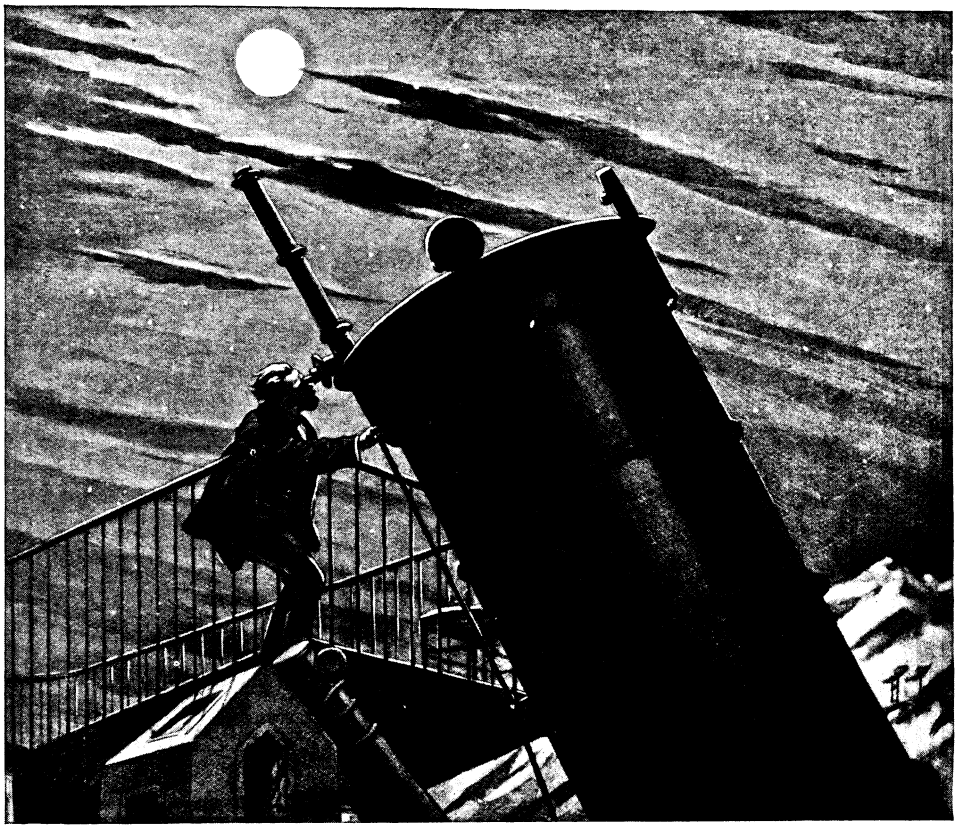

About the Moon.

By CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

The clear light of the moon slept upon the waves.—*Victor Hugo.*

FAR removed from the turmoil of a world the toils of which eat away the lives of the majority of men, we, in the calm silence of night, contemplate that most sublime of spectacles, the immensity of the heavens, whilst the pale disc of the moon reigns peacefully above and is mirrored below in a limitless sea. Thought takes us to that solitary planet, the moon, who, on her part, seems to regard us with friendly eyes.

Elevating the telescope towards her, we fancy ourselves still in our own domain, for is she not almost a suburb of the terrestrial city ?

It is on our satellite that it would be necessary to place a frontier "Customs," and make travellers pay duty, if commercial traffic were possible between us and other worlds. A visit to this celestial isle would naturally be the first stop for anyone making a voyage from the skies.

The distance from the earth to the moon is 238,818 miles, which is thirty times the diameter of the earth. This distance, calculated by geometry, is arrived at in the ordinary way in which terrestrial measurements are taken. It is necessary to say this, for however rash such an assertion may appear, the space which separates the earth from the moon is even more exactly known than that which divides Edinburgh from London.

What is Known about the Moon.

Let us try, then, to imagine this distance in our thoughts, try to bring it home to our

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understandings. Suppose a cannon-ball were continuously traversing space, at the rate of 550 yards a second, it would take eight days and five hours to get to the moon.

Sound travels at the rate of 364 yards a second, with the air at zero Centigrade (32° Fahr.), therefore if the space which separates the earth from the moon were filled entirely with air, the noise of an explosion, if sufficiently powerful to be heard here, would not reach our ears until thirteen days and twenty hours had elapsed from the time of its occurrence in the moon.

In bulk the moon is but a forty-ninth part of that of the earth; that is to say, it would take forty-nine moons to form our world, and sixty-two millions of moons to fashion a body as large as the sun; whilst to bridge the space between the sun and moon would take thirty of our worlds!

It is our close proximity to the moon which has made it possible for us to have drawn of it a map of geographical precision.

On looking at the moon through a telescope, we see that its ordinary aspect has changed, and that the shadow of a vague human countenance, with which popular imagination has for centuries been familiar, has disappeared. The eyes and the mouth have become immense plains; the cheeks and the chin bristle with mountains, and we find ourselves confronted by an earth in the sky.

Some of the vast cavities which we see are several miles in depth, and from sixty to a hundred and twenty miles in width. Colossal Alps and giant Apennines, which rise to the height of between three and four miles, break upon our sight; deep, hollow, abrupt ramparts, angular ridges, valleys, dells, and numberless crevasses—all, and a thousand topographical details, are brought plainly to view in the vast field of the telescope. As an instrument which enlarges an image gives to us the same result as we should get by our near approach to it, we see by its aid, as plainly as though we were at each place, the contours and the general formations of the "Sea of the Crisis," of the "Sea of Serenity," and of the "Ocean of the Tempests"—all those formations, those great grey spots, the nature of which is still shrouded in mystery, and to which we have given the name of "seas," naming them thus when we had no suspicion of their state of dryness, and when we believed we saw in them miniatures of those in our own globe.*

M. Lœwy and M. Puiseux have taken from the Paris Observatory some very wonderful photographs of the lunar world; these have been taken to embrace each phase of the first quarter. The proofs obtained permit of their being counted amongst the best.† The sun lights up the left part of the lunar lands, thus we see these clearly in relief.

One recognises at first view the characteristic circular form of these mountain ranges. The great circle on the right, of which the base is remarkably flat, is that known as Ptolemy, one of the most gigantic which exists on the moon's surface, its diameter being about 115 miles, and the chain of mountains which borders it rise, in some places, to the height of a mile and a quarter to a mile and a half.

The large circle on the left bears the name of Albatizin, being called after that Arabian astronomer. Under Ptolemy is to be noted a small, very black, circle, into which the light of the sun has never penetrated; the depth of this circle Herschel estimates as no less than twenty-five miles. Near this I have a spot of my own! the circle Flammarion, the diameter of which is about fifty-two miles.

One cannot help remarking the great number of circles, of every size and dimension, which touch each other, and even encroach one upon another. This topography in the lunar sphere is totally different from that which pertains upon our globe.

In the moon we cannot accept these circles as extinct volcanoes, for as we can see in them no central cones, we cannot explain to ourselves how, without these, matter could have issued itself, or irruptions have formed themselves into, such flat circles as those which spread, for example, round Ptolemy. It seems that these circles, rather than having been formed by volcanic action, are the result of the bursting forth of gaseous emissions from the centre of the globe, and as the largest are evidently the oldest, they probably date from the time when the crust of the moon was no more than a very thin coating. Obviously the result of great geological upheavals of a very early epoch are these unfathomable gulfs, enormous inflations, and gigantic landslips. It seems as though the moon has, in times long past, been the theatre of a fantastic combat of the

* The theory of these formations having been seas has been of late years entirely abandoned.

† The moon was first photographed by Dr. Draper, of New York, in 1840. Bond, in 1850, made successful photographs, so too, later, did De la Rue, and an American named Rutherfurd.

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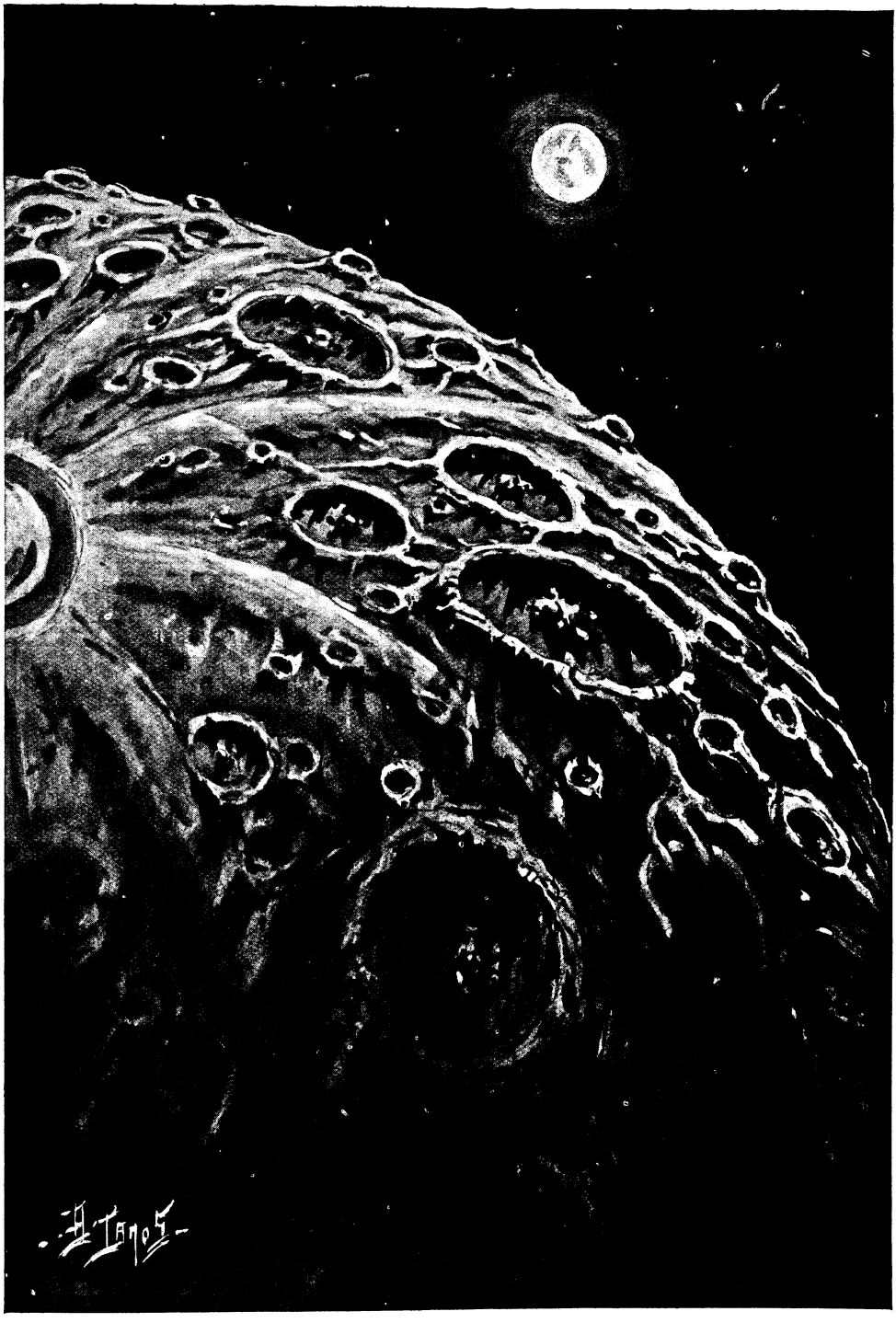

THE APPEARANCE OF THE MOON'S COATING AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

The grooves, fissures, and innumerable pits in her surface give us the impressions of the rind of certain fruits.

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elements, and that not until its forces were exhausted did it gain peace.

The Domain of Calm and Rest.

And now nothing troubles any longer the serenity of the planet. In examining the moon we note none of those physical causes which make of the earth a vast laboratory, where the elements either attract or repel each other. None of those tumultuous tempests which descend upon both our seas and lands occur there; no wind blows, nor is there any cloud to veil the sky, and neither rain, hail, nor snow descends. This globe which shines upon us with so pure a light appears as the domain of perfect peace, yet this peace has really reached it from premature old age, for the moon, that daughter of the earth, is more aged than is her mother; having passed more rapidly through the phases of astral life, she, to whom we have given the chaste names of Diana and Phœbe, is worn out by several millions of years of wanton waste of her powers.

On her surface there is nothing to show either condensation of vapour or evaporation of water; the atmosphere itself, if it should exist, must be one of extreme rarefaction. However, one must not, from these things, be in too great a hurry to read a funeral oration over the moon, as she has not as yet been proved to be a dead world. All the astronomers who have, for centuries past, studied, with attention, the details of our satellite, have thought that they have from time to time noted change in her aspect.*

Two centuries ago; Fontenelle, in his spirited "Entretiens," tells, in his talk with the Marquise, of his having seen in the moon semblance to the figure of a girl whose aspect and attitude had certainly changed. "'She had originally a pretty enough face,'" said he. "'The cheeks were certainly sunken in, the nose was slightly long, and the forehead and chin somewhat advanced; then all that was agreeable in the face faded and she was threatened with extinction.' 'What are you telling me?' interrupted the Marquise. 'This is no joke, I assure you,' returns the other, 'you really can see a peculiar figure in the moon, which resembles the head of a woman as she issues from between the rock, and variations have certainly taken place there. Pieces of mountain have fallen, and brought to view fresh points, and these now only serve to represent the forehead, nose and chin, not of a girl, but of an old woman.'"

Recent telescopic investigations and minute examination of photographs lead us to believe that enigmatic changes are still going on upon the surface of this little world, and at one of the last meetings of the Astronomical Society of France, M. Puiseux and M. Deseilligny pointed out certain probable variations in the countries of the moon. These, however, are as nothing compared to those changes which we see as occurring in both Mars and Jupiter, upheavals which from time to time completely change the aspect of those planets.

The moon gives us the impression that she is a sleeping world, so silent and desolate is her appearance. A land without water and without atmosphere is one, consequently, without a heaven, without colour and without a voice, for the azure vault which crowns the earth, the gorgeous hues which colour our sky at dawn and eve, the thousand voices of Nature—none of these can exist without atmosphere. To such conditions of existence we should find it very hard to accommodate ourselves!

That life in that earth in the sky would be hard for mortals, is no reason for our affirming that it is to be for ever banished from it. Nature is so rich in processes, so varied in her productions, and so multiple and complex in her effects, that she may have created on our satellite organisms, very different from ours, which are appropriate to the physiological state of that world. Other worlds, other beings!

Our present means of investigation are too insufficient to permit us to arrive at any conclusion either for or against the moon being inhabited.

The most powerful optical instruments as yet constructed admit of an object being magnified about 2,000 or 2,500 times; or, if the air is calm, and the atmosphere without waves of either heat or cold, the magnifying power may go so far as to be increased up to 3,000 times. This last, however, is a maximum not to be reached in cities, where the air is full of dust, but only from some observatory situated at considerable altitude. Under this most advantageous circumstance, which permits of an object being magnified 3,000 times, we are separated from the moon but by a distance of 80 miles!

Now, what can we see 80 miles off?

When we look down upon the earth from a balloon that has risen even to the height

* Herschel imagined that he observed volcanoes in activity.

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THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

The moon is covered with mountains from four to five miles high, which have a formidable aspect, rising, as they do, perpendicularly from the plains and casting deep shadows upon them. The silver disc of the earth mounts in the heavens, covering this strange landscape with a dazzling light, which is fourteen times more powerful than that which we receive from the moon. Our artist, in the aspect of the lunar surface which he shows us, has depicted it on the precise lines shown by telescopic photography.

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of three miles, its surface appears desolate and silent certainly, but a veritable marvel. It is therefore very regrettable that there is no person in the moon who can contemplate our globe.

We must not humiliate ourselves to the point of supposing that the inhabitants of a world vassal to ours could reason better than could do the large number of those who inhabit the suzerain planet, and who only see in the starry heavens bright points and celestial fires lit in the infinity to illumine our nights, and never give a thought as to the nature of those sister worlds scattered in profusion in the profundities.

In popular opinion the moon influences the changes of the weather, the state of the atmosphere, plants, men, eggs, grain, and even stones and monuments.

The word "moon" enters in different forms into each language; there is the *Lune de Miel*, the honeymoon, as there is the *Lune Rousse*, "Blackthorn winter." What truth is there in those traditions? To say "None" would not be exact, for they are not, perhaps, entirely baseless.

"I am delighted to see you come back to me," said Louis XVIII. to the members composing a deputation to the Bureau de Longitudes, "for you can explain to me what the *Lune Rousse* is, and what are its effects upon the harvests."

La Place,* to whom more particularly these words were addressed, was nonplussed. He who had written so much about the moon had never given a thought to the *Lune Rousse*, and the king that evening made merry over the embarrassment into which his question had plunged the members of the deputation. One knows now that it is as a consequence of the purity of the atmosphere that nocturnal congelation of plants occurs, and that to this phenomenon neither the April nor any other moon contributes anything. There are many other misdeeds put down to the moon of which she is quite innocent, but in reply to every question regarding them that I have propounded to those people who have asserted such things, I have never been told of a single conclusive experience. We are not able absolutely to deny these popular delusions, but observation and discussion do not authorise us to share in them. Science cannot admit that which has not been proved.

* La Place, "the Newton of France," was one of the greatest physical astronomers and mathematicians who ever lived, of whom Fourier said: "He would have completed the science of the sky, had that science been capable of completion."

THE FLUTTERING HEART.

SHEPHERD boy, shepherd boy,
Take my heart and sing it:
Dip it in the greeny well, cast it on the breeze;
Wind it through the lushy grass, let the wood-gnomes fling it
High toward the white moon softly shining through the trees.

Shepherd boy, shepherd boy,
Take my heart and free it:
Give it to the leaping wind, loose it on the hill,
Let it fall with falling leaves, dance where none shall see it,
Fade beneath a red rose, and be buried where it will.

Shepherd boy, shepherd boy,
Take my heart, and keep it:
Let it go where your feet go, rest where your feet rest,
Wind within your heart of hearts—none shall miss or weep it—
Sing whene'er your heart sings—like a bird within its nest.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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HELENA'S PATH.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Common opinion said that Lord Lynborough ought never to have had a peerage and forty thousand a year; he ought to have had a pound a week and a back bedroom in Bloomsbury. Then he would have become an eminent man; as it was, he turned out only a singularly erratic individual. Miss Gilletson had been studying the local paper, which appeared every Saturday, and reached Nab Grange on the following morning. She uttered an exclamation and read out to the Marchesa: "'Lord Lynborough, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Leonard Stabb, the well-known authority on prehistoric remains, and Mr. Roger Wilbraham, his private secretary, arrived at the Castle on Friday.'" Helena Vittoria Maria Antonia, Marchesa di San Servolo, was now in her twenty-fourth year. Born of an Italian father and an English mother, she had bestowed her hand on her paternal country, but her heart remained in her mother's. She was early left a widow—stepmother of adult Italian offspring—owner for life of an Apennine fortress. She liked the fortress, but disliked the stepchildren, and England—her mother's home—presented itself in the light of refuge. Nab Grange was in the market. It had served for a family dower-house, till a bad race-meeting had induced the squire of the day to sell it to a Mr. Cross of Leeds. The Crosses held and the Marchesa bought it a year before Lord Lynborough came home. Now, it had long been the custom for residents at the Castle to gain the beach by a short cut through the grounds of Nab Grange, but the Marchesa would have preferred that strangers should not pass across her property, in full view of her windows, without her permission, and thus it happened that on a Sunday morning in June, Captain Irons and Mr. Stillford, walking back through the Scarsmoor grounds from Fillby church, found the gate leading from the road into the Grange meadows securely padlocked. Lord Lynborough wrote a formal letter of remonstrance, with a request to her Excellency to have the kindness to order that the padlock and other obstacles should be removed, and concluding: "He will be obliged by this being done before eight o'clock to-morrow morning—at which time Lord Lynborough intends to proceed by Beach Path to the sea in order to bathe." The plot thickens as the members of the two households become further acquainted by various meetings incidental to the polite warfare that is maintained. Miss Gilletson, for instance, is quite won over to the enemy's side after a meeting with Lord Lynborough over the family tombs and brasses in the village church, and the Marchesa herself cannot help making friends with Mr. Roger Wilbraham, and by the time a village cricket match is played the two households are sufficiently acquainted to inspire Lord Lynborough with the hope that the haughty Marchesa has been left to lunch alone "on the other side of the field," but he finds her ladyship merrily entertaining his own henchmen, Wilbraham and Stabb, and is forced to realise that he is "not the only expert in the art of driving wedges." Disaffection develops rapidly among the members of both house-parties, so that both Lord Lynborough and the Marchesa incur the criticism of their own guests for their manner of prolonging the quarrel. In the previous instalment Lady Norah Mountliffey has gone to see Lord Lynborough on a little embassage of her own. Our artist here shows her being escorted back by Roger Wilbraham. Further correspondence passes with a view to some compromise as to the use of the disputed pathway.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EMBASSAGE.

THE Marchesa's last words to Lady Norah betrayed the state of her mind. While the question of the path was pending, she had been unable to think of anything else; until it was settled she could think of nobody except of the man in whose hands the settlement lay. Whether Lynborough attracted or repelled, he at least occupied and filled her thoughts. She had come to recognise where she stood and to face the position. Stillford's steady pessimism left her no hope from an invocation of the law; Lynborough's dexterity and resource promised her no abiding victory—at best only precarious temporary successes—in a private continuance of the struggle. Worst of all—while she chafed or wept, he laughed! Certainly not to her critical friends, hardly even to her proud self, would she confess that she lay in her antagonist's mercy; but the feeling of that was in her heart. If so, he could humiliate her sorely.

Could he spare her? Or would he? Try how she might, it was hard to perceive how he could spare her without abandoning his right. That she was sure he would not do; all she heard of him, every sharp intuition of him which she had, the mere glimpse of his face as he passed by on Sandy Nab, told her that.

But if he consented to pay a small—a nominal—rent, would not her pride be spared? No. That would be victory for him; she would be compelled to surrender what she had haughtily refused, in return for something which she did not want and which was of no value. If that were a cloak for her pride, the fabric of it was terribly threadbare. Even such concession as lay in such an offer she had wrung from him by setting his friends against him; would that incline him to tenderness? The offer might leave his friends still unreconciled; what comfort was that to her when once the fight and the excitement of countering blow with blow were done—when all was over? And it was more likely that what seemed to her cruel

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Roger Wilbraham escorts Lady Norah back to Nab Grange.

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would seem to Stabb and Roger reasonable—men had a terribly rigid sense of reason in business matters. They would return to their allegiance; her friends would be ranged on the same side; she would be alone—alone in humiliation and defeat. From that fate in the end only Lynborough himself could rescue her; only the man who threatened her with it could avert it. And how could even he, save by a surrender which he would not make? Yet if he found out a way!

The thought of that possibility—though she could devise or imagine no means by which it might find accomplishment—carried her towards Lynborough in a rush of feeling. The idea—never wholly lost even in her moments of anger and dejection—came back—the idea that all the time he had been playing a game, that he did not want the wounds to be mortal, that in the end he did not hate. If he did not hate, he would not desire to hurt. But he desired to win. Could he win without hurting? Then there was a reward for him—applause for his cleverness, and gratitude for his chivalry.

Stretching out her arms towards Scarsmoor Castle, she vowed that according to his deeds she could hate or love Lord Lynborough. The next day was to decide that weighty question.

The fateful morning arrived—the last day of the armistice—the twenty-third. The ladies were sitting on the lawn after breakfast when Stillford came out of the house with a quick step and an excited air.

"Marchesa," he said, "the Embassy has arrived! Stabb and Wilbraham are at the front door, asking an audience of you. They bring the proposal!"

The Marchesa laid down her book; Miss Gilletson made no effort to conceal her agitation.

"Why didn't they come by the path?" cried Norah.

"They couldn't very well; Lynborough's sent them in a carriage—with postillions and four horses," Stillford answered gravely. "The postillions appear to be amused, but the Ambassadors are exceedingly solemn."

The Marchesa's spirits rose. If the piece were to be a comedy, she could play her part! The same idea was in Stillford's mind. "He can't mean to be very unpleasant if he plays the fool like this," he said, looking round on the company with a smile.

"Admit the Ambassadors!" cried the Marchesa gaily.

The Ambassadors were ushered on to the lawn. They advanced with a gravity befitting the occasion, and bowed low to the Marchesa. Roger carried a roll of paper of impressive dimensions. Stillford placed chairs for the Ambassadors and, at a sign from the Marchesa, they seated themselves.

"What is your message?" asked the Marchesa. Suddenly nervousness and fear laid hold of her again; her voice shook a little.

"We don't know," answered Stabb. "Give me the document, Roger."

Roger Wilbraham handed him the scroll.

"We are charged to deliver this to your Excellency's adviser, and to beg him to read it to you in our presence." He rose, delivered the scroll into Stillford's hands, and returned, majestic in his bulk, to his seat.

"You neither of you know what's in it?" the Marchesa asked.

They shook their heads.

The Marchesa took hold of Norah's hand and said quietly, "Please read it to us, Mr. Stillford. I should like you all to hear."

"That was also Lord Lynborough's desire," said Roger Wilbraham.

Stillford unrolled the paper. It was all in Lynborough's own hand—written large and with fair flourishes. In mockery of the institution he hated, he had cast it in a form which at all events aimed at being legal; too close scrutiny on that score perhaps it would not abide successfully.

"Silence while the document is read!" said Stillford; and he proceeded to read it in a clear and deliberate voice:—

"'Sir Ambrose Athelstan Caverly, Baronet, Baron Lynborough of Lynborough in the County of Dorset and of Scarsmoor in the County of Yorkshire, unto her Excellency Helena Vittoria Maria Antonia, Marchesa di San Servolo, and unto All to whom these Presents Come, Greeting. Whereas the said Lord Lynborough and his predecessors in title have been ever entitled as of right to pass and repass along the path called Beach Path leading across the lands of Nab Grange from the road bounding the same on the west to the seashore on the east thereof, and to use the said path by themselves, their agents and servants, at their pleasure, without let or interference from any person or persons whatsoever——'"

Stillford paused and looked at the Marchesa. The document did not begin in a conciliatory manner. It asserted the right to use Beach Path in the most uncompromising way.

"Go on," commanded the Marchesa, a little flushed, still holding Norah's hand.

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"'And Whereas the said Lord Lynborough is desirous that his right as above defined shall receive the recognition of the said Marchesa, which recognition has hitherto been withheld and refused by the said Marchesa: And Whereas great and manifold troubles have arisen from such refusal: And Whereas the said Lord Lynborough is desirous of dwelling in peace and amity with the said Marchesa——'"

"There, Helena, you see he is!" cried Norah triumphantly.

"I really must not be interrupted," Stillford protested. "'Now Therefore the said Lord Lynborough, moved thereunto by divers considerations and in chief by his said desire to dwell in amity and goodwill, doth engage and undertake that, in consideration of his receiving a full, gracious, and amicable recognition of his right from the said Marchesa, he shall and will, year by year and once a year, to wit on the Feast of St. John Baptist, also known as Midsummer Day——'"

"Why, that's to-morrow!" exclaimed Violet Dufaure.

Once more Stillford commanded silence. The Terms of Peace were not to be rudely interrupted just as they were reaching the most interesting point. For up to now nothing had come except a renewed assertion of Lynborough's right!

"'That is to say the twenty-fourth day of June—repair in his own proper person, with or without attendants as shall seem to him good, to Nab Grange or such other place as may then and on each occasion be the abode and residence of the said Marchesa, and shall and will present himself in the presence of the said Marchesa at noon. And that he then shall and will do homage to the said Marchesa for such full, gracious, and amicable recognition as above mentioned by falling on his knee and kissing the hand of the said Marchesa. And if the said Lord Lynborough shall wilfully or by neglect omit so to present himself and so to pay his homage on any such Feast of St. John Baptist, then his said right shall be of no effect and shall be suspended (And he hereby engages not to exercise the same) until he shall have purged his contempt or neglect by performing his homage on the next succeeding Feast. Provided Always that the said Marchesa shall and will, a sufficient time before the said Feast in each year, apprise and inform the said Lord Lynborough of her intended place of residence, in default whereof the said Lord Lynborough shall not be bound to pay his homage and shall suffer no diminution of his right by reason of the omission thereof. Provided Further and Finally that whensoever the said Lord Lynborough shall duly and on the due date as in these Presents stipulated present himself at Nab Grange or elsewhere the residence for the time being of the said Marchesa, and claim to be admitted to the presence of the said Marchesa and to perform his homage as herein prescribed and ordered, the said Marchesa shall not and will not, on any pretext or for any cause whatsoever, deny or refuse to accept the said homage so duly proffered, but shall and will in all gracious condescension and neighbourly friendship extend and give her hand to the said Lord Lynborough, to the end and purpose that, he rendering and she accepting his homage in all mutual trust and honourable confidence, Peace may reign between Nab Grange and Scarsmoor Castle so long as they both do stand. In Witness whereof the said Lord Lynborough has affixed his name on the Eve of the said Feast of St. John Baptist.—LYNBOROUGH.'"

Stillford ended his reading, and handed the scroll to the Marchesa with a bow. She took it and looked at Lynborough's signature. Her cheeks were flushed, and her lips struggled not to smile. The rest were silent. She looked at Stillford, who smiled back at her and drew from his pocket—a stylographic pen.

"Yes," she said, and took it.

She wrote below Lynborough's name:—"In Witness whereof, in a desire for peace and amity, in all mutual trust and honourable confidence, the said Marchesa has affixed her name on this same Eve of the said Feast of St. John Baptist.—HELENA DI SAN SERVOLO."

She handed it back to Stillford. "Let it dry in the beautiful sunlight," she said.

The Ambassadors rose to their feet. She rose too and went over to Stabb with outstretched hands. A broad smile spread over Stabb's spacious face. "It's just like Ambrose," he said to her as he took her hands. "He gets what he wants—but in the prettiest way!"

She answered him in a low voice: "A very knightly way of saving a foolish woman's pride." She raised her voice. "Bid Lord Lynborough—ay, Sir Ambrose Athelstan Caverly, Baron Lynborough, attend here at Nab Grange to pay his homage to-morrow at noon." She looked round on them all, smiling now openly, the red in her cheeks

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"They advanced with a gravity befitting the occasion, and bowed low to the Marchesa."

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all triumphant over her olive hue. "Say I will give him private audience to receive his homage and to ask his friendship." With that the Marchesa departed, somewhat suddenly, into the house.

"'To-morrow!'"

Amid much merriment and reciprocal congratulations the Ambassadors were honourably escorted back to their coach and four.

"Keep your eye on the Castle to-night," Roger Wilbraham whispered to Norah as he pressed her hand.

They drove off, Stillford leading a gay "Hurrah!"

At night indeed Scarsmoor Castle was a sight to see. Every window of its front blazed with light; rockets and all manner of amazing bright devices rose to heaven. All Fillby turned out to see the show; all Nab Grange was in the garden looking on.

All save Helena herself. She had retreated to her own room; there she sat and watched alone. She was in a fever of feeling and could not rest. She twisted one hand round the other, she held up before her eyes the hand which was destined to receive homage on the morrow. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, her red lips trembled.

"Alas, how this man knows his way to my heart!" she sighed.

The blaze at Scarsmoor Castle died down. A kindly darkness fell. Under its friendly cover she kissed her hand to the Castle, murmuring "To-morrow!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

"As there's a Heaven above us," wrote Lynborough that same night—having been, one would fain hope, telepathically conscious of the hand-kissing by the red lips, of the softly breathed "To-morrow!" (for if he were not, what becomes of Love's Magic?) — "As there's a Heaven above us, I have succeeded! Her answer is more than a consent—it's an appreciation. The rogue knew how she stood: she is haughtily, daintily grateful. Does she know how near she drove me to the abominable thing? Almost had I—I, Ambrose Caverly—issued a writ! I should never, in all my life, have get over the feeling of being a bailiff! She has saved me by the rightness of her taste. 'Knightly' she called it to old Cromlech.

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Well, that was in the blood—it had been my own fault if I had lost it, no credit of mine if to some measure I have it still. But to find the recognition! I have lit up the countryside to-night to celebrate that rare discovery.

"Rare—yes—yet not doubted. I knew it of her. I believe that I have broken all records—since the Renaissance at least. Love at first sight! Where's the merit in that? Given the sight be fine enough (a thing that I pray may not admit of doubt in the case of Helena), it is no exploit; it is rather to suffer the inevitable than to achieve the great. But unless the sight of a figure a hundred yards away—and of a back fifty—is to count against me as a practical inspection, I am so supremely lucky as never to have seen her! I have made her for myself—a few tags of description, a noting of the effect on Roger and on Cromlech, mildly (and very unimaginatively) aided my work, I admit—but for the most part, and in all essentials, she, as I love her, (for of course I love her, or no amount of Feasts of St. John Baptist should have moved me from my path—take that for literal or for metaphorical as ye will!) is of my own craftsmanship—work of my heart and brain, wrought just as I would have her—as I knew, through all delightful wanderings, that some day she must come to me.

"Think then of my mood for to-morrow! With what feelings do I ring the bell (unless perchance it be a knocker)! With what sensations accost the butler! With what emotions enter the presence! Because if by chance I am wrong——! Upon which awful doubt arises the question whether, if I be wrong, I can go back. I am plaguily the slave of putting the thing as prettily as it can be put, (Thanks, Cromlech, for giving me the adverb—not so bad a touch for a Man of Tombs!) and, on my soul, I have put that homage of mine so prettily that one who was prudent would have addressed it to none other than a married lady—*vivente marito*, be it understood. But from my goddess her mortal mate is gone—and to explain—nay, not to explain (which would indeed tax every grace of style)—but to let it appear that the homage lingers, abides, and is confined within the letter of the bond—that would seem scarce 'knightly.' Therefore, being (as all tell me) more of a fool than most men, and (as I soberly hope) not less of a gentleman, I stand thus. I love the Image I have made out of dim distant sight, prosaic shreds of catalogued description, a vividly creating mind, and—to be candid—the absolute necessity of amusing myself in the country. But the Woman I am to see to-morrow? Is she the Image? I shall know in the first moment of our encounter. If she is, all is well for me—for her it will be just a question of her dower of heavenly venturousness. If she is not—in my humble judgment, you, Ambrose Caverly, having put the thing with so excessive a prettiness, shall for your art's sake perish—you must, in short, if you would end this thing in the manner (creditable to yourself, Ambrose!) in which it has hitherto been conducted, willy-nilly, hot or cold, confirmed in divine dreams or slapped in the face by disenchanting fact—within a brief space of time, propose marriage to this lady. If there be any other course, the gods send me scent of it this night! But if she should refuse? Reckon not on that. For the more she fall short of her Image, the more will she grasp at an outward showing of triumph—and the greatest outward triumph would not be in refusal.

"In my human weakness I wish that—just for once—I had seen her! But in the strong spirit of the wine of life—whereof I have been and am an inveterate and most incurable bibber—I rejoice in that wonderful moment of mine to-morrow—when the door of the shrine opens, and I see the goddess before whom my offering must be laid. Be she giant or dwarf, be she black or white, have she hair or none—by the powers, if she wears a sack only, and is well advised to stick close to that, lest casting it should be a change for the worse—in any event the offering must be made. Even so the Prince in the tales, making his vows to the Beast and not yet knowing if his spell shall transform it to the Beauty! In my stronger moments, so would I have it. Years of life shall I live in that moment to-morrow! If it end ill, no human being but myself shall know. If it end well, the world is not great enough to hold, nor the music of its spheres melodious enough to sound, my triumph!"

It will be observed that Lord Lynborough, though indeed no novice in the cruel and tender passion, was appreciably excited on the Eve of the Feast of St. John Baptist. In view of so handsome a response, the Marchesa's kiss of the hand and her murmured "To-morrow!" may pass excused of forwardness.

It was, nevertheless, a gentleman to all

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seeming most cool and calm who presented himself at the doors of Nab Grange at eleven fifty-five the next morning. His Ambassadors had come in magnificence; humbly he walked—and not by Beach Path, since his homage was not yet paid—but round by the far-stretching road and up the main avenue most decorously. Stabb and Roger had cut across by the path—holding the Marchesa's leave and licence so to do—and had joined an excited group which sat on chairs under sheltering trees.

"I wish she hadn't made the audience private!" said Norah Mountliffey.

"If ever a keyhole were justifiable——" sighed Violet Dufaure.

"My dear, I'd box your ears myself," Miss Gilletson brusquely interrupted.

The Marchesa sat in a high armchair, upholstered in tarnished fading gold. The sun from the window shone on her hair; her face was half in shadow. She rested her head on her left hand; the right lay on her knee. It was stripped of any ring—unadorned white. Her cheeks were pale—the olive reigned unchallenged; her lips were set tight, her eyes downcast. She made no movement when Lord Lynborough entered.

He bowed low, but said nothing. He stood opposite to her some two yards away. The clock ticked. It wanted still a minute before noon struck. That was the minute of which Lynborough had raved and dreamed the night before. He had the fruit of it in full measure.

"The Marchesa sat in a high armchair."

The first stroke of twelve rang silvery from the clock. Lynborough advanced and fell upon his knee. She did not lift her eyes, but slowly raised her hand from her knee. He placed his hand under it, pressing it a little upwards and bowing his head to meet it half-way in its ascent. She felt his lips lightly brush the skin. His homage for Beach Path and his right therein was duly paid.

Slowly he rose to his feet; slowly her eyes turned upwards to his face. It was ablaze with a great triumph; the fire seemed to spread to her cheeks.

"It's better than I dreamed or hoped," he murmured.

"What? To have peace between us? Yes, it's good."

"I have never seen your face before." She made no answer. "Nor you mine?" he asked.

"Once on Sandy Nab you passed by me. You didn't notice me—but, yes, I saw you." Her eyes were steadily on him now; the flush had ceased to deepen, nay, had receded, but abode still, tingeing the olive of her cheeks.

"I have rendered my homage," he said.

"It is accepted." Suddenly tears sprang to her eyes. "And you might have been so cruel to me!" she whispered.

"To you? To you who carry the power of a world in your face?"

The Marchesa was confused—as was, perhaps, hardly unnatural.

"There are other things, besides gates and

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walls, and Norah's head, that you jump over, Lord Lynborough."

"I lived a life while I stood waiting for the clock to strike. I have tried for life before—in that minute I found it." He seemed suddenly to awake as though from a dream. "But I beg your pardon. I have paid my dues. The bond gives me no right to linger."

She rose with a light laugh—yet it sounded nervous. "Is it good-bye till next St. John Baptist's day?"

"You would see me walking on Beach Path day by day."

"I never call it Beach Path."

"May it now be called—Helena's?"

"Or will you stay and lunch with me to-day? And you might even pay homage again—say to-morrow—or—or some day in the week."

"Lunch, most certainly. That commits me to nothing. Homage, Marchesa, is quite another matter."

"Your chivalry is turning to bargaining, Lord Lynborough."

"It was never anything else," he answered. "Homage is rendered in payment—that's why one says 'Whereas.'" His keen eager eyes of hazel raised once more the flood of subdued crimson in her face. "For every recognition of a right of mine, I will pay you homage according to the form prescribed for St. John Baptist's Feast."

"Of what other rights do you ask recognition?"

"There might be the right of welcoming you at Scarsmoor to-morrow?"

She made him a little curtsy. "It is accorded—on the prescribed terms, my lord."

"That will do for the twenty-fifth. There might be the right of escorting you home from Scarsmoor by the path called—Helena's?"

"On the prescribed terms it is your lordship's."

"His homage for Beach Path and his right therein was duly paid."

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"Delicately he kissed her cheek,"

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"What then of the right to see you daily, and day by day?"

"If your leisure serves, my lord, I will endeavour to adjust mine—so long as we both remain at Fillby. But so that the homage is paid!"

"But if you go away?"

"I'm bound to tell you of my whereabouts only on St. John Baptist's Feast."

"The right to know it on other days—would that be recognised in return for a homage, Marchesa?"

"One homage for so many letters?"

"I had sooner there were no letters—and daily homages."

"You take too many obligations—and too lightly."

"For every one I gain the recognition of a right."

"The richer you grow in rights then, the harder you must work!"

"I would have so many rights accorded me as to be no better than a slave!" cried Lynborough. "Yet, if I have not one, still I have nothing."

She spoke no word, but looked at him long and searchingly. She was not nervous now, but proud. Her look bade him weigh words; they had passed beyond the borders of merriment, beyond the bandying of challenges. Yet her eyes carried no prohibition; it was a warning only. She interposed no conventional check, no plea for time. She laid on him the responsibility for his speech; let him remember that he owed her homage.

They grew curious and restless on the lawn; the private audience lasted long, the homage took much time in paying.

"A marvellous thing has come to me," said Lynborough, speaking slower than his wont, "and with it a great courage. I have seen my dream. This morning I came here not knowing whether I should see it. I don't speak of the face of my dream-image only, though I could speak till next St. John's Day upon that. I speak to a soul. I think our souls have known one another longer, ay, and better than our faces."

"Yes, I think it is so," she said quietly. "Yet who can tell so soon?"

"There's a great gladness upon me because my dream came true."

"Who can tell so soon?" she asked again. "It's strange to speak of it."

"It may be that some day—yes, some day soon—in return for the homage of my lips on your hand, I would ask the recognition of my lips' right on your cheek."

She came up to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Suffer me a little while, my lord," she said. "You've swept into my life like a whirlwind; you would carry me by assault as though I were a rebellious city. Am I to be won before ever I am wooed?"

"You shan't lack wooing," he said quickly. "Yet haven't I wooed you already—as well in my quarrel as in my homage, in our strife as in the end of it?"

"I think so, yes. Yet suffer me a little still."

"If you doubt——" he cried.

"I don't think I doubt. I linger." She gave her hand into his. "It's strange, but I cannot doubt."

Lynborough sank again upon his knee and paid his homage. As he rose, she bent ever so slightly towards him; delicately he kissed her cheek.

"I pray you," she whispered, "use gently what you took with that."

"Here's a heart to my heart, and a spirit to my spirit—and a glad venture to us both!"

"Come on to the lawn now, but tell them nothing."

"Save that I have paid my homage, and received the recognition of my right?"

"That, if you will—and that your path is to be—henceforward—Helena's."

"I hope to have no need to travel far on the Feast of St. John!" cried Lynborough.

They went out on the lawn. Nothing was asked, and nothing told, that day. In truth there appeared to be no need. For it seems as though Love were not always invisible, nor the twang of his bow so faint as to elude the ear. With joyous blood his glad wounds are red, and who will may tell the sufferers. Sympathy too lends insight; your fellow-sufferer knows your plight first. There were fellow-sufferers on the lawn that day—to whom, as to all good lovers, here's God-speed!

She went with him in the afternoon through the gardens, over the sunk fence, across the meadows, till they came to the path. On it they walked together.

"So is your right recognised, my lord," she said.

"We will walk together on Helena's Path," he answered, "until it leads us—still together—to the Boundless Sea."

THE END.

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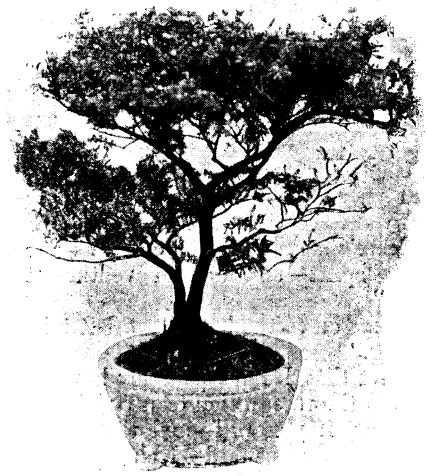
THE DWARF-TREE CULTURE OF JAPAN.

BY PERCY COLLINS.

OF many well-marked features characteristic of Japan as a nation, none is more noteworthy than her love for tiny things. It is not that her people fail in the appreciation of what is great and



SPECIES OF FIG TREE, 50 YEARS OLD, WORTH £20.

imposing. Rather is it that they possess a national bias for the dainty and the diminutive. Little things seem to fascinate them; and littleness, in their eyes, has become a standard of artistic merit.

This tendency is nowhere more marked than in Japanese horticulture. To our Western minds, the ideal garden consists in a vast pleasance with lawns and lakes and mile-long avenues. But the Jap designs a garden, perfect in every detail, whose total area is less than that of an English dining-table. Moreover, when completed, it is not a mere window-box—a thing of the moment, made to outlast a few summer days—but a carefully executed work of art, a daily delight and a joy for ever. Under the watchful care of its owner, it will grow and thrive for an indefinite period, and pass as an heirloom from one generation to another.

It was doubtless this love of diminutive gardens which led to the exclusively Japanese practice of producing and rearing dwarf trees. It is, of course, quite easy for any gardener to stunt a tree, simply by cutting and starving it. But such a process merely results in an ugly deformity, and the dwarf trees of Japan are not stunted in this sense of the word. Their trunks and branches show every sign of gnarled old age; their roots appear above ground in tortuous curves. They are, in fact, actual living miniatures of forest trees.

The art of producing dwarf trees is a very old one. No record of its origin remains; but its secrets are handed down from father to son in a few families, and are guarded with scrupulous care. On the outskirts of Tokio

THUJA, PRICED AT FROM £15 TO £20.

the tree artists have formed a little colony of from twenty to thirty houses, and from this centre their work finds its way to all parts of the world.

In the old days the trees were exported

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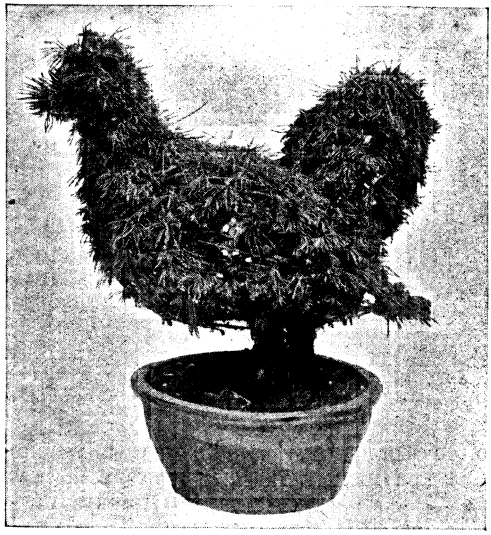

LARCH TREE, 45 YEARS OLD. FOUR TREES PLANTED TOGETHER AND BOUGHS TRAINED.

extensively to China, to be used in the decoration of houses and gardens. To-day the Celestial taste for the quaint works of art seems to have declined. Yet the little colony in Tokio still flourishes, for of late years it has had to supply the growing demands of Western civilisation. In England and America especially dwarf trees are finding great favour, being hailed as novel and attractive table decorations.

LARCH TREE, 45 YEARS OLD.

Exactly how these tiny trees are produced is known only to a score or so of individuals. But Mr. S. Eida, a Japanese Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, was good enough to supply the writer with some interesting facts relating to the methods employed. It would seem that the quality essential to the successful dwarf-tree grower is patience—infinite patience, backed by a fund of calm resignation unknown to the Western mind. Fifty years is named as the shortest period in

A TREE VALUED AT £10 10s.

which a really good and saleable dwarf tree may be grown, while a lifetime is not long enough to produce the highest examples of the art. The tree artist merely makes the beginning: his son, or perhaps even his son's son, reaps the reward of his labours.

Dwarf trees are produced from seeds, or—in cases where this is not practicable—from carefully selected cuttings. When the young plant begins to grow, it is tended with ceaseless care, and from the commencement of its career its natural tendencies are subjugated to the will of its master. Each twig, each

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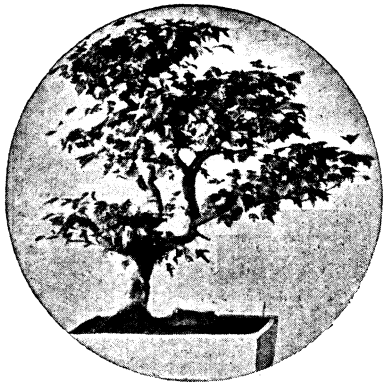

"IVY-LEAF" MAPLE AT 54 YEARS OF AGE.

AN OAK, PLANTED IN 1852—THE YEAR WHICH SAW THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

leaf, as it makes its appearance, becomes the object of the closest scrutiny. Shall it be permitted to grow, and if so, in what direction? May it not be advisable to cut it away altogether and encourage growth elsewhere? These and a dozen similar questions occupy the mind of the Japanese artist, and upon their correct solution depends the ultimate value of the tree; for, to be perfect, the dwarf must possess a shape and balance equal to the best life-sized models.

The artist has at his disposal several centuries of transmitted experience. To this he adds the quality that Carlyle mistook for genius—"an infinite capacity for taking pains." He cuts and prunes his subject, often mercilessly, but always with infinite care and forethought. At times, with bass or wire, he draws a wayward twig into its ordained position; then, after two or three years, when the trend of the branch is fully established, the bonds are cut away again. From time to time, too, the tree is carefully re-potted, and on such occasions its roots are subjected to a careful examination. Indeed, in their turn they receive as much attention as do the branches. Unnecessary masses of fibre are cut away, leading rootlets are freed and encouraged, and the whole is then carefully rearranged in a fresh soil.

A LITTLE MAKII TREE, 18 IN. HIGH, PLANTED IN 1859.

Everything is done, in fact, to concentrate the life of the tree within the narrowest

FIR TREE, LESS THAN A FOOT IN HEIGHT, PLANTED IN THE YEAR WHICH SAW THE BIRTH OF KING EDWARD VII.—1841.

DWARF MAPLE TREE, ONLY 15 IN. HIGH, PLANTED IN THE YEAR OF THE GREAT TOOLEY STREET FIRE—1861.

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A 22-INCH BEECH, PLANTED IN THE YEAR OF THE LAUNCH OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE," AT DEPTFORD—1817.

A POMEGRANATE, PLANTED IN 1822 —THE YEAR OF HERSCHEL'S DEATH.

possible limits. And at last, after years of unremitting labour, the tree begins to respond to the touch of its master. It loses its tendency to shoot forth lusty and far-reaching twigs. Its leaves become tiny and proportioned to its dwarfed branches. It surrenders, as it were, in the fight for liberty, and becomes quiet and tractable.

JUNIPER, 14 IN. HIGH, PLANTED IN 1783—THE YEAR IN WHICH PEACE WITH THE UNITED STATES WAS PROCLAIMED.

CONIFER (THUJA OBTUSA), 20 IN. HIGH AND 10 IN. ROUND THE TRUNK, PLANTED IN 1707—THE YEAR IN WHICH THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND WAS COMPLETED.

Besides forest trees, such as oaks, elms, beeches, and maples, many other kinds are

LAGERSTRŒMIA INDICA, PLANTED IN 1795—THE YEAR IN WHICH THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE WAS TAKEN FROM THE DUTCH.

STYRAX JAPONICUM, PLANTED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV.

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subjected to the dwarfing process; indeed, almost all the native trees of Japan, as well as many imported species, are thus represented in miniature. Some of the most beautiful examples are the tiny fruit trees—cherry, plum, and apple—which, when in full bloom, make the loveliest table decoration imaginable.

There is an irresistible charm about these pigmy trees which is peculiarly their own. Looking at one of them for the first time, one hardly knows whether to laugh or to look solemn. The tree is so ridiculously

OBTUSA CEDAR, VALUED AT £20.

small and insignificant. Yet it was alive and flourishing when one's great grandparents were babies in arms!

To many minds there is something distasteful—not to say uncanny—in this treatment of trees. But this is generally found to arise from misapprehension. Regarded simply as trees, these dwarfs are the personification of unnaturalness. But to the Japanese mind they are not so much trees as pictures. "No one objects to a landscape painting because its mountains are not a mile high," observed Mr. Eida, in defence of his art. "In a landscape painting the rivers

MARRIED MAPLES, ABOUT 40 YEARS OLD. TWO TREES ENTWINED, VALUED AT £15.

and mountains are not so large as in Nature; they are, in fact, representatives in miniature, just as these dwarf trees are."

It is a fact that many of the choicest and most ancient dwarf trees have of recent years been brought from Japan to England, and are now in possession of private collectors, or else are on view at one of the

LARCH TREE, 85 YEARS OLD, £20.

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MAPLE TREE PLANTED IN 1697. IT IS 3 FT. HIGH AND 18 IN. ROUND THE THICKEST PART OF THE TRUNK.

London establishments where these living curiosities are "stocked for sale." Moreover, purchasers of the trees are usually informed that their specimens may at any time be sent "to hospital" at a small monthly cost; and this provision is very necessary, seeing that the life of a valuable dwarf tree, which for some reason may have become sickly, may often be saved by a little timely treatment at the hands of an expert. Indeed, the hospital branch of the dwarf tree business is so important that a few years ago an enterprising firm actually fetched Segiro Takagi, perhaps the most distinguished dwarf tree trainer now alive, from far Japan, and installed him as reigning spirit in a nursery at Acton.

Curious as to the prices obtainable for Japanese dwarf trees in this country, the writer, upon inquiry, was informed that these

DWARF CAMELLIA. £6 6s.

PODOCARPUS OKINA. £25.

depend both upon the age of the tree and upon its size and contour. For a well-grown veteran maple planted, let us say, in the reign of William and Mary, £32 would be considered a fair price. A nice little oak, numbering only some eighty-six summers, may be had for £12; while young beginners, in their fortieth year or so, command only a few pounds.

But these prices fade into insignificance when compared with the sums which have been given for trees of extraordinary age or great perfection. On page 546, for example, is reproduced the photograph of a thuja tree whose age is not less than three hundred years, and whose price is one hundred guineas. The maple tree shown

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on page 545, too, is valued at some eighty guineas on account of its strangely shaped, gnarled old trunk.

These high-priced trees, however, do not find much favour in the eyes of purchasers in the Western Hemisphere. We are so far imbued with the desire to obtain tangible value for money expended that most of us would look long and lovingly at one hundred guineas ere we should barter it in exchange for a "mere plant," no matter how quaint and artistic that plant might be. The same remark applies to dwarf trees of a grotesque character. We fail to see why an especial value should attach to these. Yet if we once fully realised the amount of time and

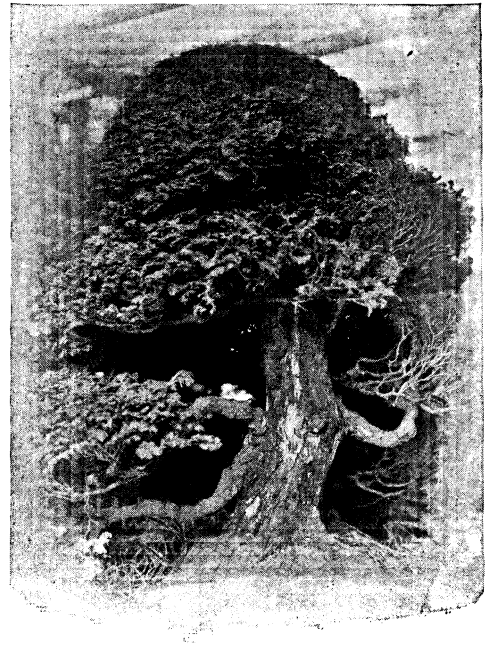
CLUMP OF NAUTEN PLANTED THREE YEARS BEFORE THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA CAME TO THE THRONE.

thought which the tree artist gives to the production of the more *bizarre* examples, we might, perhaps, be disposed to alter our minds. In Japan, where tree dwarfing and training is regarded as a high art, those who wish to possess a good specimen pay the price demanded without demur.

In conclusion, a few words may be added respecting the making of grotesque trees. These, like the larch trees shown on page 541, often resemble birds or animals, and are generally formed by means of three, four, or even more trees planted in the same vessel and combined. A common plan is to select a number of likely looking branches upon a full-sized tree as a beginning. A ring of bark is then removed from the

CONIFER TREE, 125 YEARS OLD, £25.

base of each of these, and the stripped part is surrounded with a mass of clay, which is then covered with moss, the whole being bound about with wire or bass. The moss and clay are kept constantly moist, and after a period varying according to the kind of tree from three months to two years, roots are sent out by the branch into the clay. All this time close attention has been paid to the growth beyond the cuts,



THUJA, 300 YEARS OLD, 100 GUINEAS.

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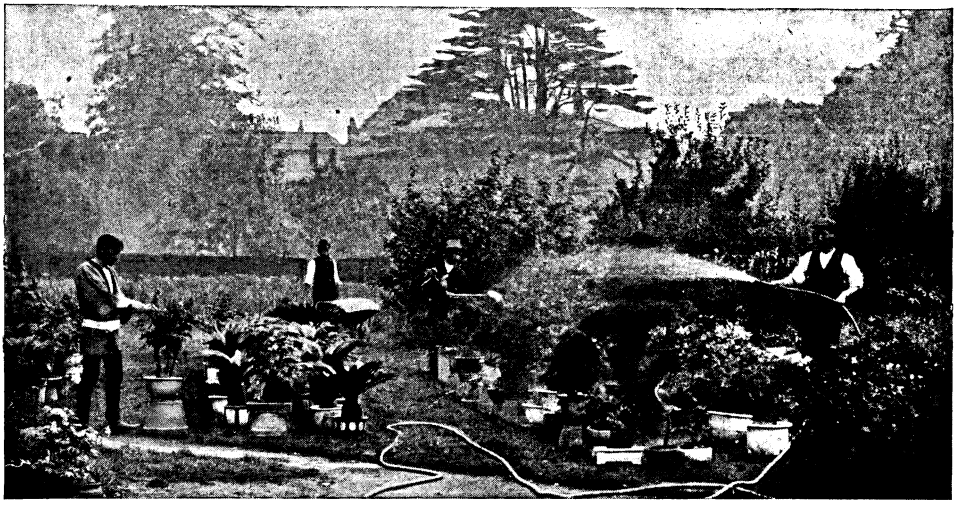
so that when at length the rooted branch is severed from the parent tree, it is already in an advanced stage of treatment. Three or four such branches, which have now become independent trees, are planted together in a shallow vessel filled with suitable soil, and the work of training and combining is continued. In this way the time necessary for the production of a good grotesque tree is materially lessened; yet, even so, a period of thirty or forty years must elapse ere the tree will be regarded as perfect.

Another kind of dwarf tree very popular in the East is the so-called "married tree." This is produced by entwining two small trees in such a manner that, while they still retain their separate growth, they are in other respects inseparable. A young married maple, little more than a foot in height, will command as much as £15 to £20.



SEGIRO TAKAGI (ON THE LEFT), A DISTINGUISHED DWARF TREE TRAINER FROM TOKIO, AT WORK WITH HIS ASSISTANTS IN A GARDEN AT ACTON.

A FAMOUS LONDON ROOM.

SHADOWS fill up the little room,
And all the clustered heads grow dim;
I see them gathering in the gloom,
I see the Poets—I see *him*.

We are a modern set, drawn up
From Bedford Park and Kensington;
Each right hand holds its china cup,
All tongues on pretty topics run.

But over all one face obtains,
A ghostly face, supreme o'er doom,
Immortal after many pains,
***His* who once tenanted this room!**

VICTOR PLARR.

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A PORTRAIT BY KNELLER.

By ORME AGNUS.

THE traditions of a great family are a precious possession, and to point to a line of ancestors and record their services to the State sends a glow of pride through the least imaginative. But it is not only the great families who can recall their traditions; there are simple yeomen who jealously keep record of their family history, and we have more than one peasant family in Barleigh whose history can be turned back for centuries.

I knew Matthew and Jane Piller very well by sight, but I had been in Barleigh some years before I became really acquainted with them. It had occurred to me after a visit to a friend, who, like myself, had succumbed to the fascinations of a rural life, that my garden was not complete without a beehive, and I set to work at once to learn all that I could about bee-culture. I was informed that Matthew Piller could tell me more about bees than any man in Barleigh. "He do understand the little creeturs prapper, zur; you do zee 'em crawlen all over him, and he not taken no more notice than they were flies, till it do make your flesh creepy to zee it. He do know all their queer ways, do Matthew."

To Matthew, therefore, I went. Matthew, a man of fifty years, was a farm-labourer—a clear-eyed, straight-limbed, sturdy peasant, with the serious bent of his mind irradiated by a dry humour. Not only was he willing to teach me, but offered to assist me in arranging my apiary. He was an enthusiast on the subject, and really loved the little workers. "Tiddn' altogeder their honey, zur, though that be worth haven," said Matthew, "but a man be a fool that won't learn from a bee. They do learn a man so."

While he was speaking I had had my attention attracted by a canvas on the wall. It was, I saw with surprise, the portrait of a girl, and was getting black with age. I marvelled at finding it in this poor little cottage.

As I rose to go I begged permission to have a closer view of it, and Mrs. Piller held the lamp for me. There was a signature in the corner, and a date that made me open my eyes.

I examined it long and closely, and I was convinced that here without a doubt was a portrait by Kneller. "Do you know," I said at last, turning to them, "that this picture is, I believe, worth a great sum of money?"

Matthew Piller looked at his wife, and they both smiled. "Yes, zur, I believe 'tis," he said calmly.

"Has someone told you?" I asked.

"Not since I had it, zur, but we allus understood that 'twas painted by one of the great painters long years ago, and 'tis worth a great deal, though it don't look nothen now."

I was convinced by the calm way he spoke that he had no idea of its real value. "But do you know," I said, "that it is worth a very great deal—hundreds of pounds, I dare say?"

"A gurt genelman, a friend of Maister Gresson, did come to look at it one day when father was alive and had it. He knowed all about picturs, and he said the same as you, zur, and offered to get it sold. But 'tiddn' for sale, do 'ee zee, zur."

I stared. I had not at that time sounded the depths of the peasant's pride, and could not understand it.

"Do 'ee zee, zur," explained Matthew calmly, when he saw I was anxious for further information, "thease maid was one of our fam'ly, two hundred year ago, and 'twas allus to be a heirloom in our fam'ly, and a heirloom it have been. I don't think, zur," with a pride that touched me, "that while there be any blood of the wold fam'ly left thik pictur will be sold. Our eldest son—he be a guard on the South-Western, zur, and doen well—do feel the same, zur. I couldn' face he if I'd sold it. And I believe the money would be a curse, zur, if I so far forgot meself."

I nodded, and in spirit I saluted this noble

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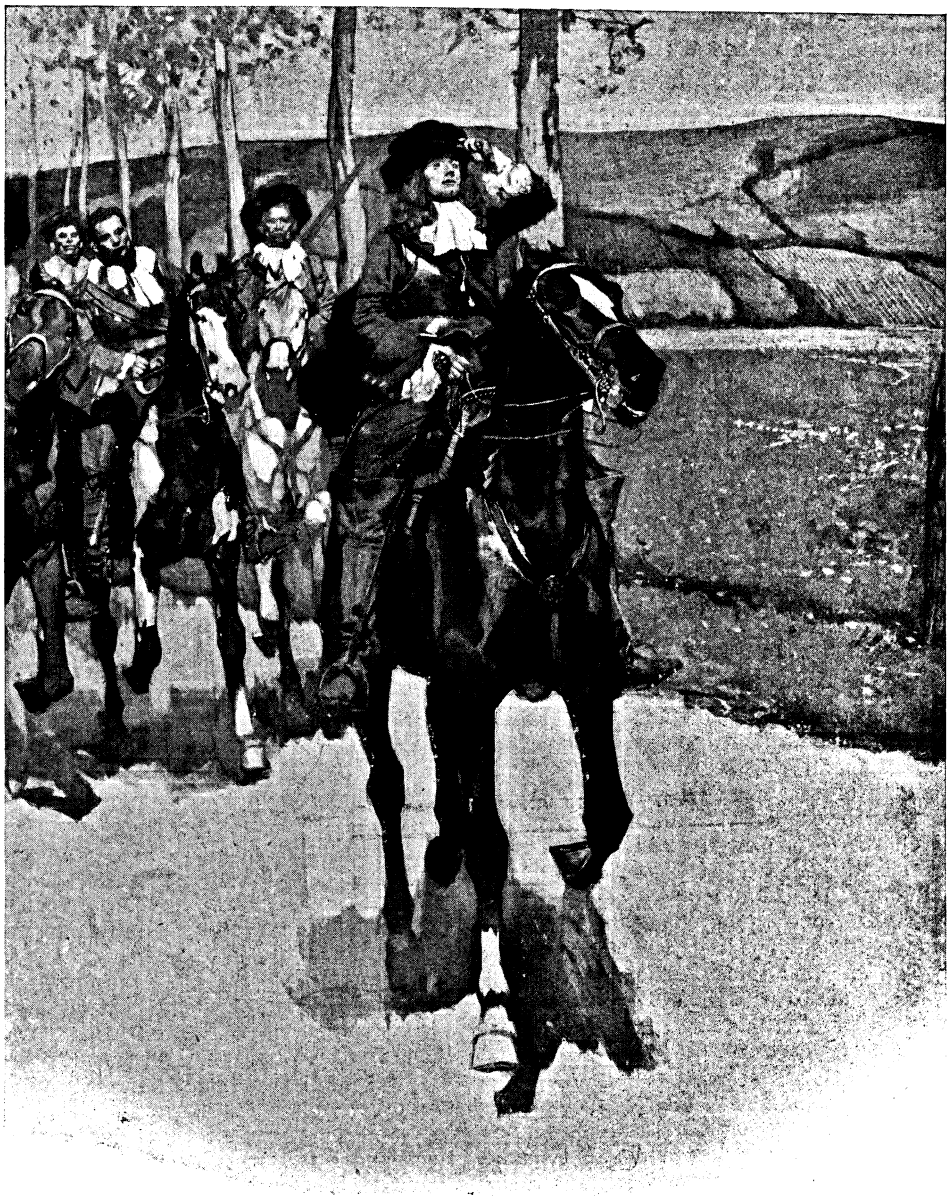

"With a score of his tenantry Sir Marmaduke rode away to join the Protestant army at Lyme."

pride. "Your family were evidently very well-to-do in those days," I remarked.

"No, zur, not from what we have heared. She it be meant for was a servant-maid, no more, no less. She died a maid, too. A pleasant-faced maid she was, 'tis said, and she do look it in thease likeness."

"Do you mind telling me how it came about that Sir Godfrey Kneller painted her portrait?"

"I shall be glad to tell 'ee, zur, but 'twill take a little time to tell it all."

"I don't care how long it is if I'm not hindering you," I said, sitting down again.

"Can we offer 'ee a glass of mead, zur, while you be listenen?" asked Mrs. Piller.

"Thank you, I will have a glass with pleasure," and the mead having been brought, Matthew told his story. What follows is the

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substance of his narrative, supplemented by some researches I made afterwards.

* * * * *

Sir Marmaduke Demmerell was the representative of one of the staunchest Protestant families in the South of England. His seat was that pleasant Elizabethan mansion known as Filmer Hall, lying between Barleigh and the Channel. His father, Sir Oliver —the Demmerells were all Olivers or Marmadukes—was one of the country members who, in the Commons, stood inflexibly for Protestantism when the Court was bent on Romanising the country, and his son, brought up in the Protestant tradition, had as great a consuming zeal for the only true religion, and was inclined to believe that when one said Pope one said Devil. He was a polished young gentleman who had seen a little service in the Low Countries, and his courage and bravery were unquestioned—indeed, his fault was that with the superb rashness and recklessness of youth he said what he thought and did what he chose in scorn of consequences. As a boy of sixteen he was thrown for some time into the society of the young Duke of Monmouth, and was proud to be accounted one of his friends.

His father, Sir Oliver, died soon after the accession of James, and his last days were darkened by the knowledge that a "Jesuit" sat on the throne of England, and all was not well with the "Great Cause," though he had hoped that before long the clouds would be dispelled and the Protestant sun would shine again undimmed. "The young Duke, my lad," he said to Marmaduke again and again; "cling close to him. If I could only live another twelvemonth and see him on the throne!"

A year before his father's death, Marmaduke married Margery, the only child of Dighton Moresley, of Christchurch, whose Protestantism was as deep and strong, and, it must be confessed, more intolerant than his own. It was an alliance that pleased both families, but it was a marriage where love was king. Sir Marmaduke adored his beautiful and fearless-eyed bride, whose portrait hangs on the wall of Filmer Hall, and is to the critical eye of the modern visitor the most enchanting in the collection. A diary she kept some years before her marriage is still preserved, and reveals a woman whose character was reflected in her countenance.

When a son was born to them, their happiness was complete; but by the time the baby was three months old, the news came that the Duke of Monmouth had come to restore the Protestant religion, and the idyll was over. Margery was as enthusiastic for the cause as her husband, and said never a word for herself when he told her he must go at once to take his place by the Duke's side. She, indeed, woman-like, glowed with a greater enthusiasm, and to her for the Duke to land meant only victory. "If 'twere not for our little Oliver, I would go with thee, dear," she said as she kissed her husband. "In a week or two you will have placed him where he ought to have been long ago."

With a score of his tenantry Sir Marmaduke rode away to join the Protestant army at Lyme, and was heartily welcomed by the Duke, whose cordial greeting showed that he had not forgotten the friend of his boyhood. Sir Marmaduke's heart was touched, and he was all afire to serve his friend and the cause. But in a few days disillusionment came. His enthusiasm did not altogether blind his judgment, and his soldier's eyes could see that the Duke's followers, brave and enthusiastic as they were, were not an army, but a rabble that it would be criminal to send against seasoned troops. The days went by, and no real efforts were made to convert the host into an army, and at last he pointed out to several of the Duke's most prominent followers that precious time was being wasted and what a fine soldiery could be made out of these simple peasants. But he spoke in vain, and in letters to his wife he expressed, not without some bitterness, his fears that stark ruin awaited them. "For myself," he wrote from Taunton, "my place is at the Duke's side even to the death, as I know thou wouldest have me be, but my heart misgives me for leading Dell and Strong and the others into this business. Doubtless they would have gone without me, but I lead them and I fear me we shall have to pay a heavy price. God helping our cause, we may shake James from his throne, but it will be God's, not man's, victory."

On that gloomy day at Sedgemoor he played his part nobly, but towards the close of the fight, when he had seen his forebodings realised, he fell wounded, and lay for long hours unconscious.

He recovered his senses to find that the battle was over, and his comrades scattered. He knew well that all was lost, and that he and all who survived were rebels whose lives were forfeit to a king who would show no mercy. In spite of his wound and great

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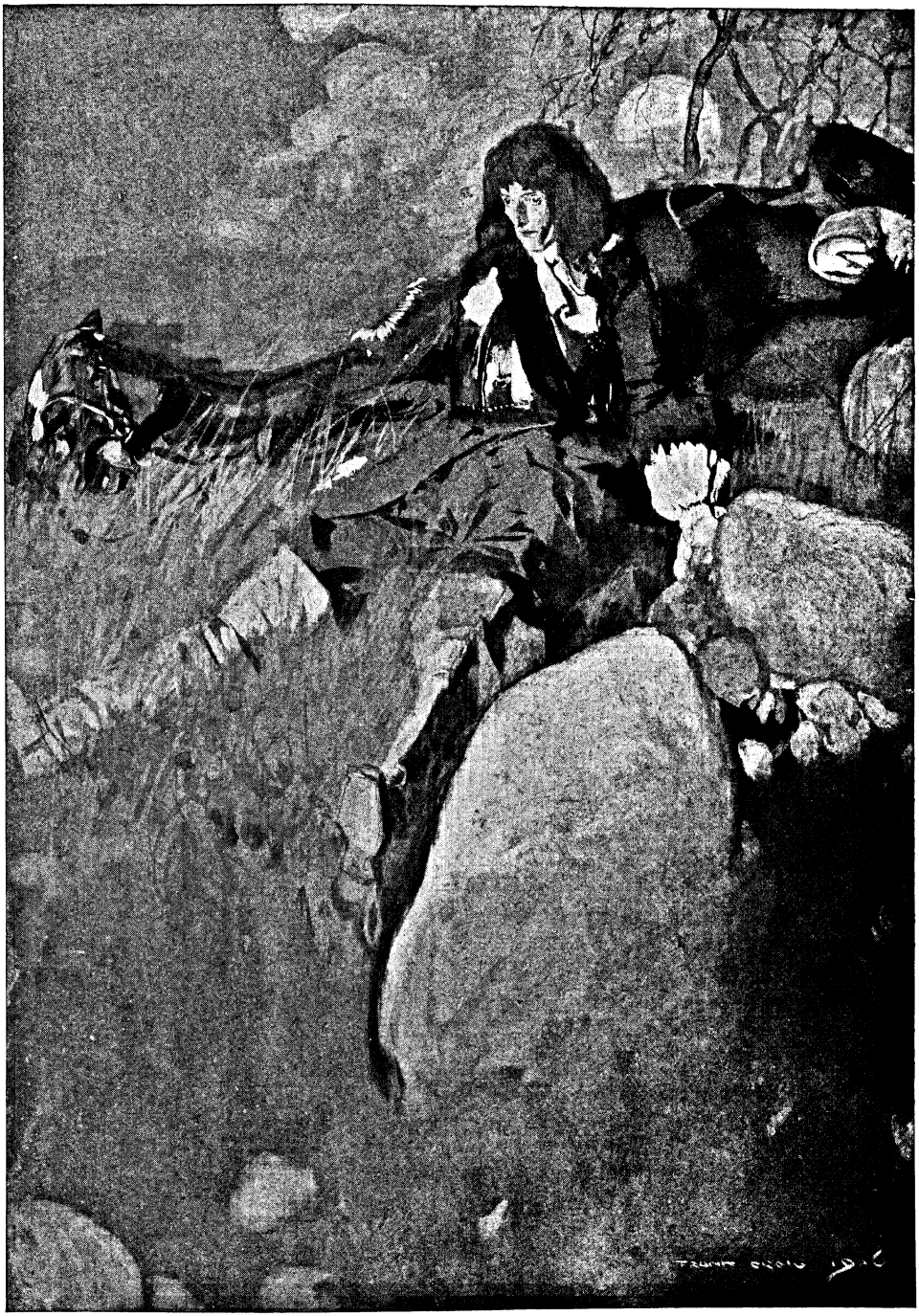

"He recovered his senses to find that the battle was over, and his comrades scattered."

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weakness, he saw it was his clear duty for the sake of his wife and child to make an effort towards life and safety. He got painfully to his feet and staggered on for a few hundred yards, and, as if in direct response to his prayer for help, he saw a horse close at hand quietly grazing. He had to expend much effort and precious time before he could win its confidence, and then it was only after many attempts that caused him intense pain that he managed to clamber into the saddle, and only by a supreme effort of will did he keep himself from swooning, which he knew would be fatal to all chance of escape. Slowly he rode towards the south-east where his home lay. Filmer Hall was only a few miles from the coast, and not only would he be safer there with devoted friends around him, but it would be a convenient spot from which to escape from the country. He was under no illusion; if he fell into the hands of James and his Government, his life would be forfeit. He set his teeth and spurred on his mount. It was better to die from his wound and exhaustion than on the scaffold, and it would be less terrible to Margery.

That wild ride was as a nightmare, and he could never recall how much of it was real and how much delusion. For minutes at a time he rode in a state of semi-consciousness, and then the pain of his wound, as the horse stumbled or jolted him, awoke him to keen torment. Instinct kept him in the right direction, and after three hours' hard riding, too exhausted to go farther without refreshment and rest, he stopped at an inn at the entrance to a tiny village.

The landlord came to the door with scared face. "Be you from the war, zur?" he asked in a whisper. "Be it true King Monmouth be beat?"

Sir Marmaduke nodded his head.

"You be for him?" asked the landlord.

"Yes."

"Come inside, zur. My son be gone to vight. They do tell that the Butchers have been to Marley and killed six of Monmouth's men in the street. You'd best not stay long, zur."

He remained an hour, and told the anxious father all he knew of the battle, while the landlady bound his wound. They helped him into the saddle and wished him Godspeed. He hoped all danger was over for a time, but at the other end of the straggling village he came suddenly on half-a-dozen of Kirke's Lambs, who bade him stand.

With a desperation born of extremity he charged through them. It took them by surprise, and he escaped with no greater hurt than the severing of the bridle close to his fingers. They gave chase at once, but their horses had done harder work than his, and for six miles he rode recklessly for his life, but, coming to an abrupt turn in the road, he took a by-road that went off at a wide angle, and his pursuers lost him. Weak and exhausted, he rode at dawn into his own gates, and dropped fainting from his horse as his wife came to greet him.

They carried him in, and when he recovered consciousness he told the tragic story. Margery's face went white and her lip quivered a little, yet she did not lose her self-control, but set her wits to work to save him. She called Betty Polls, her maid, who had come with her from her home, into consultation, and the two women, on Betty's suggestion, took him to a small secret chamber hidden in the thickness of the wall at the north-east corner of the private chapel. It was a tiny apartment in which there was barely room for him to lie down, but in times gone by it had saved others from the blood-hunters, and it promised safety for a short time while he recovered from his wound.

The two women were very thankful that night that they had wasted no time in hiding Sir Marmaduke. He had enemies in the neighbourhood, and late that night half-a-dozen troopers knocked loudly at the door and demanded the person of the master.

"My husband?" said Lady Demmerell. "He is not here. He departed on business to London, and hath not returned. What may be your business with him?"

"He departed," said the leader with a laugh, "to join the rebel Duke, and 'tis known that he fought against the troops of the king. Take me to him."

"Fought? Has there been a battle? Is this true? Oh, my poor husband, what hath become of him?" asked Lady Demmerell with admirable art. Her love's life was at stake, and though her heart was palpitating wildly she did not for an instant lose her presence of mind.

"'Twill not do, madam," said the Captain, with a laugh. "I have information that he left the field of battle wounded, and came to this house—in fact, at Dorely he was seen this morning making his way hither. I have orders to search for him, and not to return without him."

Lady Demmerell drew herself up proudly, and the Captain thought he had never looked

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"'My husband?' said Lady Demmerell. 'He is not here. He departed on business to London, and hath not returned.'"

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on such a proud and beautiful woman. "Very well, sir—if you doubt my word. I will see your orders; and if they warrant you, you may search."

With a bow he handed her a paper. Her face flushed when she saw the names of the two justices who had signed it. They were warm supporters of King James, and her husband's enemies.

"I must submit to the search, I suppose," said Lady Demmerell scornfully. "Nevertheless," looking the Captain full in the face, "I trust to you, sir, to conduct it as a gentleman."

The Captain bowed. "You may, madam. It is not the work I care for, but I am a soldier, madam."

They searched long and carefully. Every room was minutely examined, including a closet, entrance to which was gained by sliding back one of the portraits in the great dining-hall, which showed Lady Demmerell that the Captain had been well primed with local knowledge. Then the servants were taken one by one and interrogated. Lady Demmerell trembled a little when she knew they were being put to the test—not from a fear that they would willingly betray her, but that they might, confused with the Captain's searching questions, let something unwittingly escape them. But only Betty Polls knew the master's hiding-place, and the horse he had ridden had at once been turned loose in the park by a groom, and the ordeal was safely passed through.

With apologies, the Captain took off his troopers, and the household breathed freely again. At Betty's suggestion a supply of food and water and wine was conveyed into the secret cell, in case they were prevented from visiting him for any length of time, and the two women by turns nursed him. He was still feverish, but he was certainly no worse, and they hoped, in spite of his cramped quarters, he would in a few days be strong enough to make his escape from the country.

The next day, Adams, the groom, who was devoted to his master, was despatched to the fishing-village five miles away, to make arrangements with Reddiman, a fisherman, to convey Sir Marmaduke across the Channel. The fishermen of Dellow Bay were, to a man, staunch Protestants, and had sent a dozen stalwarts to aid King Monmouth, and Lady Demmerell knew that they would take any risk for her husband. Reddiman agreed to have his boat ready in a small cove to the west of the bay three days later, and every night for a week unless he had further orders. He swore, with vehement fisherman's oaths, that once Sir Marmaduke was in his boat, he would land him safe in France, if he and his mates had to row him across.

Adams returned to the Hall with the news that the troopers had searched every house in the neighbouring village for Sir Marmaduke, and had threatened them with the prospect of being arrested as traitors if they concealed him.

The next afternoon Captain Gorham came again to Filmer Hall with his troopers. "To my regret, madam," he said to Lady Demmerell, "I have orders to quarter myself and my men here. We have information that Sir Marmaduke is lying here concealed, and it is my duty to see that he does not escape."

"But you searched," said Lady Demmerell, her face losing its colour as she realised what this would mean to the sick man. "You may search again if you will."

Captain Gorham shook his head. "I regret my orders deeply, madam, but I must perform my duty. I will try to carry it out so as to give you as little annoyance as possible, believe me."

She bowed and left him, and went to confide her trouble in Betty Polls. "They shan't get him!" cried Betty determinedly, and refused to be cast down, though three of the troopers were stationed round the house, three more lounged about the kitchen and stableyard, and the Captain had taken up his quarters indoors.

Evening came, and Lady Demmerell sent for Captain Gorham. "Will you sup with me?" she asked, "or is it your pleasure to have your meals served alone?"

"If it is your pleasure, madam, I shall esteem it an honour to sit at your table," he said, and so they supped together, conversing amicably on trivial matters. Meanwhile, Betty had stolen in the darkness to visit her master and acquaint him with the increased dangers that beset them.

"What is to be done, Betty?" he asked a little hopelessly.

"Make fools of 'em," said Betty brightly. "Be you able to ride yet, do 'ee think, zur?"

He shook his head. "Not for another two days at the soonest, I fear me, Betty."

"Don't 'ee trouble, zur; they shan't take 'ee!" cried Betty with determination. "You get strong, zur, and we'll get 'ee away. Jan Reddiman be ready with his boat any time. They shan't have 'ee, shan't King James and his papishers."

Convinced that Sir Marmaduke was in

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hiding, the Captain had one of the troopers stationed in the kitchen, that he might watch if food were taken out. Lady Demmerell dared not visit her husband, but twice a day, while she sat at meals with Captain Gorham, Betty stole to her master. It was plain that he could not much longer be hidden. The retirement was retarding his recovery, and it was difficult to smuggle proper food to him, and the strain was proving too great for Lady Demmerell, who could get no sleep. On the third day Betty made a proposal to her mistress. She would don her master's clothes, mount a horse that should be saddled in readiness, and allow the troopers to chase her the while Sir Marmaduke on horseback, or in a coach, was making his way to Dellow Bay.

"A wonderful plan, Betty, and one that promises well," said Lady Demmerell, with set lips. "But you shall not run the risk; I will lead them away myself."

"No, mistress," cried Betty, "'tis my plan, and I be the one to try it."

For a long time they contended with one another, Betty, with tears, finally beseeching that she might show her devotion; but it was only when she had threatened she would go and ask Sir Marmaduke to decide, feeling confident that he would not attempt to escape at his wife's peril, that Lady Demmerell yielded.

That night the plan was to be tried. Reddiman was warned to be in readiness, and at dusk Betty was to make the attempt. She stole in to tell her master he was to be away that night, and assisted him to dress, and then, with Lady Demmerell's help, she donned her master's clothes.

Margery held her face for a minute and then kissed her tenderly. "God be with you and keep you, my dear!" she said.

Betty flushed. "I want God to be with maister," she said with a smile. "If maister be safe——"

"With both of you, my dear."

"With maister most of all. I'll lead 'em a dance, never fear."

By preconcerted arrangements a groom had saddled a horse and rode away, saying he had to go into the village on a message for his mistress, and the two troopers on duty near the stable watched him depart. He went no farther than the park gates, and presently returned as silently as possible to the west side of the house. Betty stole out, mounted her steed, waved her hand to her mistress, and then, with an air of caution, rode by the corner of the stables that the troopers might see her. To her relief they caught sight of her and called on her to stop. At that she whipped up her steed, and with shouts and oaths they roused their comrades and Captain Gorham, who, hearing what had happened, rushed for their horses and were after the fugitive. They had little doubt that they would catch him ere long, for he held his side as he rode, and seemed to be weak and in great pain.

As soon as they were clear of the house, Sir Marmaduke came forth, kissed his wife hastily but tenderly, and to her "God-speed!" was carried by two of his men across the park on a litter. At the park wall a coach with four horses was waiting, he was lifted in, and at a furious gallop was driven to Dellow Bay. The jolting of the vehicle tried him severely, but without anything untoward he was taken on board the lugger, which, with sweeps, was taken out of the bay and with a north-west breeze stood across for France.

Meanwhile Betty, who was heading north and east, allowed the troopers to keep her in plain view. Again and again they called on her to surrender, but she waved her hand derisively. The moon rose, and they had no difficulty in keeping her in sight, and unless the light failed, they did not doubt that the fugitive would fall into their hands.

For twenty miles or more the chase continued, and they had not ridden her down, though her mare was visibly tiring. They could not understand how a wounded man could lead them such a dance, and losing patience, the Captain called on her to surrender. But she paid no heed, and at the Captain's command the troopers halted for a moment and fired simultaneously. For another score of yards the mare, startled by the firearms, made a spurt, and then Betty fell from the saddle. A bullet had entered by her shoulder, and her right lung was pierced.

Even by the moonlight the Captain saw that it was not Sir Marmaduke they had captured. "Why, who is this?" he cried.

"Betty Polls, may it please your honour," said Betty, looking up with a smile.

"And where is your master?" asked the Captain.

"Safe by this time, I do hope, your honour," murmured Betty.

"You disguised yourself and rode this way to save him?"

Betty nodded with a smile.

Captain Gorham gazed at her for a few moments. "You have robbed us of our

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prisoner, but you are a brave wench," he said, and then ordered his men to bear her gently to the nearest inn, which was only a few score yards behind them.

The Captain walked beside her. "You are a brave wench," he said again, "but oh, why did you not surrender before we fired?"

"I rode till maister be safe," Betty murmured.

At the inn Gorham learnt that there was no surgeon within five miles, and he knew enough of wounds to see that the case was hopeless. They did all they could for her, but just before midnight, with a smile on her face, Betty died.

Captain Gorham reached Filmer Hall early the next morning and told his tidings. Lady Demmerell, in her grief, turned on him in a fury. "Men's work," she cried, "to shoot down a girl!"

"No," said Gorham gravely, "devil's work; but God grant me such a death! You have been well served, madam, but"—with a bow—"I envy your husband."

Betty was buried in the village church, and Lady Demmerell would have been put on her trial for concealing her husband, had she not compromised by a goodly bribe that left them impoverished for some years. She lived quietly at home till her husband landed with Dutch William at Torbay, and Protestantism again breathed freely. The first act of the united pair was to erect a tombstone over Betty's grave, and Kneller came down from London to paint the portrait of Martha Polls, who greatly resembled her sister Betty. He painted in duplicate, and while one hung in the Hall, the other was given to the Polls family to be treasured as a heirloom. That was how it came a portrait by Kneller was hanging on the walls of a little cottage in Barleigh, and why the Pillers could not be tempted to sell. I made a pilgrimage to Filmer churchyard, and after some difficulty found Betty's grave. The stone was battered and moss-grown, but I was able to decipher part of the inscription: *Erected by Sir Marmaduke Demmerell, for whom she gave her life.*

AU JARDIN D'AMOUR.

IN the Jardin d'Amour one gold bird sang for you,
Of all the birds that sing;
One well-fount of life's water sprang for you,
Of all fresh founts that spring;
One silver sanctus hour-bell rang for you,
Of all the hours that ring.

In the Jardin d'Amour one star was guide to you,
Star of the eastland sky;
The summer bloomed, the west wind sighed to you,
Where now the snowdrifts lie;
One heart, long, long since silent, cried to you—
You never caught its cry.

Blindfold you passed, nor any drew from you
The veil of sense and sight.
You saw but a brown bird that flew from you,
A taper's flickering light,
Heard but lone bells stray sea-winds blew from you
Where cattle graze at night.

UNA ARTEVELDE TAYLOR.

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THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

By FRED M. WHITE.

THE tragic circumstances in which Professor Egerton Street disappeared from London and the world of science, of which he was such a distinguished ornament, are not generally known to the public. Most people are under the impression that the eclipse followed as a natural consequence on the sudden death of Mrs. Street, but a few people knew that the tragedy was precipitated by the professor himself. He was supposed to have injected a certain serum—previously tried upon his own person—and the death of the lady was due to septic poisoning.

Be that as it may, the circumstances never became public property. Most people looked upon the whole thing as an accident. Anyway, Street disappeared from University College Hospital, and his place knew him no more. He was supposed to be pursuing a series of studies in West Africa with the view to stamping out of malarial fever, but that, after all, was only a rumour. Street had been a rather dour kind of enthusiast, very secretive, and possessing practically no friends. Basil Warburton, the entomologist, had seen him once at Liverpool Street Station with a variety of cases that gave him the air of a travelling naturalist. The two savants had exchanged a few words, but Street had not been communicative. He looked lean and brown and hollow-eyed; he gave just a hint of certain new discoveries. He wanted to know if Warburton had heard anything of a certain new red spider—locally called the "Red Speck"—an account of which had filtered home from Madagascar. As it happened, Warburton had not only heard of the spider, but he actually possessed a few live specimens. He says that Street's face lighted up in the most extraordinary manner on hearing this.

"You will be doing me—you will be doing the world in general an inestimable service if you will come down to my place at Crawley and bring a 'Red Speck' or two with you. Warburton, I am on the eve of realising a most stupendous discovery. If my deductions are correct, malarial fever is at an end. Those fellows are quite correct—the mosquito and kindred insects are at the bottom of the mischief. I've been digging at the remedy for two years, and I've touched bottom. It would be an insult to your intelligence to ask you if you have heard of insect grafting."

Warburton replied that he had experimented in that direction himself. Articles on the subject had appeared in several of the leading domestic magazines. The thing was a little flashy and meretricious, and no good was likely to result from it. Warburton proceeded to speak of a hybrid dragon-fly he had grafted, but the larvæ had perished, probably had not fructified. Street's eyes gleamed.

"I've conquered that," he whispered. "I've reached the breeding stage of the hybrid. The thing is not ripe for the public gaze yet, but I'll show it to you. Come down on Friday and spend a week-end at Crawley with me, and bring your red spiders along."

The offer was too tempting to be refused. Besides, Street was no pauper genius, but a well-to-do man in a position to carry out his experiments regardless of outlay. Warburton found the house pleasantly situated, the long ranges of glass had been stripped of vine and fern and flower, and given over entirely to the breeding of insects. It was rather a chilly March day, with fitful bursts of warm sunshine, so that Warburton found the glass-houses unpleasantly warm ever and again.

Street had certainly mastered his subject. He seemed to have every kind of insect in his greenhouses. In one warm corner, behind a series of thin muslin cloths, a cloud of gauzy little creatures seemed to sing and buzz in the still air.

"Mosquitoes?" Warburton suggested. "Well, they could do very little harm at this time of the year if they escaped. But where did they come from? I could localise every mosquito known to science, but I never saw any that size before."

"I bred them myself," Street proceeded

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to explain. "The original stock was grafted. Watch, and you will see that the wings are different. There is a dash of the tsetse fly in those fellows. I've had an arm as thick as your thigh from a bite of theirs. What do you think of them?"

Street led the way into another compartment of the greenhouse. The heat was unpleasant; the floor was of sand with fragments of volcanic rock scattered here and there. With the aid of a stick, Street stirred up the stones, and immediately a colony of tarantulas straddled over the sandy floor.

"Nothing wonderful about them," the professor remarked. "But you will see presently why I need them. Roughly speaking, my idea is to kill malaria by a war of extermination. Devise or breed some insect that will prey on the mosquito *et hoc*. Of course, you will argue that the remedy is as bad as the disease. That we shall see. What I want to get hold of by grafting is a slow-breeding insect that will be easy to grapple with when he has done his work. But he is to be a ferocious, poisonous fellow, and to a certain extent a clean feeder. I mean he need not be wholly carnivorous. Now suppose we take the Mexican hornet, which is one of the most dangerous of his tribe. Then we want a little of the tenacious ferocity of the spider, and here the tarantula comes in. My ideal warrior must be strong of flight and quick on the wing, and here enters the dragon-fly. This element gives the slow breed—for dragon-flies only come to maturity at the end of three years. Does this sound very weird to you?"

"No," Warburton said thoughtfully. "Nothing sounds extravagant to the scientific mind. Yours is going to be by way of a water insect as well. Still, even if you have succeeded in producing fruitful hybrids, the ideal insect is the work of a lifetime."

"It is the work of exactly three years," Street said quietly. "The problem is solved, and the warm bursts of sunshine the last few days have done it. I have never mentioned the matter to a soul before, but I am going to let you into my confidence. The third generation, the perfected thing, has hatched out in a glory that was beyond all my dreams. Come and see."

Street led the way to the far end of the greenhouse, where a part of the dome roof had been removed. The heat was tempered by the outer air, yet it stood well up to 80 degrees. In one corner was a large gauze-wire cage, not unlike a huge meat-safe, and hanging from the far wall were a series of soft-looking balls that closely resembled the nest of the mason wasp, though they were on a much larger scale. The sides of the blotting-paper structures were honeycombed like a sand-bank where a colony of martins had built their nests. There was no sound of life until the little terrier hanging on Street's heels snapped at a fly and struck the wire gauze with his paws. Then the unseen colony set up a short, pinging hum, something like the screams of a flight of rifle bullets. From a shelf behind him Street took a little brown mouse from its cage. Swiftly he lifted the door of the exaggerated meat-safe and deposited the mouse inside.

A moment later and an insect darted from one of the honeycombs. The darting beat of its red wings hummed in the silence of the greenhouse like a hawk. Warburton was loud in his admiration—he had never seen anything like it before.

The creature was some nine inches from tip to tip of those wonderful translucent amber and purple wings. They trembled and flashed like jewels in the light. The body of the insect was some five inches, marked like a hornet for half the distance, the tail being covered with fine, down-like feathers, and tinted from bright red to brilliant peacock blue. The eyes were of deep green, the long legs were curved as the talons of a hawk. Warburton's admiration was absolutely justified and sincere. He had never seen anything like it before. It was so beautiful and yet so repulsive, so soft and noiseless, yet so tigerishly suggestive.

"You have not boasted in vain," he said. "Your hybrid is perfect, if, as you say, this is the third generation. Born here from the parent stock? Then there is no limit to the monsters of scientific creation. Is—is he dangerous?"

By way of reply, Street pointed to the mouse huddled up on the bottom of the cage. The little animal seemed to be half dead with fear. The big hawk poised over him, swooped delicately, and his curved beak seemed to meet for an instant in the fur of the tiny rodent's shoulder. It was all in the twinkling of an eye, the brilliant fly was poising again, but the mouse was dead . . . Hardened scientist as he was, Warburton could not repress a shudder.

"They're hungry," Street said in his level voice. "What do they eat? Insects mostly. They are particularly fond of mosquitoes. Those fellows are going to exterminate them. They are only a means

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"'Quick!' he gasped. 'I'm done for!'"

to an end. But they will eat honey and small grain and fruit. Mind you, there is a crumpled rose-leaf in every couch, and the poisonous quality of those fellows is a little beyond my expectation. I suppose it is the mixture of the acid poisons of the tarantula and Mexican hornet in their blood. Would their bite be fatal to man? Yes, it would. There are over ten thousand of those fellows in that collection of nests, though you would not think it. When I have succeeded in reducing their poisonous qualities, I shall export them to the mosquito swamps, and I'm much mistaken if they don't root out the mosquito and their tribe pretty quickly. Fancy that little beast getting loose in

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England at this time of year! Fancy a full nest of them in any hedgerow in the autumn!"

Warburton did not fancy it, and shuddered again. But the scientist was uppermost at the time.

"I should like to have a look at that mouse," he said. "I should like to know precisely the qualities and quantities of the poison that killed him. I'll take the body to Longstaff, and let him make an analysis, if you like. I fancy it would be worth while."

The idea struck Street as a good one. Very carefully he lifted the door of the cage and reached for the body of the mouse. But the little terrier was before him. The dog rushed in, banging furiously against the side of the cage. Street rose, unthinkingly, in his desire to recover the dog, so that the cage rocked and reeled, and with a scream as of a thousand flying bullets, the great quivering insects came pelting from the nests. How it all happened nobody knew. Warburton could never tell, but an instant later the cage was overturned, and the dome of the glasshouse was alive with a swarm of some thousands of the great insects. They rose higher and higher, darting and weaving in and out like a lovely pattern of perfect colouring. The humming scream of their anger was almost majestic. Faint and sick, Street was bending to and fro, holding his arm as if in some deadly pain.

"Quick!" he gasped. "I'm done for! One of them got me through the wrist. I had more or less been prepared for something of this kind. Look at the last few pages of Volume VI. of——"

Street collapsed on the floor, his sentence unfinished. Whether he was dead or alive Warburton did not know—he did not even seem to care. He was too fascinated to be frightened—he could not keep his eyes off that tangled, angry mass of lovely colour up in the dome. Death and destruction and hideous nightmare of terror lurked there. Then one of the amazing creatures darted through the dome light and poised in the air, the great purple and gold and amber cloud followed, and shone in the open air like some glorious rainbow of hues. And Street lay there dead and stark at the feet of his colleague.

Warburton crept outside, feeling sick and faint and shaky from the play of his imagination. Here was a deadly peril, such a peril as was sure to follow sooner or later upon the attempt to destroy the balance of nature. If a thousand or so of man-eating tigers had been let loose in Sussex, the effect would have been less deadly and more paralysing than the escape of those beautiful insects. They were darting and playing now like a nimbus about the crown of a group of elm trees. Warburton could hear the pinging scream of their wings. They looked unutterably beautiful in the brilliant burst of sunshine, a thing of beauty terribly fascinating. But if they began to attack human life!

It would be impossible to fight the winged queens of the air. They could go like the wind whither they listed, bringing death and destruction everywhere. They were built for rapid flight—they might hold London captive one night and strike terror into Birmingham the next.

But Warburton had to pull himself together, he had to think of Street. The professor was dead enough, there were four or five livid red and white spots on his neck, as if the flesh had been cruelly gripped by a pair of pincers. The victim lay there quite peacefully, with a shadowy smile on his face. Death must have come very swiftly.

With the aid of a gardener, Warburton conveyed the body to the house. It was necessary to go through the formula of sending for a doctor, and that was a matter of time. Warburton would fetch his own man from town. This was outside the ken of the general practitioner. If only the trains had fitted in a little less awkwardly! Was there such a thing as a cycle about the house? The professor's motor-cycle was in its accustomed shed. Warburton grasped at the idea of action. He could ride to town on that. Anything to be doing something. Probably he would be back again before the local man arrived. Warburton sped along by way of Redhill and Reigate in the direction of London. It was borne in upon him presently that the roads were strangely deserted for the time of day. Nothing could be seen or heard for a long time, till the crest of a rise in the road disclosed a motor standing outside a blacksmith's shop. Warburton could hear the car humming as he raced along.

Two men coated in leather and hideously masked, racing men evidently, stood just inside the door. There was an air of excitement about them that Warburton did not fail to notice. One of the grotesque figures hailed him. From the Rembrandt shadows of the smithy a pair of hobnailed boots protruded, as if the rest of the owner had fallen there, overcome with beer.

"He's dead," one of the motor men jerked

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"He dragged the dead smith to the light."

out. "Pulled up here just now for a spanner, and found him lying like that. Have you seen anything of them?"

Warburton guessed what was meant. On the hood of the car he could discern a squashed yellow and red body or two, then caught in the sunshine the flutter of gauzy amber wings.

"*Delirium tremens*, gone mad," the other man said shakily. "What do you say to the car being attacked by a million of insects as big as a partridge and coloured like a poet's dream? Loveliest sight I have ever seen—at first. I made a grab at one, and he bit through my glove as if it had been a rose-leaf. Then the whole blooming lot made for us—quite a million of 'em. Frightened? Well, I should say so. But we were in armour, so to speak, and managed to beat them off. Got a couple of beautiful specimens, too, as dead as Queen Anne. And then we find the blacksmith dead, too. Perhaps they went for *him*."

Warburton fought down the physical sickness that seemed to hold him in a grip. As he dragged the dead smith to the light, he did not fail to notice the pincer-like mark on the flesh of the swarthy neck. One of the squashed hybrids was tightly grasped in his hand. Warburton asked feebly which way the swarm had gone. The motor driver pathetically requested to be given an easier one. Despite his forced hilarity, he was shaking like a leaf. He affirmed that he wanted London badly.

"And so do I," Warburton said between his teeth. "As it happens, I can tell you all about the business. Find the spanner

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and make your repairs. It sounds inhuman, but we must let that poor fellow lie there for the present. Get a move on you. I'll come along."

But the news had reached London first, the whole grotesque, maddening tragedy was being yelled by the newsboys along the Embankment. There was a telegram at his rooms waiting for Warburton from Crawley, saying that the inquest on Street would not be for a day or two, contrary to precedent. Before eight o'clock, the family of the unhappy smith had been interviewed; there was a column from an eye-witness, who had watched the attack on Mr. Cyrus A. Blyder's motor. A taxidermist in Holborn had a specimen of the deadly hybrid in his window, and the police were busy at the spot. Warburton himself was given over to the interviewers, who literally tore him to pieces. He had not meant to say anything, but he did not know the manners of the class. As a matter of fact, he told everything—and a great deal more.

The odd millions who had gone to bed overnight in ignorance of the new terror had it served up piping hot for breakfast next morning. A few more odd tragedies had dribbled in during the small hours. A rabbit-poacher at Esher had blundered into the clutch of a swarm sleeping on an elder bush, and his body, terribly distorted, had been found by a half-imbecile colleague in crime. Such is the effect produced on the nation by a cheap, pessimistic Press that thousands of people absented themselves from work during the day. But as the hours crept on, courage returned till midday, when the news spread like wildfire that a number of insects had been seen in a confectioner's shop in Regent Street. Curiosity overcame fear for the moment, and a rush was made westward. Surely enough, the news was true. Half-a-dozen pretty shop-assistants stood pale and frightened on the pavement, inside the shop something was humming and pinging and darting like a beautiful humming-bird poised over a vase of flowers. Presently something boomed overhead like the zipping song of many telegraph-wires in a gale of wind, and, as if by magic, the smart confectioner's shop was a veritable aviary of the beautiful hybrids. A thoughtless 'bus-driver made a slash at a darting insect with his whip, and instantly the gorgeous thing hummed at him and struck him in the throat.

With a scream of fear and pain, the man dropped from his box and lay writhing in the road. It was a crisp, clear day, but the unhappy driver was bathed in perspiration. He seemed to be frantic, half mad with the pain that he was suffering. He tore wildly at his collar, his lips were dripping with foam. But he did not die, as the professor and the smith had done, though the maddening pain was likely to produce complete physical exhaustion.

"He can't endure agony like that much longer," someone said, pushing his way through the crowd. "I'm a doctor. Bring him along to the nearest chemist's shop. This is a case for the hypodermic syringe and ether. It may be the means of saving the poor fellow's life."

There was no occasion to ask the crowd to stand aside. Fear had overcome curiosity, and the mob had melted into the air. The loot of the confectioner's shop was pretty well done by this time, the darkening air was humming again with the darting hybrids. Like wasps and bees, and others of their tribe, they might have been expected to seek some dark corner for shelter and rest, but possibly the glare of the electric lights had excited them. Never, perhaps, had the streets of the West End been so deserted as they were now. London had scuttled home like a colony of frightened rabbits directly darkness had set in; a creeping policeman or two along the Embankment discovered here and there a solitary hybrid banging his beautiful head against the arc lights, the buzzing of its wings making a weird sound.

All the same, the legislators of the country could not stand still merely because a brilliant and eccentric scientist had invented a new hybrid by the process of insect grafting. Most patriotic members of Parliament walked to their duties, for coachmen generally had flatly refused to turn out in the dark. The theatres might have closed their doors, for all the business they were doing; the music-halls were deserted. Some genius had suggested the arming of the police in Parliament Street with rackets, and this had been done. There had been up to ten o'clock a total bag of sixty hybrids. And there were still some ten thousand of them at large in London.

About ten o'clock the serenity of the House of Commons was marred by sounds of distress proceeding from the direction of the kitchen. A flying squadron of the hybrids had attacked the provisions there, and had been driven off by the pungent smoke of burnt brown paper. They came darting and hawking along the corridor into the Chamber itself, poising high

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overhead like a flight of beautiful birds. The hum of their wings spoke of anger. An honourable member paused in his speech, and hastily made a truncheon of the newspaper from which he was quoting. Two of the gleaming terrors came in angry conflict, and dropped flopping and struggling on the table in front of the Speaker.

Dignity could stand it no longer. There was a mad rush from the Chamber. Outside, a big, sweating policeman was vigorously fighting off one of the foe with his racket. Professor Clements, member for St. Peter's, turned the collar of his coat up and called for a hansom. But no hansom was to be seen, so the savant had to make his way to Warburton's lodgings on foot. Warburton, tired and fagged, had just returned from Crawley. He had been down to the inquest on Street, he explained. Of course, the inquiry was adjourned, as it was likely to be many times yet.

"That's what I came to see you about," Clements said. "It is pretty fortunate that there is one man who can tell me the source of this diabolical invasion. What beautiful, satanic things they are! And yet the whole idea is so disgustingly horrible. Fancy one of those things dropping on your face when you are asleep! The mere idea fills me with terror. Surely, Street must have been mad when he was inspired by this thing."

"I don't think so," Warburton said thoughtfully. "The root idea was logical enough—a way of exterminating the malarial insect with a slow-growing hybrid that man would successfully combat afterwards. I have no doubt that Street foresaw some such danger, and had schemed a way of meeting it. But, unfortunately, he had not time nor opportunity of telling me."

"Then you think that there is some way out of the mess?" Clements said. "If they were wild beasts, or anything of that kind, if they were merely malarial germs that we could fight with recognised weapons! But with those wonderfully flighted insects we are quite powerless. In eight-and-forty hours they will spread all over the kingdom. Having some of the habits of the wasp, they will break up into colonies and build nests. And what human agency have we to fight those nests? The loathsome, lovely creatures may take it into their heads to make an enemy of man. Good Heavens! the mere suggestion throws me into a cold perspiration."

"I dare say we shall find some way," Warburton began feebly. "And no doubt——"

"Yes, but the horror of it! You think that Street——"

"My dear fellow, Street was no blind enthusiast, who let his heart get the better of his head."

"Have you thought of looking amongst his papers and notes for anything likely to——"

Warburton jumped to his feet with a cry. A sudden light had broken in upon him.

"What a dolt I am!" he exclaimed. "I never thought of that. Why, as soon as the accident happened, Street turned to me and said something. What did he say? Ah, yes. 'Look at the last few pages of Volume VI. of—' alluding to his diary, no doubt. Come along, Clements."

"Where are you going at this time of the night?" Clements asked.

"Crawley," Warburton cried. "To inspect Volume VI. of poor Street's diary right away. We must get there at once, if we have to take a special train."

As it turned out, the special train to Crawley was necessary. It was no time for nice ceremonies, and Warburton ordered it without delay. An anxious superintendent stated that the enterprise would cost the voyagers nothing.

"Our directors ought to be glad to place half of our stock at the disposal of you gentlemen," he said. "Anything so long as you are trying to put an end to the state of terror. Why, since early this afternoon our main line of trains have been positively empty. Nobody is coming to London at present. A few insects holding up a big city like this! Seems almost incredible, doesn't it?"

It did, but there it was. Still, there was consolation in the idea that these two scientists were doing something as the special flew on into the darkness. There was a momentary stoppage at Three Bridges owing to a mineral train on the track; there was an unusual bustle going on in the small station, considering the time of night. Warburton leant eagerly out of the carriage window. A couple of porters were busily engaged in pouring a stream of water from a hydrant into one of the waiting-rooms.

"We've got three of those beastly flies in there," the stationmaster explained. "We're trying to drown them out. There's a nice crisp touch in the air to-night."

Warburton started as a sudden idea came to him, but he said nothing to his companion. They were very silent until Street's house was reached. The place was absolutely deserted, for the servants had vanished. Nobody

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could be persuaded to face the hidden dangers of the house. Who could tell what dreadful monster would rise next? Street's body had been conveyed to an adjacent hotel, his own place was dark and desolate. Warburton settled the matter by breaking a window and entering the house that way. He fumbled about until he touched the electric switch, and presently the whole place was flooded with light. Street had had a full installation even into the greenhouses.

There were cases and cages all over the house. Even in what was the drawing-room Warburton and his companion could see those great safe-kind of arrangements from which the deadly hybrids had escaped. Clements idly rattled one with a stick, and instantly the whole structure hummed like a hive of angry bees. Quaint things like little flying lizards darted against the bars.

"This is as bad as *delirium tremens*," Clements murmured. "Now, what are those abortions, for instance? Are they intended to be for some good purpose, or are they as deadly dangerous as the hybrids? We dare not pry too far, because we don't know. And the only man who does know is dead. To clear the place and render it safe—why, good gracious! there may be thousands of eggs and larvæ hatching at this house, not necessarily dangerous in their present condition, but——"

"I've found a way to deal with them," Warburton said hoarsely. "It's a desperate, not to say a drastic, remedy, but we shall have the approval of the State. Let us get this creepy business over as soon as possible, Clements. Come to the library and find the diaries. I am hoping that we may discover the balm of Gilead there."

The amateur housebreakers were only concerned with the sixth volume of Street's diaries. There was a mass of figures and calculations there that conveyed nothing to anybody but the writer, but towards the end of the paper-covered volume came something like a concise account of the apotheosis of the hybrids. At some length the origin of their being was set out, and then the measures by which they were to be successfully combated when their work was done.

"By Jove! the thing is fairly simple," Warburton cried. "I can see nothing here that speaks of an antidote to the bite of the creature. But they can be rendered harmless by the application of ammonia and eucalyptus to the skin—in fact, Street says that they will fly in terror before it. I should like to see the experiment tried. Come to the laboratory."

The necessary ingredients were found and mixed in the proportions set out, and then were rubbed by each man on his hands and face and neck. It was just possible that a close search of the greenhouses would discover another case of the beautiful hybrids. There were many cages picked out by the flare of the electric light, and many strange colonies of insects disturbed, before Warburton's eyes lighted on one of the zinc safes with a couple of the peculiar blotting-paper nests inside. A vigorous shaking filled the cage with a tangled, angry knot of dazzling colour. The screams of vibrating wings hummed in the air. Beating down the terror that possessed him, Warburton thrust his hand into the small door at the top of the cage. The insects darted back from him, one hit the top of the cage and fell back upon his sweating, pungent palm. It was all he could do to keep from screaming. It was hard to have full faith in the dead man's remedy.

But nothing happened. The great insect lay on the sticky palm, its wings palpitating gently. The long, beautifully marked body was bent backwards, then the wings were absolutely stilled. Warburton pulled his hand from the cage and dropped the hybrid on the floor.

"Dead," he said calmly. He was outwardly cool enough, though his lip was torn where the teeth had met it. "Dead as a door-nail. Paralysed by the odour given off from the compound, I expect. Clements, we've got to see this thing through now. You keep those diabolical flies stirred up to a pretty passion whilst I get a spray. We'll try it on the whole lot."

Clements nodded his approval of the suggestion. With a stick he kept the hive in a state of commotion. The wings of the creatures screamed angrily, the whole space was a dazzling flash of kaleidoscopic colour. It was very repulsive, and yet strangely, weirdly beautiful. Warburton came back presently with a fully charged bottle of spray in his hand. At a distance of a yard he proceeded to discharge the fine spray into the cage. The effect was like magic, the scream of those opalescent wings ceased, on the instant a cloud of insects sank to the bottom of the cage and lay there, a tangled heap of dead creatures. Warburton broke out into extravagant joy.

"Settled the whole business," he said. "In the cause of science, mind you, it is a pity. In the interests of humanity we should

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"'We've got three of those beastly flies in there,' the stationmaster explained."

have preserved some of those creatures. But the country wouldn't stand it—the terror is too great. Still, if we can show the people quickly there is a sure and certain way out of the danger, why——"

"Better not," Clements said thoughtfully.

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"No good ever came yet, and no good ever will come, by interfering with the balance of Nature. The demon that scotches the demon is always the worst demon of the lot. The winged terror has been bad enough, especially now that the master hand controlling it is no more. Street was thorough in his methods, he was a fanatic in the cause of science. And Heaven only knows what new horrors are concealed in those breeding-cages, and the larvæ we found in those novel incubators in the boiler-house. Street knows, and he is dead. If we destroy everything——"

"We are going to," Warburton said grimly. "Let's go and find a bed somewhere—my nerves are pretty steady, but I would not sleep in this house for a V.C. Come along."

"Beating down the terror that possessed him, Warburton thrust his hand into the small door at the top of the cage."

Warburton got through to London on the telephone early the next day, and the result of his interview with the Board of Agriculture and Spring Gardens was quite satisfactory. He would be back in town as early as possible, he said. But, meanwhile, there was much to be done. He was going to take the law into his own hands. A load or two of straw and a few gallons of paraffin were all that Warburton needed. Half an hour later, and Street's late residence, including his long stretch of glass, was a mass of calcined ruins. What secrets those grey ashes held would never be known. . . .

It was late in the afternoon before Warburton and Clements reached London. There were more people in the streets than there had been yesterday, for the secret of the cure had been proclaimed, and some of the bolder spirits were venturing out again. The air reeked with the smell of mingled eucalyptus and ammonia. One of the evening papers had an account of the manner in which a County Council labourer covered with the mixture had tackled a score of the hybrids in a Mayfair house, and had overcome them with the greatest ease.

But there were nearly ten thousand of the insects to be accounted for, and people generally had not forgotten the horrors of the

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past few hours. A large concourse of interested spectators had gathered in the operating-theatre of the Metropolitan Hospital to see Warburton deal with a few of the hybrids taken in the butterfly nets for the special occasion. Half an hour later, an eager throng of men were scouring London, prepared to deal with the evil, when met. The run on ammonia and eucalyptus severely taxed the resources of the chemists' shops. Warburton looked thoughtfully contented as he walked to his rooms. He saw that the sky was clear, and that the sun was going down like a red ball in the west.

"The elements are coming to our assistance," he said. "If this weather goes on for eight-and-forty hours longer, the situation is absolutely saved. I'm sending a letter to the Central Press and Press Association to-night, asking them to see that it appears in every morning and evening paper in England to-morrow. See you later."

It was exactly how Warburton had hoped and asked for. His letter called attention to the fact that a severe frost seemed imminent, and that it looked likely to last for a day or two. If the frost maintained itself, it would be the duty of every householder to search his premises, and see that they entertained no specimen of the deadly hybrid. If they were driven out of doors, the first sharp frost would be fatal to them. They were bred practically from tropical insects, and therefore they could not stand cold. At the same time, it would be only prudent to see that the insects were quite dead, and not merely torpid. It was necessary, also, for everybody who found even *one* of the hybrids to report the fact to the Board of Agriculture. Not one of them must be left alive. An open window and the faintest touch of ammonia and eucalyptus would be sufficient to drive the insects into the open air.

At the end of twenty-four hours the figures began to come in. Between London and Redhill over eight thousand five hundred of the insects had been found, either dead or torpid, a great number of them being discovered clinging to the arches of the bridges over the river. The wave of terror rolled back, and London became itself again. To the satisfaction of everybody, the frost continued, so that on the morning of the second day over nine thousand seven hundred and fifty of the lovely hybrids had been accounted for. An odd specimen or two drifted here and there for the next week, and then eight days passed without further result. Beyond the few specimens kept and preserved at South Kensington, none remained.

"I fancy the danger is over," Warburton said to Clements, as they lunched together a few days later at the Athenæum Club. "And yet it seems a pity, too."

"Great pity," Clements agreed, "It's a thousand pities, too, that Street died in so tragic a manner, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, a great secret perished with him. I would have given much to see the fight between the hybrids and the mosquitoes on the Gold Coast. And yet the situation would not have been without its terrors."

"What do you mean?" Warburton asked.

"Well, those hybrids would have increased in size in that congenial atmosphere. They would have developed habits of their own. And Street, after all, was working on a theory. Fancy a dozen of those hybrids as big as an eagle——"

"Don't!" Warburton shuddered. "The horror was quite bad enough as Street evolved it."

WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.

WHEN the leaves fall, they rustle red and gold
Along the paths and lie 'neath sheltering wall.
The summer's story is a tale that's told
When the leaves fall.

Midsummer days have held us in sweet thrall,
Midsummer nights wore witcheries manifold;
But now white mists hang heavy over all.

I almost wish those leaves had kept their hold,
The trees are looking very bare and tall:
And oh, the sweeping up, fold upon fold!
When the leaves fall.

ELIZABETH B. PIERCY.

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Why the Aurora Was Wrecked

By JESSIE POPE.

PEGGY looked up from the celery-glass, which she had been searching for another tender piece, to find her mother's eyes fixed upon her with a look of wistful reproach.

"What have I done now?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing," replied the stout lady, the real cause of whose sadness was the fact that celery was debarred from her for ever.

"I can *guess* what it was," remarked her daughter; "you were thinking it was time I was engaged."

"Engaged, indeed! More than time you married, you mean. You're twenty-five, my girl—and don't get younger," retorted her mother. Peggy laughed; the habit of plain speech which existed between them was no bar to good feeling.

"I believe you're right, mummy," she said after a pause, "but who is it to be?"

"Ah!" replied the other, "you must settle that for yourself. I'm much too old, and far too fat, to run after a husband for you."

Peggy sat for a few minutes absorbed in thought, with her chin on her palm. Then she said—

"Mummy, how would Sandy do?" Her mother laughed softly, crossed the room with a heavy but dignified tread, and lowered herself in her chair by the window before replying—

"He'd *do*, well enough, if you could get him—which isn't likely."

"He shall propose," said Peggy, "before the sun sets. Bless me, mummy, before I go," and, with a whimsical look on her dainty face, she sank on her knee before the chair and bent her flaxen head. Her mother raised her large white hand and looked at it gravely.

"It's not as light as it used to be," she said. "I don't know how that frizz of yours will stand it."

Her daughter sprang to her feet with a cry. "I'd forgotten my beautiful top-knot!" she ejaculated, "and it's my great point. You've no idea what havoc these curls have made."

"It's the sort of havoc that brings no definite result, I notice," returned her mother drily. "Shall you be home for tea?"

"Can't say—it depends how long it takes," returned Peggy flippantly, as she caught up her hat.

"Well, don't be late for dinner, dearie. There's a beautiful bit of turbot, if cook doesn't ruin it," called her mother, turning her head with some difficulty to watch her youngest born and dearest walk down the garden-path with an easy swing, and disappear through the gate.

Half a mile down the road, Peggy turned into another garden, and, crossing the shrubbery by a short cut, with the air of one perfectly familiar with her surroundings, came upon the smooth tennis-lawn. Here she looked round expectantly, but the lawn was deserted, the net hung slack, but as she stooped to recover a ball from under a fuschia bush, she spied a hammock gently swaying in the shade of a beech tree.

"There he is," she said softly to herself, and as she sauntered across the sward, the picture she had known by heart from childhood once more unrolled itself before her. From this point the garden sloped in fern-grown terraces to the very verge of the gorse-clothed cliff, and there, rising like a blue wall from the edge of the cliff up and up to the hazy horizon, lay the sea glittering in the autumn sunlight. The occupant of the hammock lay on his side, gazing over the sea, his cheek rested on his hand, and a half-smoked cigarette had fallen from his idle fingers to the grass beneath.

"Come for a walk, Sandy?" said Peggy.

He turned over and looked at her.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" he said. "Pick up my cigarette, will you?"

She stooped and placed it between his fingers.

"Come along, idlebones!" she said.

"But why a walk?" he objected, watching the fragrant blue smoke waver upwards.

"Oh, I don't know. I feel sociable, and there's no one else to go with. Come along! If Miss Vaughan asked you, you wouldn't refuse," she added, with a little grimace.

"She wouldn't ask me," said Sandy.

"Wouldn't she? I'm not so sure."

"I am, because I should have asked her first."

Peggy chuckled.

"All right," she said, "I don't care; but

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"She stooped and placed the cigarette between his fingers."

do come on, there's a good boy—the days are getting *so* short."

Sandy turned out of the hammock with an ill-used sigh. He *was* sandy, and very freckled; but, all the same, he had an attractive face, though Peggy was too familiar with it to realise its charm.

When they arrived at the beach, she decided in favour of a row. The sea was calling her. So Sandy ran the skiff down the shelving pebbles and rowed lazily out of the tranquil cove and into the open along the coast, while Peggy leaned back in the cushions and watched him.

"What were you thinking of in the hammock just now?" she said. His eyes met hers—they were very keen, grey eyes. He smiled, but did not answer.

"Sandy! I believe you're in love!" she exclaimed, suddenly leaning forward.

"Perhaps I am," he replied deliberately. Then a strange thing happened. Peggy's heart gave a sudden thump, quite of its own accord, and her face got so hot that to hide it she leaned over the side, and trailed her little brown hand in the bubbling water, disconcerted at these queer symptoms. Then an item of village gossip, heard and forgotten, flashed across her mind, and her rosy blush faded

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"You're in love with Miss Vaughan," she said.

"Perhaps I am," admitted Sandy, a happy smile spreading over his freckled face.

"Has she accepted you?" His smile grew triumphant.

"Was she likely to refuse?" he said. "But, I say, don't mention it, Peggy. It's not announced yet."

Peggy pouted at him, and she dropped back among the cushions again.

"Oh, you old bother!" she said. "I wanted you to marry *me*."

"Well, I had my suspicions," returned Sandy, "so I felt it wise to act promptly in self-protection. However, you don't seem to take it much to heart."

"To *heart*—no. It doesn't affect my *heart*, but mummy will be annoyed, I expect. I know you too well to fall in love with you, Sandy, my boy; still, I've got to marry somebody, and I thought you were nice and handy. What's her name, by the way?"

"Her name!" he repeated slowly. "Oh, do trim the boat, Peggy! Her name—well—er—her real name is Magdalen, but I call her Chicksie."

"How absurd! But that's just like all you inveterate bachelors, you're perfectly idiotic when you're once caught. So *that's* where you were on Sunday night. I'd no one to walk on the cliff with. But I expect I mustn't depend on you for that sort of thing in future."

"I'm afraid not," he returned cheerfully, "except when she goes out for a visit; then I can take you out a bit."

Peggy's lip curled.

"*She* won't suit you for long," she said. "Don't ask your Chicksie to take a pair of sculls. She'd split her blouse the first stroke, catch a crab the next, and get a headache at the third."

"That's the attraction," he replied. "I dislike masculine girls."

"*I'm* not masculine!" exclaimed Peggy defensively.

"But you lack the clinging tenderness of my Chicksie."

"*I* can be tender, too," she said, nodding her head at him. "Ask Percy Paget!"

"Poor chap!" returned Sandy. "I wondered why he went off to New Zealand so suddenly."

Peggy pouted again; but this time she remained silent, while gradually the flippant good humour left her face, and a peevish expression settled there instead. As a matter of fact, now the prize was beyond her grasp, for the first time in her life it dawned upon her that it was worth winning.

"Steer round," said Sandy presently; "it's going to blow."

"Let it," said Peggy shortly.

"Time's getting on," he continued. "We shall have had enough of it by the time we get back."

"I don't care," she said. "It's probably the last row we shall have together, and I'm going to make the most of it; besides, I simply daren't face mother with the news." She smiled mockingly as she spoke.

"I'll come back with you and help you break it," he said, smiling also. "Steer round—the sea's getting up."

"Not yet," said Peggy; "I want to go a bit further."

He glanced at her and saw obstinacy in every line of her fair little face. Wind and tide were hurrying them on, and the languid warmth of the late autumn afternoon had changed to the exhilarating freshness of the impending evening. Sandy rested on his oars, and presently the wind caught the skiff and gave it a preliminary shake, and a wave hit the side with a resounding smack. Sandy took a stroke.

"Come on round!" he said. There was a masterful tone in his voice; and though Peggy still smiled mockingly, she obeyed him, but took a malicious joy in watching his struggle on the return journey against heavy odds of wind and tide, criticising the action of his powerful shoulders with such calm interest—never offering to take a pair of sculls herself—that, at length, his temper too was touched.

"Steer round by the cliff!" he said shortly. "Not straight across."

"That's twice as far," she objected.

"Yes, but the tide isn't so strong."

"Bother the tide!" she returned lightly. "I want my dinner. We've got a lovely bit of turbot; besides, a little hard work will do you good."

"Just as you like," he replied, and continued his task without further remark, while his companion took him at his word and steered straight across, till, seeing how hot he was and how fierce the struggle was becoming, her heart smote her.

"Shall I take the other pair, and ship the rudder, Sandy?" she said in a gentler tone.

"Yes, please," he said quietly, and they made better progress after that, for, to atone for her temper, Peggy put her back into it with a will. The evening was drawing in grey and chilly, the short, steep waves began

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"Sandy caught at the gunwale with one hand, lifted Peggy with the other."

to grow taller and show white crests against the dull sky. When they rounded the point, the wind struck them with renewed force, yet for two miles more the cliffs sheered pitilessly into the water, and it was impossible to land. Peggy pulled like a heroine. The flying spray lashed her soft face, her hat was blown crooked and shook unsteadily at one side of her head, and her arms and neck showed pink where the drenched muslin clung to the skin. She was used to the sea and rough weather, and at first the boisterous struggle filled her with the joy of youth and strength; but dark clouds were climbing the sky, the waves heaved round them very desolately, and presently her arms ached so desperately that she felt they must break every time she pulled her sculls through the water. Then suddenly the wind wrenched her hat off and flung it into the sea.

"There goes my hat!" she cried, laughing. "We must turn back and fetch it!"

"No," came the short reply from behind her. Wondering if he were still annoyed

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with her for steering across to the point, she turned quickly to look at him. There was something in Sandy's face that startled her —something like fear. She rowed on silently for a few minutes, then dropped her sculls.

"What's the matter, Sandy?" she said. "Is there any danger?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What of?" Her question came in a gasp.

"Being swamped by the waves before we can get in"; and as he spoke, a wave caught the bows and broke over them. Panic seized her.

"Oh, Sandy, what shall we do!" she quavered.

"Pull away, Peggy!" he answered. "We shall get through all right."

She clenched her teeth and pulled as she had never pulled before. She forgot her aching muscles and only remembered she couldn't swim half the distance to shore, nor even a quarter; and the odds were if Sandy tried to help her, they would both be drowned. The water was swirling round her ankles. A few more waves like those last two would inevitably swamp them. But death, here and now—it was unthinkable.

"Pull left!" cried Sandy suddenly. "I'd forgotten the old wreck. If we can get to that, we're all right."

But could they?—the waves meant having them first.

"Now, then, both together, Peggy!"

Like people possessed, they fought with those waves, those hungry enemies that pursued them, those towering monsters appearing in the distance and leaping across the intervening space to engulf them. The man and the girl in the skiff were fighting for their lives, and neither heeded the choking gasps and sobs and ejaculations of the other, as, foot by foot, yard by yard, the distance lessened between them and their harbour of refuge—the forsaken hull of a wrecked brig which had struck the sunken reef in the early summer. Crew and cargo had been saved, but the hull still remained, bow pointing upward and stern submerged—as immovable as the rocks that held her.

"Oh, God help us! Look!" cried Peggy. A high-crested wall of water leaped upon them; a grey avalanche poured over the side —next moment the sea had got them and closed over Peggy's head with an exultant hiss.

She rose and struck out wildly for the wreck looming large in the twilight, in a flurry of broken water. Her clothes hampered her. She fought rather than swam. Another wave broke over her head. She got a mouthful and uttered a choking cry.

"Steady, old lady—it's all right—were nearly there," came a voice close by—a voice which supported her as much as the hand under her arm. The next wave swept them nearly on to the wreck. Sandy caught at the gunwale with one hand, lifted Peggy with the other, and pushed her over on to the deck. But the back-wash of the wave which had carried them to safety would have swept him away if Peggy had not clutched his shoulder just in time and held on till he got a knee over the gunwale and scrambled up beside her. The deck was slanting and slippery, and they crawled up on hands and knees till they found a sheltered spot in the bows, where, out of reach of the fuming waves, they could sit quiet and realise that the danger was past.

"The fishing-fleet will be by presently," said Sandy, breaking the silence.

"And I shall see mummy again, after all," murmured Peggy.

She pushed the wet hair out of her eyes and looked at him as he sat nursing his knees a yard away, peering in the direction of the point for the first sign of the fishing-boats.

Her face was blanched, her whole body aching and quivering from her exertions, and yet it was something else that made her long to hide her head and weep.

"Well, it's a good thing you're not drowned, for somebody's sake," she remarked with a rather poor attempt at her old flippancy.

"Whose?" he said, without turning.

"Miss Vaughan's, of course."

"Oh! Isn't that joke about played out?" he said quietly.

"What joke?"

"You knew I was rotting. I hardly know the girl—I didn't know her name, even. You were rotting too."

"That I wasn't!" came the low-voiced reply.

"What! Not when you said you wanted to marry me yourself?"

There was no answer, and suddenly Sandy leaned forward and, taking her by the wet shoulder, turned her face to him.

"Answer me! Weren't you rotting, yourself?" he said in his masterful way. She was dumb, and her eye shrank from his, while her lip trembled childishly.

"Why, my little love," said Sandy, suddenly drawing her close and laying his warm cheek against her cold one, "did you *really*

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"'Why, my little love!' said Sandy, suddenly drawing her close and laying his warm cheek against her cold one."

mean it? I should be awfully glad if you did, Peggy."

But Peggy only sobbed and pushed him away.

"I did half mean it," she ejaculated brokenly, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, "but everything was quite different then. Mummy said it was time I got married—half in joke; but I felt perhaps she was right, and I thought you would do as well as anyone, and we liked the same things. But that's ages ago. I shall never, never, never feel the same again."

"Why not?" demanded Sandy. "Because I let the boat capsize, I suppose, and got you a wetting?"

"No. Because I didn't know how good and brave you were. I'm not worthy of you, Sandy—that's the reason."

Sandy laughed.

"Is *that* the trouble?" he said. "Well, that's my look-out, and I'm satisfied. Peggy, I'm neither good nor brave, God knows, but I want you, and we can start again together. But don't play with me now. It's rather an important matter to me, you know."

"Since when?" she said incredulously.

"Since I loved you."

"Oh, Sandy!" she cried reproachfully, "you know you've never loved me all these years."

"I've loved you ever since I knew you.

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But I only knew you this afternoon. When I saw you pulling so pluckily, I loved you; and when you were frightened, I loved you even more. Come, little girl, try to love me too. We *must* have each other, Peggy."

Was this Sandy, self-opinionated, domineering, conceited Sandy, who had chaffed and wrangled with her all her life, but never said one tender word or looked one loving glance?

And could this be Peggy, careless, flippant, self-satisfied Peggy, who had snubbed him and mocked him, who borrowed his slang and his golf-clubs and his cigarettes? Now she sat sobbing very humbly, with not a word to say for herself. But this new tenderness, these first caresses were not to be resisted, and suddenly she turned and clung to him, answering kiss for kiss.

"Do you know what this wreck is called, Peggy?" said Sandy presently.

"No, Sandy," came the soft little answer.

"The *Aurora*. The dawn of day for most people, but the dawn of love for you and me."

Turning to press an unnoticed kiss on his wet shoulder, she spied a fishing-boat rounding the point. Sandy hailed it, and there came an answering shout.

"They've heard us," he said. "What a nuisance!"

* * * * *

The beautiful bit of turbot was done to a turn, as it happened, but Peggy's mother did justice to it alone, and had retired to her room, wondering, in her easy-going way, when her easy-going daughter would think fit to return, when she heard the click of the garden gate. A quarter of an hour later she confronted the culprit running lightly upstairs; her beautiful curls hung in rat's tails; her dress was dark and heavy with water, but her blue eyes were lit with a mysterious light.

"A nice time to turn up, and a nice state you've get yourself into!" was her mother's comment. "And what have you been doing downstairs, pray?"

"Getting some supper," replied Peggy, trying to repress the unmanageable ring in her voice. "I was hungry. I tumbled out of the boat."

"So I perceive; but you didn't eat my prawns, I hope?"

"No. I couldn't find them," said Peggy with a joyous smile.

"That's a blessing! Well, get to bed."

"Congratulate me first, mummy."

"What about?"

"I'm engaged to Sandy." Her mother gasped.

"You're *not!*" she cried.

"I am—really, and I'm going to marry him."

"But whatever for? We were joking, both of us."

"Because I love him—and he loves me."

"Really! When did it come on, pray?"

"Oh, just before he proposed—or I proposed—I forget which. Oh, mummy—kiss me. I don't know how to wait for the morning, before I see him again." Then she turned and hugged her mother close, with a little choking sound that was half a chuckle and half a sob.

"Oh, you couple of fools!" said her mother, blinking back a tear.

A VIGNETTE.

THE harvest fields shine gathered gold,
The blue sky's overhead,
Harvest is now a tale that's told,
Summer a book that's read.

Beyond wide yellow fields the sea
Matches the sky in hue,
Where little waves all lazily
Creep shorewards from the blue.

The flowering sarazin blooms white
As the waves' crest afar,
Ah! what a snowy bridal sight
These Norman meadows are!

Just simple beauty, naught that's grand,
Naught unseen otherwhere,
But smiling waters, flowering land,
A sunlit prospect fair.

EDITH C. M. DART.

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YOUNG BLOOD.

THEY took me from the forests and they put me in the town;
They bid me learn the wisdom the wise men have laid down,
To put by my childish ways
And forget my Golden Days,
With my feet upon the ladder that runs up to high renown.

So I would not hear the voices that were calling day and night,
And I would not see the visions that were ever in my sight;
But I mingled with the throngs,
Heard their curses and their songs,
And raised the brimming glass on high to catch the yellow light.

But I was not meant to wander where the wild things never came,
Where the night-time was like day-time and the seasons were the same;
Where the city's sullen roar
Ever surged against my door,
And the only peace was battle and the only goal was fame.

For my blood pulsed hot within me and the prize seemed wondrous small;
And my soul cried out for freedom in a world beyond a wall;
Oh, fame can well be sung
By those no longer young,
By wisdom, age and learning, when youth transcends them all!

So I'll let the spring of life well up and drown the empty quest;
And I'll watch the stars more bright than fame gleam red along the crest;
And taste the driving rain
Between my lips again,
And know that to the blood of youth the open road is best.

With Spring-time in the woodlands will my pulses stir and thrill:
I'll run below the wet young moon where myriad frogs pipe shrill;
I'll forget the world of strife,
Where fame is more than life;
And I'll mate with youth and beauty when the sun is on the hill.

LLOYD ROBERTS.

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The Joke's Progress.

The Autobiography of a Funny Story

by Thomas Maybank.

A TINKLE of silver and china tea-things, the *frou-frou* of summer frocks, light-hearted chatter punctuated by ripples of laughter, the river at high water bearing brown-sailed barges and snorting tugs with trails of lumbering lighters, a deep blue sky broken by majestic processions of sunlit cumulus—everything breathing gaiety and movement, everything intensely alive.

Could I resist coming into the world in such congenial environment? I had long felt myself to be too good a story to be wasted in a rarer air, and thirsted for mundane appreciation of my excellence. So I decided to be earth-born upon this afternoon in June.

The young member for Market Headcar, gay and debonair, should be my sponsor.

I therefore hailed a passing zephyr that was plying between the Victoria Tower and Westminster Bridge, and perched myself in proximity to the young politician. He was one of four at a table near the parapet; the others, two ladies and the curate of St. Falatius, the parish church of his borough.

I retained my invisibility until a fitting opportunity in the conversation—an *à propos*—gave me my chance. Then I revealed myself to him alone. He was dazzled by my brilliancy and sparkle. Someone was speaking at the time—the curate, I think—but my chosen sire ill-manneredly broke in: "By Jove, I say! What a capital joke one could make out of that situation! For instance, substitute a bishop for the horse-coper, and invert the circumstances in the *dénouement*, and it would run thus——"

I was not mistaken in the member for Market Headcar. He had a clever face. With commendable ingenuity he so twisted that *à propos*, took it in here, let it out there, turned it, tucked it, tricked it with gathers and gussets, that it should make a fitting mantle for my reception, and then inserted me neatly into it, and—I was born into this world to the accompaniment of joyous chuckles and blushes of parental pride on the part of my progenitor.

Then came my first shock. I had anticipated instant recognition in all circles, such was my ignorance upon the distribution of a sense of humour on this planet. I did not get it. One of the ladies undoubtedly saw me at once and was genuinely appreciative. The other had not seen me. There was I blazing in all the sparkling trappings of a new-born *bon mot*, yet she had not seen me.

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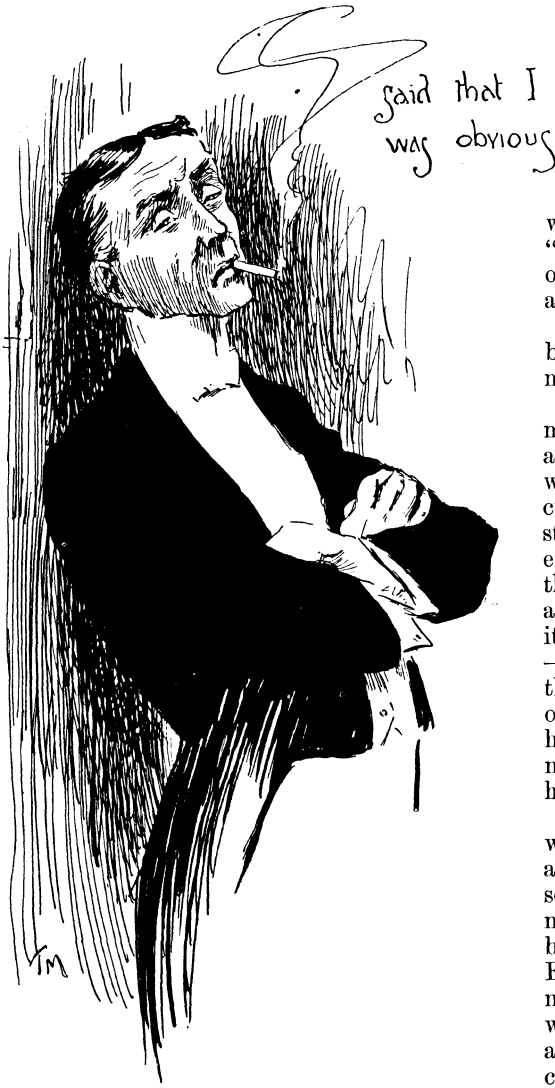

Being an authoress, with a reputation for humour to tend and endeavour to keep alive, she joined in the laugh. It was the insincere laugh that, alas! I have since come to know so well and dread, the forged and clumsily produced passport of those who pretend to that intellectuality of their friends which has been the only true "Open, Sesame!" to the treasures that they covet. The curate acknowledged me at once—in his own way. Again, this was different from my expectations. I had thought to be received everywhere with "laughter holding both his sides," head thrown back, mouth open and elongated earwards, emitting uncontrollable guffaws. The appreciative lady had not come up to this specification, certainly, but there was a hearty spontaneity in her silvery ripple that made me hail it as a very good substitute for my more boisterously demonstrative demands. No, the curate did neither of these things. He thrust his head a little forward and on one side, screwed his eyes up to mere slits, pursed his mouth with tight little upward curves at the corners, and murmured "Hu-hu-hu-hu-huh!" in a quick succession of staccato syllables, resembling the sound of a distant motor-bicycle.

Such, then, was my nativity, such the beginnings of my eventful career amongst mortals.

That evening the clever girl introduced me to her brother. The brother grasped me at once and "trotted me out" to a friend, who, being fresh from his university and cultivating a tired superiority, snubbed me straight off. His was the first rudeness I had encountered. He said—oh, the enormity!—that I was "obvious," that a certain Don had a much better one on similar lines—and told it. That was where he made the mistake—he should not have told it. However, this lofty disdain of me was only part of his pose, for later, at his club, when he could assume proprietary rights over me, and present me as "the very latest," he did.

My success was then assured. I went like wildfire. The Stock Exchange adopted—and adapted—me. Being of an elastic nature, something like a Gazeka in texture, though not so coarse, I can be easily elongated or broadened. By the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange I was broadened. Candidly, I did not like this treatment, and once started it was difficult to say how far I was going; and when I was presented to the readers of a certain weekly publication, against a background of appropriately blush-tinted paper, I scarcely knew myself.

Had I not been intrinsically a really *good* joke, I should have succumbed under this sort of treatment. As it was, being quite healthy, I soon recovered, and went my merry rounds, meeting everywhere with the laughter that is the breath of my life. Drawing-rooms, smoking-rooms, committee-rooms, towns, countries, continents rang as they welcomed me, for I was none of your weakly little creatures that can thrive only in the atmosphere of servility which surrounds the bench or the reach-me-down "laughter" waiting on the magistrates' utterances. When people once knew me, they were not satisfied until all their set knew me too.

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Some would unblushingly start a conversation off at a tangent through a little maze of thinly connected topics, and then blurt out with an apparently spontaneous chortle: "By the way, that reminds me of a good yarn I heard the other day," and then collar hold of me anyhow and drag me in.

I have seen the pitiful sight of a poor young man calling upon relations, the call being as puzzling to them as unwelcome, just because he had not the conversational dexterity or ingenuity to lead up to an excuse for introducing me, the sole reason of his calling at all.

Old friendships have been renewed through my good offices. Jones has met me in the City during the afternoon. He lives in bachelor state in the outer suburbs, and in solitude at dinner chuckles reminiscently over me. He unbends to his butler, says that he thinks we shall have some rain before the morning, Wilkings, and then tells him of our encounter. The butler, who prides himself that he "knows his place," listens with an elaborately obsequious air until his master has unfolded me from my topknot to the end of my very pointed tail, bows, and says: "Thenk you, sir."

"The laughter that is the breath of my life."

Jones is depressed, but undaunted. He reflects—

"Wouldn't Robinson go into fits over that? He served me a shabby trick over that lawn-mower three years ago, but, 'pon my word, I've a good mind to let bygones be bygones, and call on him." He does, and wears a far-away abstracted air, mentally weighing every remark of Robinson's to see if it will bear me, until a verbal suggestion creates the opportunity for my presentation, when amicability is once more thoroughly restored, and "wreathed smiles" envelop both.

So have I been the instrument of reunion between two long-estranged worthies, so applied the balm of forgiveness and forgetfulness to a deadly feud about a lawn-mower.

Then merrily on again, making new friends at each encounter. Robinson tells all in his set; they tell others, and so on in ever-widening circles.

Jones's butler carries me downstairs. Who would have supposed, from his official reception of me upstairs, that he would give me a second thought? A delicate perception, however, was hidden behind that mask of respectful servitude. He whom I had taken to be cold and distant proved a capital fellow. My sparkle and brilliance suffered no tarnishing at his hands, my points no blunting from clumsy manipulation.

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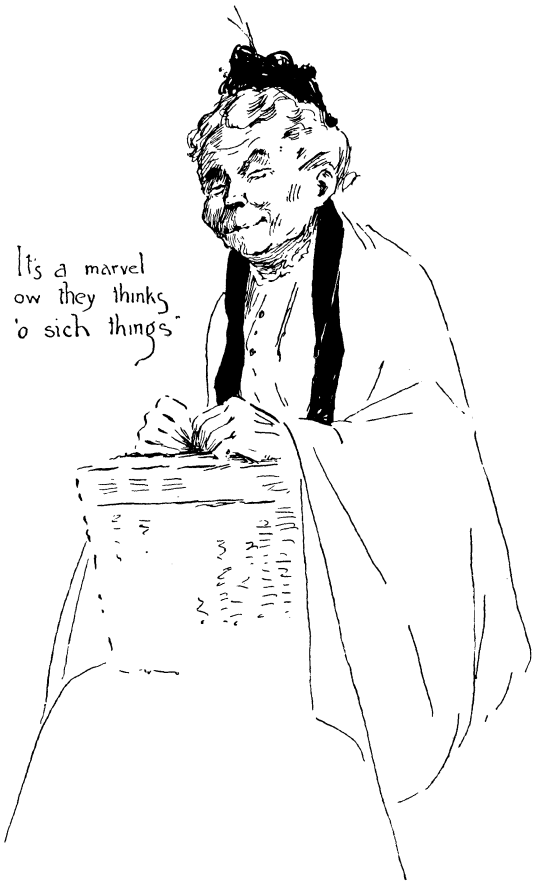

His mother, who sometimes called to see him (bringing a wicker basket that was heavier at her departure), was there, and declared, in the intervals of curious croaking tributes to my humour, that "It's a marvel 'ow they thinks o' sich things." The under-housemaid's "Ow, Mr. Wilkings, you do go on—there's no gittin' up sides with yer!" may be taken as indicative of the admiration my appearance evoked in the servants' hall. The only fly in the amber was the jeering tone of the page's "S'pose you think that's funny? Well, I don't—see?" (I should have been more than human had I taken no pleasure in the subsequent admonitory clout given by Mr. Wilkings.)

Such, then, was the prosperity of those happy days when I was "on the town," before the flashing colours of my motley became faded and acquired the hue of undoubted chestnut by which I am now almost universally recognised. A triumphal progress in all classes of society, the petted and pampered *protégé* of peer and peasant, acclaimed of the classes and admired of the masses. Radiant as the gaudy flutterings of the butterfly, and well-nigh, alas, as brief!

My downfall was gradual. Old friends, who at our first introduction had greeted me with ebullient enthusiasm, meeting me months after, tricked out and furbished with a local habitation and a name, would frown upon me; and an unmistakable flatness would descend upon a hitherto jovial gathering when I was materialised in their midst by a member of a provincial branch of the Primrose League, who had been tardy of making my acquaintance. Many an indignity have I thus suffered at the hands of well-meaning but indiscreet champions.

Mr. Anstey's "Poffley" is the famous type of this latter class—the young man who has received me with gurgling appreciation, but whose short memory rends me into tatters. Before proceeding far, he pulls up, finds he has omitted an important detail,

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"It took two of them to do it."

tries back: "Oh, that's wrong—wait a minute—before that happened he said to her—or was it she said to him?—well, anyhow, it doesn't matter; and then, after that—oh, but I forgot—I ought to have told you that before they met at all, they——" and so on, vaguely ending: "Well, I forget the point of the thing; at any rate, I know it was jolly funny." Then he gurgles corroboratively.

Here and there throughout the countryside can be found a staunch adherent. One dear old soul I call to mind—a timber-merchant with a penchant for "wheezes." He has known me nearly all my life, yet never tires. My well-worn machinery never palls on *him*. But his *friends!* Once he had many friends, but so often did he press me, with others of my kind, upon them, that they grow fewer by degrees. But, unsuspecting the doom he is himself accomplishing, still he proses on with imprudent persistence. The chance acquaintance finds in him no consistent flow of thought or knowledge or idea. His conception of agreeable companionship is to unwind his wearisome reel of "funny stories." Dear, misguided soul! How it grieves me that so tried a friend should be hurried on to destruction by me and the likes of me! The irony of it—that I, who can feel nothing less than the greatest gratitude for his patronage and esteem, should be the cause of his overthrow!

"Remember old Jimmy Burwash, over at Ryemouth?" he will begin, to a crony whose business connection makes it impossible for

'On the beachèd margent of the sea."

him to kick against the pricks. Remember him? Is he ever allowed to forget him?

"Well, I'll tell yer what happened to him just twenty year ago, or thereabouts, come Michaelmas."

Well does the hearer know that it only "happened" in the "Wise and Otherwise" column of the local paper three years ago, and by the natural course of time is about due once more on parade through the same medium.

Yes; that is the sort of pass I came to. "Wise and Otherwise" columns, "Random Readings," "Wit and Wisdom." Poked away in obscure corners of advertisement sheets to fill up, and re-dished periodically when it was judged I had been decently buried in the oblivion of short memories. In children's books of "parlour pastimes," sandwiched between "When is a door not a door?" and instructions for the true performance of "Hunt the Slipper," or "How to change the three of spades into a bowl of goldfish." Many were the changes I suffered in the period of my deterioration. I was clipped of vitals by some, attenuated to boredom by others, bruised, battered, maltreated everywhere. At last, a mere rag, a back number, a wreck and remnant of my former self, I attained the level of humour as expounded in "the Halls."

The "comedians" (it took two of them to do it) who fathered me in my new sphere had so little faith in my quality that, in presenting me to their audience, they had to paint their noses vermilion, and brandish disreputable umbrellas, to compensate for any shortcomings in my share of the humour. The method adopted by these artists was elementary and primitive. Said the first—

"As oi was comin' up the street——" when the second would interrupt with the repetition of the statement—

"As you was comin' up the street——"

First: "Yus; as oi was comin' up the street" (here he would bang upon the head of the other with his umbrella), "oi met a man."

Second: "As you was comin' up the street, you met a man."

First: "Yus! Oi met a man." Again a bang upon the other's head. And so was

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I served up in this dreary but quite customary formula, to laughter recurring at every demonstration of physical chastisement.

From this sort of thing it was a mere step to the "book" of a pantomime. For a while fame seemed again within my grasp. I was made the subject of a suit in a Court of Law. An action was brought against the author by a proprietor of bathing-machines at Margate, who said he invented the joke one day last summer when it was too cold and wet for anyone to engage his services, and he had nothing else to do. By that time, so mangled and distorted was I that no one recognised me, and the bathing-machine proprietor gained the suit.

My last shred of pride departed when I found that though the case was reported in all the papers, freely besprinkled with "laughter" after all the judicial utterances, *I* was not even quoted.

Utterly crushed and broken-spirited, why am I not allowed to die? Death would be far preferable to the dog-life that now I lead. Who, with a spark of humanity, has not wept as I am put through my paces before a horde of gaping, stolid children by a troupe of spurious Ethiopians "on the beached margent of the sea." Time passes, yet I linger on. Why am I not allowed to pass with Time?

Out of the deeps I call: "Can any depth be deeper yet?" and the week after I find myself limping between ringmaster and clown in a circus-tent. Imagination is baffled in trying to foresee horrors that may await one at lower depths in that gloomy abyss of the uncertain future. Dimly one sees the shadowy suggestion of a possible further degradation, but beyond becoming the plot of a musical comedy, the brain staggers, reason totters—one must not look.

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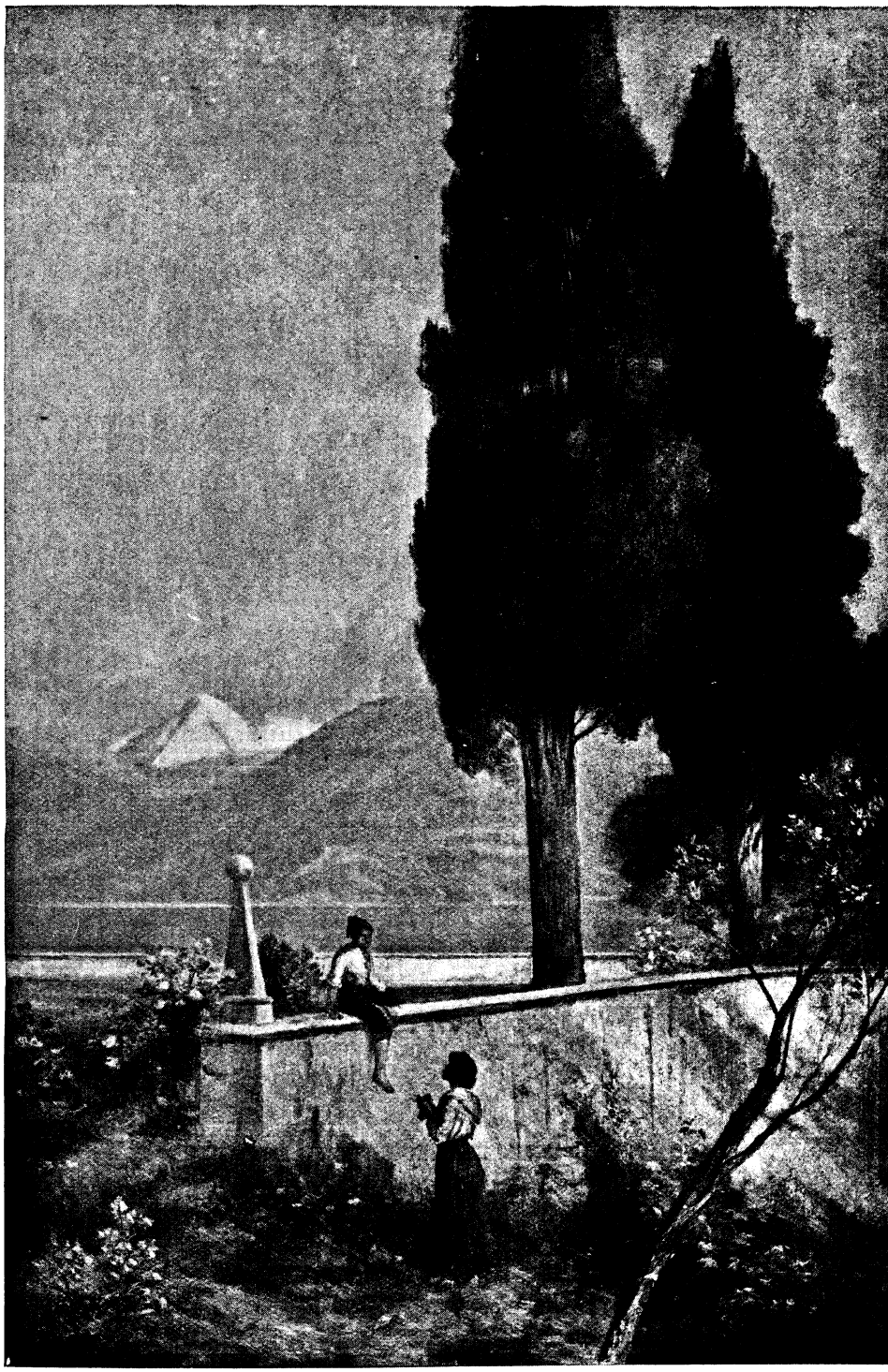

"THE LAKE OF COMO: AFTERNOON." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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THE LOVE OF MONEY.

By H. C. BAILEY.

RS. Chetwind - Chetwynde tells me that he was born in the gutter. She is picturesque. Born in Notting Dale, he was weaned in Somers Town. After achieving those necessities he emigrated (he took his parents) to Philadelphia. His education was acquired, I infer, upon all the railways and in most of the mines between Panama and Alaska. At thirty-five he still lacks some of the finer graces. He smokes a green cigar, and his manner of eating a boiled egg is acrobatic.

There are many stories about him. This begins from a journey round the world made by Sir Joseph Paignton, an iron-king of Durham, and his daughter. They came back through Canada. In a desolate region of Ontario they were taken to see a copper-mine which, after the manner of mines, produced nothing. A little man with a brown face and a yellow shirt received them. Sir Joseph had been privately informed that he was "on the make," and treated him with the arrogance of the man already made. Therefore Cicely Paignton was kind to him. Harry Blaker was allowed to look into two eyes of a darker blue than he had known. For the first time since his undistinguished birth in Notting Dale, a lady's hand lay on his arm. Sir Joseph Paignton, in taking leave, genially suggested that Harry Blaker was making a fool of himself in putting his capital down a barren mine. Mr. Blaker looked him in the eye.

"I've took root," said he. "While I've got a cent to pay a boy, I sit on the shaft." Sir Joseph laughed at him and turned away. Cicely lingered.

"Good luck!" said Cicely, holding his hand. "Good luck!" And she took away the memory of a grip and a long scar on a tanned cheek.

Some years went by. Sir Joseph Paignton, very loth, left this world and his money. His daughter remained to make the best of both under the guidance of Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde. That lady reigned in the big, ugly house in Mount Street, capably representing propriety till such time as a husband came to take that duty. Cicely Paignton gave no sign of hastening his arrival; nor, naturally, Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde.

One afternoon, a footman came in and said something to Cicely that made her face flame as she answered sharply "No!" Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde looked up. "Cyril Vaughan," said Cicely angrily.

"Well?"

"He is horrid."

"You have refused him?" Cicely nodded. "Yes, his family have no tact."

"He is horrid. It is not as if he cared, you know, really cared."

Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde laughed. "My dear, the world is exceedingly horrid. It does not care, you know, really care."

"I wish I were poor," said Cicely.

Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde laughed again. "To find out who really cares? Oh, my dear, it would not be worth while. There are many possible men who care sufficiently to be polite to you. A man who really cares is a boor, or a bore, or impossible. And why want to know? If a man appears to care for you invariably — without interludes — independently of his liver" — a footman came in—"and your complexion—it is more than you have a right to expect. So don't expect it, my dear." Cicely sat with her hands clasped on her lap, leaning forward at the fire.

"I never know if you know about people, or if you're trying to make yourself believe you know," she said.

Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde laughed for the third time. "I don't want to believe that I know about people. Knowledge and wrinkles come together. I have a little of both." She looked at herself in the mirror of a cabinet, and reflected that she contrived to hide one. The mirror said nothing about the other.

And the footman was standing like a graven image at Cicely's elbow. Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde directed Cicely's attention to him. Cicely took up a card; her brow creased; she read aloud: "Harry

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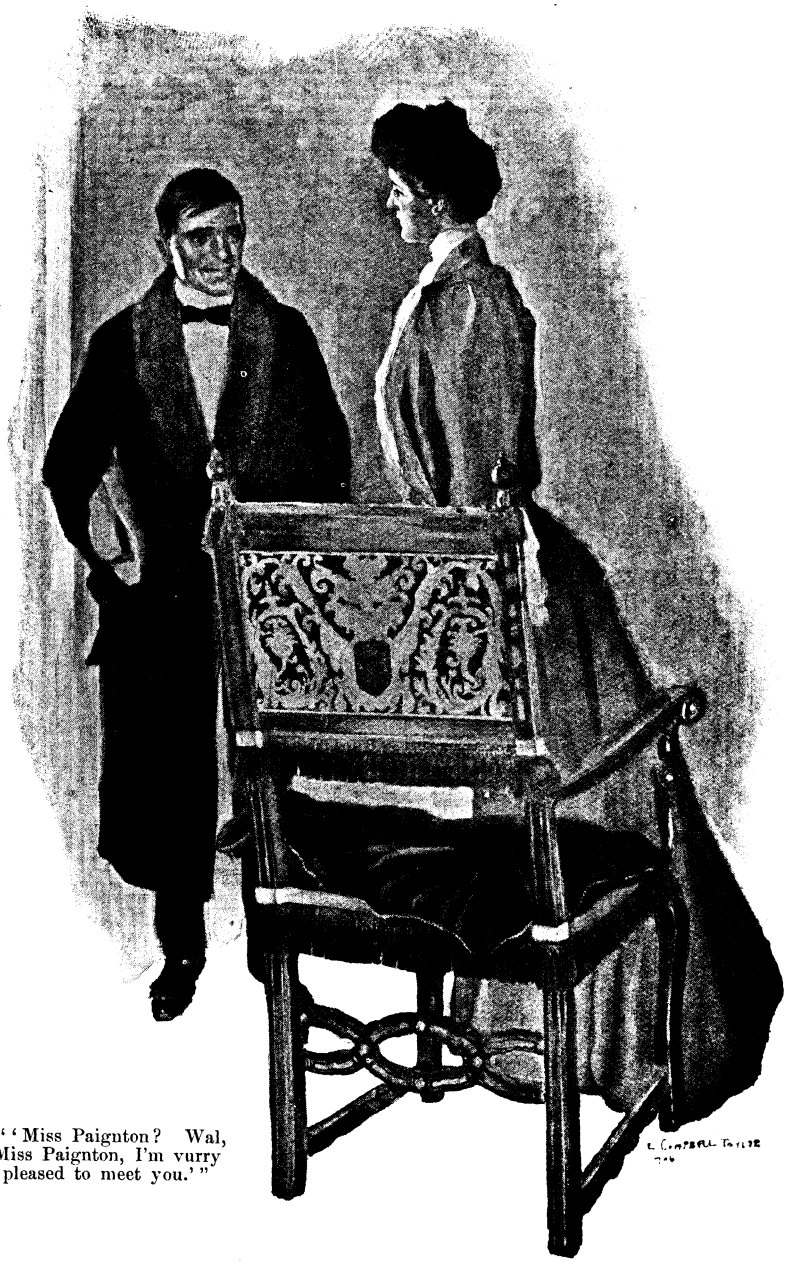

"'Miss Paignton? Wal, Miss Paignton, I'm vurry pleased to meet you.'"

Blaker. Hotel Cecil. 999, King William Street, E.C." She gazed upon Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde, who shook her head, denying all connection with a gentleman of such a taste in addresses. Then: "I know! Has he a scar?" cried Cicely.

"I did seem to notice 'e 'ad 'ad, ma'am."

In a moment there was ushered into the room a little man, who brought with him a heavy fur coat and a hat of soft felt. The latter was under his arm, and he advanced with his hands in his pockets.

"Miss Paignton? Wal, Miss Paignton, I'm vurry pleased to meet you," said he, and smiled broadly and put out his hand. Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde regarded him with curiosity; wondered where he had learnt to dress as he dressed and to talk as he

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talked. His accent wedded a faint nasal twang to the slurred consonants of London. "You are palatial. Say, this is a parlour-car beside Jamesville, On—tario. Y' don't forget Jamesville, I do hope, Miss Paignton?" All this time he was holding Cicely's hand. She withdrew it, saying that she was glad to see Mr. Blaker, and presented him to Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde. "Vurry pleased to meet you," said Blaker, shaking her hand violently. "I'll get out of my robe," he went on, and took off his overcoat, revealing himself in a jacket, a waistcoat cut low, and a black dress-tie. Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde watched him with the greatest interest. He might do anything next. But he only folded his coat neatly and put it out of the way under a chair.

"I hope you had good luck with the mine, Mr. Blaker," said Cicely.

"Not a cent. I cleared out o' Jamesville in shirt and trousers." Then his eyes brightened. "So you hadn't quite forgot Jamesville, Miss Paignton? Wal, that's kind I allow I believed you wouldn't. Y' looked at me that way, going. Say, I lived on what you said for a while. And I hustled—by the living Jimmy, I hustled! But I allow it's no good hustling a spavined horse. That durned mine was spavined!"

"I am sorry," said Cicely.

"Don't you drop a tear, Miss Paignton. I've gone some way since then." He looked down with complacency on his expanse of white shirt, then at Cicely, as if he bade her note his increased gentility. "I wanted to speak to you," he said bluntly, and glanced at Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blaker," said that lady, smiling, and rose. Mr. Blaker opened the door for her.

"That's kind, ma'am," said he, with a smile, softly.

Cicely sat before the fire still. Mr. Blaker stood over her and put his hand on the back of her chair.

"I wanted to tell you, Miss Paignton, you've had hold of me all the time. See, I never saw a girl like you before Jamesville, and since I ha'n't been looking for them." Cicely gazed into his eyes. His face was entirely calm and placid. "While your poppa was living, I allow I could wait. Now it's kind o' changed. I couldn't get on thinking about you travelling alone. I allow I could take on for you as well as any man. I don't want you to say 'Yes' right here. I want to know is there anyone else, Miss Paignton?" And Cicely gazed into his eyes. His tone was quiet, supremely quiet, as of a man making a bargain. The first words of affection became revolting. Cicely's full upper lip curled.

"Thank you, Mr. Blaker. I think you should have gone to the office of my trustees. If I want a man of business, I will remember your name." She rose and rang the bell.

The long line of the scar flamed red on Blaker's cheek: "Y' don't take me, Miss Paignton——" he began.

"You have explained very clearly, thank you," said Cicely. "Your coat is under that chair." Mr. Blaker was shown out by a footman with contemptuous respect.

Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde returned. Cicely was sitting still over the fire. "You know, I liked him in Canada," said Cicely thoughtfully.

"Did he wear that waistcoat?"

"Oh, what does a waistcoat matter?"

"Nothing, I hope; but if one has to see it——! My dear, he has all the qualifications; he is a boor, he is impossible. Does he 'really care'?"

"He is the most horrible man I have ever met," said Cicely.

"I once knew a Prime Minister," said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde.

By the end of two weeks Cicely could not bear the sight of Mr. Blaker—a disability the more trying since she had borne the sight of him four times. Mr. Blaker, to the amazement of Cicely, had been a guest with her at three houses—at three houses of respectability. Cicely, of course, had declined to see him. Unfortunately, Mr. Blaker had declined to see her. What joy in snubbing if the snubbed snubs?

In an unobjectionable waistcoat, in other garments quite adequate, Mr. Blaker came to a bazaar whereat Cicely sold things. Now, if you happen to be an heiress to a hundred thousand pounds, and unwed, there are many men who will buy from your stall at a bazaar. Many men bought from Cicely. Of them, Mr. Blaker was not one. He passed by in his unobjectionable waistcoat and spent much money at other stalls. Cicely observed that he spent in the grand manner, which has nothing to do with birth or training, but comes a pure gift from the gods.

"The adventurer," said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde, "adventures."

It occurred to Cicely that the explanation did not explain his original waistcoat. Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde's explanations are not intended to explain.

At Lady Vallance's dance, Cyril Vaughan

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again begged Cicely to accept him and an ice. She refused him. She was looking at Mr. Blaker, who appeared to be amusing two peeresses and a peer. Lord Clandon arrived.

"Let us talk," said Cicely.

"I'm less borin' when I dance," said Lord Clandon. He sat down beside her among the palms. "But I listen awfully well. I'm listenin', Miss Paignton."

"Who is that?" Cicely asked, looking in the direction of Mr. Blaker's broad smile. Lord Clandon adjusted his eyeglass.

"He's the new humorist," said Lord Clandon. Cicely was puzzled.

"An—an entertainer?"

"I don't think he's very entertainin'. But he entertains, don't you know. Millionaires do. They're all humorists now. They must have some coverin' besides cheques for decency. And it's easier bein' a humorist than a gentleman."

"Is he a millionaire?"

"In dollars. Awfully mean to be a millionaire in dollars. So deceitful. I fancy I've heard that a dollar is a beastly insignificant coin; people forget that in the joy of acceptin' a millionaire."

"I was wondering how I came to see him everywhere, suddenly," said Cicely.

"He's a kind of tract. He comes out of nowhere, certified as a millionaire; and at once we're all bein' distressed by another new humorist. The love of money is the root of all evil."

"I see," said Cicely sharply. "He is just like my father, then. He was recommended to people by his money, I understand, Lord Clandon." There was a pause.

"You're hittin' rather hard, Miss Paignton. I know I'm a fool. But you know I was merely rottin'. I'm sorry." Cicely said nothing for a minute, and Lord Clandon rose. "You see, I'd better have danced," he said. Cicely put her hand on his sleeve.

"I'm sorry. It's I who was stupid," she said, and smiled at him.

"It would be distressin' to argue. You're perfectly wrong. Let's go to sup." Cicely was very charming to him at supper.

Mr. Blaker was looking at a fountain. Mr. Blaker (whose taste had an affection for colour) was thinking that if he owned it, he would put a dark blue electric lamp so that its light shivered through the water.

"Mr. Blaker——" Mr. Blaker swung round sharply and touched Cicely's white shoulder.

"Miss Paignton?"

"I was very rude to you. I beg your pardon," said Cicely. Mr. Blaker observed in her eyes the effect of dark blue light.

"That's kind," said Mr. Blaker, smiling, and took her hand. "I allow you were on the wrong track, somehow. How was it, Miss Paignton?"

"I think," said Cicely, "it was your waistcoat"; and, having told the precise truth, blushed and stammered. Mr. Blaker laughed heartily.

"Does it trouble you yet, Miss Paignton? See, it took me an hour or two to get the right way of your men's suits. I came to you right off the mail."

"I am horribly rude," said the contrite Cicely, while the lingering blush faded from neck and bosom. "I always do say things straight out."

"So I thought," said Mr. Blaker, chuckling. "See here, Miss Paignton, don't you drop a tear. I allow I see the run o' the land. You've had a crowd of mean trash after the dollars. And I looked one o' the crowd. I know I talked fool talk." He flashed round on her. "I don't take back a letter, Miss Paignton!" he said fiercely, and Cicely flushed. "Wal, we're friends, anyway?"

"Yes—but——"

"Don't want a 'but.'"

"There is a 'but,' Mr. Blaker. I'd like to be friends. But only if it's only friends. You mustn't think——" She stopped. "Not ever!" she said with decision. And Mr. Blaker, looking into the proud eyes, said softly—

"I've thought it out for seven years. You've thought it out for seven minutes, little girl. That's all."

"No!" cried Cicely. "If it had been seven years——"

"I allow I'd talk about it. Say, we've each said our piece. Let it go at that."

"But you must remember!" Cicely cried. Then under the light in his eyes she blushed as he muttered—

"Is it like I'll forget?"

"I didn't want to hurt——" Cicely began. Mr. Blaker patted her hand.

"I didn't want to whine. Let us pass along—in the spirit and by the legs," a phrase which he interpreted by drawing Cicely's arm through his and walking on through the palms; also by changing the subject, thus: "Y' know, I'm vurry glad I wasn't born in the dress-clothes' stratum. Every time I see a silk-facing now, I feel that I have achieved. I have climbed to the right kind of waistcoat."

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"Don't make fun. It was horrid of me."

"You have too large a conscience, Miss Paignton. I allow I came in on you in the war-paint of Jamesville. You had a shock. The waistcoat was horrid. Rebuke your conscience."

"I have to be very kind to it. Else it would go away."

"First accommodating conscience I have struck. I would be harsh to it, Miss Paignton. It's restful when conscience has a week-end."

"I don't want to be restful," said Cicely, tossing her head.

"Maybe the sun don't want to be bright," said Mr. Blaker pensively, and looked at the curve of her neck.

"But I'm not restful. And I would hate to be. And indeed it's not a compliment to say I am." They had come to the darker end of the conservatory and stood together looking out on the night.

"Say, there's many ways to be restful," said Mr. Blaker. "See there, the moon's getting up, just shell-pink in the black. And you watch it that way blushing faint, and it comes on—on—bright and white. White in that black sea. I allow that's restful to watch." Cicely glanced at him; his lips were parted, his face tilted at the sky. "It's white, all white. Just wee and lone. But it's not afraid," said the poetical Mr. Blaker. Amid faint, sweet odours of flowers, looking out on the still night, while her arm was pressed against his side, Cicely caught something of this remarkable mood.

"No. It's not afraid. It was sent there—to shine."

"That's right. By Heaven!" said Mr. Blaker.

There arrived a young man with a face of grief. He remarked to Cicely in a plaintive tone that it had been his dance. Cicely passed to the ballroom for the ultimate twenty seconds of a waltz, passed under the eyes of Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde; and Mr. Blaker alone still looked up at the moon.

You cannot conceive of Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde looking at the moon. She knows (she knows, of course, everything), she knows that there is a moon, just as she knows that there are parsnips. Moons and parsnips exist for people who do not know any better. Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde, sitting under an electric lamp with a rose-pink shade, looked at another lady on whom sea-green rays were falling and reflected upon her own wisdom. It was necessary to be very wise.

For behold, the person, the American person, who was at once a bore—and a boor—and impossible, had developed. One goes not to look at the moon with a distasteful male. Now, Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde was not prepared to welcome any male to the house in Mount Street. She loved her own very admirable rooms and her own very pleasant importance as Cicely's permanent bodyguard.

And so in the carriage Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde leant back so that she could see Cicely's face.

"I gather that he is not the most horrible man you have ever met, my dear," she remarked. And Cicely, blushing a little and laughing, turned to her—

"Oh, I was perfectly stupid! It's comical, really—only that I am so ashamed." Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde coughed. "You know he's awfully rich, really!"

"So I supposed," said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde drily. Cicely stared at her. "It appeared that the tables were turned, my dear." Cicely gave a little, quick gasp. Her cheeks were speedily crimson.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a low voice.

"My dear Cicely," said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde with some skill, "I cannot at all afford to offend you."

"Do you think I am so mean?" cried poor Cicely. "Because I ask you to say what you think, should I—should—should you have to go away?"

"No, my dear. I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde, and laid her hand a moment on Cicely's. She found that cold. "It is a little difficult to say. I wished to warn you, that is all. You know I heard Lady Hogmorton say to-night: 'Ah! The icicle thaws before that.' You were among the palms with the American. I think myself, Cicely, a little care—he is a somewhat impossible person. I do not doubt you find in him many excellent traits. The rest of us only observe his bank-book."

Cicely's cheeks were flaming. Cicely looked straight at the coachman's back.

"Everybody is horrible," said Cicely.

"Of course," said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde. "Don't forget that, my dear."

Cicely passed a gruesome night of meditation on the world, the flesh, and the devil. Cicely beheld herself as Mr. Cyril Vaughan, with the advantage of a different sex—a female fortune-hunter. Her conscience, indeed, was clear. A clear conscience is not an adequate soporific. When she rang, white-faced, for her maid, she had constructed two

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resolves. She would see Mr. Blaker just as much as she pleased, and the world might say just what the world pleased. Also, she would never speak to Mr. Blaker, and the world should never say that she — she! — cared for money. On these two consistent resolves she acted.

Hence a joyful life for Mr. Blaker. Mr. Blaker, who persevered in visiting the same houses as Cicely, became the shuttlecock of these two resolves. The hapless shuttlecock had never any confidence how he would be hit. On Monday, Cicely was the frank, good companion of Jamesville. On Tuesday, Cicely turned up her little nose and turned round her little head when she saw afar off Mr. Blaker's large smile. And ever Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde improved the shining hour by reporting or inventing remarks of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Sometimes she achieved her intended effect, and Mr. Blaker was shunned. Sometimes Cicely's indignant honesty was stirred to defy the world, the flesh, and Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde, and then Mr. Blaker was made very happy. For he himself pleased Cicely. Behind his remarkable manners she divined a real man. Real men were rare in her experience. Mr. Blaker made his impression. Cicely began to look forward to seeing him. She might snub him when she did see him (for Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde was skilful), but she liked to see him all the same. So for a while he was met alternately with a show of deep regard and the snub direct. And then he was seen less often. It appeared that he had had enough. And Cicely felt lonely.

"She was looking at Mr. Blaker."

Just as Mr. Blaker fell out of Society, faint echoes of American war rolled across the sea. A great railway combine had declared war upon Mr. Blaker, and his ox, and his ass, and all that was his. The causes of strife were mingled marvellously. Charity to my reader forbids explanation why a magnate of blotting-paper strove with Mr. Blaker, a master of mines. Briefly (with bald inaccuracy) be it told that the methods of Mr. Blaker, a new divinity, harassed the older gods so that

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they set themselves to crush him by means of the railways that served his mines.

There was but one obvious end. The world of finance anticipated the extinction of the mushroom millionaire. Society (on hearing of it) stated that it had always told you so. On the lines of a belief in the swift extinction of Mr. Blaker, Finance and Society made their several arrangements.

So when Mr. Blaker came to stay at a house on the river, the other guests were shocked at his want of good feeling. Coming forth to the lawn, Mr. Blaker received but a smile and a nod from his host, Count Vasili, and hardly two words from any one person. Mr. Blaker sat himself down in a deck-chair all alone. His face was pallid and worn. Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde approached him.

"So surprised to see you, Mr. Blaker," she said in her highest voice.

"Yes, ma'am." Mr. Blaker's eyes were roving. Every servant passing from the house was scanned. He did not—which was rude—give a glance to Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde. So she viciously—

"I suppose you will not be long in England, Mr. Blaker?" A bicycle bell sounded, and he started round.

"Why not, ma'am?" he asked blandly over his shoulder.

"Oh, perhaps you have nothing left—to require your return to America?" said Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde, with a laugh, and turned her back. Mr. Blaker stared at it as it departed. No one else came to honour him. He was left a grey, lonely patch on the lawn, derelict.

Lord Clandon ran a punt up to the steps and helped Cicely out. They stood together a moment looking at the kindly party. All the guests were chattering and laughing together—save one, the forlorn Mr. Blaker. A footman came forth with a salver and a telegram. It was brought to Mr. Blaker. He rose to snatch at it, tore it open as he dropped back, then bent over it, ran his forefinger along the words.

Some of the party stared at him, and a peal of high, appropriate laughter rang out.

"Oh, hang!" said Lord Clandon.

"Yes!" said Cicely with fervour. "Isn't it vile?"

"I would like to be a dog," said Lord Clandon. "A large, fluffy, wet dog. I would shake myself in that crowd." Mr. Blaker was lying back in his chair staring at the telegram spread out on his knee. "Poor beggar! He's hit!" said Lord Clandon, and marched on the crowd. There he took his host, Count Vasili, by the button.

Cicely went quickly to Mr. Blaker. Mr. Blaker was folding his telegram carefully. He said to the footman: "G' way!" and then saw Cicely standing before him, slim and white. A smile came quick on the pallid face, a curious light in his eyes.

"I'm desolate, Mr. Blaker. Won't you have pity on me?"

"Pity!" Mr. Blaker sprang up. "Where will you have it?"

"There's a punt."

"Can I tip a punt up, anyway? If I can, Miss Paignton, I shall. I have no luck on the waters."

"I'll pole," said Cicely. Cicely was surprised at his gaiety.

So Mr. Blaker, recumbent on cushions, watched the lithe figure sway above him, saw the gleam of her white arm. Cicely poled with power. Her opinions of her fellow-guests were expressed to the gravel of the river-bed.

"Do I talk to the girl at the pole?"

"She'll answer," Cicely smiled down at him.

"It's a deal!" cried Mr. Blaker. "Wal, now, what have I done?"

"Done?" Cicely flushed. "To those horrible people? Oh——"

"Not that. I have the hang of that. You began to cut me some while back, Miss Paignton. I'd offended you, likely?"

"No," said Cicely, and poled on, avoiding his eyes. Blaker sighed.

"It's something to take back, anyway," he said, and looked away at the red evening light on the bare hills.

"You're going back to America?" said Cicely, letting her pole trail in the water. Blaker nodded.

"It's time."

"I—I wonder if you'd let me say—I'm sorry, very, very——"

"Great James, no!" cried Blaker fiercely. "Do you think I want pity?" He sprang up and faced her. The punt rocked. Cicely flushed under his gleaming eyes.

"I beg your pardon. I—I—I didn't want to hurt you," she stammered. Blaker started forward and caught her wrists.

"Heavens! d'you think this is like treading on toes?" he cried. "Say, a man's been hoping for you for seven years; and he comes, and you treat him like a friend one day and a cur-dog the next; and then—when he's going—'you're sorry'!" He laughed, and she felt his grip grow harder. Then he

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"'No,' said Cicely, and poled on, avoiding his eyes."

dropped her wrists and drew back, for her face was very white and she was biting her lip. "I hurt you. I ask your pardon, Miss Paignton."

"No!" Cicely met his eyes. "It was fair. Quite fair." She brought the words out with a rush, and then, very sedately: "Will you sit down, please? I want to say something." But she did not say it at once. She sat opposite Mr. Blaker with her chin

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on her hand, and her sleeve drooping back from the little white arm. She leant forward to look in Blaker's eyes, and her own were very dark and intent. "I did play with you," said Cicely in a low voice. "I had always liked you. But I listened to silly people who said that I wanted your money——"

"Great James!" Blaker's expletive broke through his breath. Cicely went calmly on—

"Now it is different. If you like, I—I—will go with you to America." While she watched, his eyes grew hard and keen; his lip curled.

"Yes, now it's different. Y' wouldn't take me when we were level. My dollars are gone now. So now you'll come to me for charity? Thank you so much, Miss Paignton. I go back alone." And behold, before his sneer and his glittering eyes, Cicely caught her hands together and——

"I knew!" she cried. "I knew you'd say it!" and the blood flitted to and fro in her cheeks, and her bosom rose stormily. Blaker's scar flamed a red line across his cheek. He sprang up and raised awkwardly the unfamiliar pole.

"I allow I have amused you enough, Miss Paignton," he growled, and proceeded to shove the punt broadside on to the towing-path. Cicely rose from her cushions, laid her hands on his on the pole, and arrested his energy.

"Indeed, indeed I meant it," said Cicely, blushing. "Only I did want you to say that." Blaker's amazement let the pole go splash. Cicely stooped for it and, hidden under her hat, said to the river Thames: "Oh, don't you see? You'll come back. I know you will come. And—and—I will be Cicely Paignton—still—waiting." Blaker dropped down beside her in the bottom of the punt, he caught the little wet hands on the pole and held them. Starry eyes turned to him, and trembling lips.

"That's so?" Blaker muttered; and Cicely, trying to laugh, echoed—

"That's so!" Then Blaker began to smile.

"I allow I'll be back in a month," he said. The bright eyes opened very wide, suspecting Mr. Blaker of brag, and to the doubting eyes he spake: "Would I have come to you with the shake of a shade of a chance of turning beggar? I waited seven years, little girl."

"You're not——?" cried Cicely, and then blushed dark. "Oh, you make me feel mean—and mean!" Whereat Blaker slipped his arm round her, and as she yielded, whispered—

"Mean? You? Cis!"

"I am! But I couldn't know—and that telegram." That telegram was given her. "'R.C. snowed under. W. signed,'" Cicely read aloud. "Well, sir?"

"Means I've won, Cis. . . . Cis, have I?"

In the last red rays of the sun she bent her head back for him. His lips crushed down upon hers.

Now, meanwhile remember that Lord Clandon on that charitable lawn had spoken with Count Vasili. Thus—

"I'm goin' to be beastly rude——" Lord Clandon began, and there stuck.

"I admire the preface," quoth Count Vasili.

"You saw those pigs with Blaker?"

"It was entertaining," quoth Count Vasili.

"Oh! Well, if people wanted to insult a man when he's down on his luck, they'd not do it in my house. That's all." He was departing in wrath when Count Vasili detained him.

"My friend, the pig he is an interesting animal. I am not a pig. Only I study him. Wait."

As the sun set, Count Vasili's pigs, fearing a chill, herded indoors. Then Count Vasili chose a moment of silence to address Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde.

"I hope that you did congratulate my friend Blaker? No? You did not know he had conquered in America? No?" He looked all round at the listening pigs. "Nobody did know? Ah! now I understand." There was a long, silent stare at the smiling Count. Then everyone began to talk vigorously about something else.

Soon Mr. Blaker entered—alone. Cicely would not face the crowd. Mr. Blaker was received with effusion. Mr. Blaker was besieged.

"You see? My pigs, are they not interesting?" said Count Vasili.

The names of the guests at the wedding filled three-quarters of a newspaper column. They were received by Mrs. Chetwind-Chetwynde.

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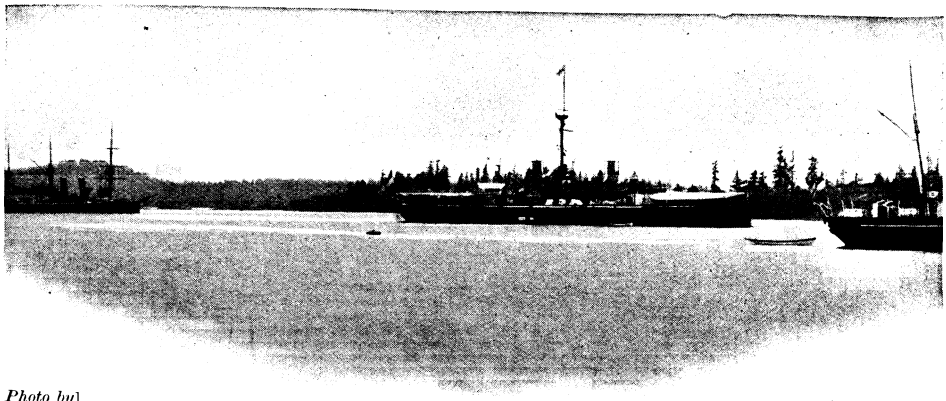

Photo by] [*Neville Edwards.*

THE HARBOUR AT ESQUIMAULT.

NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE:

ESQUIMAULT AND HALIFAX.

BY C. DE THIERRY.

ESQUIMAULT, the key of the North Pacific, is the least known of all the great Naval Bases of the Empire. Seeing that it is the creation of the past twenty years, it has no history, and British Columbia, of which it is the sentinel, is a new country acquired by peaceful development. So remote was it from the world, indeed, that, until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, many people believed it to be part of the United States, and responsible politicians and journalists urged it to become so as speedily as possible. Fortunately for the British Empire, the Dominion's views were wider and her vision clearer. Otherwise the dream of the Republic since its inception would have been realised, and Canada included in the Union. Even so late as 1869, her minister, at a public banquet in England, referred to it as a certainty, and, in a Committee Report of the Senate in the same year, it was stated as an argument in favour of subsidising the Union Pacific, that its construction would "seal the destiny of the British possessions." Two years before, Alaska was ceded to the United States on the express understanding that she was "to close up her coast to 54° 40′," or, in other words, to shut England out from the North Pacific. But the genius of Sir John Macdonald proved more than a match for the diplomacy of St. Petersburg and Washington. With the Confederation of British North America, and the creation of the iron road, which is its material expression, the plan to drive England from the Western Hemisphere came to nothing. On the other hand, she had enormously strengthened her position in the ocean of the future.

For Esquimault is the fortified gateway of the only territory between Cape Horn and Behring Sea over which floats the Union Jack. That is to say, the British Empire has no foothold on the Western shores of America from Pole to Pole, except in British Columbia. Between it and Hong Kong, to the westward, rolls 5,936 miles of ocean; between it and Fiji, to the southward, 5,100 miles. Its chief port, Victoria, has the advantage of every other on the Pacific coast, as San Francisco long ago discovered to its cost. In the first place, it is connected with Canada and Europe by a transcontinental railway under one head, whereas its American rivals are handicapped by transcontinental railways under a complex system of control. In the second place, British

The preceding articles in this series dealt respectively with Gibraltar, Malta, Bombay and Trincomalee, Singapore and Hong Kong, Sydney and Auckland. Ensuing articles will be devoted to Capetown and the West Indies.

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Columbia possesses inexhaustible stores of the only serviceable coal west of the Rockies. In the third place, the Kuro Siwo, a current which sets out from Japan across the North Pacific, gives ships sailing from the far East to Victoria an advantage of forty-eight hours over ships sailing to San Francisco. For these and other reasons, the former is destined to play a great part in the development of trade with the Orient by way of the Pacific. By means of it, Canada is able to hold out one hand to Australasia, and the other to England. It is thus one of the most vital links in our Imperial world-chain.

Esquimault, which guards it, is situated at the most southerly part of Vancouver Island, and just within the Strait of San Juan de Frica, which is American on one side, Canadian on the other. It is dotted with beautiful islands, wooded to the water's edge as are its bold and rocky shores. In the distance rise up the snow-capped Olympian Mountains. The harbour of Esquimault is worthy of such a fine setting. It is land-locked, nobly proportioned, and so safe that it can be entered at any hour of the day or night. Owing to the tenacious blue clay of its bottom, ships find excellent anchorage, while its average depth of forty-five feet floats the leviathans of the British Navy. Unlike any other fortress-station on the great trade routes of the world, Esquimault is little more than a village, which is due less to its recent origin than to its position in relation to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, from which it is distant only three miles. In time, no doubt, they will be incorporated. Between them and Vancouver City, on the mainland, is the Strait of Georgia, at this point seventy-six miles wide.

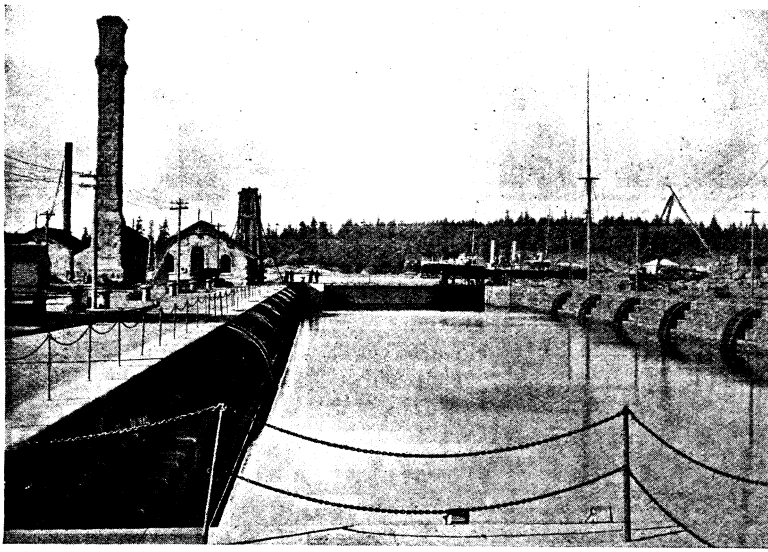

Photo by] [*Neville Edwards.*

ESQUIMAULT DRY-DOCK, WITH THE "ROYAL ARTHUR" IN THE BACKGROUND.

The destinies of these three outposts of the Dominion are inseparably linked. Two of them are the creation of the iron road flung across the North American Continent by Canada, and the third can trace much of its prosperity to the same source. Before 1886, British Columbia was cut off from the rest of the world by the impassable barrier of the Rocky Mountains and the vast wilderness beyond. By sea it was distant from Quebec 16,000 miles, traversed only by sailing-ships; by land, 3,000 miles, traversed for the greater part only by the Indian and the trapper. When the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven into the ground, instead of being the most remote, it was one of England's nearer Colonies. In truth the discovery of gold in the valley of the Fraser, and quick communication, were the making of British Columbia. Its development was phenomenal. Within the short space of twenty-five years it was a Fur Country, a Crown Colony, a self-governing Colony, and a Province of the Dominion. In 1842, Victoria was founded as a trading-post. In 1887, Vancouver had no existence. Esquimault, until lately, was little more than a safe anchorage for the ships of war that patrolled the North Pacific. To-day, the first is a thriving port with 23,658 inhabitants. The second is only second to the first, with a population of 27,198. The third is as vital to British power in the Pacific as Port Arthur was to Russia before the war.

Esquimault is connected by rail with the coal-mines of Nanaimo. It has a fine dry-

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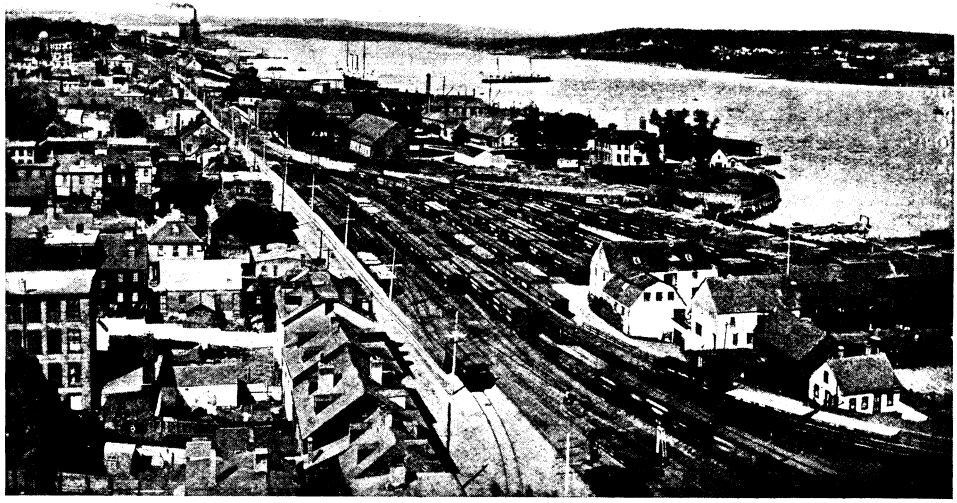

Photo by] [*Valentine, Dundee.*

HALIFAX.

dock, which admits the largest ships afloat, a naval hospital, an arsenal, stores, and a repairing-shop. It is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by Canadian troops. The cost of maintaining it has been borne by the Dominion Government since last year.

Victoria is the home port of the sealing fleet, and its shores are lined with the wharves of great shipping companies, which, it must be remembered, trade only in the Pacific. Of these the most important is the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, whose fine steamers have done so much to develop the Dominion's relations with the Far East. In war time they can be turned into cruisers for the British Navy. There is also communication with Australia, but so far it has been hampered by circumstance. Now that the success of the Pacific Cable is assured, however, and the Imperial

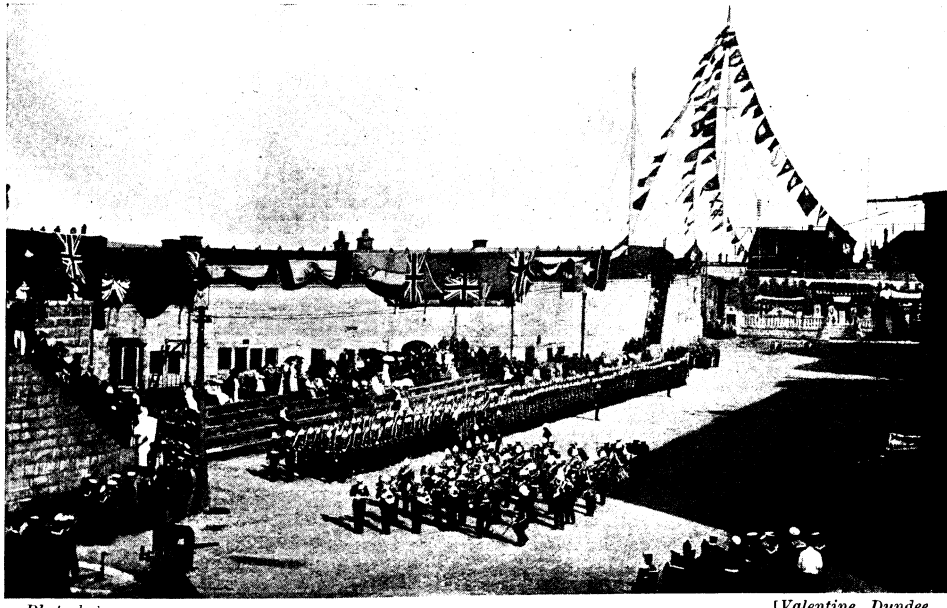

Photo by] [*Valentine, Dundee.*

INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL, HALIFAX.

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Conference has agreed to provide a fast service between England and Australia by way of Canada, great things may be expected on this route before long. Between Vancouver and Victoria there is a daily service of ferry boats, and between them and Alaska, California, the Fraser River, and Puget Sound ports, communication is frequent and regular. But unlike any other of the Empire's great commercial *entrepôts*, Victoria is not cosmopolitan, perhaps because it is only in its infancy.

The future of this trio of cities is assured. Behind them is a province with untold wealth in gold, coal, iron, and other minerals; fisheries, timber, and furs. Facing it across the ocean is the Orient; north of it, the Yukon Eldorado. It stands midway between England and Australia. Its climate is healthy, and owing to the mild influence of the Kuro Siwo, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, it is pleasant to live in. As a summer resort the Island of Vancouver is unsurpassed. The forests are full of game, the waters teem with fish, the scenery is magnificent, the roads in the neighbourhood of Esquimault are excellent either for driving or cycling, and beautiful with luxuriant hedges and gardens. Victoria is unique, inasmuch as it stands out from wooded hills, snow-capped mountains, and glittering arms of the sea. Like all cities on the Pacific littoral, it has a Chinese quarter, and is beginning to be nervous of a Japanese invasion. For years the labour of these ubiquitous Orientals was a necessity in British Columbia, and even now as domestic servants, laundrymen, and factory hands they carry all before them.

If the western sentinel of the Canadian Pacific Railway is the newest of the Empire's strong places, Halifax, its eastern sentinel, is one of the oldest. It is the capital of Nova Scotia, which was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and for a hundred years was one of the battle-grounds of England and France in their struggle for North America. Halifax itself was not founded until 1749, eleven years before the final expulsion of the French from the mainland of the continent. Its early inhabitants were picked men, mostly soldiers and sailors with their families, who were sent out from the Mother Country under Lord Cornwallis. They were afterwards joined by bodies of American Loyalists, the first Imperialists of the British Empire as we know it now. The settlement was called Halifax in honour of the Earl of Halifax, at that time President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. In the campaign which ended in the death of Wolfe and capture of Quebec, the American Revolution, and the war of 1812–14, it was the principal base of operations for the British fleet.

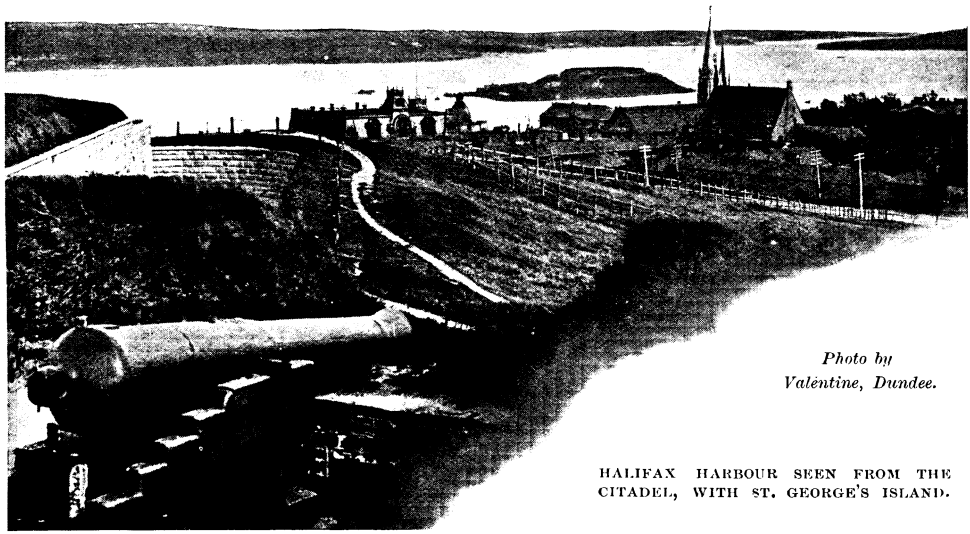

Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

HALIFAX HARBOUR SEEN FROM THE CITADEL, WITH ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND.

Until the latter end of the eighteenth century, Halifax was the seat of Government or all the Maritime Provinces. Its Parliament House, a massive pile of granite, has therefore one of the finest collections of portraits in the Dominion. No other city in the Empire outside England is rich in memories of so many distinguished Englishmen, no other

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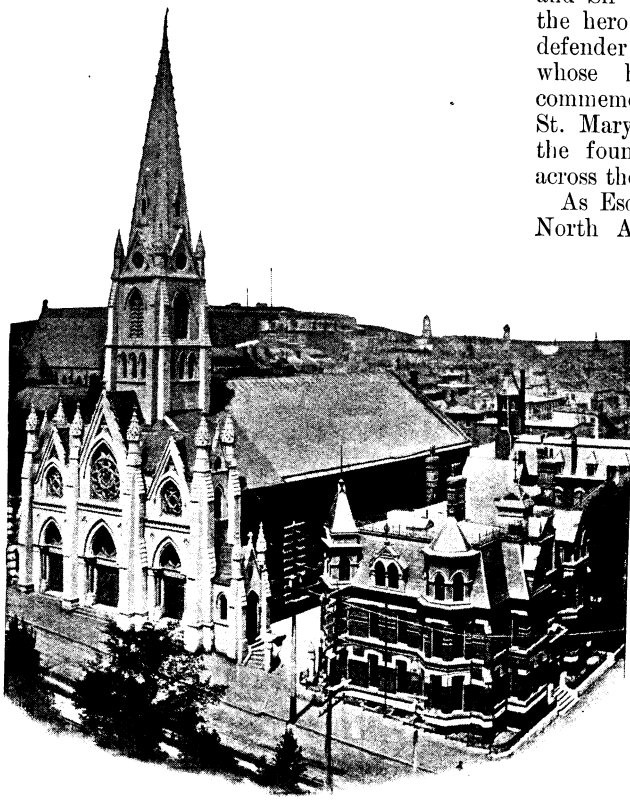
Colonial State has given so many distinguished men to the Imperial service as Nova Scotia. The Duke of Kent, grandfather of King Edward, was twice stationed at Halifax, the second time as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in British North America. Under his administration defensive works were pushed vigorously forward, St. George's Church was built, and many necessary improvements were made. Unfortunately the house in which he lived on Bedford Basin is a ruin. Here, too, served Prince William, afterwards the Sailor King, the late Duke of Edinburgh, and Lord Nelson. Admiralty House, which stands on a hill overlooking the harbour, is associated with the names of the Earl of Dundonald, Sir Houston Stewart, and Sir Alexander Milne, all gallant sailors. Nova Scotians who reflected glory on their country are many. Among them were Admirals Sir Provo Wallis and Sir Edward Belcher, General Williams, the hero of Kars, and Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, Welsford and Parker, whose heroism in the Crimean war is commemorated by a monument in front of St. Mary's Cathedral, and Samuel Cunard, the founder of the first steamship service across the Atlantic.

Photo by] [*Valentine, Dundee.*

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, HALIFAX.

As Esquimault is situated on that part of North America which bends out towards Asia, so Halifax is situated on that part of the coast which bends out towards Europe. It is built on a peninsula formed by the North West Arm, a river-like inlet of the sea, and Bedford Basin, a lake-like expanse of water, ten square miles in extent. In natural strength it is second only to Quebec and Gibraltar, and in the beauty of surroundings it surpasses either. The harbour perhaps possesses more advantages than any other in the world. While it opens directly on the Atlantic, it is protected by McNab's Island at the entrance. It is easy of access at all times. The difference in the rise and fall of the tide is comparatively small. It has good holding-ground, no rocks and shoals, and a uniform depth from ten to twelve fathoms. It is,



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ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, AND GLEBE HOUSE, HALIFAX.

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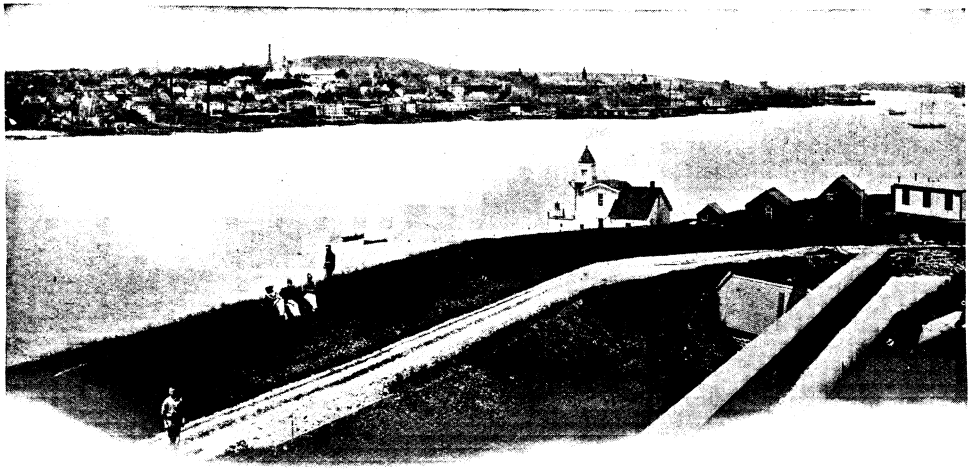

Photo by] [*Valentine, Dundee*

HALIFAX VIEWED FROM ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND

moreover, nearer to Liverpool by one to two days than any other Canadian or American port, and, unlike Montreal and Quebec, is ice-free practically the year round.

This noble harbour is, therefore, the chief winter port of the Dominion. It is connected with Montreal by the Intercolonial railway, 750 miles long, and as this connects with the Canadian Pacific Railway, Halifax is in direct communication with the rest of the Continent. It is also a cable centre, lines radiating to Britain, Bermuda, and the West Indies, across Canada, and, ultimately, across the Pacific to Australasia. Its facilities for coaling are excellent. Good bunker coal, afloat and in trucks, is always available to run on to piers and chutes provided for the purpose. Besides four marine railways, capable of hauling vessels under 2,000 tons burden, is a large graving-dock of stone, 600 feet in length. As the most important Naval Station in the Western Hemisphere, it is fully equipped, and so formidable are its fortifications that it is practically impregnable from the sea. At the entrance of the harbour are York Redoubt, Fort Ogilvie, and Fort Clarence; in mid-channel are the islands of St. George and McNab, bristling with all the latest engines of war. At other strategical points, particularly in the park, powerful guns are mounted, so that in attempting to enter the harbour an enemy's ship would be exposed to a murderous cross-fire.

The most striking feature of Halifax is the Citadel, which crowns a hill rising gently from the water's edge. The massive walls defy assault, the barracks within are bomb-proof, guns of the latest pattern sweep city and harbour. The original Citadel works were begun by the Duke of Kent, but since his time endless changes and additions have been made, until it is now a fortress worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Gibraltar and Malta. In the vicinity are Admiralty House, Wellington Barracks, and the railway station. Until the outbreak of the South African war, Halifax was the only city in the Dominion in which the red coat of the British soldier was a familiar sight. Sir Wilfred Laurier then offered to raise a garrison of Canadians, thereby releasing an English regiment for the front. Last year this arrangement was made permanent.

From the Citadel the view is superb. Behind roll out fertile green plains, dotted with white cottages and bounded by undulating ranges of hills. Directly opposite is Dartmouth, a small town picturesquely situated at the base of verdant, well-wooded hills, and lengthened shorewards with the villa residences of Halifax merchants. Below are the ships of His Majesty's Navy riding at anchor, and the ships of the twenty lines of steamers which regularly trade with the port. And everywhere water is a feature of the landscape. In the distance is the heaving Atlantic, nearer at hand is the harbour running to a point called the Narrows, beyond which it opens out into Bedford Basin, surrounded by lofty pine-clad hills. From another point of view spreads out the most beautiful park on the North American Continent. At the extremity of the

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peninsula on which Halifax is built, it has water on three sides, and though there is no attempt at cultivation, the art of man is entirely in harmony with Nature. Seven miles of roads have been laid out with wonderful taste, the original beauties of the park having been preserved to an almost unique degree. Woodpaths wind through nooks as wild as any to be found in the heart of the mountains, and here and there the pine trees have been cut away to permit glimpses of the water. At times, however, the stranger is startled to come upon a battery, or to find himself under the walls of a fort. And herein, until a few years ago, lay much of the charm of Halifax. It was a Colonial town in which one could never forget the might of England. That is to say, it was a combination of the provincial and the Imperial. The symbols of Empire were everywhere—in the shops with the Royal Arms, the bright uniforms of the soldiers, the sentinels pacing to and fro in front of a Government building or wharf, a staff officer on duty in scarlet and gold, the sailors with their trim suits and jaunty air. But since the Redistribution of the Fleet, and the transference from the Home to the Canadian Government of responsibility for the defences of Esquimault and Halifax, all this is becoming a thing of the past.

The historical associations of Halifax are extremely interesting. Here was signed the Proclamation which drove the rebellious Acadians from their homes as wanderers and exiles, a story idealised by Longfellow in "Evangeline." To this port sailed the British frigate *Shannon*, proudly towing the American frigate *Chesapeake*, which was manned by the finest crew the Yankees ever mustered. Along the shores of Bedford Basin rise up the camps, hospital, and a cemetery of the French Armada despatched in 1746 to "conquer the North American coast from Newfoundland to Virginia." It was dispersed, not by British valour, but by terrific storms, only two men-of-war and a few transports reaching Halifax. The Admiral died of a broken heart, his successor committed suicide shortly afterwards, and a thousand of their men died of disease. A second Fleet which set to sea with the same object was scattered by a hurricane.

Saturday is the great market-day of Halifax, and it is the day when the life of the city is seen in its most picturesque and varied aspect. Among the sellers the most striking are the negroes, the Micmac Indians, and the Acadians, descendants of the French, who wandered back to the old home. The "Green Market," which is densest near the Post Office, is also novel on account of the horned cattle harnessed to carts in which many of the country people carry their produce. From an early hour in the morning the footpaths are lined on either side of the road with white and coloured people, who travel many a weary mile with baskets, fancy work, vegetables, fruit, and flowers. Men, women and children sit or squat beside their little stalls, while the good people of Halifax buy in the same leisurely way. As becomes a town with a tradition a growth of a century and a half, and a future, it is more dignified than hurried.

The climate of the Province is severe in winter, hence the origin of the nickname of a Nova Scotian is "Blue-nose." The summer

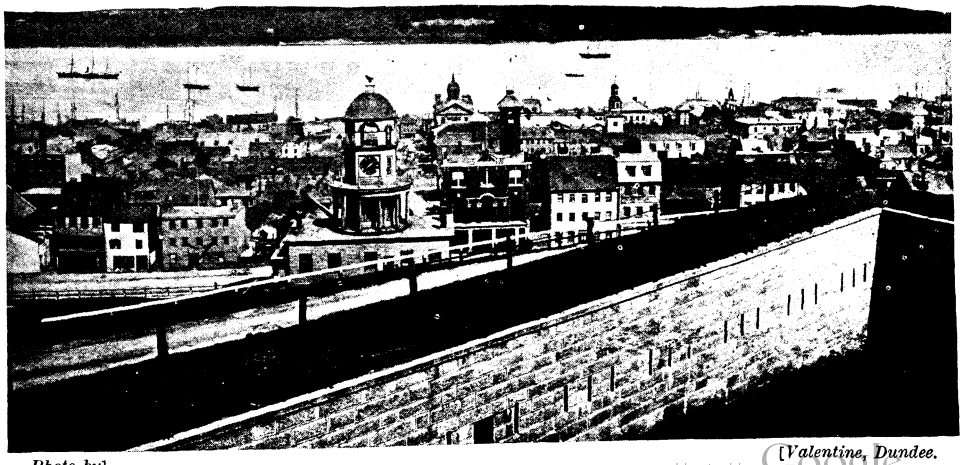

Photo by] [*Valentine, Dundee.*

HALIFAX VIEWED FROM THE WEST.

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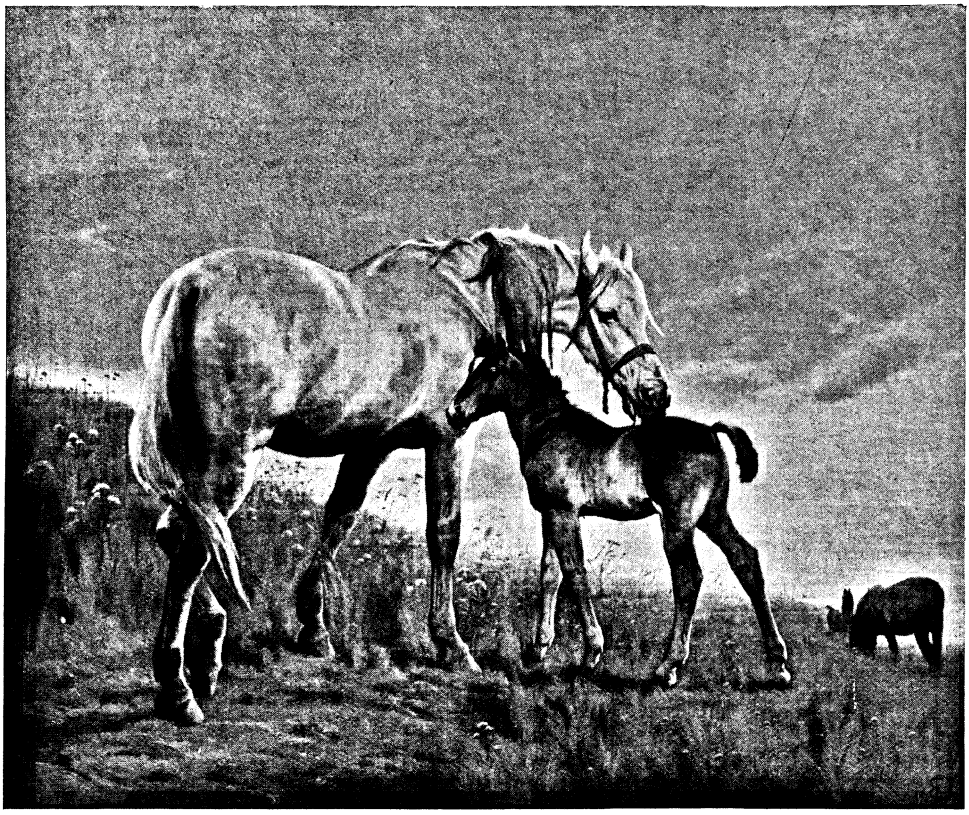
is no warmer than it is in England, and fogs are common. The most delightful season of the year is the autumn, when the days are soft and balmy, and the nights cool and fragrant. The parks and gardens and woods are then gorgeous in russet and scarlet and gold, and the sunsets are at their finest. The Americans call this ideal time the Indian summer, and nowhere is it more entrancingly lovely than in Nova Scotia.

Whether or not Halifax becomes the terminus of a fast Atlantic service, its extensive area, the length of its water frontage, its railway and telegraphic facilities, its magnificent harbour, its strategical position, and accessibility the year round, will always give it a high place among the ports of the Dominion. As a Naval Station, "The Cronstadt of America," it has no rival in the Western Hemisphere, for in addition to its other advantages it can draw on unlimited supplies of excellent steam coal. As in the North Pacific so in the North Atlantic, England is provided with a window and a fortress. Between them is the most vulnerable frontier of the British Empire, the Indian frontier alone excepted. For its defence, however, the Dominion is responsible, and as she was equal to the task in 1812–14, so she will be again should occasion arise. For what Australasia is to the South Pacific she is to the North Pacific and the North Atlantic. Unfortunately she has one of the Great Powers on her flank. Hence the strength of Halifax.



"ENGLAND'S WEALTH." BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

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AN EMOTIONAL CHEAP-JACK.

By FRANCES RIVERS.

IT was instinct and habit, rather than intention or observation, that guided John Lumley from the Foreign Office, along Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street; and it was the automatic action which custom induces that led him to put the key into the lock of the door of the house in Piccadilly, turn it, enter the hall, close the door after him, and climb the not inconsiderable number of stairs which led to his second-floor flat.

He had walked the short distance as though he were tired, and he entered the house in that state of physical exhaustion which invariably follows upon any great mental struggle. It was only when he reached his own landing that instinct may be said to have left him and memory to have resumed her place, for it was then that he recalled that, his man Brown having asked for and obtained permission of absence, he would have the flat to himself for at least three hours. It was, indeed, at this particular point of entry that John's movements first betrayed concentration and consistency of attention, so that, had anyone been watching him, that onlooker would have been enabled to determine the precise moment at which his actions ceased to be those of an automaton, and when they became the result of deliberate intention.

It was a fair, spacious chamber into which he entered, beautified with that simplicity which appears to confer a benediction, and to show how in omission so much more beauty is to be found than in ornament. It was a room, oak-panelled, which held alcoves filled with well-bound books, and from which several doors, with *portières* before them, led presumably to other rooms. Touches of austerity were revealed in the dark, well-polished oak boards; of luxury in the superb Persian rugs; of comfort in the chairs, and of utility in the gate-legged tables. Short, heavy, silk of texture, sombre of tone, curtains hung at the deep recessed, double-glazed windows which secured to John peace. He was, within the walls of this room, as remote, apparently, from a noisy world as it was his intention in another hour actually to be.

Books, magazines, and papers were arranged with the merciless precision that spoke of the unimpeachable perfection of Brown as a servant, in orderly piles upon a side table. There were letters, enveloped, and with a look of fresh delivery upon them, big, square, well-to-do looking missives, the contents of which were, it was not rash to hazard this guess, to bid John to some one or other festivity; and there were others, disenveloped, eloquent of similar conditions, in a regular row on the writing-table. One by one, as John regarded them, their writers, as it were, held out their hands to him in protest.

He paused, his instincts being primarily emotional, wide-eyed before one of the windows, as this thought presented itself to his mental view.

He was oblivious of the virginal freshness of the April scene upon which his physical sight rested, of the long array of attenuated shadow thrown from west to east by the tall trees, already in their springtide dress, of the Green Park. He was oblivious of that aerial city of gorgeous palaces which, tower by tower, cupola by cupola, was being erected by magic artisans in the sky; and he, usually so keen to note beauty, failed to remark how the hazy shimmer of young foliage had opened out during the day, as though anxious to disguise, at this particular point, the solid ugliness of the Palace of the King; or that a gauze of gold, woven by the combined aid of hour and sun, was dropped between him and a prosaic world, so intent was he on his purpose, "to end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to . . . the pangs of despised love."

A crook of the finger, and the great question would be solved; a crook, and he would journey to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns." He, at least, intended to prove that he was the

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possessor of that "native hue of resolution" which would enable him to face "the dread of something after death" that keeps many unhappy men upon this earth.

As he turned from the window, his feverish glance was one of triumphant assurance. The way was plain, absolutely straight, and he stared in fixed attention at its dazzling prospects. All he had to do to gain possession of peace was to use the weapon lying within grasp of his hand.

He took a pistol from his pocket, clicked the trigger several times, assuring himself, as each action of cocking and revolving, by aid of his finger, produced in turn its double sounds, that the deadly machine was in perfect working order. He liked—there was no doubt but that he liked—the feeling, conveyed by contact with the metal, of skirting an abyss; liked to feel that soon the waters would close over him, and he would drop straight to the bottom of oblivion's pit, or, to put the same sentiment in the words of his own more poetic consciousness, "float out upon a boundless, untroubled sea." The preoccupation of the egotist with his own dissolution and its attendant sadness engrossed him. He saw himself, in his mind's eye, not as he actually was, a man with a handsome, emotional face, a Shelley in an upright two-inch collar, with short, sleek hair and an immaculately cut suit, but a figure lying quiescent, with folded hands, and with that distinction which death confers, covering his face like a veil.

Nothing would have pleased John more than, after its accomplishment, to be a participator in the interest created by his own suicide. He was not without a vivid perception of the stir the news of his death would cause, and, as he pictured himself looking down upon his own dead body, it was with one eye only that he viewed it, for the other was upon the spectators who stood round.

Here he touched a self-conscious note which rang out that there was always something absurd about a suicide; yet its echoes, but momentary, quickly died away. Untroubled of remorse, as to the misery his act would entail upon a mother who, in her mind's eye, had him ever before her, an always noble figure, and who watched with pride the perfect procedure of his advancement as he jauntily breasted the steeps of success; untroubled, too, of the disgrace which must attach itself to his honourable name, he loaded carefully the revolver's several chambers; for there must be no haste, no faltering, no mistake: when once the scheme of action had been set in motion, he must carry it through decently. This last condition, a characteristic of the first, must be his special care; there must, on no account, be any "bungling." He never actually mouthed the word, but he distinctly understood it as a peril; and all other questions were, beside this one, at the moment minor. Even the reason for the act became unimportant by the side of the manner of the act's accomplishment.

There was, he supposed, always the chance that a pistol might fail to confer death and inflict only a nasty, incapacitating wound; but the test of this, as with so many other things, was but to be reached after essayal. At this point John let his glance pass from the weapon and wander round the room, which had now become to him but an antechamber of forgetfulness.

There were things, however, to be done before the final act. He crossed the floor to his writing-table, on which he laid the revolver, then he drew up a chair, sank into it, and unlocked and opened a deep drawer. He did all this with the leisurely diligence of one knowing himself unlikely to be interrupted, one who feels that he has ample time for his task; and then he began to disinter from the drawer several neatly tied up packets of letters in different, feminine, handwritings. A fine dust of memory was stirred and floated up, as he lifted each bundle in turn, and by its especial, aromatic, aid he could with ease pick out, from the past, the different episodes to which each belonged.

The acquaintance with their several writers, its progress, its mergence into flirtation, and the ultimate waning of the last back to the original condition of its start—in each case the story rounded itself off as into a finished tale.

All his past was recorded in the heterogeneous medley within the drawer, and as in a flash were revealed to him bare stretches of wasted feeling by which he could trace, in such trophies as programmes, women's gloves, faded flowers, or a lace-bordered handkerchief, the history of an emotional life.

The pressure of retrospection turned emotion's edge, and for a few moments John found himself quite interested in the letters of a young woman who signed herself his "devoted Lottie," but whose surname he was, at the distance of four years of time, unable to recapture, but with whom he,

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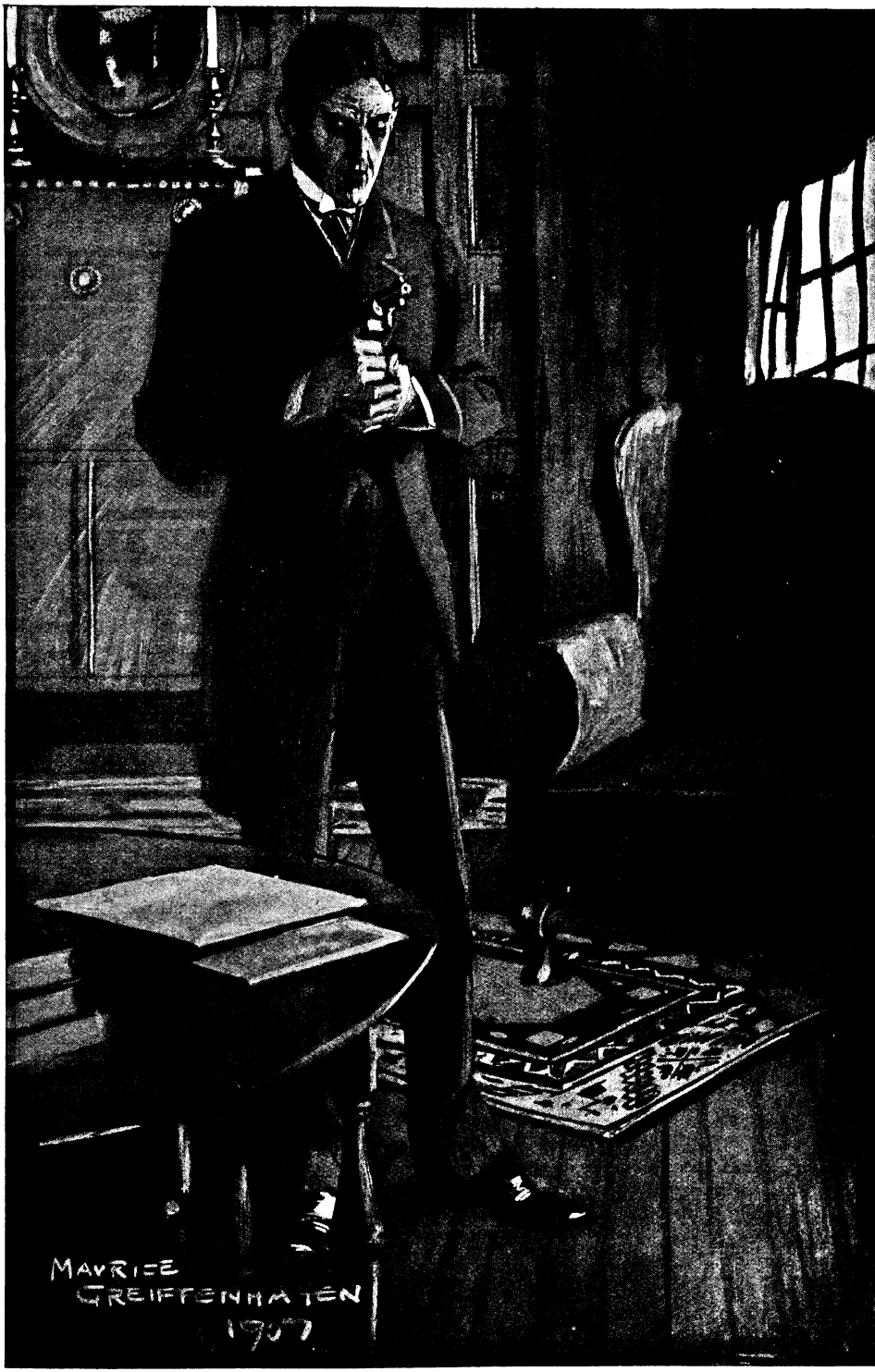

"He took a pistol from his pocket, clicked the trigger several times."

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at that seemingly far-off period, had supposed himself to be in love. Looking across the vast fields of experience which divide the age of thirty from that of twenty-six, he felt the latter to have been a period when curls and smiles are but so much indiscriminate nourishment to the ravening vanity of youth—a vanity which is as instinctive to those years as is love, but which often misses being love by a very wide gulf. John rose to the occasion in his own way. He took Lottie's letters, put them into a large envelope, sealed it, and wrote upon it: "To be destroyed, unopened, after my death."

But, before the image of this fancied love passed, he recalled how death has, sometimes, been the occasion for disregarding instructions; and, feeling that misconstruction might be placed upon the fact of these letters having been preserved, he reopened the envelope, reduced its contents to minute morsels of paper, and consigned the whole to the waste-paper basket.

He gave forth a deep sigh as, taking up a photograph in a heavy silver frame, placed in a prominent position on the table, he fell to its earnest consideration. It was that of a girl with features just irregular enough to mark the face as original, yet to deprive it neither of delicacy nor beauty. Wonder-eyed, oval of face, straight of nose, sumptuous of eyelid, the presentment revealed a type of charm almost exotic. Memory told John how he had once thought her body but the luminous shell of her intelligence; how often he had to her compared her complexion to the pale underside of a well-ripened peach, or to a glass of milk into which had been spilt a few drops of rosy wine; how often he had told her that the dimple in her chin had been made by the pressure of an arrow sped from Cupid's bow; how always her name—he murmured it now, "Muriel"—became in its utterance an invocation. Ah! how exquisite, how fragrant, life might have been, could it have been passed by the side of the girl he had once thought her to be! Yet this love story, which he had intended to be as beautiful as a piece of polished ivory, inlaid with precious stones, had resolved itself into a period of petty quarrels over matters on the subjects of which recollection refused to yield even a residue of reason. It seemed to him, looking back upon those first, brief, halcyon days of his engagement to Muriel, that he had figured such joy as had made him thankful to be alive, to share with her the same world. As, in retrospect, he followed the engagement's course, he saw but dimly even how, where, and when he had first had cause to disapprove her conduct, yet he recalled how argument, followed by entreaty on his part, had caused on hers first passionate appeal, then quarrels, forgiveness, fresh quarrels, and, ultimately, that renunciation on the part of both that he was now so grievously regretting. He saw the succession of events that had led to this last estrangement, and the estrangement itself spread out before him like a map.

Contact of life without Muriel would certainly be unendurable! He measured, with misliking eye, the days ahead from thirty years to the allotted three score and ten; and at the vision of those forty more that, barred from conceivable happiness, lay between, he shuddered, for in them he believed he saw a ghostlike, alien self walk, without interest or vitality, down that long alley of Time.

Yet brought to the bar of his approval, Muriel's conduct revealed itself as deserving the punishment of pain his death would cause her; and, indeed, what was life worth to him if love, the keynote of a chord between life and self, were out of tune; if love, life's best condition, was to be denied? He could not face it, he felt, and again he took up the revolver, not exactly with determination, but as though he held himself dimly accountable to the purpose which had driven him home, for its actual carrying out.

Who would miss him?

Half a score of friendly contemporaries would shrug shoulders, but, in wonderment as to who would be promoted to his empty berth, would probably omit to express regret for him, and each would grieve less, he assured himself pessimistically, than would a special waiter at a fashionable restaurant, that salient feature of modern social life, when he found himself minus his customary tips.

> Time turns the old days to derision,
> Our loves into sweethearts or wives;
> And marriage, and death, and division,
> Make barren our lives.

He quoted the words from memory, not sure of their accuracy, and, as he leant back in his chair and lit a cigarette, he let his eyes wander to a bookshelf, half inclined to get down his Swinburne and verify them. And it was at this particular moment that he became suddenly conscious that unusual sounds were stealing into the room even through the well-fitting double windows.

A fierce flame of intelligence, a reflection

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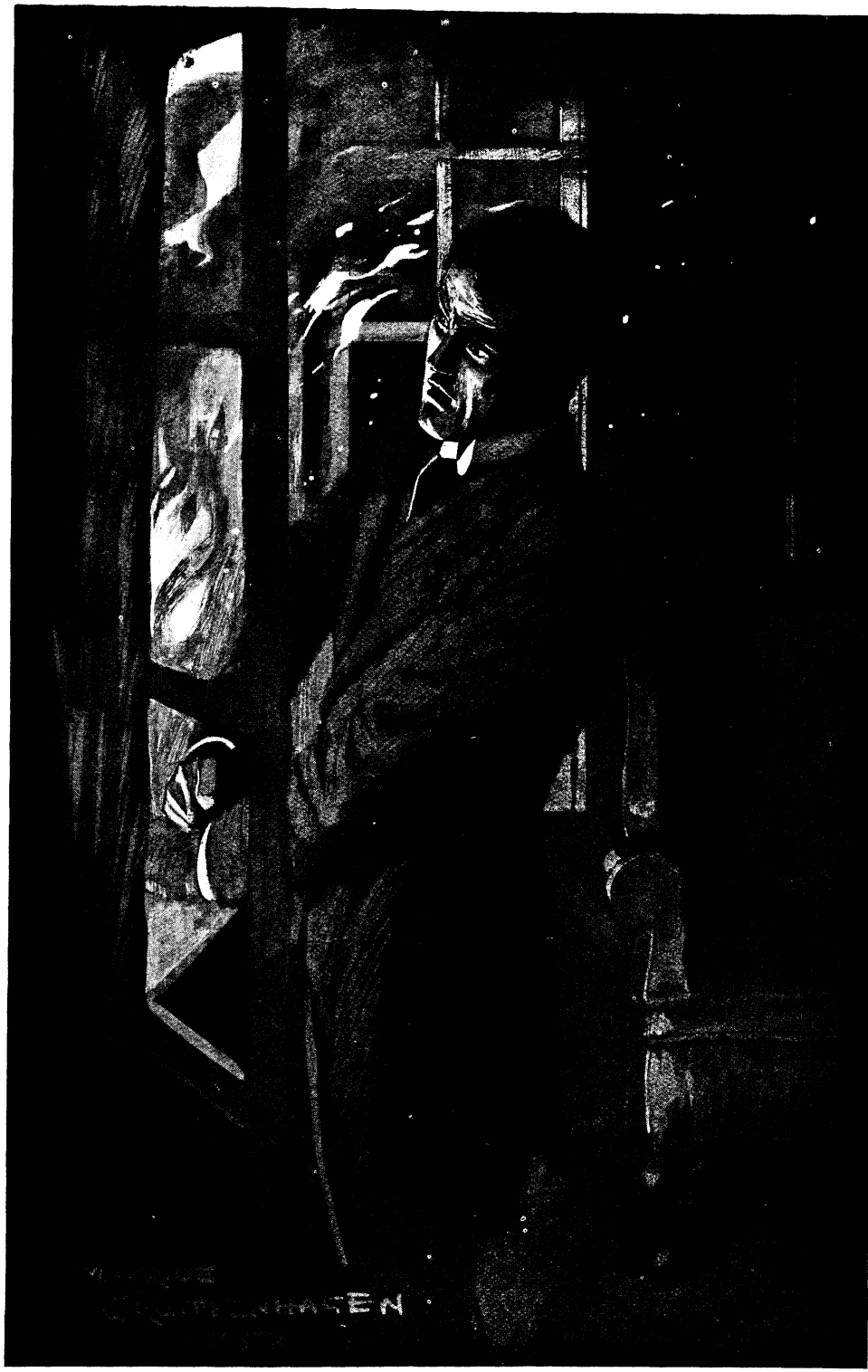

"A moment later he was at the window and had thrown open both the inner and outer casements."

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of a lurid hue, that had been for some minutes changing the quality of the colour of the light within the room from grey to red, was reflected in John Lumley's eyes, and he became, it was obvious, engaged in one of those quick mental excursions which thought, in cases of emergency, frequently takes.

For the space of ten heart-beats he sat quite still, while his consciousness, already roused to outer things, further awakened. He heard, in frantic orchestration, the cries of a populace which had lost its garb of self-control, the rush of wild traffic, and the clash and jingle of equipment. As John listened, his face again changed its expression and came gradually to be veiled with a something which, to an observant onlooker, would have revealed itself as interest.

He came to his feet and to complete consciousness of his surroundings in one bound, as an enormous light burst into the room. His first impulse was to laugh, the foolish, high-pitched laughter of a man suddenly made conscious of having made an exhibition of himself; then he leapt rather than walked to the door, from which the next moment he recoiled, shutting it behind him. Roaring flame had already full possession of the staircase, where the heat was suffocating, the atmosphere indescribable.

"Fire! Fire!" John yelled, but his voice rang out in the now hot air of the room, and snapped suddenly as though scorched. He made a second effort, and this time the cry rose to the panelled ceiling, where it dissipated like a breath on a mirror.

A moment later he was at the window and had thrown open both the inner and outer casements, and the flames, as they licked the woodwork, were near enough to singe his hair.

Piccadilly was in an uproar, a crowd vehement, gesticulatory, was uttering discordant and noisy directions, which clashed through the air like battle-cries. He stood motionless, his hands with every vein and tendon in them showing in the strong grasp he held upon the window-sill, his head erect; and when, after a few seconds, this strained position relaxed, he knew himself face to face with the fact that he was outside the normal current of natural solicitude, alone, cut off from mortal help. Again he looked forth, again to retreat after one glance, seeing in a flash how the coils of circumstances were bound about him. The sharp sense of contemplated tragedy had been as nothing to this sharper edge of unlooked-for horror.

Then a roar of understanding came up from the crowd.

He heard someone, with unconscious asperity, shout instructions to him, but the words droned in his ears and their message was as undecipherable to his brain as would have been one fluted by the wind among telegraph-wires. The cries with which the sight of him had been greeted by the gaping world below were the measure of his danger. Then someone, in authority presumably, from the centre of the crowd, called to him a simple order to jump.

John turned the direction over in his mind for a quite considerable space of time before the sense of it permeated his brain.

He tried to reply, but could phrase no words.

With unconscious intuition he obeyed the direction he was unaware of having heard, and, caught up once more within the cogs of the wheel of life, laughing in a very extravagance of fear, he sprang upon the window-sill and jumped.

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DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

"My good girl, can't you see you've brought one black boot and one brown one?"
"Yes, sir; but, sure, an' the other pair is just the same."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

When Rudyard Kipling was a twelve-year-old, his father took him on a sea voyage, and as the father suffered badly from seasickness he left the boy to his own devices. Presently a tremendous commotion was heard, and the boatswain dashed into the father's cabin and shouted at the top of his voice: "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yardarm! If he lets go, he'll drown to a certainty!"

"Yes," said the father, falling back on his pillow, "but he won't let go!"

From the dining-room window a little boy had been watching the coal-men deliver two tons of coal into his father's coal-cellar. Presently the servant entered.

"They've finished bringing in the coal, ma'am," she said.

"Oh, give the men sixpence," said the little boy's mother.

"My word, mother!" he said after a pause, "that was a cheap lot of coal!"

"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said an Englishman proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman, "Providence is afraid to trust her in the dark."

Her hat obscured his view at the theatre, and in a kindly voice he leaned forward and asked if it would be possible for her to remove it.

A stiffening of the head was his only answer. After a few moments he repeated his request. Then she turned on him.

"There is no demand for my doing so," she said.

"No demand?" he echoed.

Then he rolled his overcoat and placed it on his seat, sat on it, and getting his hat from under the seat, placed it on his head.

In a moment there was a cry of "Take it off!" "Take that hat off!"

And with a swift movement the lady unfastened her hatpins and removed her hat. So did the man.

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An American whose imagination had been fired by Southey's wonderful word-picture of the Cataract of Lodore, journeyed across the Atlantic in order to see with his own eyes the tumultuous course of the waterfall. On arriving at Liverpool he at once made tracks for Cumberland, and, armed with map and compass, set out on his search full of enthusiasm. It was a hot day, at the end of a hot, dry summer, and as hour succeeded hour, and still no cataract rewarded his efforts, he flung himself down on the dry bed of a streamlet on the hillside weary and despairing. Catching sight of a native of the country approaching, he hailed him joyfully.

"Say, stranger, can you direct me to the Cataract of Lodore?"

The man looked at him and grinned. "Ye're sittin' on it," he replied.

A commercial traveller was much annoyed at the constantly repeated complaint: "Oh, I *am* so thirsty!" from an old market-woman who was travelling in the same carriage. At last in desperation he ordered her a cup of tea at the next station. She drank it gratefully, and putting down the cup, recommenced: "Oh, I *was* so thirsty!" which she repeated at short intervals, till they reached the next station, when he got out hurriedly.

THE COMPLETE GUIDE.

Guide (in small museum): This 'ere is the sword with which Balaam was a-goin' to kill his ass.

Elderly Lady: Pardon me, but Balaam had not got a sword; he only wished for one.

Guide: You're right, ma'am; but this 'ere is the very sword he wished for.

In a small suburban house two very young girls were discussing the subject of housework at home.

"Does your mother keep a servant?" asked the first one, whose mother had at the time one half-grown girl.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the second one. "Mother keeps two servants, one coming and the other going."

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A YOUNG man who persisted in whispering loudly to the lady who accompanied him to a symphony concert, telling her what the music "meant," what sort of a passage was coming next, and so on, caused serious annoyance to every one of his immediate neighbours. Presently he closed his eyes and said to his companion—

"Did you ever try listening to music with your eyes shut? You've no idea how lovely it sounds!"

Thereupon a gentleman who sat in the seat in front of the young man twisted himself about and said gravely—

"Young man, did you ever try listening to music with your mouth shut?"

TENNYSON'S customary manner towards women was one of grave and stately courtesy. One evening at Aldworth, Sir Edward Hamley, the soldier and expert writer on the art of war, who had been visiting through the day, rose to take leave. Tennyson pressed him to stay overnight, adding: "There are three ladies who wish it," meaning Mrs. Tennyson and the two guests who were in the house.

"There are three other ladies who oppose it," Sir Edward answered.

"Who are they?" Tennyson asked.

"The Fates," Sir Edward replied.

"The Fates may be on one side," Tennyson rejoined, "but the Graces are on the other."

POOR PUSS!

SERVANT: Did you call, sir?

OLD GENTLEMAN (rather deaf): Yes, I've told you before I don't allow you to keep a cat, and I'm nearly certain I heard one when I sat down just now. You must send it away, please. (N.B. the cat.)

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

DISTRICT WORKER (giving away soap): Here, my dear, this will be good for both of you.

LITTLE GIRL: I hope it isn't that pink flavour, because last time it made baby sick."

A SCOTCHMAN went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist. "Step inside, please. There's an article I can highly recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' your heid a bit rub wi't, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

THE ZOO.

When we went to the Zoo
We saw a gnu,
An elk and a whelk
And a wild emu.

We saw a hare
And a bear in his lair
And a seal have a meal
On a high-backed chair.

We saw a coon
And a baby baboon.
The giraffe made us laugh
All afternoon.

We saw a snake
That was hardly awake,
And a lion eat meat
They'd forgotten to bake.

We saw a crab
And a long-tailed dab
And we all went home
In a hansom cab.

J. P.

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On the first day that a young man began his duties as a reporter on a popular paper, a report came from a neighbouring town that there was a terrible fire raging. The editor of the paper immediately sent the new reporter to the place, and, upon arriving there, he found that the firemen were unable to get control of the flames, so he sent this telegram to the editor: "Fire still raging. What shall I do?" The editor thought a minute, and then sent back this message: "Find out where the fire is the hottest and jump in."

A young Frenchman on a visit in a country town was invited to an entertainment, where there were sung, in honour of the foreigner, a number of French songs, and they were given in the best Anglo-French.

"I say," observed one of the singers, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman, "only sick."

Fond Mother (commenting on the story of Eden): It was very wrong of Eve to take the apple, wasn't it, darling?

Small Daughter (extenuatingly): Yes; but mummie, she *did* give half of it to her husband, didn't she?

The story goes that one day the Duke of Newcastle and the late Duke of Argyll were travelling north together. The only other occupant of the compartment was a commercial traveller, and all three presently joined in discussing topics of the day with interest.

Arrived at his destination, the Duke of Newcastle alighted, and was received on the platform by bowing officials and liveried servants.

"Do you know who that was?" said the commercial traveller, turning in excitement to his companion.

"Yes; the Duke of Newcastle!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the other. "Fancy him talking away to two common fellows like us!"

FARMER GILES'S UP-TO-DATE MOTOR SCARE TO PROTECT HIS CROPS FROM DUST.

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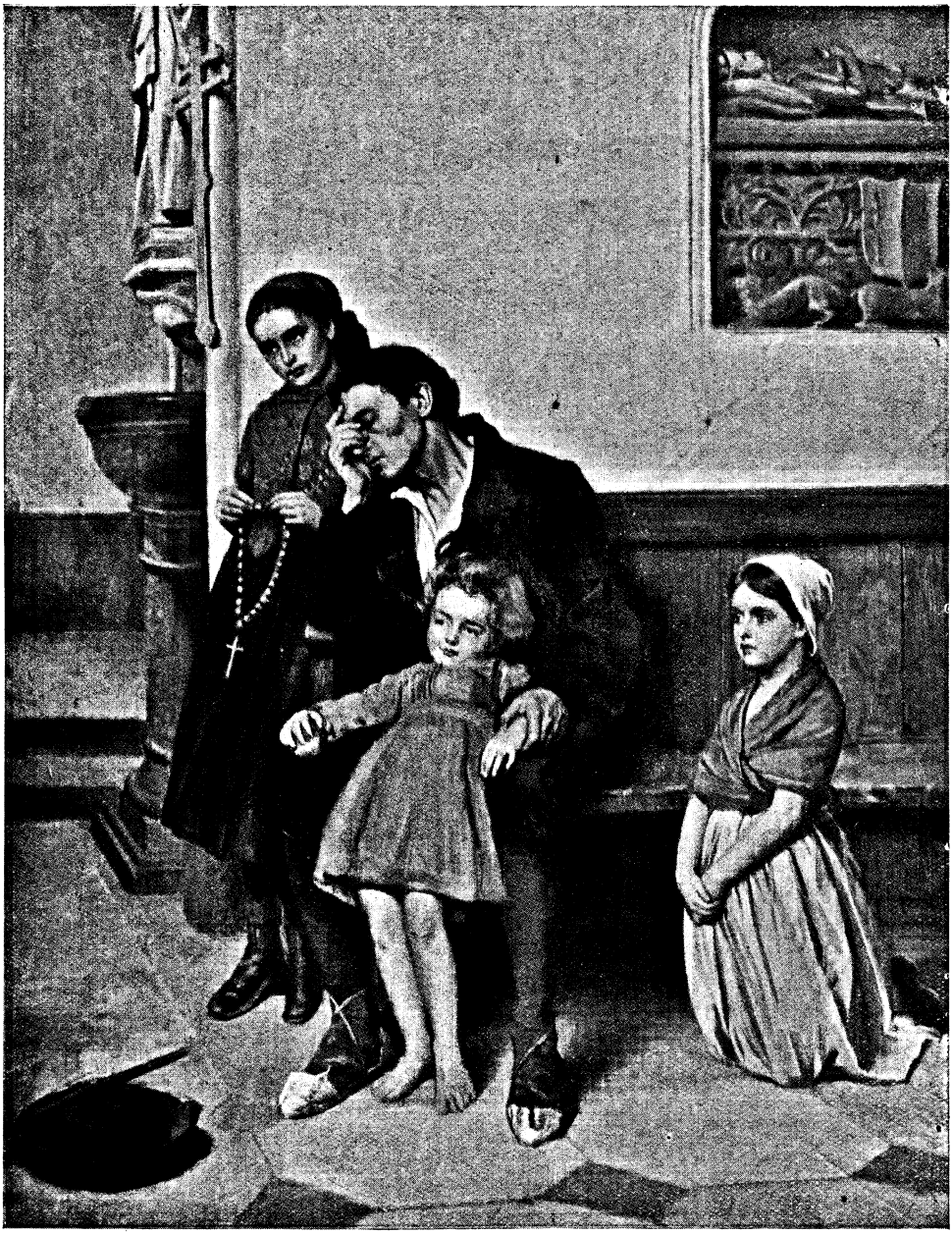

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"THE WIDOWER."

By John Bagnold Burgess, R.A.

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"PENSIONED OFF." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

THE ART OF JOHN BAGNOLD BURGESS, R.A.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

JOHN BAGNOLD BURGESS came of an artistic family. His great-grandfather, Thomas Burgess, in the middle of the eighteenth century, kept an academy of art in Maiden Lane, Strand, and it was here that Thomas Gainsborough received the foundation of his artistic education. Whether or no Thomas Burgess was a great teacher matters very little to us; it is possible that he was not, since Gainsborough—whose achievements, alike in portraiture and in landscape, were so large, and the innate quality of whose work was so wonderful—included in it such elements of imperfection as to suggest his training having been incomplete. Had Thomas Burgess been consummate as instructor, the capricious inequalities to be found in Gainsborough's art would scarcely have existed; therefore we cannot suppose him to have transmitted to his great grandson more than an artistic taste; but even to have been the recipient of this made that descendant thrice fortunate, for it was a taste transmitted to, and more or less perfected by, both grandfather and father before he, in turn, became its recipient.

That the son of Thomas Burgess, named William, was a distinguished portrait-painter is proved by the fact that what was held to be a very notable work by him was included, a few years since, in an exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. William had a son, H. W. Burgess, the father of the subject of our article, and he held the position of Landscape Painter in Ordinary to King William the Fourth. Another equally distinguished son of William Burgess was John Cart Burgess, who in his early years was a painter of flowers and fruit in water colours, of very considerable dexterity, but, taking to the more lucrative occupation of teaching, he acquired so prominent a position as a master as to number amongst his pupils several members of the Royal Family. We have thus, we hope, proved the argument for heredity, and shown that for John Burgess

to attain a conspicuous place in the front rank of his profession was in no way surprising.

Although born in 1830, the possessor of much transmitted talent, he learned to draw unhelped, his father having died when he was but ten years old; thus he made his artistic progress instinctively, until he came to exercise such command of the pencil as to secure for himself the notice of the knowledgable in the person of Sir William Ross, the miniature-painter, who undertook, as an intimate friend of his father's, to supervise the boy's later art education. He went, at the suggestion of Ross, to Leigh's school in Newman Street, but this was not until he was seventeen, and before this he had spent several years in the study of the antique at the British Museum.

For two years he worked at Leigh's, and then was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy Schools, where it was not long before he was successful in gaining the first-class medal for a drawing from life.

In 1850 he exhibited in the Academy, then in Trafalgar Square, for the first time; the following year he was represented at the Royal British Artists by a "Study of a Head." "A Fancy Sketch" was in the Academy of 1852; and in 1853 we find him selling at the modest price of £15 a picture called "The Cottage Interior," exhibited in the British Institution.

Perhaps it was because John Burgess felt that his system of training had been too fragmentary; perhaps it was that his painter's vision asked a wider horizon than was to be found at home; or perhaps it was endeavour to rid himself of that hampering ineptitude of expression that is incident to youth, which took him to Spain.

"SPANISH STUDENTS READING PROHIBITED BOOKS." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

It may well have been any one of these reasons, or it may only have been because the idea of Spain was in the air. The thirty-two points of the compass were open to all; painters might have gone wheresoever they listed, but in the 'fifties Spain was the momentous point which attracted them. Phillip had been there and approved it, and Phillip's opinion at that time had an appreciable influence on his fellow-painters. He was an enthusiast, with power to communicate to others his enthusiasm. He talked with such conviction that those who heard could

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"REHEARSING THE MISERERE, SPAIN." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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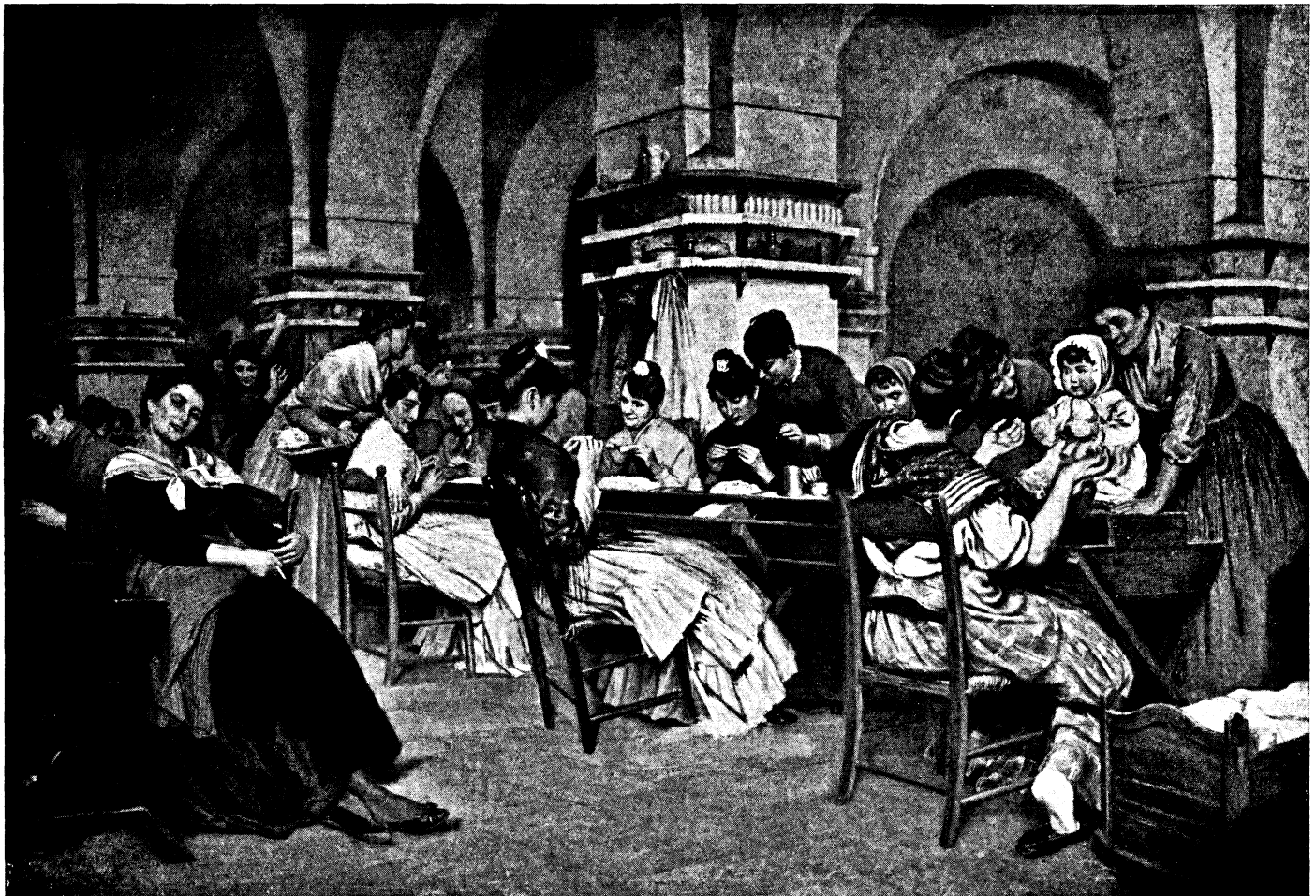

"CIGARETTE MAKING IN SEVILLE." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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"GOSSIP." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

not but share his ardour, and come unconsciously to participate in the belief that art in England was in a parlous state, and that Spanish influence was matter of the utmost importance.

Those who prosecute art are, indeed, rarely inclined, however taciturn they may be on other matters, to confine their opinions within their own circle of ideas; they are expansive of their own, and curious of their neighbours', point of view. Painters do not live in isolation, but rather they breathe a common air and catch light and heat from each other's thoughts. In the studio there is "a spirit of general elevation and enlightenment in which all alike communicate."

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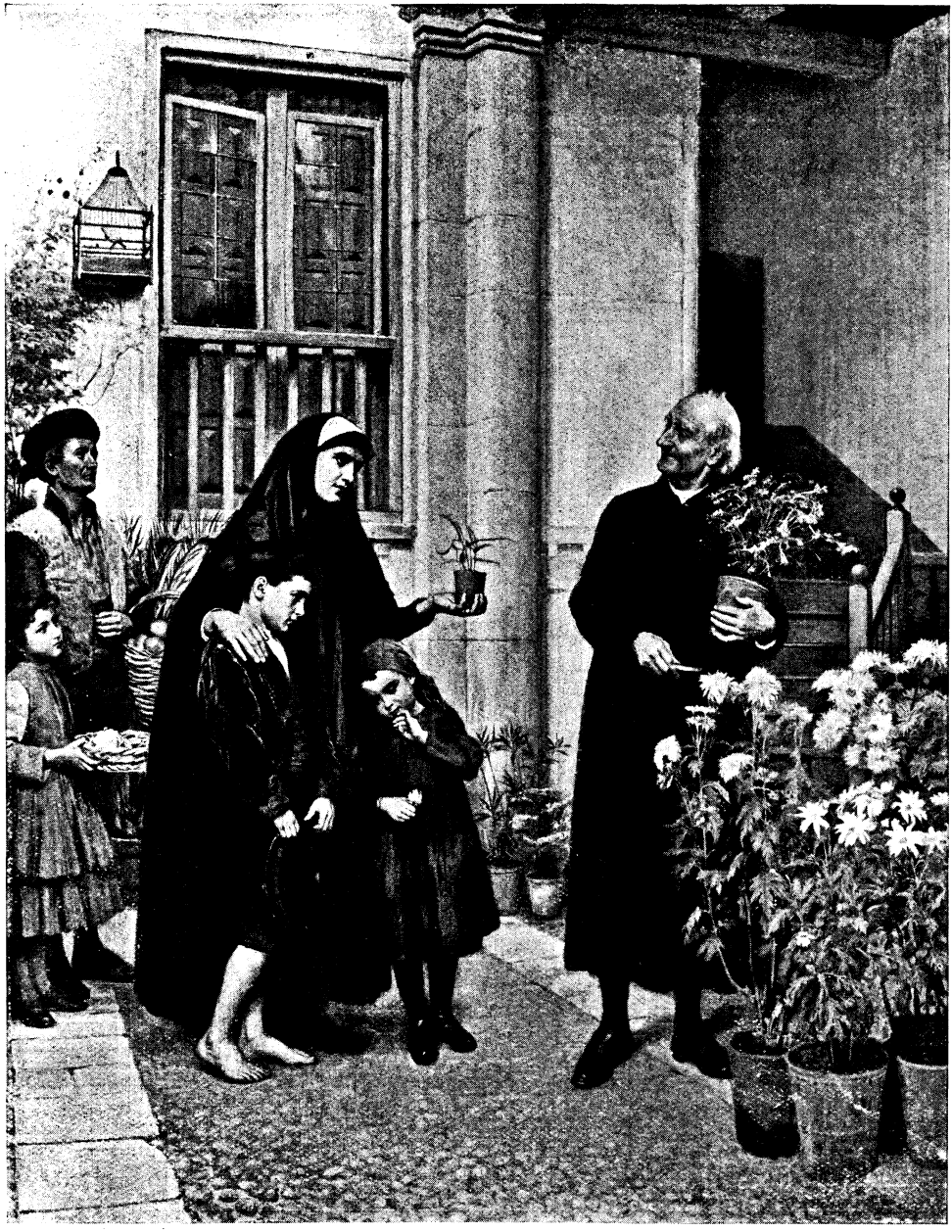

"THE WIDOW'S MITE ON THE PRIEST'S BIRTHDAY." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

Wilkie, Phillip, Ansdell, Long, Burgess, all succumbed to the attractions of the life of Spain, and each, in turn, drew strength, colour, and character from Spanish influence: from local sights and sounds, from the buildings and the people of Seville and Madrid.

At the time John Burgess went to Spain, Mariano Fortuny y Carbó—one of the most remarkable artists of modern times, if not "of the true painters great and old"—had renounced the old, intensely artificial Spanish methods, and entered upon that period of gorgeous, blazing colour which became the keynote of his after art. Burgess felt the incomparable charm of Fortuny's work, and was doubtless largely influenced by such pictures as "Mariposa" and "The

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"A MODERN ST. FRANCIS." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

Snake Charmer," and he probably found his complete artistic sight by help of Fortuny's work, borrowing of his colour and blending it with a native growth of humour which he himself possessed.

We learn from an obituary notice in the now defunct *Magazine of Art* that he frequently complained of the comparison of his work with that of John Phillip, to which it was constantly subjected, pointing out that to be second in painting Spain seemed to be held as less excusable than to be the two-thousandth in painting Italy.

Like Phillip, however, Burgess was always less interested in paint than in character and incident; like Phillip, again, he never failed to touch that note of familiarity or of humour which is the distinguishing mark of

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the popular artist, and, yet again like Phillip, he made little attempt to portray that subtle quality which Ruskin justly termed "the wayward half melancholy mystery of Spanish beauty." Burgess saw Spain, however, the obvious Spain, as it really is, "a joyous, laughter-loving, gay land." And to see an object as in itself it really is, is after all the aim of every form of plastic and lineal art, for without power to see the object as in itself it really is, no painter or sculptor can hope to reproduce its beauty.

outside his art. He is an observer, not a reasoner, a presenter of what his eye notes as paintable. His mental equipment is not as that of other men, but although he innately recognises that only certain things should be told to the eye, and that other things are better if told to the ear, he, because he lives by public favour, not infrequently allows himself to be led by public taste, and gives the public the subject it asks, although he may be quite conscious that by so doing his art suffers.

"HARNESS MAKING IN SEVILLE." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

The sight of John Burgess for the obvious was direct and truthful, and he had a good method of telling a story in terms of paint. His effects were deliberate, illustrated literature—a literature which in its way was capital, full of invention, ingenious and suggestive, and essentially pleasant, if innocent of overmuch artistry. He was an "anecdotist in colour and form"; so, too, has been many another before him, and will be many another to follow.

The artist is, as a rule, no great thinker, and has but few opinions on life, for he is little given to speculation upon any theme

In the middle of the last century there was a notion that paint and story should be linked into a common method of expression. Canvases independent of literary motive were out of fashion. The painted scene, the art of conveying the progress of social, national, historic events by the means of colour, was the beginning and end of its art. The appeal to beauty—*i.e.*, pictures which arose without other apparent genesis than form and colour, was waived in favour of the appeal to curiosity. One half of a story was told by the canvas, the rest was supplied by the catalogue. The public, in fact, liked

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"THE LETTER-WRITER." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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"TROUBLE." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

at that time, when looking at pictures, to imagine it could hear as well as see, whereas the sense of sight is the only sense to which a picture should appeal.

In a lecture on this subject, delivered by Mr. John C. Vandyke before the students of Princetown College, the speaker said: "The painter's ideas are limited to such subjects as may be comprehended by the unaided eye . . . When, therefore, people call for ideas in painting—meaning thereby literary, anecdotal, moral, or religious ideas—and overlook the pictorial motives of the artist, they are simply asking that painting shall abandon its own proper purposes . . . Whether an idea is pictorial or not may be tested, in the first place, by questioning if it will exist of itself and without a title. If we apply this test to the great pictures of the Florentines and the Venetians, they will bear it without flinching. . . . Titian's so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" has been well instanced as an example of art existing for its own sake. No one knows what the picture should be called, or why the two figures, one on either side of the marble fountain, have such

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"PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

different expressions; no one needs to know in order to enjoy the picture's beauty; no one cares to know, except, perhaps, the historian of art seeking facts instead of æsthetic pleasure. . . . Whoever thought what Tiepol's group is doing, or whether Fortuny's serpent-charmer influenced the snake with his stick or with his voice? The canvases are pieces of colour, light, air, painted brilliantly, sympathetically, artistically, and that is all there is to them. Their painters never intended them to be anything else." By which discourse Mr. Vandyke apparently means that a picture may be literary, provided that in addition it has great pictorial qualities.

Many of the early pictures which John

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"CATECHISING." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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"A STUDENTS' SERENADE." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

Burgess sent home from Spain, for exhibition, had these pictorial qualities, in addition to the easily grasped jest, story, or festive occasion, which as subject he treated—

The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,

made the canvases liked by his fellow-artists, and they were popular with the public because they were the artist's response to its cry for incident. Perhaps he felt that it did no harm to be supple in a thing so immaterial as subject, for that the painter ought to be able to make every episode subservient to his art; and since art enriches everything to which it is applied, he was probably right. From 1858 he contributed a succession of scenes of Spanish life to the Academy, but it was not till twenty years later that he received his reward for his admirably executed work and was admitted an Associate of that institution. This was in the year 1877, and followed upon the exhibition of the most famous of all his pictures, "Licensing the Beggars, Spain," purchased for the Royal Holloway College for the very

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considerable sum of £1,165 10s. Before this his "Bravo, Toro!" had attracted great notice, and without such a scene no record of Spanish life could be judged complete. One cannot think of the country without its arena, its sport—the bull-fight, with its processional entry, headed by the matadors, more popular than are kings, with their following of banderolleros, picadors, monossavios; the brilliant scene of gaiety and colour into which rush the bulls, famous for their agility and courage, bred purposely for the scene which compasses their death, on the plains which lie between the marshy coast-line of the south and the Sierras. "Bravo, Toro!" met with the enthusiasm the cry of its title raises in its own land, and it gained for its painter critical comparison with the living masters of the Spanish school.

One of the most popular of his numerous works was called "The Barber's Prodigy," described at the time it was exhibited (1875) in the following words: "The barber, who has left his customer, a sturdy, rough-looking, Spanish peasant, upon whom he has so far operated as to have well lathered his face with soap, is eagerly conversing with two priests and a gentleman, to whom he is showing some sketches made by his son, a boy artist, who is kneeling upon the floor in the centre of the picture with portfolio before him. The humorous element introduced in the expression in the face of the indignant customer, left alone, ornamented as we have described, may be imagined. Mr. Burgess has supplied the requirements of beauty in the work in the barber's daughter, a charming girl who is an interested spectator of the scene. "The Genius of his Family," "The Letter-Writer," "The Scramble at the Wedding"—these, too, can be classed as humorous works.

"THE SCULPTOR." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

Mr. Burgess painted many types of Spanish beauty, each of which suggests Browning's lines—

> Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
> June's twice June, since she breathed it with me?

And "Trouble," a picture in the Royal Academy in '93, is reminiscent of the same poet.

> And slow
> With downcast eyes to church I go,
> And pass to the confession chair,
> And tell the old mild father there.

Pictures which dealt with "old mild fathers" were great favourites with the painter; we have one on "The Priest's Birthday," 1892; another in "A Modern St. Francis," 1891; yet another in the very important picture

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"A MOTHERS' MEETING IN THE COUNTRY." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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"Catechising," and yet another in "The Favourite Padre," the subject of which was a "Spanish street scene, where two priests, one fat and the other lean, are receiving and distributing their blessings among a group of their especial charges." Benignant, genial old age was one of the sides of life which Mr. Burgess was particularly prone to depict. There is a national saying that the Spaniard "puts on his spectacles when eating cherries, that the fruit may look finer than it actually is," and it is this happy satisfied outlook, this illusionary good, that we are given in "The Professors of the University of Salamanca," "Pensioned Off," and in the joyous scenes of labour: "Cigarette Makers" and "Harness Making in Seville."

"Spanish Students Reading Prohibited Books" reveals a different side of life. Left entirely to our imagination, we might suppose there to be little harm in a knot of students absorbed by

> bokes, clothed in black and red,
> of Aristotle and his philosophy,

did not history remind us of the drastic holocaust of books made three centuries before Christ by the Chinese Emperor Chi-wang-ti, and how the same fate fell to the works of Pythagoras; how burning of his books formed part of the persecution of Diocletian, how the Christians in their turn took up the same form of barbaric destruction when Osius had the writings of Arius burnt, and those of Nestorius and Honorius; how Abelard's "Introductio ad Theologium" was similarly served; and how, as late as the end of the eighteenth century, sundry burnings of books took place even in England.

In 1888, Mr. Burgess exhibited a picture entitled "A Gipsy Girl of Seville," and the merits of it gained for him full academic honours; his diploma work, "The Freedom of the Press," was in the Academy the following year. After this he left the humorous for the pathetic. "Trouble" belongs to this period, so too does "The Old Hero," "The Widower," and "Pensioned Off," which was the last picture, 1896, he exhibited.

John Burgess was specially eminent among the lesser men of his time, and to ignore his work, which was never without attractiveness, is to lose a pleasure which the work of no other man can exactly supply. Such pictures as he painted have a peculiar charm of their own, one quite apart from any artistic qualities they may contain. Our reproductions of a representative set of them are made from photographs by Messrs. Henry Dixon and Son.

"THE OLD HERO." BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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THE GOOD CONDUCT PRIZE.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

GOING through the schoolroom of the Third, which is my own form, I chanced to see Saunders minor and Fowle there; and just as I passed them Saunders minor said that he wished he was dead.

This, from Saunders minor, was a bit out of the common, so I stopped and asked him why. He said—

"It's only a manner of speaking, Thwaites; but, all the same, I do, because of the Good Conduct Prize."

"Well," I said, "you're a snip for it; everybody knows that."

"Not now," he answered. "In fact, it's all up, and the gold watch and chain are gone."

Of course, when young Saunders talked about a gold watch and chain, he didn' mean Doctor Dunstan's foot ling Good Conduct Prize, which is always a book of a particularly deadly kind, such as "Lays of Ancient Rome"; but he meant the special prize his father had promised him if he won the highest marks for good conduct in his class. And he was simply romping home when this happened.

"Foster had made his well-known comic face."

"Of course, it's that beast Foster," said Fowle. "I always hated Foster, and now, knowing he couldn't win by fair means, he made that peculiar face at Saunders just as the Doctor came in to say prayers last night; and Saunders laughed, not knowing the Doctor had actually come in; and the Doctor took off five conduct marks at one fell swoop."

"Foster must win now," said Saunders. "But it's a blackguard thing."

"And if Foster doesn't win, you will," said Fowle to me.

Curiously enough, this was true. I had been going rather strong on good conduct this term, for private reasons. In fact, my father had promised me—not a gold watch, but a flogging, or very likely two, if I came home again with a holiday punishment.

You must know that at Merivale there was a putrid system called "holiday punishments," and if you didn't get a certain number of good conduct marks in the term, instead of going home in glory with a good report, you went home with a holiday punishment. Well, owing to one thing and another, I had taken home a holiday punishment four terms running; and my father began to get rather nasty about it. As a rule, he is a sort of father who talks very ferociously, but doesn't do much; therefore when he actually does flog me, which happens now and then, it comes as a great and unpleasant surprise. And I felt, in the matter of the good conduct marks, that if I went back with another holiday punishment, he would certainly keep his word and flog me to the best of his power. Therefore, I bucked up in a very unusual way, and though miles behind Saunders minor and Foster, was miles in front of the others; and when suddenly Fowle said this to me, that if Foster also smashed up as Saunders had done, I must get the Good Conduct Prize in the Third, I felt quite giddy. Needless to say, I had never taken home a prize in my life. In fact, it seemed almost too much. My people would never believe it.

Of course, if such a thing really did happen, it would be a frightful score off my father; but then there was Foster. He stood six clear marks ahead of me, and unless some awful catastrophe overtook Foster, it was impossible for me to catch him. Then it seemed to me as Foster, in the most unsporting manner, had made his well-known comic face that always forced Saunders minor to laugh, and so he had got ahead of Saunders by a paltry trick, therefore it was only right that Foster should be scored off, too. Needless to say, I was quite prepared to score off Foster

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"Tinned Cow."

myself; but then, very likely that would end by smashing me up, so it seemed to me that the thing to do was to try and get some outside person to score off Foster, like he had scored off Saunders minor.

I thought a lot about it, but I couldn't see any way that was perfectly sportsmanlike. Then Fowle, who is not sportsmanlike, but very cunning, said there was a way. I felt pretty certain his way must be mean and piffling; but for once he thought of rather a good way. At least, it seemed good to me.

"I can't do anything myself," Fowle said; "because the last time I was interested in a fight, you will remember, the result was very unpleasant for me; but all the same, in a case like this, there ought to be a fight, and very likely if you explained in a perfectly friendly spirit to Saunders minor that he owes it to himself to fight Foster, he will be much obliged to you and go into training for it."

Well, I was bound to admit that for once Fowle seemed to be right. Because, if Saunders minor fought Foster, the marks of battle would appear on Foster, even if he won; and they would be noticed by Browne, who hates fighting, and always takes off half the term's good conduct marks when he finds a chap who has clearly had a fight.

So I put it to Saunders minor.

I said: "I come in a perfectly friendly spirit, Saunders minor, and I don't want to put you to any inconvenience with Foster. But, as he's knocked you out of the Good Conduct Prize and your golden watch, which your father may never offer again, as they often change their minds, you have a frightful and bitter grievance against Foster."

"You may also add that Queen Anne is dead," said Saunders minor.

"I know," I said. "But the point is that I'm rather worried to see you taking this lying down. It isn't worthy of the Third. We've always been a fighting form, and, in fact, you ought to resist this tooth and nail; and I'd be your second like a shot; and West, the champion of the Lower School, would referee—to oblige me."

Saunders minor was a good deal interested.

"D'you think I ought to lick him?" he asked.

"I think you ought to try," I said; "and you might even succeed if you went into training and had a bit of luck."

Saunders minor thought. He was a pale, parsnip-coloured chap, and when he thought he frowned terrifically till his forehead got quite wrinkled and old. There was also a very peculiar vein on his temple you could see when he was thinking extra hard, but not at other times.

"The question is, what I should gain," he said.

"Also what he would lose," I said. This was, of course, Fowle's idea, but it came in jolly handy here.

"What can he lose unless I lick him?"

"Well, the beauty of it would be," I explained, "that if you licked him, or if he licked you, it would be all the same as far as the Good Conduct Prize is concerned. If you knock him about a bit and black an eye or so, Browne will pounce upon him for certain, as well as you, and away go half his conduct marks for the term, and bang goes the Good Conduct Prize."

Saunders minor nodded.

"Did you think of this?" he asked.

"Yes," I said—"with help from Fowle."

"As a matter of fact, if this happened,

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you'd get the Good Conduct Prize, Thwaites," said Saunders minor.

"It seems rather a wild idea," I answered, "but, as a matter of fact, I should—unless, of course, I come to grief myself before the end of the term. I've had to be awful keen on conduct this term, owing to my father, who has rather overdone it about conduct lately; and so I've been piling up marks in a small way, but of course such a thing as a good conduct prize is bang out of my line."

"Or any prize," added Saunders minor thoughtfully.

"Or any prize, as you truly say," I answered.

"Well, we've always been friendly enough," kindly remarked Saunders minor.

Needless to say I agreed.

"It would, of course, be a terrific act of kindness on your part to me if you knocked Foster out," I said, "and also it would be an act of justice to yourself; and also it would be what is expected of Third Form chaps."

"You speak as a fighter yourself," said Saunders minor.

"I am, of course, a great fighter," I said, "and have only once been beaten, and that by West, who is a champion and nearly two years older than me. But I believe you would be a very good fighter if you cared about it."

"I never should care about it," said Saunders minor. "But the point is Foster. Supposing he refuses to fight?"

"My dear chap," I said, "he couldn't. You've got a frightful grievance against him. The Sixth, when they heard, would mighty soon make him fight."

"You'll second me, Thwaites, if it comes off?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly I will."

Saunders minor began to think again, and his forehead became much furrowed.

"I'm just wondering, if I explained to my father about it, whether he'd still give me the watch if I succeeded in licking Foster," he said.

I told him that from what I knew of fathers like his, it was very unlikely, and he'd better not hope.

"I have heard you say that your father is not only a clergyman, but also a canon," I said. "Don't buoy yourself up to think that he'll give you the watch if you lick Foster. Far from it. In the case of Morrison it was very different. His father always gave him half-a-crown if he went home with a black eye, and Morrison generally managed to do so; but then his father was a royal sea

"Saunders minor got pepper towards the end of the round."

captain, and had commanded a first-class battleship. Your father is religious, naturally, and against fighting, for certain."

It happened that just at this moment Foster and some other chaps, including his chum, Tin Lin Chow—commonly called "Tinned Cow"—the Chinaman, came by, and Saunders minor, in the excitement of the moment, stopped Foster and spoke.

He said: "I've been thinking over losing the Good Conduct Prize, Foster; and as it was your fault, something must be done."

Foster said: "I've apologised. Nothing more can be done."

But Saunders minor said: "Much more can be done. In fact, I challenge you to fight; and Thwaites is my second, and West will referee."

Foster was much astonished at this.

"I'm bigger than you," he said. "It wouldn't be fair. I'm bound to lick you if we have a real serious fight."

"You might lick me, no doubt," said Saunders minor. "But I shall do a bit first; and I dare say you'll know what'll happen then."

"The only thing that can happen is that you'll have to give in," said Foster.

"Something else will happen besides that," answered Saunders minor. "However, you'll see. To-morrow week in the wood, if that will suit you."

He mentioned a half-holiday, and as the First had no match on, West would be able

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to referee comfortably, while everybody was looking at the Second Eleven match fixed for that day.

"Saturday week in the wood; but you'd better think twice," said Foster.

"I have," said Saunders minor.

And then Foster himself appeared to think twice. At least, Tin Lin Chow reminded him of something, and he came back rather mildly to us after he had walked away in a very cold and haughty manner.

"Look here, Saunders," he said, "would you mind putting off this fight till next term? I'm not in the least anxious not to oblige you; but for private reasons I would rather not fight this term."

"Yes, I know," said Saunders minor; "and for private reasons I rather would. You've knocked me out of the Good Conduct Prize when it was a dead certainty for me; and now——"

Foster went away to think; but, needless to say, his thinking didn't get him out of the mess. In fact, the fight had to come off, though Foster met Saunders minor three times before the day, and once actually sank to offering him a valuable and remarkable knife if he would put off the fight till the next term.

But Saunders minor jolly well scorned to do so.

II.

What Foster did in the matter of training I don't know, but Saunders minor had rather bad luck. We sat together, and I gave up my meat at meals to him in exchange for his pudding. Well, of course, to eat all my meat as well as his own ought to have made him strong. But, unfortunately, it didn't. He seemed to miss his puddings frightfully, and his tongue went white the day before the fight, and he got a headache. The matron spotted him looking a bit off, and then a frightful thing happened, for the very night before the fight she made him take a huge dose of some beastliness, and of course, instead of being full of solid meat and strength for the fight, when the time came Saunders minor was quite the reverse.

Needless to say, he gave up all hope, and at dinner wouldn't eat any meat worth mentioning, and wouldn't give up his apple tart to me, but ate it himself. He said he was bound to lose, so it didn't matter, especially as apple tart was his favourite food.

The time came, and those in the fight sneaked off to the great wood that runs by Merivale playing-fields, and everything went very smoothly indeed. Saunders minor had me and Saunders minimus for his seconds, and Foster had Tin Lin Chow and Trelawny. And West not only was referee, but he wrote a magnificent description of the fight, like a newspaper. He had read about thousands of proper prizefights in a book of his brother's at home; so he understood everything about it. And he and Trelawny rather hoped that Masterman, who is the editor of our school magazine, would put the fight in; and if he had, it would have been far and away the best thing that he ever did put in. But Masterman wouldn't, though he was jolly sorry not to. He said—

"You see, West, the people who read the magazine most are the parents, and they like improving articles about foreign travel and what Old Boys are doing, and poetry, and so on. If I published this fight, the Doctor would get into an awful bate, because it would be too ferocious, and very likely frighten the parents of future new boys away when they read it."

Certainly it was a very horrid account written as West wrote it; but as he most kindly let me have the description to copy, I shall write it out again here; because certainly I couldn't do it half so well as him—him being champion of the Lower School, and champion of the Upper School, too, when Trelawny goes.

This is word for word what West wrote:—

"Description of the Fight between Foster and Saunders minor, written by Lawrence Basil West, Esq., Champion of the Lower School of Merivale, and brother of Lieutenant Theodore Travers West, Middle-Weight Amateur Boxing Champion of England.

"The men came into the ring in pretty good condition, though Foster had the advantage owing to Saunders minor getting a set back in his training the day before the battle. The ring was cleared, and the combatants shook hands for

"THE FIGHT.

"Round 1.—Some cautious sparring ended by Saunders letting fly with the right and left, and missing with both. Foster then steadied his antagonist with a light blow on the chest. More sparring followed, then, with a round-arm blow, Saunders got home on Foster's ear, and the men closed. They fell side by side, and on rising instantly prepared to renew the battle; but as the round was over, the referee (Lawrence Basil West, Esq.) ordered them to their corners.

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"The fighting was very wild and unscientific towards the finish."

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"Round 2.—The men were very fresh and eager for business when time was called. There was some good counter hits, and then Foster received a prop on the nose which drew the claret. First blood for Saunders minor claimed and allowed. The fighting became rather unscientific towards the end of this round, and finally Foster closed and threw Saunders minor with a cross-buttock. Both men were rather exhausted after this round.

"Round 3.—Foster, using his superior height, landed with his right on Saunders minor's kisser. Then he repeated the dose, and in return caught it on the left optic. Some good milling followed, with no advantage to either side. Saunders minor got pepper towards the end of the round, and when he was finally thrown, his seconds offered to carry him to his corner; but he refused, and walked there.

"Round 4.—Foster came first to the scratch. Both cautious, and Saunders minor very active on his trotters. But he gave some good blows, and managed to hit Foster again on the left peeper. Foster in return landed with the right on Saunders minor's smelling-bottle, and liberated a plentiful supply of the ruby. A good round. At its conclusion, Thwaites and Saunders minimus wanted Saunders minor to give in; but as he was far from beaten, he very properly refused to do so.

"Round 5.—In this round Saunders minor was receiver general, and received heavy punishment. It was claimed that Foster hit him a clean knock-down blow, but the referee would not allow it. In the wrestle at the close Saunders minor got the best of it, and fell on Foster, much to Foster's surprise.

"Round 6.—Saunders minor was badly cut up in this round, and received heavy blows on the potato-trap and olfactory organs. The fighting was very wild and unscientific, and both men fell exhausted towards the finish.

"Round 7.—Nothing done. Both fell exhausted.

"Round 8.—Some good in-fighting. Saunders minor got his second wind, and, making useful play with his left, landed on Foster's throat and his right eye. It was nearly a case of shutters up with Foster. They fell side by side, with the ruby circulating freely. The sight of so much gore upset Saunders minimus, and he had to leave the ensanguined field. Fortescue took his place by permission of the referee. But the end was now near at hand.

"Round 9.—Both very weak. Referee had to caution both combatants for holding. Nothing much done, except that Saunders minor lost a tooth, said to be loose before the fight.

"Round 10 (and last).—Foster came first to the scratch, and managed to get home on Saunders minor's forehead and left aural appendage. Saunders minor was almost too tired to put up his hands. He tried to fight, but Nature would not be denied, and Saunders minor fell in a very done up state. He was counted out by the referee, and Thwaites flung up Saunders minor's sponge in token of defeat.

"When Foster discovered that he had won, he shed tears. But Saunders minor, though defeated, was quite collected in his mind. The men then shook hands and left the field with their friends.

"Remarks.

"We have seen better fights, and we have also seen worse ones. Foster has some good useful blows, but he wants patience and practice. He is not a born fighter, but might improve if he took pains. He had much the best of it in height and weight, including age, being a good deal older than his redoubtable antagonist. Though defeated, Saunders minor was by no means disgraced. He put up a very good fight, and at one time looked like winning; but luck was against him. Saunders minor, however, might give a very good account of himself with a man of his own size, and we hope soon to see him in the ring again. He has the knack of hitting hard and getting away. He was very little marked at the end of the battle, whereas his opponent's right eye will long bear the marks of his prowess.

(Signed) "Lawrence Basil West,
"Referee."

I read this to Saunders minor, and he agreed with it all, except the bit about being in the ring again soon. He assured me he did not care about fighting in a general way, or want to live for it, like West, but only now and again for some very special reason, as in the case of Foster. At any rate, though the loser, he had done all he wanted to do, and Foster had a caution of an eye that went on turning different colours, like a firework, till the very end of the term.

Such a wonderful, bulgy, and curious eye could not, of course, be overlooked even by such a blind bat as old Briggs; and, needless to say, Browne jolly soon saw it. Then the truth came out, and that was the end of the Good Conduct Prize as far as Foster was con-

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cerned. He was frightfully sick about it; and when it began to appear that owing to these extraordinary things I, of all people, must get the Good Conduct Prize, he was sicker still, and called it a burlesque of justice, whatever that may be.

Anyway, it actually happened, and when prize day came it was a clear and evident thing that I, Thwaites, had got the Good Conduct Prize in the Third Form. The Doctor began to read out the name; then, evidently under the idea that he had got it wrong, stopped and whispered to Mr. Warren, our form master; and Mr. Warren nodded, and the Doctor put on a puzzled look. Then he dashed at it and read out my name, and I had to go up and get the prize.

"A pleasing and unexpected circumstance, Geoffrey Thwaites," said the Doctor. "Frankly, to see you achieve this particular trophy caused me no little astonishment; but, believe me, my surprise is only equalled by my gratification. You have not forgotten what I said to you last term, and I hope this satisfactory amelioration of manners may, when we reassemble, be followed by a corresponding increase of scholastic achievement. It will be no small gratification to your good father, Geoffrey Thwaites, to welcome you under these conditions, instead of with the usual melancholy addition of a 'holiday punishment.'"

Then the Doctor picked up the Good Conduct Prize with an innocent, inquiring air that he always puts on when giving the prizes. He pretends to be frightfully astonished at the beauty and magnificence of each book in turn; which, considering he chooses them all himself, is fearful bosh, and deludes nobody but a few mothers, who sometimes come if their sons happen to have pulled off anything.

Now Dr. Dunstan picked up a pretty tidy-looking book, as far as its outside was concerned.

"Then the Doctor picked up the Good Conduct Prize."

"What have we here?" he said, as if he had just found a bird's nest. "Why, no less a classic than Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'! Fortunate boy! Here, bound in scarlet and gold, and richly illustrated, is a copy of that immortal work. Know, Thwaites, that in receiving the 'Pilgrim's Progress' you are receiving one of the noblest and most elevated and improving masterpieces in the English language. Take it and read it again and again, my lad; and when you shall have mastered it, lend it to those less fortunate, that they, too, may profit by the wisdom and piety of these luminous pages."

Then the chaps clapped and stamped, and I bowed and took the book, and shook hands with the Doctor and cleared out.

Needless to say, my father was even more astonished about it than Doctor Dunstan. I came into his study to wish him good evening when I got home, and he said: "Well, boy, holidays again? How have you got on? Don't—don't tell me there's any more trouble."

"Far from it, father," I said. "I've got a prize."

"Good Heavens!" said my father. "You—a prize! What on earth for?"

"You mightn't think it, but for good conduct," I said.

"Good *what?*" cried out my father.

"Good conduct," said my mother. "I always told you there was a mistake. A beautiful, expensive-looking book with his name in it, written by Doctor Dunstan himself—the name, I mean."

"Wonders never cease!" said my father. Then he added: "Well done! capital! I'm more pleased to hear this than you've any idea of. You must keep it up through the holidays, though."

"If Saunders minor had won it, his father was going to give him a gold watch," I said, just to see how that would strike my father.

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"No doubt Saunders minor's father felt perfectly safe," said my father.

Which shows how people misunderstand.

However, my father was jolly decent about it; and, in fact, so was everybody.

My sister asked me if I should read the Good Conduct Prize.

"The pictures are ripping," she said. "Giants and all sorts of things."

"The pictures, as you say, are ripping," I told her; "but, unfortunately, the story itself is far from ripping."

"How do you know if you haven't read it?" she said.

"By what the Doctor told me," I answered. "It is one of the noblest and most improving masterpieces in the English language, so, needless to say, I've got no use for it."

"'Good Heavens!' said my father. 'You—a prize! What on earth for?'"

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Some Country Problems & their Solution.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Photographs by C. F. Treble.

AMONG the problems that beset this country, there are few of greater importance than those associated with the land. Parliament and the Press concern themselves at all times with varying aspects of the question. Statisticians lament the increasing exodus from country villages to the nearest manufacturing towns, while experts of every shade of opinion bring forward various suggestions, all intended to make the English countryside what it was in the days when Great Britain secured her dominant position in the world.

Few people outside the ranks of those who join in the controversy realise how completely England is becoming depopulated in the rural districts. Within fifty miles of Charing Cross there are parts of the country known to the writer where entire villages have disappeared, leaving no record to tell of their existence save the village church, whose rector's chief labour in life consists in ringing the church bell on Sundays and delivering an eloquent address to a congregation of something less than a dozen, sometimes including five or six of his own children. In other parts of the country there are empty cottages by the dozen. The thatch has been ruined by rats and starlings, windows have been broken by small boys, the garden is a wilderness of weeds. If you inquire of farmers, you learn that they cannot secure the necessary amount of labour in harvest-time, although agricultural wages have doubled since the middle of the nineteenth century and the price of food has been all in favour of the workers. The outcry against landlords is hardly justified, because rents have gone down to something like a third of what they used to be, rates have gone up, tithes remain to be paid, and men who depend for a living upon a moderate holding of land have been compelled to cut down their expenses in every direction.

If you speak to the village folk themselves, particularly to the rising lads, who in past times would have been preparing for regular service upon the land, you find that they are intent upon seeking the nearest town. Friends and relatives who have migrated can tell them fascinating stories about the wages that factories and workshops offer, and, when you explain that a higher rate of pay is associated with increased cost of living, with foul air and doubtful food, they neither believe nor understand. They cannot see that to earn twenty-five shillings, and to be compelled to spend twenty shillings in town, leaves a man worse off than if he earns eighteen shillings and only spends twelve shillings in the country, even if the food and air were of the same quality in both places.

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Perhaps the lack of reasonable amusement may be another serious item that makes for unrest. Our villages are generally devoid of all attraction save what is supplied by the annual fair and the local alehouse. Lads who are just entering upon their service on the land cannot join their elders in the tap-room. Few of them take any interest in Nature; all find the country dull. There is hardly a villager who would not gladly change an Elizabethan cottage, with oak beams, inglenook, and thatch, for an abomination newly built of brick and slates. Then, again, one and all are alive to the uncertainty of work on the land, to the absence of provision against the day when it is no longer possible for a man to plough his acre. They believe that it may be possible to save money in the towns, or at least to associate themselves with some institution run on communal lines that will rescue them from the worst troubles of old age.

Throughout the length and breadth of this country there are very few associations that serve rural districts and show an intelligent grasp of the problems besetting them. At the same time, no man with any knowledge of economic conditions can fail to realise that the cure for the ills from which the country is suffering must come from within and not from without. You cannot make men good by Act of Parliament, nor can you make a country prosperous by legislation. For all its wisdom, Westminster can hardly devise a plan that will appeal to what the poor, half-educated yokel would call his intelligence. It cannot, without spoliation, devise a scheme that will serve to give the agricultural labourer any permanent interest in the land. It remains very easy to devise hasty and ill-considered schemes that will do no more than make him discontented with his lot, and take away the capacity or the incentive to the hard work that is, when all has been said and done, the best anodyne for all grievances.

Naturally enough, agriculturists have not lost sight of problems that touch them so nearly, but the difficulty in the country lies largely in the direction of securing united action. As a class, farmers show fewer tendencies to unite for any purposes than other men do. Every farmer has his own inherited tradition in dealing with his crops and his stock. In good years he looks to make money, but he knows that such years are few and far between. He even finds a certain satisfaction in the fact that Nature never leaves him without a grievance. If she sends him a dry season, it will be good for his corn and bad for his roots. If she sends him a wet season, hay and corn are damaged and the roots become a thing of secondary importance in his eyes. He always has some safe ground for complaint. Living from generation to generation on one spot, tending the fields that his father and grandfather tended before him, he asks nothing from legislation save a duty on corn, seeing in this a cure for all the troubles that beset him. This is perhaps a short-sighted policy, because no amount of duty is likely to confer much benefit upon the agricultural labourer, whose defection has brought the countryside well along the road to ruin.

Oliver Goldsmith, no bad observer of the country life, wrote—

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Nothing can be better for farmers and farm labourers than to devise some plan whereby the agricultural labourer can be taught to look with pride upon his own calling, can be encouraged to do the best that is in him, and taught to search for the happiness and contentment that the countryside holds for all who will seek conscientiously to discover it. Among the societies that have been established to strengthen this point of view, to help the farm labourer to respect himself and his calling, the North Kent Agricultural Association deserves very honourable mention. It was one of the first societies to grapple with land problems in a practical fashion. Its work has grown from very modest dimensions until, to-day, its ploughing matches and other competitions attract attention all over the country and have been acknowledged in many quarters by the imitation that is the sincerest form of flattery.

The North Kent Agricultural Association was founded some thirty years ago. It started in quite a small way with the idea of helping farmers who were under temporary difficulties through some misfortune of the kind that every farmer fears and few can avoid even by the aid of insurance companies. Mr. John Russell, of St. John's, near Dartford, in Kent, was one of the founders and strongest supporters of a movement that was allowed to develop slowly along lines that seemed to indicate themselves. To-day Mr. Russell is a very old man, and can boast that he has been present at more than fifty ploughing matches and fifty Derbys. He is a veteran sportsman and agriculturist,

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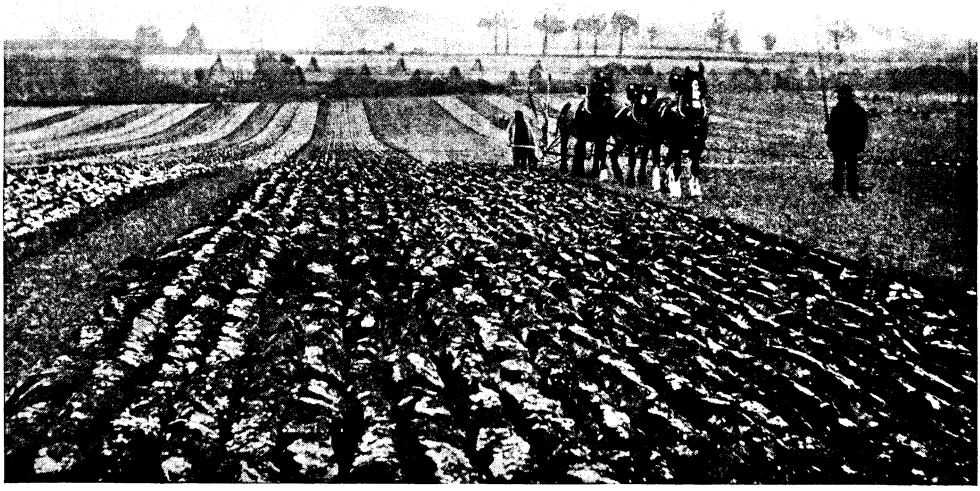

PLOUGHING.

whose name is a household word throughout Kent.

Long before the time of the Association, it had been the happy custom of farmers to lend a plough and team for a day to any new and struggling man who came to settle in the neighbourhood, and from this act of kindness arose the ploughing matches in West Kent. These may have given the idea of the new venture to Mr. John Russell and Mr. James Allen, who was associated with him for a time. The parent of the present body would seem to have been the Darenth Vale Association, which struggled for some years under ever-increasing difficulties to carry out the intentions of its promoters. Finally the old idea yielded to the new one, and in 1878 the North Kent Agricultural Association, risen from the ashes of the Darenth Vale, held its first ploughing match at Erith, with half-a-dozen teams in competition. A year later there was a score of teams; in 1881 there were forty; in 1895 no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight

PLOUGHING.

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ploughs competed, and these figures are eloquent of the interest that the Association aroused among the men to whom it directed a special appeal. Very soon the ploughing became but one of the interests of the Association which began to widen its borders and to grasp the other problems that were growing up on all sides. Towns were spreading, national prosperity reared factories in all directions and levied a heavy tax upon the land by withdrawing sturdy workers from every rural district. To add to the interest of the annual meeting, a root show was added as soon as the North Kent Agricultural Association began to prosper. A little later, prizes were offered for the best exhibits of corn, hops, fruit, and harness.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES. BY R. W. COLE.

The Association has realised two very different objects—assistance to the farmer and encouragement of the agricultural labourer. In the thirty years that have elapsed since the Darenth Vale members merged into the more successful body, there have been times when hard-working and deserving men have lost stock or suffered serious damage from calamities that no foresight could have avoided. More than once the North Kent Agricultural Association has stood between such men and ruin, has enabled them to tide over their difficulties, and has recovered its outlay in good years. This work, although it has passed unseen and unknown by all save those directly concerned, is of immense value, and agriculture would be the better if similar associations existed in every county to help struggling and unfortunate men who have done everything in their power to deserve the success that the gods have refused to grant. It has helped, too, to break down the barrier that custom and tradition have erected between one farmer and another, to enable men far removed from the scenes of modern progress to understand that union is strength, and that if agriculture is in a bad way in this country, its condition might be improved considerably by friendly union and a determination to stand side by side. As a multitude of small States are strengthened by amalgamation, just as the union of the struggling German States under the hegemony of Prussia has brought prosperity to the new German Empire, so community of farming interests, even in a single county or part of a county, avails to lead farmers to better

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THE ROOT SHOW.

times, and to enable them to take full advantage of them when they come.

Not a little good has been done by the establishment of the various competitions of the North Kent Agricultural Association. It is notorious that the United States of America and our great corn-producing Colonies look with amusement upon the antiquated farming methods that prevail in this country to-day. Of course, our Colonies cannot show so much corn to the acre as British farmers are compelled to raise, but then they have no occasion to spend so much money on manure, they have a larger area to work over, and to all these advantages they add a quick recognition of the value of the latest appliances. They have no use for the antiquated machinery and ponderous methods that are practised by many farmers in this country for no better reason than that their fathers, grandfathers, and more remote forebears were quite satisfied with them. The ploughing matches in North Kent have dealt a much-needed blow to the old Kentish wood-beam ploughs that require a driver and a ploughman. Ransome's improved balance ploughs, and the modern double furrow ploughs have

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come upon the scene and forced their merits upon a reluctant generation. Not content with this success, the Association has offered gold and silver medals for motor ploughs which will probably find wide use in this country in the next few years.

It is fair to say that the trouble has not only been with the ploughmen. The sturdy Kentish yeomen who own land and take an active interest in it are themselves generally able to guide a plough, and they have a respect amounting almost to veneration for the cumbrous things that served well enough in the days before the Corn Laws were abolished, those "good old times" when the agricultural labourer's wage was nine shillings a week, and bread was a shilling a loaf. Nowadays the visitor to the ploughing match and the agricultural show of the North Kent Agricultural Association will find that ten thousand other people have been attracted to the scene, that the makers of ploughs and agricultural instruments of other descriptions have representatives on the spot, that their machines can be seen in order. In this way the knowledge of latest developments is forced upon people who would be only too well content to follow their work on the lines that served the Georgian era. Farmers are roused to the fact that the struggle for life is as keen in the countryside as in the manufacturing town, that they cannot afford to do their work in the old way, that they must take advantage of every modern development if they wish to get the last ounce of value from their well-beloved fields.

The North Kent Association has been fortunate, too, in securing for its executive men who are shrewd, far-seeing, and responsive to latter-day progress. The presidents of the last few years include the veteran John Russell, Mr. Lewis Kekewich, Mr. Thomas Bevan, Messrs. Frank and Charles Beadle, and Sir William Hart Dyke. Their list of vice-presidents is a long one and includes the names of many large landowners and eminent agriculturists, while the honorary secretary, Mr. Charles Hind, is a man who, in spite of the claims of a very busy life, has never forgotten the great interests entrusted to his charge, and has

MR. CHARLES HIND, HON. SEC. OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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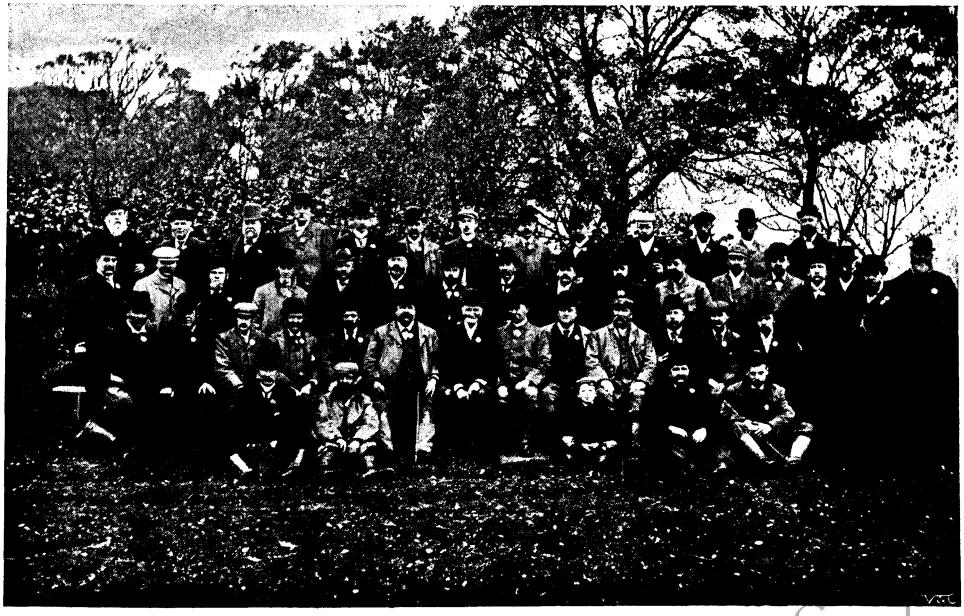
WESTWOOD FARM, SOUTHFLEET.

done all that he can—and that is a great deal—to keep the Association in front of all its friendly competitors in the country.

Turning to the other side of the question, one sees that the agricultural labourers have been well cared for. For many years they were the most neglected class in the country. Nothing was done for them. It was their business to work as hard as they could until failing strength drove them from the fields. Their welfare was not considered, they were not so well housed and tended as the horses that drew their ploughs. To-day the Association offers prizes for long service and many of these are taken by men who have been between a quarter and half a century in the employ of one master, and whose fathers and children are attached to the same farm. The prizes for fruit, for vegetables, and even for harness used on the ploughing teams have brought about a healthy rivalry, leading men to take the greatest possible interest



THE NORTH KENT AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

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in their gardens and proper pride in the stock entrusted to their care. Perhaps because the Association has attracted the interest of so many permanent landowners, the farm labourers of North Kent are comfortably housed. There is no lack of proper accommodation, and it is only when the strawberries and hops demand the special supply of unskilled labour that flocks down from the slums of London, that the housing capacity is strained beyond limits that are reasonable and desirable. For the rest of the year one hears no complaint of overcrowding.

When the great day of the ploughing competition comes round, every competitor receives a gift and a good meal. Last year the gift took the form of a thick woollen jersey that has kept many a worker warm in the cold weather that came to the land with winter. It has been estimated that the value of the horses alone that appear on the ploughing grounds does not fall far short of £20,000 when the entries are at their best. The match takes the place of the annual fair that is held in remote rural districts, and is, of course, far more serviceable to the agricultural labourer. The fair, for all its interest, is associated with considerable waste of hard-earned money, and not a little sacrifice at the shrine of the great god Beer. In North Kent, on the other hand, the preparations that are made for the festive occasion are of the best kind. The garden has been tended throughout the summer, the patch of ground allotted to vegetables has been brought to a state of perfection, the fruit trees are well cared for, and not treated as though they could bear year after year without any attention at all. Then, too, the horseman takes a pride in his team. He would not like it to look out of condition or badly groomed when all his neighbours and friends will be bringing theirs to compete with it. Throughout the year the ploughman drives a straight furrow, because he remembers that when November comes he will be called upon to face his neighbours, who hope to show that they can do still better than he. Moreover, ploughman and horseman and, in short, all the agricultural labourers know that they are not regarded any more as mere machines from which the greatest possible amount of labour is to be taken in return for the smallest living wage. They respond to the active interest that is being taken in their welfare, and they are beginning to take an interest in the new machinery and modern improvements that are put before them by the agents of the great manufacturing houses. It is well understood by farmers and agents too, that the men who have the handling of agricultural instruments are the ones who will give the final verdict upon the question of their use. The best machinery in the world cannot respond to awkward or indifferent handling, and, the greater the effort to raise the agricultural labourer, the more sure will be his response to modern methods. While he was a person of no account, treated as a machine that might be kept well oiled and in working order for a few shillings a week, Hodge could not and would not recognise progress in any form. He was content to do his day's work, and he rather resented the comments of those who affected to take any interest in it—any interference with his methods or suggestions for their improvement were regarded as impertinence. This condition prevails, unfortunately, in many parts of the country to-day, but North Kent has shown by the help of its Agricultural Association that there is plenty of material for improvement, if those who are at the head of affairs will only take the trouble to understand the needs and nature of the men they are dealing with.

After all, it is not in its small and local aspect that one looks at the North Kent Agricultural Association. It is rather as the parent of future associations that may be worked on the same lines and develop the interest in agriculture in other counties. If the example spreads, and landowners in other parts of England will realise the possibilities that a well-ordered institution brings with it, the task of successive Governments will be made lighter and the condition of our rural districts will show a marked improvement.

There is no political question involved. Free Trade and Protection can fight their battle out, to such issue as the collective wisdom of the people may decide, but the development of associations founded upon the North Kent model in every county in England would be of immense service, not only to agriculture, but to the country at large under any fiscal system. It would check the exodus to the towns by giving the labourer interest that he can develop with pleasure. It would help to develop the best that is in him, and would establish the friendly relation between landlord and tenant, between farmer and workman, upon which the internal prosperity of Great Britain must in the long run depend.

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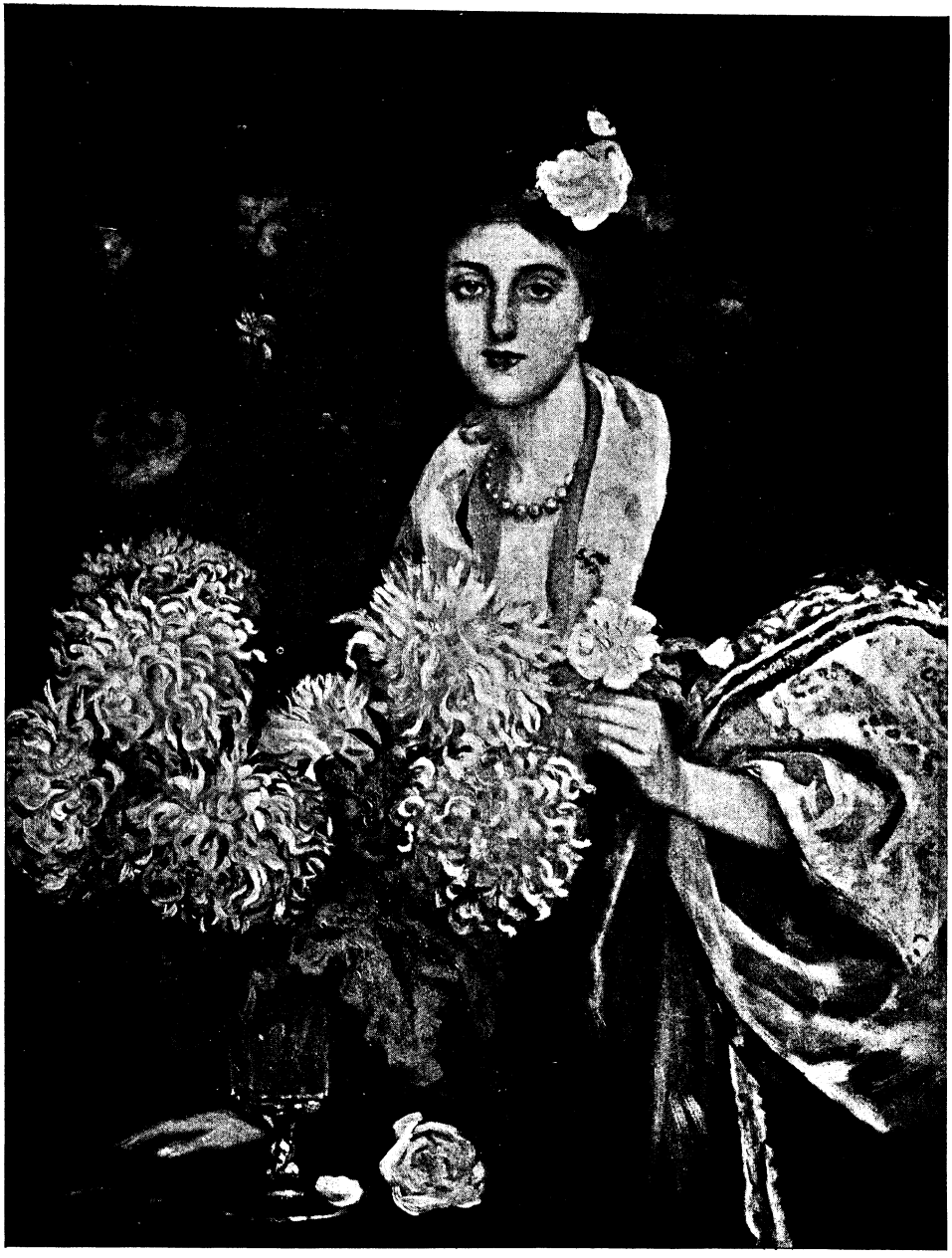

"CHRYSANTHÈME."

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

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"THE PRISONER." BY BERNARD GRIBBLE.

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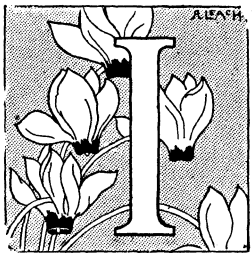
MRS. LYNDON'S ADVENTURE.

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN.



IT was exactly ten minutes past four when the train stopped at Euston, and Mrs. Lyndon descended from it; ten minutes past four o'clock on a raw November morning.

The blurred street-lights looked sleepy, and round them the fog was visible that was invisible in the grey darkness.

Mrs. Lyndon took a hansom and gave the address mechanically. The respite was over, and she had come back to the horrors she had escaped from. He would be waiting for her, probably in the brown dressing-gown with red facings that she so detested. His hair would be ruffled like a cockatoo's crest, his eyes red with sleep. He would have milk heating for her on the spirit-lamp; in his way he would be kind. And she hated him.

When the hansom stopped, she was sitting with her strong little hands clenched in an intensity of hatred for the man to whom she was returning, the man to whom she belonged.

"617, lidy!" suggested the cabby, and, startled, she jumped to the moist sidewalk, paid him, and opened the house-door with her latchkey.

Strange, there was no light. Pausing in surprise she turned on the switch and looked vaguely about her. The hat-rack was empty, and no coat lay in a tumbled heap on the chair to its left. What if he had not got her wire?

She went softly upstairs and into the drawing-room, which was also unlighted.

He was out, surely, and her first thought was one of unbroken relief. Then she shivered violently with fear at the thought that something might have happened to the man whom she hated.

The room looked curiously uninhabited. Quite evidently he had not sat there waiting for her. There had been no fire, no chair was out of place, no cigar-ashes littered the rug, no bottle and glass stood on the table.

Then on the writing-table she saw, lying open, a telegram. Half unconsciously she picked it up and read it. "Arrive 4.40 Wednesday with the Hendersons. Don't meet me."

Well, this was Wednesday. He couldn't have known that young Henderson's sudden sore throat had detained her friends, therefore he couldn't think that she had put off coming. For a moment she stood staring blankly at the message, and then she burst out laughing. This was Tuesday, not Wednesday! He was expecting her twenty-four hours hence, and, without a doubt, was spending his last free night with some of his theatrical cronies!

As she reached this point in her reflections she heard the sound of a fumbling key in the house-door and, switching off the light, stood quietly in the darkness listening while the door opened and heavy footsteps ascended the stairs. Breathing hard, he stumbled past, up the second flight; and then she heard a door close over her head, and switched on the light.

"He doesn't expect me until to-morrow," she said under her breath, still flushed with angry disgust; "the next twenty-four hours are mine."

* * * * *

She had walked for quite half-an-hour before she realised the folly of leaving the house. The instinct to escape and use the twenty-four hours of liberty put at her disposal so innocently by her mistake in the telegram had been too strong for reflection, for anything but flight. She had turned to her right for no particular reason, and, still for no reason, had hurried on through the faintly paling darkness until she found herself, to her surprise, on the Embankment near Carlton House Terrace.

Then, naturally, as she came to herself, fear wakened in her, and she hurried blindly on past a man sleeping on a bench, her heart throbbing in terror of the night, the place, the people she might meet, the unpeopled wastes she might find.

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At last she paused, out of breath, and stood leaning against the river-wall, wondering what she should do.

She could not go home even if she wished to, for she had left the key on the table. It would not be really day for hours, and with a sudden feeling of sickness she felt in her pocket, to find that her purse, too, had been forgotten in her hurried flight.

In her despair she moaned, and at the sound a slow voice drawled at her out of the fog: "Anything wrong, my dear?" She had not seen the man before, but she was brave enough, and answering shortly "No," started to pass him.

To her horror, however, he put out his hand and touched her arm. "Don't be frightened," he said good-humouredly; "I'm the most *harmless* creature—oh," he broke off and, raising his hat, finished sharply, "I beg your pardon!"

The fog had lifted as he spoke, and in the electric light they stared at each other. He was evidently surprised by her aspect, as was she to find herself confronted by a man in a well-cut coat over evening clothes.

"Oh, you frightened me so!" she gasped.

He laughed. "And now you are relieved by—my clothes! Yet I am really an awful blackguard, and lots of chaps in fustian—not that I have the least idea what fustian is—are infinitely more trustworthy than I!"

Then he burst out laughing, and Mrs. Lyndon joined him, partly through nervousness, partly through a sudden appreciation of the absurdity of the situation.

"I can at least trust you not to rob me," she said after a moment, "and—to let me go my way unmolested."

"That, of course. Perhaps, however, I could be of some service to you?"

"No."

His face, pale and extraordinarily lined, was that of a man of about five-and-thirty, she saw. His scant hair was very pale yellow in hue, and brushed smoothly back over his head. His large mouth, nervously sensitive, look vaguely familiar to her, but she could not remember when, if ever, she had seen it, or one like it.

For a moment they studied each other's face in silence, and then he said gaily: "You are, then, just—out for a walk?"

"Just that."

"It is a fine morning."

"Exquisite," she returned with much gaiety. Then she burst out laughing again. "I am not mad—really I am not. I am a perfectly respectable householder. Do you believe it?"

"Of course I do. Is thy servant a bat?"

"Bats see at night."

"And this is morning. However, you will let me help you find a cab. It is an unpleasant hour, and this confounded fog makes it quite dark between the lights——"

As naturally as if at a ball he had offered to take her across the room, he gave her his arm and they walked on.

He was a gentleman, and he had understood, and for a moment she was full of grateful relief. Then came the thought that she could not go home and ring up the servants at that hour. Also she had no money to pay for a cab.

She stood still. "You are very kind," she stammered, "but I—I do not want a carriage. I—I want to walk, and I am not at all afraid."

They had reached another circle of milky light, and he faced her, screwing a glass into one eye, his face wrinkling fearfully as he did so.

"You must go home," he said gravely.

"No. I—thank you, but—I will go on alone now." She drew her hand from his arm, and for several seconds he stared thoughtfully at her.

Then he said apparently to himself: "I can't possibly let her go. There's something very wrong about it, and I *can't* let her go."

Mrs. Lyndon frowned. "You must," she answered. "And there is really nothing wrong at all. I came back by a late train, and there had been a misunderstanding about my wire, and the house was closed—that is all. Good night."

As she spoke, the clock struck.

"Six!" cried the man, a spasm of pain contracting his face.

It was her turn to stare, her turn to be frightened. He had turned a ghastly, greyish white, and the lines about his mouth deepened as if accentuated by charcoal.

"You are ill?" she cried.

"No. I—you are right, I have no right to detain you, madam. Good — good morning."

Turning on his heel, he raised his hat and was gone, and with a gasp of fear she followed him.

When she found him, he had taken off his coat and was folding it. He turned fiercely. "What do you want?" he asked.

"You — you mustn't do that — you mustn't——"

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"'I'm the most *harmless* creature—oh,' he broke off and, raising his hat, finished sharply."

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"Mustn't what—go through my own pockets?" He had turned the coat and made a pretence of searching for something in its folds.

"You were going to drown yourself?"

Suddenly his face changed and he laughed—sadly enough—but it was a laugh.

"Was I?" he returned. "Ah, you see, that's just the point. I happen to be a coward—a real bred-in-the-bone coward. Life is too much for me, and yet——"

"The man who does kill himself is the coward," she interrupted with nervous asperity; "and you don't look like one."

"Looks are deceitful. But why should I bore you? You lied to me very kindly and politely. Allow me to lie to you and assure you that—oh, well, anything you like," he concluded vaguely.

"Yes, I lied. Because I had no money to pay a cab, and because I can't go home until to-morrow morning—Wednesday morning. But—I have no money, and—nowhere to go." Slowly he drew on his coat.

"You must have something to eat, first of all," he said, "and then we shall see. As to me—the river can wait."

Again he gave her his arm, and again she took it, but this time their positions were reversed. She was now the protector, and, strangely enough, this fact gave her perfect courage.

* * * * *

By half-past six the two sat in a very humble and not particularly clean room of a small inn not far from the river, waiting for the breakfast that a very frowsy and ill-tempered woman had been persuaded to prepare for them.

"It will be very bad," Mrs. Lyndon's companion told her with one of his humorous grimaces, "but it will be hot, and it will do us both good. Would you like," he went on with a quick transition, "to know my name?"

"Oh, no," she returned hastily; "surely that is not necessary. I should not like to tell you mine, and——"

"I did not mean that." His voice sounded hurt, and she was sorry.

"Listen," she said. "I will tell you how I came to be roaming about the streets at such an hour."

And she told him quite truthfully, he listening with compressed lips and a frown on his white brow.

He had, she saw, singularly large and gentle eyes of a pale, greyish green colour. The lids were finely cut, but nearly lashless, and under the iris a narrow line of white was visible.

In the prematurely wrinkled, wan face these eyes had a curious air of being *too* innocent, too childlike, as if they had got there by mistake.

When she had finished speaking, he said gently: "I see. You dislike him so much that you forgot everything and just bolted."

"Yes. I just bolted."

"And I imagined you were going to—to do what I was going to do!"

"No," she answered quietly; "I can stand things."

He flushed. "That was rather hard, wasn't it? However, you are right. I am a coward. Now may I tell you my story? It is short."

"Yes, tell me. And—I didn't mean to be hard."

So in the dingy, commonplace little room, she listened to his story. It was as dingy, as commonplace, in its way, as the room. For weeks he had tried to make up his mind to die, but he was, as he said, too great a coward.

One night he had spent on Westminster Bridge, trying to jump over; once he had taken a pistol and managed to get shut in the Park; once he had sat for hours with his legs dangling over the outside of his window-sill, trying to jump. "I can't do it," he wound up, as the woman brought in the breakfast and slammed it down on the table—"I just can't."

"It is strange." she returned, "how alike our stories are. *He* does that, too; I mean—what *she* does."

"Drinks?" he asked harshly.

"Yes."

"Oh, you poor child! And you can stand it?"

"Yes—in a way."

"Yet you hate him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you ever," he asked, leaning across the table and speaking in a whisper, "do you ever hate him so that you—you want to *kill* him?"

"Oh, no." In spite of herself she shrank back away from him.

"Ah, well, I do! I—I frequently want to kill her. You have no children?"

"No."

"Well, we had. I—was fond of him. And she got some whisky one day, and let him—crawl into the fire and be burnt to death while she slept."

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Mrs. Lyndon set down her cup of tea, untasted.

"There, I shouldn't have told you! Forget it and eat your breakfast. The butter is fairly good. Have some?"

* * * * *

At noon they were still together, having driven over the river and out into the country. It had happened, it seemed to her, quite naturally. After breakfast he had gone back to the subject of the child he had lost, and over which he had apparently brooded to a dangerous extent.

Suddenly, as he described the little fellow, he had broken down and wept convulsively, his smooth, yellow head in his arms on the table.

And she, quite as a matter-of-fact, had tried to comfort him, stroking his hair, patting his arm, whispering to him such words as occurred to her.

When he was himself again, the childlikeness of his eyes curiously dominating the rest of his face, so that he seemed years younger, he thanked her, paid the bill, and they went out again into the rainy morning.

"You won't leave me yet, will you?" he asked piteously, his lips still shaking, and she had answered that she would stay with him as long as he wanted her.

So he hailed a hansom and told the man for Heaven's sake to get them away out of the streets as soon as possible.

"You are an angel of kindness," he said to her after lunch, as they sat by the fire in a deserted inn-parlour.

"No, I am not good at all."

"You are to me."

"You were good to me."

"Oh, good! I am kind-hearted always—I am even kind to her. I can't be unkind."

"I can," she remarked grimly. "I am always unkind to—him."

"Are you?" He looked at her with a curious sort of admiration. "What do you do to him?"

"Well—I ignore him as much as possible, and refuse to have his friends come to the house. It is really *my* house, so that makes it all the meaner of me. And—I don't pay his debts until I absolutely must—so that he won't get to taking it as a matter of course."

"You have money, then?"

"Yes. I have three thousand a year. And when he has been—you know—I refuse to listen to his apologies, and I look—disgusted. Oh," brightening, "I am *very* horrid to him!"

"Does he dislike you, too?"

"No—oh, no, he rather likes me. He is proud of me—of my money and my looks," she added indifferently.

The man looked up from the fire.

"Yes, you are pretty," he said, as if noticing the fact for the first time. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight. And you?"

"Thirty-three; but I look older, of course. I make so many faces, that makes wrinkles—and then the make-up——"

"Oh!" She dropped the poker with a clatter. "You are an actor?"

"Of course I am. Didn't you know?"

"How should I know?"

"Of course. Oh, yes, I am an actor. I do—low comedy, at the Jocundity."

"You! Low comedy!"

"Yes. It *is* rather a joke, isn't it. But you must have seen 'The Telephone Girl?'"

"Of course! Of course I did, and you were the Dancing Master, Foljambe! Oh, I *knew* I had seen you before. How I laughed! You were—*wonderful!*"

He smiled. "Yes, it was funny. A good *rôle*, you know; but it suited me. I ought to have been a great actor," he added with a sort of simple regret, "for I certainly had talent, but——"

She was silent for a moment, remembering some remarks of her husband's about the *rôle* in question. Her husband had been a dramatic critic for years, and though he had of late years lost caste, he was still discriminating enough when quite himself.

"I heard—someone who knew say that you were too good for such plays," she began at length—"that you ought to play in Shakespeare. I suppose you have thought of that?"

He shook his head with a frown. "No, low comedy is my style—or was. Even that is too good for a man in my condition. I—I have begun to forget my lines."

She was painfully sorry for him. "Why don't you—get rid of her, and begin over again?"

"I can't."

"But why? Why, he—that critic—said that your very voice was remarkable. He spoke of Touchstone and other Shakespearian characters. And you are so young. You have no right to give up, I tell you."

He laughed. "As if I didn't know all that! But it's no use thinking about it. I'm so—so miserably unhappy. Oh! it's

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weak, I know, but I can't help letting it make me miserably unhappy. I can't do good work, nor have any ambition, when I'm —like this!"

"Of course; I understand that. That's why you ought to get rid of her. Divorce her, I mean."

He stared at her curiously for a moment, his big, light eyes filling with tears.

"I can't," he said—"the poor thing is fond of me."

There was a long silence.

"How—strange! How—awful! That is what is so awful about—us. *He* is, too, in his way." After another pause, she went on: "I suppose it ought to make *us* care for them, too; only it doesn't."

"No, it doesn't."

"But even as it is, you ought not to let it ruin your career. Have you any parents? And what do they say?"

"My father is dead, and my mother married again—beneath her. My father was only a bookseller, but this man is—well, he keeps a pub out Earl's Court way."

"I see. But really, Mr. Power—I remember your name—he—that critic—talked of you so much. What are you going to do?"

He rose and went to the window. "Look, the sun is coming out. Let us drive on, shall we? This one day is ours; let's be happy!"

"Happy! Yes. What time is it?"

"Twenty past three. I must be at the theatre at seven."

"And I—I can 'come by an earlier train.' There is one at 7.15—I can invent some reason."

"Then—shall we go?"

* * * * *

At five they had come part way back to town, and were drinking tea in another inn-parlour.

A quaint, tidy room this, with a bright fire, pictures of the Royal Family on the walls, and humble, well-tended plants in the window.

"This isn't so bad, is it?" asked Power, watching her hands as she poured the tea into the thick cups. "It seems—homelike, somehow. Not like *my* home, Heaven knows."

"Yes. Have some bread-and-butter."

They ate and drank silently, for the last minutes had come. In a quarter of an hour they must set out for the life they seemed to have escaped from, and horror to both lay in the thought. Suddenly he said: "Look here, I am going to leave you here and go back by train. The station is only ten minutes' walk from here."

"But why?"

"Because I want to say 'Good-bye' to you here, and not at some street-corner. You have been very good to me."

"I have liked being with you. Some more tea?"

"No. Look here, will you tell me your name? You needn't be afraid; I'll never—try to see you, nor anything, but—I want to know."

"My name is Minnie Lyndon—Mrs. Fulmer Lyndon."

"Fulmer Lyndon! Is he your—oh, you poor little thing! you poor little thing! Why, I've known all about him for years."

"So have I. Let's not talk about it. I am of no particular consequence—I mean, to anyone but myself. But you have a talent that you ought to develop. I can't ask you to come to see me, but—I want to have been of some little use to you. Will you promise me not to—not to do *that?* You know."

Again the bitter expression came to his face, and he laughed with scorn of himself as he promised.

"It's hardly necessary, for when it comes to the point, I funk it, but—I will, as you want me to. Yes, I promise you." They had both risen, and she gave him her hand.

"I shall never forget you," he went on clumsily. "And—I wish I could do something for you, but I can't."

"No, you can't. And—you will try not to let it ruin your life? I mean, you will work hard and try to do things worth your while? Fulmer knows, even yet, and he said so much about your possibilities."

"Oh, yes, he knows. A few years ago no one could touch Fulmer Lyndon for dramatic criticism, and even yet—— Well, I must go. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

His luminous eyes were wet as he looked at her.

"I feel as if you were my sister, and I were losing you," he stammered. "I *hate* to lose you."

"Listen. I'll talk to him about you. Oh, I'll not tell about to-day, but I'll manage in some way. And perhaps he'll say a word for you to Sir William Buckley. He comes to us sometimes still, and he values Fulmer's opinion, I know."

Power frowned. "Oh, Buckley would trust me with a *rôle* if—if he could see me

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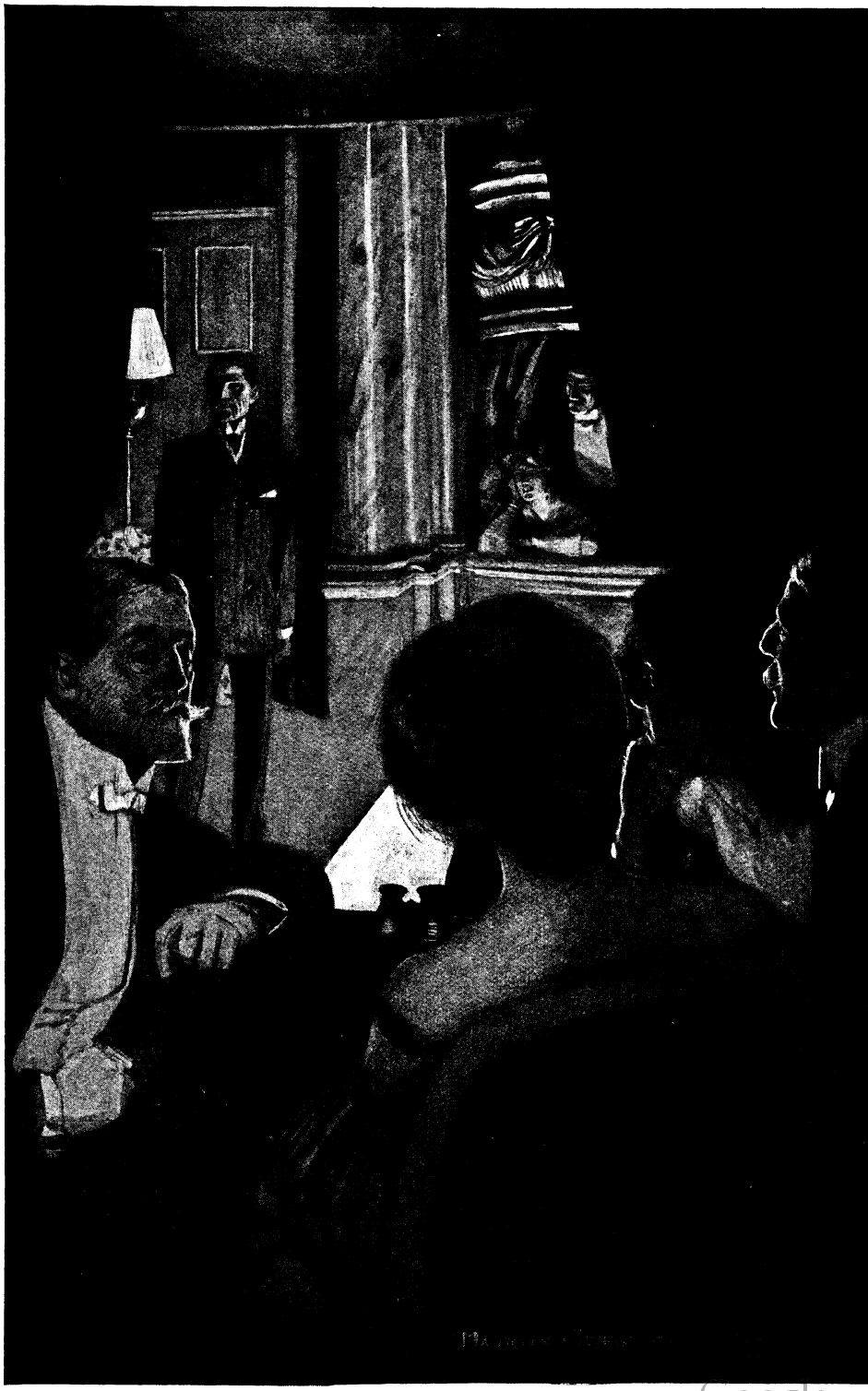

"'He is amazing.'"

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act as I used to; but the trouble is, I—I'm retrograding, and I know it. It—it is so sickening."

"Then—then it is no use, and we must just give up?"

Her eyes were wet, too, now.

"Yes. Nothing is any use. *She* will cry and promise to—to be good, and then it will all begin over again. Don't bother about me, Mrs. Lyndon."

He took up his coat and put it on. "It is rather tragic, all this, isn't it? I mean, our meeting this way. It would make a good curtain-raiser! Only, it would have to be changed a little; we'd have to fall in love with each other. I wonder," he went on, screwing his glass into his eye and taking up his hat, "why we *haven't?* I mean, why I haven't fallen in love with you? You are—well, you *know*—and the—the contrast is certainly sufficiently great, and you saved my life!"

She gave him her hand. "Good-bye; you *must* go now, and—God bless you!"

* * * * *

Six months later she sat back in the shadow in a box at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, her eyes fixed, large and bright, on the stage. The play, a curtain-raiser, was one of the hits of the season, and its author played the title *rôle*, that of "The Tragic Comedian."

"He is amazing," Lyndon murmured thickly, beside her. One of the women of the party turned. "And isn't he fascinating? Such a wonderful make-up! They say Buckley is keenly interested in him, and going to give a long play of his next winter."

Lyndon looked at her with a blurred smile. "He's my discovery, isn't he, Minnie? I saw him a year ago in some f-fool thing at the Jocundity, and you can't fool *me* about a chap's talent! I spoke to B-Buckley about him, too. Didn't I, Min?"

Mrs. Lyndon, leaning forward, was listening to the last of the play. "Yes, Fulmer," she returned coldly, "he is your discovery."

The man on the stage stood facing her as he said "Good-bye" to the heroine. His eyes met Mrs. Lyndon's and he started nervously.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "why I haven't fallen in love with you? You are—well—you know."

He paused, and the heroine spoke.

"Good-bye," she said, "and God bless you!"

Mrs. Lyndon drew a long breath, and then, as the man, in a sudden frenzy of overmastering feeling, knelt at the heroine's feet and burst into the nervous sobs that in their perfection had caused so much admiring comments, Mrs. Lyndon drew back out of sight from the stage.

"Wonderful!" cried Lyndon hazily, as the curtain went down on the solitary figure of the heroine; "fine acting's I ever saw!"

The pretty woman whom he admired passed him and put on her cloak. "It is such a pity," she remarked thoughtlessly to Mrs. Lyndon; "they say he, Power, has the most awful wife. A confirmed——" She was young, and in her confusion accented her blunder by breaking off suddenly.

Mrs. Lyndon smiled. "Yes, so I have heard—a confirmed drunkard. Poor man!"

BROOM.

IT swings in brakes autumnal to and fro,
This witch's besom, that fairy children know,
Sweeps up the golden dust of June, the snow
From snivelling January's draggled furbelow!

CHARLES INNISS BOWEN.

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Reinhold von Warlich and the Art of the Song-Cycle.

By J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

THE two parts of this bulky title are associated, not because there is in anyone's mind an idea that the distinguished singer either invented the form of the song-cycle, or has created any permanent work of art in that form, but because he has identified himself as an interpreter so closely with the art of singing songs intended to form a series, that henceforward a good many people will inevitably think of some song-cycle when they hear the name of von Warlich, and of von Warlich whenever the words "Song-cycle," "Liederkreis," "Lieder-cyclus," or the like are uttered.

To be an ideal interpreter of any form of music, it is almost self-evident that one must give up the attempt to excel in a good many of the other forms. Success of the decisive kind that has fallen to the share of this young man is nowadays only to be obtained by the utmost concentration of effort on one chosen branch of art. For the more deeply music is studied, the more numerous do its ramifications tend to become, and the more necessary is it to choose which department shall be the artist's life-work. Herr von Warlich is not by any means without experience in the other branches of music. The son of the German director of the private orchestra of the Tsar of Russia, he began to study music at a very early age, and made such progress both with violin and piano-playing that he left his native city of St. Petersburg for Germany, where, at various musical centres, he studied these forms of interpretative art, taking up, in addition to them, singing and composition. When only seventeen years of age he went to America as a professional singer, but wisely returned to Europe after a short time, to finish his vocal studies in Italy. There he sang in oratorios and concerts. After a second visit to America he appeared on some occasions on the operatic stage in Germany.

The *timbre* of the voice, a true *basso cantante*, is as remarkable as its volume, but both quality and quantity are forgotten at the moment of his singing, so infinitely greater is the impression produced by the musicianship that is revealed in every note and every phrase. It might almost have been guessed that here was one who had studied much besides the mere vocal art, in the course of his short life. That there is a world of natural, normal, artistic development behind every song von Warlich sings, is patent to everyone who listens to him with understanding. As his musical training must have dealt with much besides vocal method, so his general studies must have embraced a good deal more than the smattering of musical literature that, with a good many musicians, forms the bulk of their serious reading. Complete grasp, not merely of all that the words mean, but of all that they imply, a temperament to which philosophy is a congenial subject, an inborn sense of the beauty of high poetry, these are among the qualities evidently possessed by this fortunate artist.

Good fortune is his, too, in other ways, for he stands, as far as England is concerned, in the enviable position of not having been compelled to fight his way upwards in order to get a hearing, to sing music that did not suit him in order to please his patrons, or to resort to any of the means by which most public performers try to get notoriety. Even apart from the pushing methods of the present day, thoughtful people know well how serious is the common error made by young musicians and their friends, of courting publicity before artistic maturity has been reached. As a matter of fact, the average English performer never tries to gain experience in some unimportant centre of musical activity, but thinks he must make some kind of a name in London, and therefore does most of his practising in London concert-rooms, letting his hearers into the secret of all his little failings. How far the policy of inviting public criticism of the efforts of young students—a policy pursued, alas! by

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various music-schools of London—is to blame for this, need not here be discussed; but von Warlich is an instance of the great advantage of waiting to appear in London until confidence and platform experience have been gained. He was an artist of settled aims and convictions, as well as a highly accomplished singer, before he ever opened his mouth in London. For a season or two he sang in private houses, but even there he sang nothing but what was of the highest quality, and chose only such songs as suited him best. His success was established before he had a single notice in a London paper; and at a recital given in 1905, in the Broadwood Rooms, a comparatively small number of critics discerned that a true artist had arrived among us. It was not till December, 1906, that he clearly identified himself with the art of the song-cycle, by singing Schubert's "Winterreise" in such a manner as to arrest the attention of the general public, and in last June his performance of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" made an impression that will not soon be forgotten.

SCHUMANN.

What, it may perhaps be asked, is the art of the song-cycle? Wherein consists the difference between a number of songs sung in a series, and the same number of isolated songs thrown together haphazard at the will of a publisher or a concert-manager? It would be interesting to trace minutely the history of the song-cycle, to discuss whether or no it had its origin in the Italian "cantatas" for a single voice, when several independent airs were joined together into one series by means of connecting recitatives; but for the present purpose it is enough to show the kind of relation that should exist in a perfect song-cycle between one and another of the series. Though there have been song-cycles set to words not all by the same poet, yet it is obvious that such a series will have a greater poetic unity if the words are all from the same pen. The first of the great modern song-cycles, Beethoven's "Liederkreis"—"An die ferne Geliebte"—is set to a continuous poem by one Jeitteles, and the connection of the six songs is so close that the set is practically one long song in six movements. The first work by Schubert—the great master of the song-cycle—in which the ordinary limits of a song are passed, is "Der Taucher" (written in 1813, three years before Beethoven's "Liederkreis"), and although it is a single song, it is so rich in thematic and poetical material that it might almost take rank with the song-cycles. The composer made numerous attempts at something larger and more important than the ordinary song, before he accomplished, in "Die Schöne

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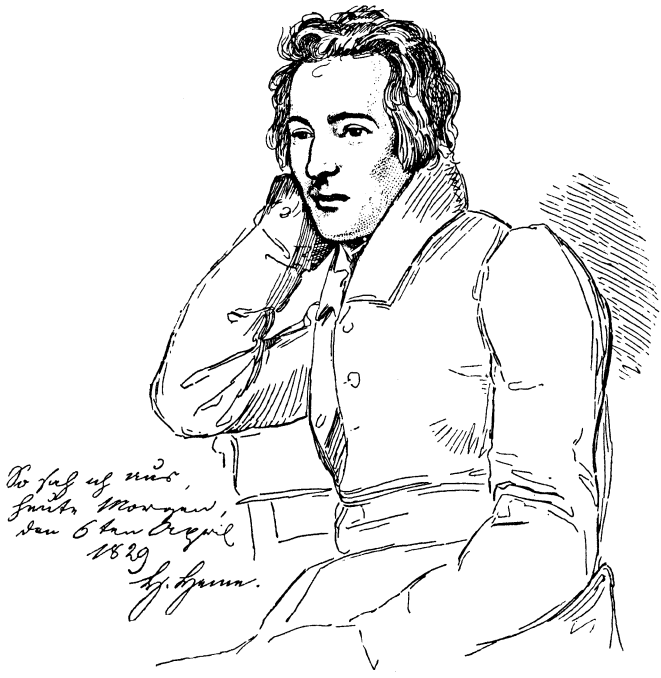
Müllerin" (1823), the first masterpiece of song-cycles. The wonderful "Winterreise," to words by the same lucky poet, Wilhelm Müller (the father of Professor Max Müller), dates from 1827, and these two cycles are Schubert's greatest achievement, for the songs grouped as the "Schwanengesang," and published after the composer's death, do not seem to have been meant to form a series. It can hardly have been the accident that six of the "Schwanengesang" are set to words by Heine, which led Schumann to choose that poet in writing his "Dichterliebe," the work in which the song-cycle ideal is more fully realised than it is anywhere else. It is unnecessary here to speak of Schumann's other song-cycles, the "Frauenliebe- und - Leben," the less closely knit "Liederreihe," and the rest; of the great set of "Magelone-Lieder," by Brahms, which follow and illustrate Tieck's romance so closely that some acquaintance with the story is needed for perfect enjoyment of the song-cycle as a whole; or of prominent instances in various countries, such as the exquisite "Weihnachtslieder" and "Brautlieder" of Cornelius, the "Eliland" of Von Fielitz, Somervell's beautiful set of songs to words selected from Tennyson's "Maud," Vaughan Williams's "House of Life," to some of Rossetti's famous sonnet-sequence, though all these, and many more, are among the things one would fain hear von Warlich sing. Debussy's "Chansons de Bilitis" is an interesting specimen of his work, and catches the classical atmosphere remarkably well.

A comparison of the acknowledged masterpieces among song-cycles will show that all have certain qualities in common. In the first place, the form is one that appeals most strongly to the romantic composer. The great masters of form and structure have seldom attempted the song-cycle, and when they have, the attempts have rarely been successful. Even the "Liederkreis" of Beethoven is little more than a set of lovely but rather neat and precise little songs, and, on the other hand, the "Magelone-Lieder" of Brahms are each of them so important that they lose something when the experiment is tried of giving the whole set at a single concert. The romantic Schubert and Schumann were perfectly fitted in the form of the song-cycle, for here there need be no structural symmetry among the songs; a tiny song, built on a single melodic thought, may come next to some great and noble idea which requires many pages for its proper exposition. One secret of the song-cycle undoubtedly is this, that instead of each individual song having its own moment of emotional and musical climax, the climaxes of the whole set are to be considered by the composer and by the interpreter, so that the hearer's attention is not continually being, as it were, raised and lowered again for small points of emotional significance, but is allowed to rest, perhaps during the whole of some small lyric, before ascending to the great dramatic heights of emotion that await him further on. To take the perfect instance of the "Dichterliebe"—the first three numbers are musically so closely united that they are often sung separately from the rest



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF HEINE.

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in a little group by themselves; yet the tenderness of "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," the youthful ardour of "Aus meinen Thränen," and the fanciful playfulness of "Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne" (notice Heine's wonderful little touch of gaiety in the reiteration of the single rhyme-sound at the close), make few demands on the emotional or musical attention. Not until "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'" does the personal note really come in, and the higher plane of feeling which we reach here, though above what has gone before, is yet far less striking than the grandeur of "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome," which prepares us so finely for the outburst of passion in "Ich grolle nicht." From that revelation of the human heart in its agony, theemotional wave subsides again, although not in intensity of feeling, yet in the expression of emotion. In "Und wüssten 's die Blumen," "Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen," "Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen," and the rest, the tragedy is implied, not definitely put forward as tragedy, and in this second half of the cycle, both poet and composer have given us of their best and most truly characteristic. The final song "Die alten bösen Lieder" is perhaps the most tragic of the set, but the subsidence of the emotional wave is very clearly to be seen in it, and the instrumental epilogue to the whole sums up the conception as no words could possibly do. It is, of course, possible to detach single songs, or such a group as the first three, already referred to, and to sing them separately from the whole, but it is quite extraordinary to realise how very much is lost when this is done. On occasions, von Warlich has consented to do like the rest of the world, and to sing "Ich grolle nicht" by itself; but, although every note was as finely sung as it was in the whole cycle, yet one felt that its emotional force was weakened and diluted as compared with the bitter essence of heartbroken irony that is felt when it is sung in its place. Here is perhaps one of the secrets of the young singer's art: his climaxes are so beautifully thought out, and his sympathy with poet and composer so deep, that the set of songs is only thoroughly realised by him *as* a set, and not as a collection of individual songs. It is not easy to justify the use of the word "creation" in such a connection as this, yet as a matter of fact the commonplace phrase "to create a part" in a drama has a very real application here. Naturally, von Warlich was not the first who ever sang the "Winterreise" or the "Dichterliebe" through from beginning to end, and so the technical meaning of the phrase "to create a part" is inapplicable to him; but, not forgetting Stockhausen in his great days, and the younger men in the present time who are in the habit of singing these and other song-cycles, there is a pre-eminence in von Warlich's interpretation of them that suggests the idea that part of the creative act is his. How far an interpreter, however skilful and sympathetic, can be justly called a creator, may of course be questioned; but with the very highest kinds of interpretation, so much of the interpreter's life-force goes

SCHUBERT.

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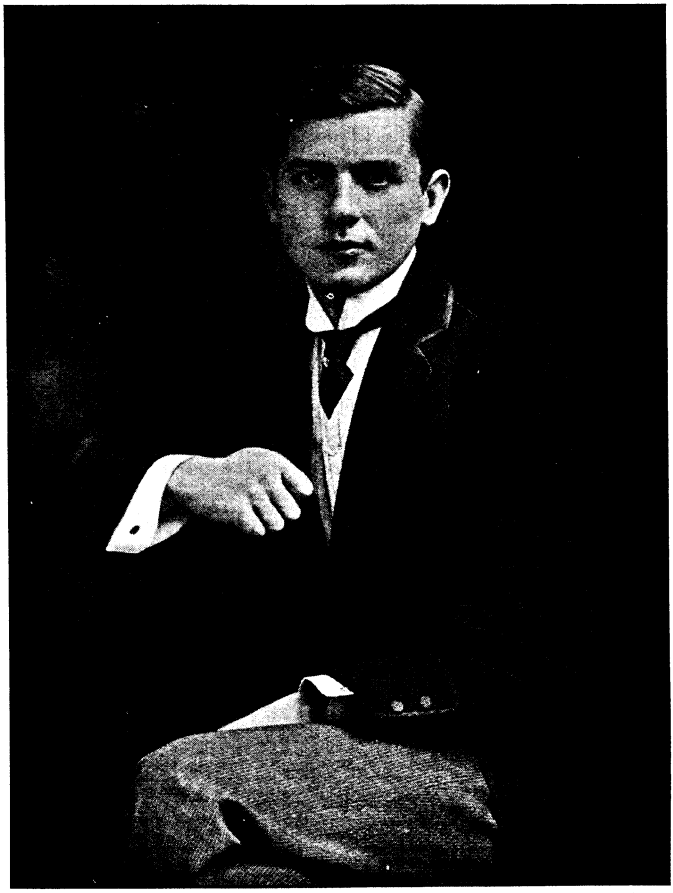
into his work, so thoroughly does he become one with the poet and the composer, that his performance is something more than a mere reflection from another's mind. In a perfect performance, the art of poetic conception and creation has been performed alike by the poet, the composer, and the singer (in a smaller measure by the accompanist, too). The perfect beauty of many a phrase in the quartets of Mozart or Beethoven was there in the book for us ever since the compositions were first given to the world; but in the revelation of beauty which came to us when Joachim played them, can we deny that the creative act was present? There are many points in the two song-cycles that von Warlich has made his own, which were certainly not brought out by any of his predecessors, so that the word "create" is not quite as inappropriate as might be imagined.



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REINHOLD VON WARLICH.

Like every true artist, von Warlich has very probably some limitations. He would be unable to "do justice" to the trash that is poured forth from the music-shops (or, rather, he would do it the only justice possible by neglecting it altogether); in a comic or rollicking song it is hardly probable that he would excel. One would not have liked to hear Joachim in a concerto by Vieuxtemps, or in the obbligato to Gounod's "Ave Maria." There is no doubt that von Warlich would fail, supposing him to be obliged, through any chance, to sing at a ballad concert. Even apart from the necessity of pumping up some machine-made sentiment in the second verse of each trumpery song, it may be doubted if art so delicate and profound as his could ever appeal to the great *bourgeois* class to which in most people's eyes it seems so all-important to appeal. An unspoilt audience at the East End would be certain to appreciate the truth and force of the singer, and would join hands with the cultivated hearers of the West End in their admiration, even if neither audience were able to analyse the secret of the power with which he swayed their emotions.

The two great song-cycles which he has sung are very similar, if not identical in character; both are deeply melancholy, and both are the expression of hopeless and heart-breaking grief. Whether von Warlich will be able to realise the other sides of human emotion as fully as he does this, remains to be seen, but it is significant that in his single songs, those in which he has made the most profound impression are those in which a sombre atmosphere prevails. Schubert's "Sei mir gegrüsst" is a song which many Schubert admirers longed to hear, but in its original key, for a high tenor, nothing but the most superficial emotion ever came from it; even with the inevitable loss of some

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of the musical effect in the process of transposition, in von Warlich's hands it becomes a thing of ineffable spirituality. Its emotional power is overwhelming, and at times it almost seems as though some mesmeric influence must be excited by the singer; in some such way alone, it would appear, can such restrained art make so great an effect. It is not really necessary to imagine some kind of occult conjuring-trick; the truth is that the means by which the effect is made are just those that are most rarely used by modern singers. Von Warlich never lets his voice lose beauty of tone; he never roars, squeaks, whispers, or makes faces; all is realised as belonging to music, not to drama, and the art of concealing art has never been more completely attained. His secret, as far as music is concerned, may be summed up in the single word *phrasing*. A singer who is also master of the art of modelling his phrases as an accomplished instrumentalist would do, is a singer who is certain of success, provided that the voice is of even passable quality. Not only is von Warlich's voice noble in quality and richly sonorous, but every phrase he sings has evidently been modelled as deftly as the surface of some beautiful statue. Of course, he is naturally helped in this by his early instrumental training, but the art of transferring instrumental phrasing to the voice and of making the words follow the course of the musical phrase is not as easy as it sounds when a great artist sings. The art of phrasing is in the careful manipulation of emphasis, of varying force on the different notes, of the slightest possible retardations and accelerations of speed, and as in all of these there is plenty of room for exaggeration, it follows that only a few people attain the art of phrasing in perfection. Without any phrasing at all, music is dead, and the most proficient performer has exactly the same amount of life as a pianola; in over-emphasis, exaggeration and affectation is revealed the inborn vulgarity of many a successful musician, professional or amateur; but a single well-calculated phrase, such as any series of notes that Joachim ever played, is enough to proclaim the great artist, and those who have heard von Warlich know well that he is of the elect number.

PHYLLIS.

FAIR my lady is, and sweet,
Fair of face and fair of mind;
Never thought or word unkind,
Never action that's unmeet.
Oh! I love her for her beauty,
But I love her gentle duty
Better than her face;
Fair is she as any flower,
But her most entrancing dower
Is her heart's sweet grace.

Time affects not gentleness,
Beauty hath but a short day;
Eyes grow dim, and bright hair grey;
Virtue, age as youth doth bless.
Oh! I love her for her fairness,
But I love her gentle rareness
More than beauty's dower.
For I know that time will finish
One, but never can diminish
Virtue's sacred power.

EILY ESMONDE.

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THE FAIR GUIDE.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.

"YOU understand your instructions perfectly, Captain?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"It is a matter of grave importance."

"It shall be accomplished."

"You are very certain. I may remind you, Captain, that there have been occasions when—well, when instructions have not been carried out quite successfully."

I settled my shako and drew myself up to my full six feet of height. I, Captain Jack Netherton, to be spoken to as though I were a recruit! Where was the General's memory? Did he forget the little affair at X——, or that dashing exploit at V——? Egad! I have a point in tierce that is a marvel, and my head, hot enough in an enterprise, is cool enough when danger threatens, and has cajoled me out of many tight places!

"General," I said, "these others were bunglers."

"I know you are brave, but——" He paused, shuffling some papers uneasily. "Remember, carry this despatch safely to Beresford, and we have Monsieur D'Eaubain and his cavalry in a nut-cracker."

"It is already done, sir."

"Act expressly as I have said. You ride straight to Beresford."

"As straight as a line, sir."

"You will take your troop."

"Half a troop will be sufficient, sir. You are poor in cavalry."

"Gad, that's true! These niggards at home starve me with cavalry. I have beggarly troops when I should have regiments. Very well, take your half-troop. It is a poor escort, but, as I said, you are brave."

I bowed.

"I make no boast, sir, but it is the duty of a light horseman to be brave, and I do my duty."

"You will take Barestro with you as guide."

"As you will, General, but I have little faith in him."

The General looked up sharply. "Why?" he asked.

"In truth, sir, I lost a matter of seven sovereigns to him at *écarté*, and I am a master of *écarté*. *Ergo*, he cheats; *ergo*, he may not be trusted."

"Pshaw!" said the General testily. "You take Barestro with you as guide."

I saluted and clattered through the door. Two linesmen and a subaltern of sappers were awaiting audience of him. I nodded to them.

"You look as cheerful as a fighting cock!" said Charlie Ainslie, of the Forty-Third. "Has the General invited you to dine?"

"He has done more," I answered—"he has given me an order for three days' rations."

I carried myself easily and cheerfully, although I was somewhat hurt at the General's absurd prejudice in favour of the Portuguese guide. I had given him my opinion of the man's untrustworthiness, and not only my opinion, but the reasons for it, and he had said "Pshaw!" testily. It is painful to me to note a good soldier's weaknesses, and I readily grant that the General was a good soldier, albeit there was that mistake of deployment at Aranago, where I would have attacked in closed squadrons.

Within an hour I rode out at the head of my half-troop. The day was fair; a royal sun, a broad, blue sky, and a soft breeze to temper the heat. With me rode Barestro, a lank, lean, ungainly man, a cowardly fellow with a face like parchment stretched over a Death's-head. He was employed from time to time as guide in our little expeditions, the General reposing considerable confidence in him, a confidence which I have shown I had little reason for sharing.

I carried no despatch, for the ride was one of some risk, the country between us and the army under Beresford being overrun by parties of French cavalry under the fellow D'Eaubain, which ravaged and pillaged the whole of the land. It was on account of this risk, I have no doubt, that my General had chosen me, for the expedition required a man of courage and, above all, resource. In my sabretasche I carried a rough map, on which were marked the positions of the French troops as far as we had located them, and it was this map I had to carry to Beresford. In addition, I had to explain to him my

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General's plan. We were holding a position of some importance and keeping in check a French corps acting upon our left flank. It was impossible for us to vacate this position, so that D'Eaubain's audacity in scouring the country on our right, in snapping up our patrols and our convoys, and even at times threatening our lines, had to be permitted to go unrebuked. It was my General's plan that Beresford should extend his front, change his route, and by advancing towards us, drive in D'Eaubain's cavalry upon our lines, and so catch the whole command, as he suggested, like a nut in a pair of crackers, in the valley of Albava.

We rode forward all that day, making a considerable *détour* to avoid falling in with the French. It was difficult ground, hilly and rough, and as night approached and found us in a wilder country than ever, my doubts of the rascal guide grew. I motioned him forward. He came with evident reluctance. I had noticed that whenever we were set upon our road, and he was not required to show me the way, he invariably fell back and joined my sergeant-major. It was apparent that he avoided me. That was suspicious, for why should he avoid me unless he were conscious of his own treachery? I had already given him to understand, when we were well out of the camp, that I did not share the General's confidence in him. Indeed, I told him plainly that I took him to be a rogue, and that directly I was convinced he was leading me wrongly I would pistol him. It was after that that he avoided me. It is best to be frank with these rascals and put some sort of fear into them, for it may change their purposes out of very apprehension of the consequences.

"Barestro, you will ride by my side on the left," I said grimly. "It is better so."

The rogue turned pale at the gleam of my pistol-barrel. If ever I saw guilt, it was in that rascal's parchment face and his narrow, furtive eyes.

"Indeed, Senhor Capitão, I am guiding you aright," he protested.

"This is a wild country."

"It is necessary to avoid Senhor D'Eaubain's cavalry."

"For my part, I like a place where cavalry can deploy. Here we are hemmed in on every side in a very gorge. We can only ride four abreast, and that knee to knee. Look you, rascal, the first shot fired at us will be the signal for a second, and I never miss."

The fellow trembled so violently that he all but fell off his horse. He stammered out protests in a gurgling torrent—he loved the deliverers of his country, he was loyal, his soul abhorred treachery.

"That may be as it will, Barestro," I answered, "but the night will be on us in a short while. Here are we in a country that is beset with difficulties for horsemen, and with the prospect of bivouacking in a place where we may be easily surrounded. You may be honest, but, my friend, the circumstances are suspicious."

"Ah, no, senhor. In a moment we turn to the right, and there below us you shall see the village of Talmiera. We halt there for the night, with your most gracious permission. It is a quiet village, loyal—most assuredly loyal—and General Beresford's army is but half a day's march further on."

I grunted, and presently below us we saw the village, only a matter of ten minutes' ride. It was small, a short street and a cluster of houses stretching raggedly over a level plateau. I confess that I did not regard it favourably. It was in the midst of hills, which might afford an easy cover for the enemy, and we had come by such a tortuous route that I was quite befogged as to my position. To add to my discomfort, the village was not marked upon my map, and I had to rely entirely upon Barestro's assertions. However, a campaigner has to make the best of matters, and I rode into the village with the knowledge that if the enemy were indeed to attempt a surprise, they had to deal with one of the smartest officers in the Army.

There was an inn standing in the street, and in front of this I halted my men. In answer to my shout, the host came running to me. He was a subservient fellow and bowed most prodigiously. A squint added nothing to the beauty of his face, and a habit he had of nervously clasping his hands impressed me most unfavourably. Besides, he and Barestro greeted each other as friends.

"You have accommodation?" I inquired.

"Most admirable, senhor," he answered, "and I shall be most honoured to have your Excellency."

"Do you know what this is?" I asked, producing my pistol from the holster.

He eyed it askance, and his squint was more pronounced than ever.

"A pistol, senhor."

"Correct," I said sternly; "and, harkee, fellow, it shoots straight."

I found accommodation for a dozen of my men in the inn, and told my sergeant-

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"'He is a traitor, a scoundrel, a villain!'"

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major to quarter the rest in the village. With me I took Barestro.

"I cannot part with you, my friend," I said. "I have a suspicion that I shall want your company here. Ours is a risky expedition, and I have a desire that you should share the risk."

"Indeed, senhor, I am loyal. You are mistaken in your suspicions. Who am I to deceive so courageous, so alert a gentleman as yourself? My good friend Pietro will speak for me. He will tell you how I venerate and worship the English."

"I have no doubt he will bear witness to any lies you may invent. But I am generous, and will not compel him to perjure himself. Ah, my friend, I will waive ceremony. Precede me upstairs, I beg of you."

It was a crooked stairway. On the first landing there were two doors fronting us as we came up. At one stood the host, bowing like a treacherous mandarin and waving his trembling hand towards it. We had reached the last step when a woman's cry, loud, shrill, imploring, rang out from the second room.

"Gad! What is that?" I cried.

The host came forward, beaming with one of the most atrocious smiles I have ever seen.

"My prisoner, senhor."

"Your prisoner!" I echoed in amazement. "What! Are you a belligerent, that you make prisoners?"

"Senhor, I am Portuguese. She is enemy of my country. She is French spy. I lock her up." He grinned ingratiatingly. "She not like being locked up. She scream—but no matter."

She certainly did not like being locked up, and she certainly did scream. There was a furious tattoo of small hands upon the wooden door, and a fusillade of kicks like the peckings of an irate hen. The scream was not unmusical, and the voice was undoubtedly young. I remembered quite suddenly that my expedition was one of much risk, and that my duty was certainly to investigate every matter that might give me information.

"I will see her," I said suddenly.

The host looked troubled and eyed the door doubtfully.

"She is very safe, senhor," he said.

"I must examine her," I answered. "She may give me valuable information."

"She give you nothing but bad words and blows," he asserted. A volley of kicks appeared to support his testimony.

"Open the door!" I cried.

The innkeeper looked at me dubiously, and very reluctantly drew out of a cavernous pocket in his jean breeches a large and unwieldy-looking key. Very slowly he approached the door.

"She is violent—very," he said.

"Open the door."

He approached more nearly, he had almost inserted the key in the lock, when the door was banged furiously and the musical voice screamed in a perfect passion. He gave a curious sideways hop towards me.

"Senhor," he said, presenting the key, "it is not right I should precede your Excellency."

I took the key, inserted it, and pulled open the door, for, by some freak of the builder, the door opened on to the landing.

Brave men are invariably susceptible. I am afraid of nothing but a pair of blue eyes—unless it be a pair of brown or grey. I know my weakness, but—was there ever yet a susceptible man who shunned the chance of destruction?

As I jerked open the door, I disclosed a picture. Before me stood a small, graceful figure in a very frenzy of passion. Two large, blue eyes blazed royally, an angry flush reddened two oval cheeks, two small white hands were clenched, and a perfect storm of anger was convulsing a tumultuous bosom. As I said, I am susceptible. Make the most of it, it is my one weakness. And I—there are some who have held me handsome. I say nothing, but there are two maids at Bath who were once inseparable, and now give each other the coldest of curtsies. I am told they each treasure a miniature I was foolish enough to present to them. Enough! I have seen many beauties, but never one like that small, passionate person raging before me in the worm-eaten, stuffy room at Talmiera.

She had been beating so vehemently upon the door that my sudden opening of it precipitated her a couple of steps towards me. There she controlled herself and looked at me. I regretted that there were but a couple of steps. She caught her breath quickly, looked from the host to me, from me to the host. Then a smile crept into her eyes and then stole down to her lips. They parted, showing a gleam of pearl and establishing two rare dimples. I bowed.

"Ah!" she cried. "You are a British officer!"

"Captain Netherton, of His Majesty's—th Light Dragoons," I acknowledged.

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad! I have been locked in by this creature, and—oh! it is such a long story, and—ah—" She

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"Her head touched my shoulder in the operation."

broke off in an exclamation of terror. She was looking at Barestro, and he, with cool effrontery, was gazing at her with an assumption of indifference.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"That man—why is that man with you?" she asked hurriedly, pointing at Barestro.

"He is my guide."

"Your guide! Then you are in danger, sir—in great danger! He is a traitor, a scoundrel, a villain! Do you know who he is? No, you do not! You think him a loyal Portuguese. You British officers are too honest, too chivalrous yourselves to think evil of others! He is a spy for D'Eaubain!"

I swung round at that and clapped my hand on my pistol. Barestro opened his mouth wide at the lady's disclosure of his guilt, and was about to speak when he saw the movement of my hand. Suddenly ducking his head, he charged straight at me, catching me about the centre of my belt. When I had recovered my breath, he had flown down the stairs and was racing up the main street. I rushed in at the door of the room, and gaining the window, loosed my pistol at him; but the suddenness of my contact with his head had made my arm shaky, and I had the chagrin of seeing him disappear into the twilight. My men were all dismounted, and their horses littered down for the night, so that pursuit was

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useless, even had prudence permitted it. I returned to the landing to see the host at the foot of the stairs, struggling in the grasp of Corporal Brown, who had come out of the kitchen at the noise of the scuffle.

"This 'ere Portugee was a-doin' a bolt, sir, so I stops 'im," Brown explained.

"Put him under arrest, Brown," I commanded.

"She's French spy. Bad woman! I lock her up. She tell lies, all lies! I most loyal to the honourable British!" screamed the fellow, as Brown dragged him away.

I turned to the lady. Her eyes were angry—blazingly angry—and she looked as handsome as any woman I have ever seen. She certainly was not French in appearance; her blue eyes, her light brown hair, the clearness of her complexion, were all essentially English, and her accent was the accent of a native. Yet there were some fugitive mannerisms that suggested a foreign origin. In short, she puzzled me, interested me, and, I will confess, attracted me.

"The monster!" she cried, "the ugly little monster! But you—you are here, and I am glad. You cannot believe his lies. Indeed, sir, I have suffered much at his hands."

On active service, a man has to act discreetly. Although I was persuaded that she was innocent of the atrocious charges brought against her by the two rascals of Portuguese, I felt that it was my duty to examine into them. I am above all things a soldier, and to a soldier duty is paramount.

"Madam," I said, "I have a duty to perform. I must question you. These rascals have accused you of grave matters, and I must disprove them."

She looked at me quickly from under her dark lashes. Then she smiled. It was altogether a friendly smile. I replied. I permitted my smile to express admiration as well as friendliness. We found two chairs in the room to which the innkeeper had been conducting me. There was also a table and a bottle of wine. The wine was excellent Burgundy, an opinion in which the lady agreed with me.

"These rogues have said you are a French spy," I commenced.

"Yes. How clumsy a device! As though they could expect to blind you, Captain Netherton!"

"Ah, madam," I answered, "you are flattering. But in truth I have not been campaigning so long, and, without boasting, I think I may add with so much success——"

"Indeed, is not your name known throughout the Peninsula?" she was pleased to interject.

"To be taken in easily," I continued. "But your story. You must also be formal. You must let me know the extent of their guilt."

She sighed.

"Ah, Captain Netherton, it is refreshing to meet an English officer and a gentleman again. I own I was at first somewhat frightened—there are some in the army who are—well, not as you, Captain—but you have reassured me."

I was pleased with her artless confidence. She was as innocent as a schoolgirl. I placed my hand upon hers, to show that the examination was merely formal and that she might have no fear. She looked up at me quickly, smiled, and then looked down. Altogether a pretty tribute that went straight to my heart.

"My name is Grace," she commenced.

"Most apt," I murmured.

"Grace Smith. My father was an English merchant engaged in trade at Corbora. My mother was Portuguese. You may have noticed that I am not quite English—in my manner. In my heart I am all, all."

"We claim the most precious part, Miss Smith."

"She died soon after I was born. Three weeks ago my father died." Her voice broke a little, and one little hand stole in search of a handkerchief. I pressed the other in silent sympathy.

"He was wounded by the French—they suspected him of attempting to carry news to the English, and fired on him. He lingered three days. I nursed him. It was—it was most sad."

I pressed her hand again. Poor child! she appeared to be in great grief. I have a tender heart, though they call me "the lion" in the service.

"This morning I escaped from Corbora."

"This morning!" I explained, jumping up. "From Corbora?" We knew that Corbora was the headquarters of the pillaging cavalry.

She was surprised at my excitement.

"Yes. I hid in a wood all day and came here but an hour ago."

"But Corbora is twenty-five miles away!"

"Oh, no—not more than four."

"Not more than four! Egad, but this is Talmiera?"

"Yes," she answered. Then she rose. "Ah, I see! Oh! how treacherous! how

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treacherous! This Barestro was your guide?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Ah! it is explained. He is a French spy.

"It was a short note addressed to me."

I know him. He has led you towards Corbora when you—you wanted to go elsewhere."

"To General Beresford."

"And your map? It was rough, was it not? Talmiera is not marked? No? Or, if so, he made the map? Yes?"

I took out the map from my sabretasche, and we both examined it by the light of a candle. Her head touched my shoulder in the operation. I did not call her attention to the fact, and she was apparently oblivious of it, as she did not withdraw it.

"Talmiera is not marked! You trusted Barestro! He had seen the map. He took you to this place so near to the enemy, and you thought you were marching to General Beresford. Ah! was there ever such treachery? It is diabolical! And you, my friend, with your trusting British nature! Oh! he deserves to die!"

"I never trusted the rascal. It was the confounded faith of General Boxall!"

"You come from General Boxall? With despatches? That is why he led you here."

"No—not despatches. I carry the plan in my head. It would make all the difference to these Frenchmen if I could only get safely back to General Beresford," I added ruefully, for here was I in a country strange to me, swarming with the enemy, and with no guide.

"He is to march on them—drive them on to your forces?" she said quickly.

"How did you——" I commenced, so great was my surprise at her readiness in understanding the position. Then the discretion which is always mine stopped me. "These are secret matters, Miss Smith," I said gravely.

"I understand," she answered. "But do not lose heart. I know the country. I will guide you. I long to do something for my beloved England."

"But——" I commenced.

"You do not doubt me?"

"Alas! it is my duty to doubt everyone when on active service. Besides, after all—these accusations——"

"Of Barestro? He fled directly he saw me. Was that the action of a loyal man? Of the innkeeper? He had locked me up to deliver me to the French for fear of the intelligence I might give to your General. Why, a small party of the French are bivouacking only a mile from here. Come, I will show you their fires, and you will no longer doubt me. Ah, Captain Netherton, it hurts me that you should doubt me."

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All this was most feasible. The man certainly ran away. I hesitated for a moment. Then I chanced to look up. She was gazing at me in a sad, reproachful manner. I was ashamed of my excess of caution. I hesitated no longer. I went to the head of the stairs.

"Brown!" I cried.

The corporal came out at once.

"Tell the sergeant-major to fall in the detachment. We have to ride further to-night. And see that the innkeeper does not escape."

"Certainly, sir, I — oh, the sneaking devil!" he broke off.

There was the sound of hurrying steps. I caught sight of a round figure flying past the back of the corporal with remarkable celerity. It was the innkeeper. The corporal ran after him and ran into a rapidly closed door. When he entered the street, the Portuguese was out of sight. Corporal Brown returned crestfallen.

Whilst the men were falling in, I accompanied Miss Smith to the top of a slight hill just beyond the level plateau on which the village stood. It was a warm, beautiful night, and we—but I have confessed that I am susceptible, and she was certainly beautiful—very beautiful. I have had my successes in the lists of love as well as in the sterner game of war, and she was not wholly unimpressionable. We may have been longer reaching the top of the hill than the length of the way warranted. That I will not gainsay. But I do assert the time was no great matter.

At the summit of the hill, I saw, not more than two miles away, the lights of a bivouac fire. The night was still; and even as I looked, I heard sounds as of a troop getting ready for a night march. We returned much quicker than we came.

In a few minutes we rode out, with as much haste as we might make. Miss Smith was mounted on a horse I had borrowed from the inn, and rode as my guide beside me. All that night we rode as fast as might be, for at the start, on high ground, we could distinctly catch the sound of a pursuing squadron. When morning broke, we were badly spent, jogging up a hill towards a wood. From our advantageous position we could see a matter of seven miles, and not a trooper was in sight. We had outdistanced our enemies.

Seeing the condition of our horses, I determined to bivouac in the wood, and halting my men, rode forward with the corporal to find a suitable ground. We were gone some four minutes, having found some difficulty in selecting a suitable clearing; and when I returned, Miss Smith was writing on a sheet of paper.

"A love sonnet?" I asked gallantly.

"Hardly," she answered.

"May I see it?"

"Not yet—some time, if you care to. I fear you will not like it." She spoke coquettishly, and I made some protesting reply. Then the business of posting the sentries took me away from the little camp, which was all bustle with unsaddling and picketing the horses. I placed the sentries most advantageously and then went back to snatch an hour or so of sleep. I had spoken to the sergeant-major, and seen to my own charger, when I chanced to miss my fair guide. She was not in the camp. I questioned the men hurriedly. The corporal had seen her ride forward towards the road from which we had diverged to the clearing. I strode in that direction with the first tremor of a vague misgiving in my heart.

Something white on the bole of a tree caught my eye. It was a sheet of paper pinned to the bark by a small knife. I took it down. It was a short note addressed to me.

"My dear Captain Netherton," it ran. "Thank you for your most agreeable escort. I need it no longer. Your guide was right, after all—Corbora is not near Talmiera, but is near here. I fear you have been riding away from your own troops all night. Those were the bivouac fires of General Beresford's advance guard we saw last night. I fear also your plan will fail, for I shall see General D'Eaubain in a short while. You see, my mother was English, but my father is French. I take after my father. A thousand thanks for all your care of me. Adieu.—Adèle Bretigny."

I smothered a curse, tore up the note, and turned to meet the squadron of the ——th Hussars, who had chased us all night.

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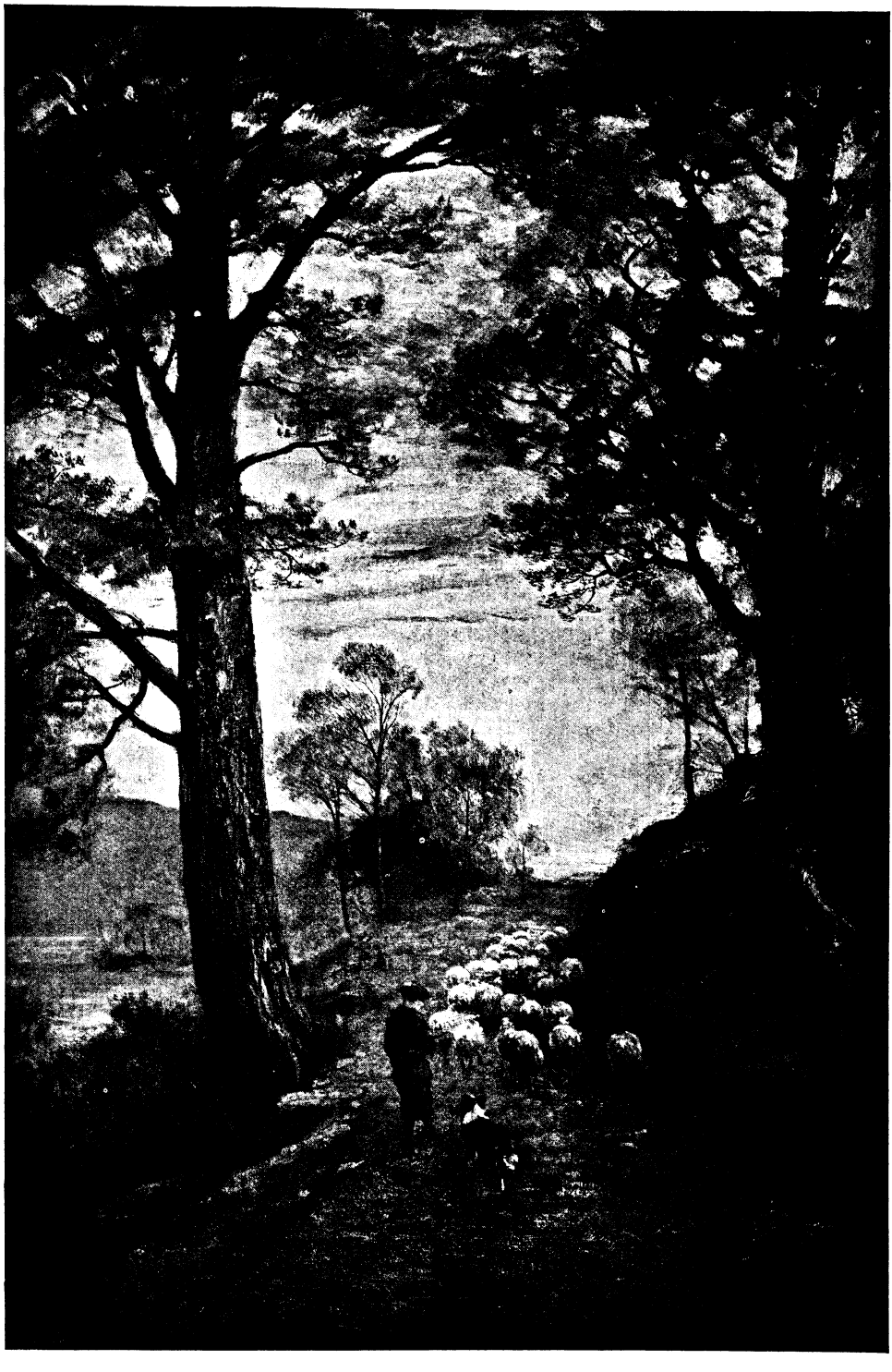

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THE HUNDREDTH BOW.

By FLORENCE WILKINSON.

"DO you remember about the Hundred Bows when we were children?" asked Lynnette.

"But we weren't children at the same time," I replied. "I wish we had been."

"I didn't mean you and I. I meant any children. It used to be such fun getting a hundred bows."

"I don't recollect the custom," I said.

Lynnette and I had wandered away from the Kursaal and sat on some rocks by the roadside above the laughing Inn. It was a delicious morning, and the Silver-See, flecked with swelling square sails, was green as a chrysoprase.

"I will explain," said Lynnette, who is at her best when she is instructing me. Her dark blue eyes grow large and luminous in the endeavour to pierce my ignorance. I remain ignorant as long as possible.

"You sit on a fence by the road, or on a rock like this, and you ask everybody who goes by for a bow: *Mister, please give me a bow!*"

Lynnette waved her hand pleadingly.

"And then when you have got a hundred bows, and you must keep count fairly"—she shook her head solemnly at my potential roguery—"the hundredth one is *the one*."

Her blue eyes grew almost black at this thrilling *dénouement*.

"What one?" I asked stupidly.

"Don't you see?" she insisted, blushing slightly, and the dimple in her cheek faintly prophesying a smile. "It's little girls who do this. And the hundredth man is *the one*."

"Oh, I see," I said. "Have you often tried it?"

"Yes," she admitted sadly. "And it has never worked. At least, so far. But you never can tell."

"I wish you'd try it this morning," I exclaimed. I thought in my own mind that I could very easily arrange to be the hundredth man. I was just at the nebulous epoch with Lynnette when I said, and thought, a great many things like this.

"Oh, but that wouldn't be fair!" cried she, the dimple coming in good earnest, and her eyes crinkling together in one of her fascinating smiles. She is astonishingly subtile in divining man's faults.

"What wouldn't be fair?" I said tranquilly, intent on seeing her blush. "I'm not sure of having mentioned any fraudulent practice."

"Very well, then," said she sweetly, "I will try it this morning. There are a few more complications after you get the hundred bows, but, roughly speaking——"

"You couldn't speak so," I interpolated.

"In a large and general sense," said Lynnette with dignity, "I have outlined the plan. It will be very easy to carry it out here in the Engadine."

This proved to be the case, for it was early September, when a stream of tourists flow through the lovely Inn valley, on their way from St. Moritz and Maloja to the Italian lakes.

The diligence rumbled by, a two-storeyed, awkward structure with passengers inside and out and perched up behind. In shape it reminded one of a gigantic hornet with a body in bulbous sections. In response to Lynnette's nodding head and fluttering hand a sheaf of salutes waved from the vehicle. Alpine hats, English sailors, ladies' parasols, and German handkerchiefs.

"That was a fine haul. How many, should you judge?" as the diligence disappeared in a cloud of dust and once more we heard the liquid laughter of the Inn at our feet.

"There were fourteen. I counted exactly," replied Lynnette.

"I suppose it would be fatal to make an error in the count."

"Yes," said Lynnette seriously. "That is probably the reason I have never found the man. It is so easy to forget where you are."

"It is easy when one is with you," I said.

"I mean in counting," she corrected politely. "We have got to forty-five now, haven't we?"

"I believe so. Are you very anxious to find the man, Lynnette?"

"Of course."

"I can tell you a simpler way than this." I was just on the point of saying something

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"'You sit on a rock like this.'"

of importance, when a party of pedestrians, knapsacks and alpenstocks hove in sight, rounding a curve in the road from Sils-Maria.

"Wait a minute!" cried Lynnette provokingly, as if I had been on the brink merely of an anecdote. "Here are a nice bunch coming. Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven. There, that makes fifty."

She was quite breathless with pleasure as the last man waved his hat to us. "That last man was rather attractive, wasn't he? A distinguished bearing!"

"Really, I didn't notice his bearing," I replied coldly, for she was over-enthusiastic at times about other men. Enthusiasm of this sort I find vaguely irritating.

We continued our count the next morning.

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As the number gradually approached the high-water mark the sport became exciting.

"You know, if it were an extremely odious person, I wouldn't have to bow," remarked Lynnette.

The possibility of such discrimination had not occurred to me.

A group of Italian reapers, beringed, brown-skinned, smiling, with their long-handled scythes on their shoulders, swung down the road. They were men and women, equally free and strong in their fluent grace of carriage. They were quick with hearty salutes to Signor and Signora. They made the ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of our count.

Now for the hundredth bow. A long interval elapsed. The road was deserted. The Fex glacier shone in the crisp sunlight. The Pontresina mountains were shaded with sapphire. High clouds curled by, pinker than the white snows of the peaks. The wind waved in the many-coloured marshes that swept to an alluvial delta between the two lakes. A dusty grasshopper sat on a stone near us, hunched his legs to an acute angle, and then rubbed them briskly together behind his back, producing a clear, grating *tzz-z*. We discussed whether this motion showed acrobatic tendencies or a musical temperament. Certainly, if one's legs were one's organ of speech, a morning constitutional and an operatic cavatina might be bagged by a single effort.

While we were deep in this argument the sound of approaching wheels averted our attention. The hundredth bower rattled towards us at a lively pace. He sat aloft in a two-wheeled carriage driven by a shiny-hatted Engadiner. He was neatly packed in among his own hand-luggage, above which he towered with a look of proud satisfaction at being the patriarch of so varied and interesting a tribe. Every conceivable type of small luggage was represented, from chests of leather, wood, and iron, down to the frailer receptacles of basketware and canvas. The shapes showed as much variety as the materials. He was a high-sitting youth with a burning countenance, a moustache like scorched furze, and a pair of brilliant, bulging eyes. As far as we could judge of his costume, it belonged to a fully equipped mountaineer.

Lynnette had no difficulty in making her presence known to him. His eyes ran ahead of the vehicle and were fixed upon us in bulging anticipation. In response to Lynnette's budding bow, one such as might be exchanged between any two fellow-travellers, the Hundredth Man burgeoned out into a full-blown salute, and without a moment's loss of time the vehicle brought up sharp and the youth alighted with a bound. A satchel of the canvas species was handed down to him, seemingly as being indispensable for his momentary needs, and, with this in his hand, he approached us by means of enormous strides. The vehicle drove on towards the Maloja-Kulm with its uncentred tribe of baggages.

He gave Lynnette a rapid Austrian salute, made up in sections, heels together, hand to his heart, and so forth, but ignored me entirely. At the same time he plunged into a conversation which at the start I failed to follow. In my unprepared state of mind any language would have been Choctaw to me, but after a while I perceived that French, a language foreign to them both, was the neutral territory on which they parleyed.

If Lynnette was as amazed as I by this episode which the Hundredth Bow afforded, she managed her countenance admirably well. Was it possible that it was a prearranged scheme and I the dupe of Lynnette's drollery?

"I have been looking for you all along the way, mademoiselle," said the long youth.

"How curious!" answered she.

"But you certainly knew I would come."

"Yes, in a sense, I did," she answered equivocally. She turned to me, an odd, little, sympathise-with-the-situation smile sparkling over her face. I stood behind the two of them, my hands in my pockets, admiring the fine landscape in the interim that I was non-existent for Lynnette. No, I could not sympathise with the situation. I was too much in the dark. I spoke to her in English.

"Perhaps you would be so good, Lynnette, as to introduce me to your friend?"

"I don't know his name."

"Great Heavens! who is he, then?"

"I never saw him before in my life."

"By Jove! Lynnette, what is he doing here?"

"That is just what I am going to find out. Isn't it delicious?"

During this conference the burning-faced youth was fumbling with one of the outer pockets of his canvas roll. He produced a tiny comb and looking-glass, and, with the aid of both these articles, put in order his honey-coloured moustache. His manner was redolent of the tenderest affection. He turned to Lynnette.

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"He gave Lynnette a rapid Austrian salute."

"Mademoiselle, let us take yonder footpath and converse more seriously."

A little path wound up under the stone-pine trees and disappeared towards some benched and initialled "Bellavista" on the hilltop above our heads.

"Look out for my luggage, will you?" he nodded carelessly to me.

I watched them ramble away by that gold-dappled, climbing footpath. He was the most thoroughly accoutred creature it had ever been my lot to see. Every known appurtenance favoured by the Alpinist, especially by those who like to indicate their avocation by their clothes, was aggregated upon his lengthy person. The Swiss bag strapped across his shoulders, the canteen below, two suspended flasks dangling at his sides with beautiful symmetry, a horn and a hunting-knife, leather-encased, at his belt, spiked boots, puttees, knickerbockers, an edelweiss in his buttonhole and an Alpine nosegay and eagle's feather dominating the back of his conical, olive-green hat. No detail was missing. Every symbol indicated—nay, loudly shouted—his courageous intentions. I had barely time to note these histrionic equipments before Lynnette and he faced round and approached their starting-point. Her expression was anticipatory, as I had seen her look before the second curtain of an enjoyable *extravaganza*. The burning youth, if possible, burned more comprehensively than ever.

"I have committed an error, mademoiselle," he was saying. "I am his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Balkan-Rosnia, travelling *incognito*."

Lynnette curtsied and his Serene Highness regarded her with approbation.

"An alliance has been discussed between myself and the Baroness Berthe Amalie Von Janakowski, who is staying with her suite at the Maloja Kursaal. She has a landed estate in Styria, and hunting, good hunting.

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But I am romantic, mademoiselle, and did not wish that matters should be concluded till I had seen the lady. It was arranged through my under-secretary and her chief courier that she should take a stroll on the morning of September seventh—this is the seventh, is it not, mademoiselle?—on the high-road between Maloja and Sils-Maria. I could then have a look at the Baroness Berthe Amalie, and if she were hairy and warted, the negotiations could be discontinued. There is still time. If she were fair and plump, I had the intention to confirm the preliminaries. I very much like plump ladies. Behold how romantic I am!"

"And, naturally, your Highness thought that I was the lady," said Lynnette demurely.

"What more natural?" he cried, bestowing upon her another warm look of approbation.

I sat cooling my heels on the hereditary baggage, an interested non-participant. The princeling handed me a coin, meaning, I suppose, that my absence would be more valuable than my presence. I examined it leisurely and returned it to him.

"Very pretty," I remarked, in a manner inconsistent with my supposed position as courier.

He stared.

"I think, mademoiselle, I need go no further for a wife," he continued to Lynnette. "Never in so short a time has any lady so satisfied my æsthetic yearnings!"

Lynnette curtsied again.

"I take it as an omen. You also believe in omens, mademoiselle?"

She assented.

"The estate of Balkan-Rosnia is impoverished, mademoiselle, and you are American. That is my first reason. How much dowry would you bring?"

"I am worth fifty millions," she said modestly.

His Serene Highness licked his lips appreciatively.

"What is your age?"

"I am two-and-twenty, your Highness."

"Ah! that is old, very old; but you do not look it." He surveyed intently Lynnette's slight, girlish figure and masses of hair tied up with perky bows of ribbon.

"You do not eat enough," he said. "Black bread and sausages are fattening."

"I will try them at my next opportunity."

"Are you single or unmarried? I hear that the Americans marry and unmarry many times."

"I am single. I have never been married or unmarried."

"Ach! that is good. My people are conservative. You have a castle?"

"Only a modest château on Fifty-Ninth Street."

"A considerable landed property?"

"The château overlooks an extensive park."

"And hunting—good hunting?"

"I think so. The janitor keeps a cat."

The Hereditary Prince did not seem to notice this response, but fired the next question: "Any dogs—a pack of dogs?"

"No, the janitor objects."

"The janitor?" he repeated, knitting his youthful brow. "The overlord, a suzerain?"

"Yes, that expresses his functions."

"An eccentric old nobleman, I presume. I would soon manage him. I have very winning ways with old age, mademoiselle."

"I can well imagine it," said gracious Lynnette.

"Indeed, you please me supremely," exclaimed the ingenuous Prince. He confided to her: "This is my first visit away from my ancestral domain. I am beginning to see the world. Ah, what poesy! Are you also poetic, mademoiselle?"

"I think I could learn to be, with such an example," murmured she, at which he raised her hand to his lips.

"The Baroness Berthe Amalie is also poetic. For why? She loves beneath her and has demurred at this alliance. Therefore she was willing to steal an interview, her courier informed me, and dissuade me from pressing my suit. But I could soon have won her. It is easy to get a woman." He twisted his moustache contentedly. "Behold, mademoiselle, how lightly you drop to my hands. I assure you, no disrespect, but it is that I am unique, invincible."

"True," said Lynnette, becoming, as I could see, a little more serious.

"And this is my first wooing. Ah, the poor Baroness Berthe Amalie!"

"Had—had you not better consider her, your Highness?"

"But I told you she loved another, the royal dentist. It is romantic—very romantic. They say she fell in love with him while he extracted a tooth. He extracted her heart as well—I am full of such fancies."

A wistfulness in his tone seemed to indicate that he regretted the loss of an opportunity to exercise his amorous prowess with Berthe Amalie. "Of course, she can never marry him. So there it is."

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"Lynnette watched the departure of his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Balkan-Rosnia."

"I think your Highness had better continue on your way. The lady expects you. It is cruel that she should expect in vain."

"Ah, yes, but that is woman's lot. You are not jealous, mademoiselle? Surely no; to be the choice of his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Balkan-Rosnia, it is enough."

"Surely enough, and more enough," replied Lynette.

"What mean you, mademoiselle?"

"It is more than my deserts," she said with unwonted humility. "I think that your Serene Highness ought to know that my estate is entailed—seriously entailed."

"What! what!" he cried, a shadow creeping over his luminous countenance.

"Yes, and my money, even that is tied up and hardly available for many years."

"Not for many years!" he cried in deep dejection.

"No," said she sadly; "my actual income at present is very limited, your Highness."

"I think I will continue on my way," said the Prince. "It is at least my duty to cast my eyes on the Baroness Berthe Amalie. She has large estates and hunting, good hunting."

It is only fair to say that his conscience smote him at this sudden desertion of his lady-love. "With so large a property, mademoiselle, you will not have much trouble, not *very much*, in finding a husband."

"I hope not," cried Lynnette earnestly.

"As for me, there would have been in my family a grand *ébranlement* over my bringing home an American—a North American

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wife," he added in an endeavour to display topographical accuracy. "And then," said he, "the Baroness Berthe Amalie von Janakowski expects me, and she may be fat—very fat."

"That also is possible."

"I will say adieu. I shall not forget you. I will send a man after my luggage. Ah, this world is full of poesy."

Pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, Lynnette watched the departure of his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Balkan-Rosnia.

Afterwards we made ourselves comfortable for a while on the serene and hereditary canvas shawl-strap.

"You did not think that was a dreadful lie I told," asked Lynnette pensively.

Her lids were still heavy with the tears of laughter she had shed.

"Which one?"

"About the fifty million dollars. I did not say I had that amount, but that I was worth it. And I am worth fifty million dollars to the man who—*should*—love me, don't you think so?"

"Yes, and a million times more," I replied fervently. "Lynnette——"

THE ROSE AND THE FLAME

THE fire burned brightly on the hearth, and I
Did sit me down to muse awhile; alas
For reveries that in the embers lie!
The logs were fireproof and the flame but gas.

I sought the rose in my beloved's hair,
But e'er my lips had pressed the petals red,
I realised that what adorned my fair
Had never bloomed in any garden bed.

Oh, these enduring things that men devise,
Imperfect copies of the Master's Art!
Give me the rose that fades—the flame that dies,
That prayer for more may rise within my heart.

ELIZABETH RUGGLES.

Google

A WILD BOAR RAMPANT.

By ROBERT BARR.

THERE was the very deuce to pay in Ebernburg. A siege within a siege, if you please; a commotion that thrilled the beleaguered inhabitants of the town from the highest to the lowest, and all about a pig! No wonder the stout Baron von Sickingen stormed, and would have sworn mighty oaths were it not for the fact that he belonged to the Reformed Faith, whose tenets prohibited the use of strong language. But his huge fist descending on the oaken table had all the virility of profanity, as Von Sickingen shouted that, if it took every soldier in his garrison, he would have the man out of the Town Hall and hanged in the market square, while the pig's throat was being cut by the municipal butcher.

"Who is this rebellious wretch?" demanded the Baron of his captain; for the captain, curiously enough, who was no coward, seemed to hesitate about giving instant force to the orders of his commander-in-chief.

"My lord," said the captain, "he is a fugitive from the other side of the Rhine. He calls himself Bernard Eberbach, and appears to have been the son of a farmer who held his ground from the monks of Eberbach monastery. The pious Bernard of Clairvaux founded the monastery in times gone by, and this young man appears to have been named for him. I have long suspected him of being a spy, for the monks of Eberbach profess no love for the enlightened opinions of Ebernburg; but the young man has never shirked military duty, although he has refrained from joining any of our sorties. He spends his nights writing on parchment, which in itself is a suspicious thing to do."

"True, true," commented the Baron, nodding. "Could you not get your hands on any of these manuscripts and bring them to me?"

"I have done so, my lord, but they are merely ribald verses, condemning the monks, but praising their wine. He says it was songs like these that lost him his patrimony in the Rheingau."

"Is it on account of his poetic talent that you hesitated to get him out of the Town Hall? Nay, do not protest, I saw your reluctance when I gave the command."

"My lord, excepting yourself, Bernard Eberbach is the most popular man among the soldiery in all the town."

"Does his popularity hold, then, when the soldiery must know that in time of siege, with starvation upon us, this man reserves for his own use the huge pig you tell me of?"

"Indeed, my lord, they know such is not the case, but are convinced that Bernard would himself die before he allowed that mammoth boar to be slain. It is of the wild breed that haunts the Rheingau forests, as savage as a trooper of Traves to others, but tame as a cat with him; so, between love of the man and fear of the brute, 'twould be difficult to find a dozen soldiers to attack the pair, and it will take at least fourscore to get him out of the Town Hall, where he and the boar are securely barricaded."

The Baron meditated gloomily, with a frown on his brow. At last he said—

"We could do to him what the Archbishop is trying to do to us—surround the hall and starve him out."

"Aye, my lord! But the Archbishop has this advantage over us: he possesses ample supplies for himself and his army, whereas we should starve as soon as Bernard Eberbach and his boar."

"How came he by the keys of the Town Hall?" demanded Von Sickingen.

Once more the captain hesitated, then replied with palpable reluctance—

"He is betrothed to Gretchen, daughter of old Stein Gratz, the Town Clerk."

"Say no more, say no more," interrupted the Baron, with a sigh. "I might have known that with such a songster we were sure soon to encounter one of the beauties of the town. Nevertheless, Captain Dorn, we must get our popular man and his pig

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out of the Town Hall. This defiance of authority is subversive of all discipline."

"Discipline, my lord, becomes relaxed when hunger is a member of the corps. I can lead every trooper under arms, gaunt as they are, with shouts against the Archbishop outside the walls. There they will go merrily for death or dinner, but it will take stern discipline to collect ten men to attack the citadel within our gates. Listen, my lord."

In the pause that succeeded they heard the voices of the starving soldiery celebrating the fame of the twelve-thousand-gallon cask in the Eberbach monastery, and hailing the time when Baron von Sickingen should lead them against the convent.

"That's one of his latest songs, my lord, and the poor thirsty devils sing it to the uplifting of empty flagons."

The Baron moistened his own parched lips and said mournfully—

"A gallon or two of the Steinberger would never be missed by the monks. Would that we had a bucketful of it here! Still, Captain Dorn, our chief difficulty remains unsolved. This man has been in arms opposed to our soldiers."

"Pardon me, Baron, he raised no hand against them. They overpowered him and bound him. It was the pig who scattered the soldiers, and the girl who unbuckled the thongs that leashed her lover."

"Bring hither some of the men who were in the *mêlée*."

"They are all in hospital except one, Baron. I will send for him."

Corporal Rathhaus presented a unique spectacle when he arrived. His uniform was in tatters, and through the rents could be seen wounded arms and legs.

"Well, fellow," cried the Baron, with a grim grin, as he regarded his dishevelled appearance, "there seems to be worse animals on earth than besieging archbishops. Tell me what happened."

"We were informed, my lord, that the poet kept a pig in the garden behind his house. The army being in need of swine-flesh, I took fourteen men and surrounded the place. Half-a-dozen of us entered the house."

"Did Bernard Eberbach resist you?"

"No, my lord. He always welcomes the soldiery, and we took him thus by surprise. He cursed us like a Schwarzwald brigand when we set upon him, and the wild boar, hearing his voice, burst in through the back door like an avalanche from Switzerland. It was big as a church, and nothing could withstand it. Its red eyes seemed to spurt fire, its tusks were a foot long, and the froth at its mouth was like the foam at the foot of the Rhein-fall."

"God save us!" cried Sickingen, "this man has infected my whole army with poetry! And what happened after, I suppose, resembled a hurricane mixed with hail and enlivened by thunder?"

"Indeed, your lordship is quite right. We were scattered like chaff before a whirlwind."

The conference was here interrupted by the approach of a soldier, who, saluting his commander-in-chief, said that Gretchen Gratz, daughter of the Town Clerk, begged audience with Baron von Sickingen.

"Ah!" said the Baron, "the woman in the case! Now we may expect enlightenment. Bring her in."

There entered a stalwart, comely maid of about nineteen, whose youthful vigour and beauty had as yet been unaffected by the rigours of the siege. She might have stood model for a statue of a superb Rhine goddess, and there is a poem by Bernard preserved in the library at Traves which compares her hair to the colour of Steinberger wine when held between the eye and the light, while her eyes are likened in blueness to the infant Rhine where it issues from the crystal glaciers. But if Bernard had seen them when they looked at the Baron, he might have added that a dark cloud hung over the upper Rhine, from whose depths lightning glittered, for her eyes were those of an angry woman ready to fight for her man, and the greeting of the Baron did nothing to lessen their indignant sparkle.

"Well, hussy!" he cried, "so you dared to release the prisoner whom my soldiers had placed in bond?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you stole the keys of the Town Hall from your father?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And placed your lover there in supposed safety?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And now you have the impudence to come before me?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You avow yourself in flat rebellion against my authority?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Do you realise, you froward jade, that your action may cost your father his position?"

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"My lord, the position is of no value in a town defended by incompetents, and besieged by the Archbishop of Mayence."

"You young she-devil!" growled Captain Dorn, clenching his fists and taking a step towards her, indignant on hearing such language addressed to the commander whom officers and men alike adored; but the hand of the Baron, upraised, checked him.

"Tut tut, Captain Dorn!" said Von Sickingen. "Have we proclaimed Ebenburg a town of free speech and given refuge here to Luther, Melancthon, Ulrich von Hutten, Aecolampadius, and Bucer, and would now deny our women utterance? While I rule the valley of the Nahe, all tongues shall be unfettered. Girl, where is your father?"

"Bound by the thongs that held my lover, he lies locked in the cellar among the empty wine-tubs."

The great Baron leaned back in his chair and strove to keep his countenance grave, but the wrinkles around his eyes grew deeper, and, in spite of him, a glimmer of merriment lightened his glance as his mental vision saw a picture of the stout Town Clerk prone and tied like a bundle of the merchandise in which he dealt when unencumbered by civic duties.

"By my faith!" he cried, "I must set my soldiers to housekeeping, and lead a company of women against the Archbishop of Mayence!"

"Indeed, my lord, it is time that the women took a hand in affairs. Here we have stupidity on the defence within our citadel, and stupidity in the attack throughout the Archbishop's camp. Therefore a deadlock between the two, and women and children starving."

"The wild boar, hearing his voice, burst in through the back door like an avalanche."

This was a harsh way of putting it; still, the facts were as she had stated, and the Baron made no denial.

"You have perhaps," he said, "come to serve me as you have served your father, and place another empty man beside the empty wine-casks?"

"If I could do that, my lord, the town would be relieved within three days."

"Ah, by surrender."

The eyes of the girl flashed at the word.

"My lord," she said, "in what siege were women the first to propose surrender?"

The Baron bowed his head.

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"Your pardon, madam; what you say is true. I had no right to make so unjust a remark. And now, Fräulein Gretchen, I suspect your lover had been sowing sedition in my unhappy city, and that the charges of stupidity levelled against me are received through you at second hand."

"No, my lord; I alone am talking sedition. My lover never did so, but he is a man of genius, and has a thousand plans for saving Ebernburg."

"One will be sufficient, Fräulein. Captain Dorn tells me it will take a hundred men to get him out of the Town Hall. I shall do it without a man at all. Go and bring him, then send the keys to their lawful custodian, your father, whom I advise you to release. At first I thought of offering to stand between you and his wrath, but I am now convinced that any influence I possess should be used on behalf of the old man. Therefore I beg of you to release him. Now, go quickly, that I may the sooner have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a popular poet."

But the girl stood her ground.

"You will give him safe conduct back to the Town Hall, should the meeting come to naught?"

"Of course." Then, seeing she still hesitated, he asked: "Must I put it in writing?"

"No; the word of a Von Sickingen is sufficient."

"Let us thank Heaven for that! What else must I do?"

"You must grant me safe conduct for the boar. We dare not leave him behind. With Bernard Eberbach gone, he would break through any barrier. Remember he is starving, like the rest of us."

"Oh, the pig's liberty shall be respected also, provided you do not stipulate to stay his hunger with a soldier or two."

When the girl had gone, the tattered soldier whispered to the captain, who then addressed Baron von Sickingen.

"My lord, as the animal also is to be received in audience, I suggest that we place a double line of pikemen between the door and the daïs. We have had sufficient proof that the animal is fiendishly ferocious."

"What precautions you please, captain. I cannot refrain from hoping that the brute's bad manners will come uppermost, in which case we may chance to have swine's flesh for supper to-night."

The double line of lance knights took their position, with the points of their pikes on the floor, the lance shaft being inclined at an angle of forty-five up under the arm of each man, ready for instant use should there be need of it. The approach of the strange trio was announced by low, deep, growling grunts, mitigated by the soothing accents of a man, apparently trying to calm the apprehension of which the grunts were the indication. Up the hall, between the lines of pikemen, came the three; and even the redoubtable Baron was taken aback by the ferocious appearance of the wild boar of the Rheingau. It was of enormous size, and the bristles stood up from the back of its neck like a hedge of lances. Its two fierce tusks gleamed white against its tawny hide, and the powerful jaws ground together with a continuous gnashing that sent flecks of froth now to this side, now to that, of its massive head. The little, round, red eyes glared at the soldiers with shooting glances of malignant hate, and when it saw itself fenced in by the deflected pikes, it planted its front hoofs on the polished floor, prodding viciously with its tusks this way and that, and would go no farther till Bernard Eberbach patted it on the flank and, taking one ear, half drew, half led the ferocious animal along beside him. The beast seemed to realise its helplessness on the slippery floor, and the foam increased at its champing mouth.

"It's all right, Bruno," murmured the poet; "don't worry. These pikes were growing in the forest you roamed some months ago; all good lancewood, you know. Cheer up, my beauty! Just a guard of honour to introduce us with ceremony." Then, with a laugh to the soldiers, he cried—

"In the name of the saints, lads, don't wink an eyelash, or we're undone!"

This remark was caused by the ragged sergeant, who, on seeing the boar, backed suddenly, tripped over a lance, and came down on the floor amidst the somewhat uneasy laughter of his comrades, for the boar was an uncertain element in the situation.

In Bernard Eberbach the troubadours of old lived once again. His costume was of many colours, dashingly cut with slashed sleeves and the shimmer of silk, the whole rather disarrayed by the tussle in which he had so recently taken part. On his curly head was jauntily placed, at a rakish angle, a blue, flat cap of Genoa velvet. A pointed beard and heavy moustache, turned up at the ends, gave him the appearance of a jovial wine-god as pictured by the old Rhine painters, and as if to link women and song, his left arm, unabashed, was round the waist of the

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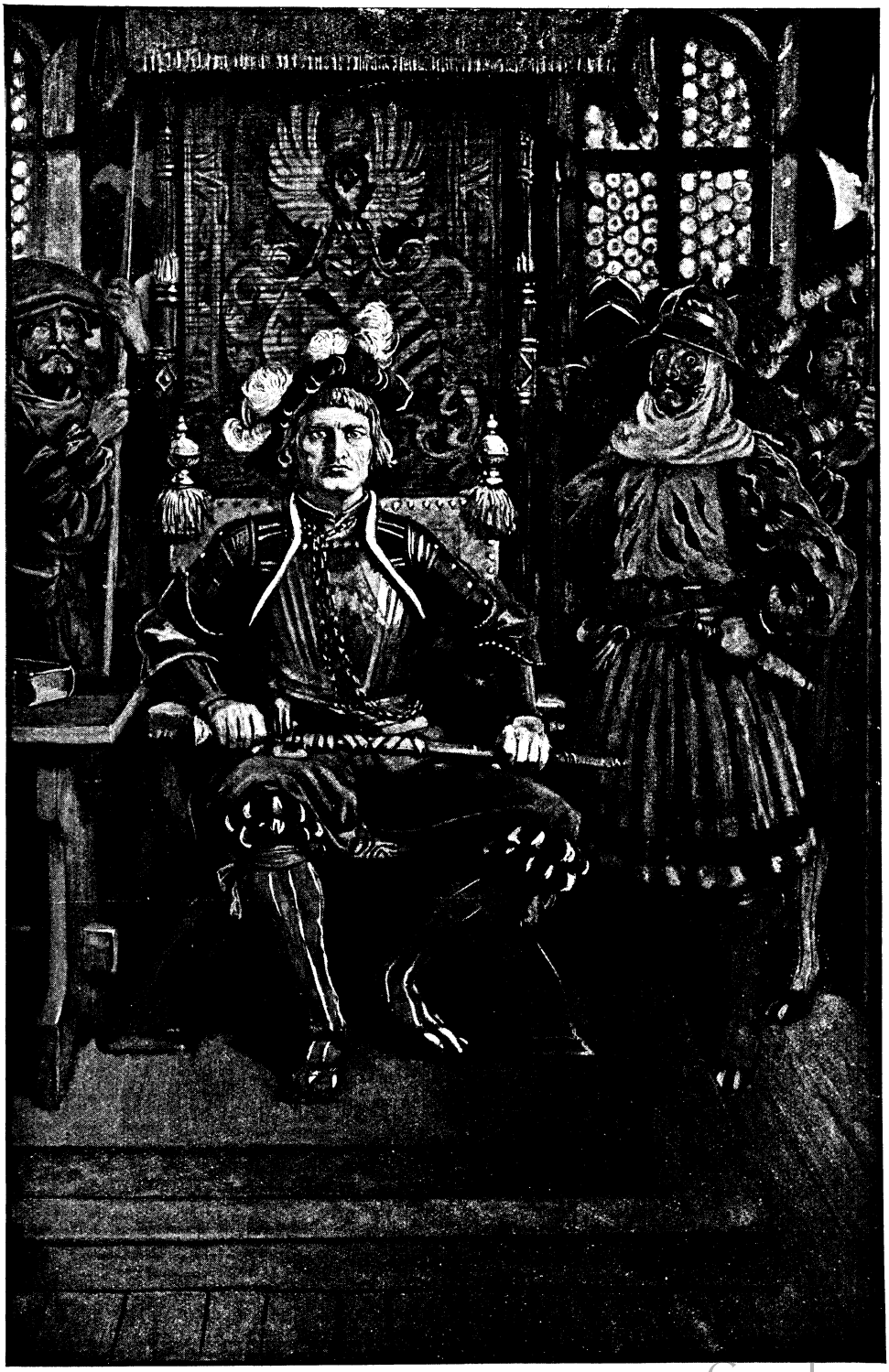

"'You avow yourself in flat rebellion against my authority?' 'Yes, my lord.'"

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girl, while the right hand patted the head of the monster on the other side, and thus the three came to a stand before the stern old Baron, who viewed them with amazement. Bernard swept off his cap, and lightly touched the floor with it in one comprehensive gesture of obeisance, bowing low; then stood at courteous ease before his overlord.

"Master Poet," began the Baron, "I regret that stress of war has hitherto prevented me from making your acquaintance."

"My lord, the loss is mine," replied the young man, with an inclination of his head and another flourish of the Genoa bonnet. "In a garrison of loyal and appreciative soldiers, my lord, there is no greater admirer of your generalship than myself."

"You surprise me," returned his Lordship drily. "I understood the very reverse of that was the case."

"Now you in turn astonish me, my lord," replied Bernard. "I defy any man truthfully to say that I ever spoke of you save with the deepest reverence and respect."

"Do you challenge any woman to make that statement?"

Bernard offered no reply, but thoughtfully pulled his pointed beard, as a gentle smile slightly disturbed that heavy moustache. His eyes turned to the girl beside him, who tossed her head defiantly and spoke up—

"I said his Lordship was stupid, and he thinks you told me that."

"Oh, my dear," protested the poet, "for once, much to my regret, I find myself unable to bear you out, and I am sure his Lordship misinterpreted what you said."

"He didn't!"

"My lord, the gift of expression is sometimes driven too hard by women, as well as by men, in moments of excitement. Let me at once take the blame upon myself, but allow me the privilege of stating the case in my own words. I think that your Lordship and his Eminence the Archbishop of Mayence, whom God preserve and confound, both lack imagination. The Archbishop, with his forty thousand men, circles you round at safe distance from your garrison walls. He sits there to starve you out without losing a soldier, being as deficient in courage as in brains. Now, any fool could do that. Here, inside of the walls, are you, too weak to make successful sorties, unprovisioned, and gradually starving towards inevitable surrender. Now——" He paused and shrugged his shoulders, with a little flutter of the velvet bonnet.

"Now, any fool could do that," completed the Baron.

"I did not say so, my lord, but I affirm that while a man may be a good general without imagination, he never can become a great general lacking it. There, for instance, is the Archbishop of Traves, a fighting man and a man of imagination. With half the men engaged in this siege, I believe he could crumple up both you and Mayence."

"My fine fellow," said the Baron somewhat brusquely, "I am a plain, practical, blunt man, and I like better the woman's word 'stupidity' than your word 'imagination.' I am a stupid man, you say, and the Archbishop, my enemy, is the same. If you were in the Archbishop's place, what would you do?"

"I should take this town within three days."

"Oh! would you? If you were in my place, what would you do?"

"Within three days I should have this town choked with bread and flowing with wine."

The effect of these words upon the listening, starving soldiery was instant and almost disastrous. A long, simultaneous sigh was drawn, to the company of a rattle and shifting of pikes, whereupon the boar, whom everyone had forgotten, let forth a roar like that of a wounded elephant, and its huge head swung from side to side, as if indecisive which rank to attack. Bernard raised his open hand and brought it down lightly on the brute's forehead, whereupon it fell to the floor as if poleaxed, and lay there motionless, to all appearance dead. With a frank smile Bernard looked up and down the ranks of soldiery.

"Comrades," he cried, "in this interview between the great, which you have been privileged to overhear, I am certain to say something good, but I implore you not to applaud. This is a little trick I have taught Bruno. If I pat him on the forehead, he drops as you have seen. Indeed, he can do many things more remarkable than that, for if the floor were not so slippery, he would stand on his hind-legs and shake hands with each of you."

Then he turned towards the Baron again, and the latter continued the conversation—

"You would relieve the town, then, by aid of your own imagination?"

"Yes, my lord, by the aid of my own imagination, and through stimulating the imagination of others."

"May a famished man venture to hope that the bread and wine will not be imaginary?"

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"Then, with a laugh to the soldiers, he cried: 'In the name of the saints, lads, don't wink an eyelash, or we're undone!'"

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Bernard laughed joyously.

"They will be real, my lord."

"Very well, Sir Balladmaker. I give you six days to accomplish the proposed miracle. If you fail, the members of my garrison are in only a week's worse plight than that in which they find themselves to-day; if you succeed, I shall ennoble you, and place a wild boar rampant on your shield. Also I shall bestow upon you the hand of the fair maiden by your side, with my blessing."

"My lord, with your approval, and the girl, I am rewarded beyond my deserts. And now, that no further time be lost, let me entreat you to withdraw these troops."

At a nod from the Baron, Captain Dorn gave the command.

"Tread lightly, comrades, I implore you," said Bernard, as the pikemen tiptoed out. The huge boar stirred uneasily, and the young man's hand patted it.

"My lord, we will first proceed to stir up the sluggish imagination of his reverend Excellency, the besieging Archbishop. You hold in your prison a thief and a liar, justly interred this four months back."

The Baron looked inquiringly at Captain Dorn, who said—

"Yes. Heinrich Max."

"I shall want him released, but not allowed to communicate with any of the garrison. At ten o'clock to-night he is to receive an excellent meal of black and brown bread, and a full bottle of Kauzenberger wine."

"Ah!" growled his Lordship, "if you begin with impossibilities, you make a farce of the situation. Remember your bread and wine has not yet arrived."

"Pardon me, my lord. For the occasion which I have in mind, I had concealed in my own house one loaf of black and one of white bread, and also the bottle of wine. You see my plan? At midnight this fellow is sent over the wall with instructions to carry your message to Traves."

"Tut tut!" cried the Baron; "he'd never get through the lines."

"I devoutly hope not, your Lordship. He, having been imprisoned four months, knows nothing of our straits, for the food in his cell is no more scanty than it was in the beginning. I shall press on him the bread and wine, urging him to eat and drink in abundance, and he leaves this town at midnight imagining he quits a garrison plenteously provided with food and drink. Thus is his imagination stimulated. Now let us tackle the Archbishop of Traves. I ask you, my lord, to write as follows—

"To the most eminent the Elector-Archbishop of Traves, Prince of the Church, and Overlord of the Moselle Valley, greeting.

My Lord Archbishop,—I counsel you not to attack the troops that surround our town of Ebernburg. It would be a mere waste of men. I have swine-flesh enough to last me for a year, and can hold the Archbishop of Mayence where he lies, because those who have deserted us will report to him that we are starving. He has forty thousand men around us, and Mayence lies open to your march. The city of Mayence can be taken at the blast of a trumpet, as fell the walls of Jericho. Once you are in Mayence, I shall issue forth, and you and I will crush the Archbishop of Mayence as between the upper and nether millstones.

"(Signed) Von Sickingen."

"But—but——" protested the Baron, "Traves is my enemy, and Cologne is my friend. Mayence knows that if I made an appeal, it would be to Cologne. Both Mayence and Cologne mistrust Traves."

"Cologne dare not march to your assistance. Here stands Ebernburg; seven leagues east is the city of Mayence; nineteen leagues west is the city of Traves; twenty-nine leagues north is the city of Cologne. Cologne dare not march upon Mayence, because Traves could come down the Moselle and cut his communications at Coblenz; but there's nothing to hinder Traves from marching on Mayence, and very well does the Archbishop of Mayence know this. And remember, my lord, it is an imaginary army I am calling to your assistance."

"I see. Then Max, the prisoner, takes this despatch to-night?"

"Yes, carefully concealed. It will be discovered on him, and he, having been prisoner four months, a thief and a liar to boot, will tell all he knows once he is captured, and likely embellish the importance of the feast he has received."

Next morning watchers on the walls of Ebernburg saw a commotion in the Archbishop's lines, and at first it was thought he was on the move. Finally it was seen that a cavalcade was approaching the gate of Ebernburg. Bernard Eberbach asserted he had expected this delegation, and prophesied that it would be a summons to instant surrender.

"I, with your permission, my lord, will hold converse with the embassy, after which I expect further to stimulate the imagination

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"Thus it went on until twenty-five had been carried inside."

of the Archbishop by giving him an exhibition of butchery."

Bernard's prediction proved correct. The envoy from the Archbishop, with a flourish of trumpets, demanded the presence of the Baron von Sickingen to receive a demand for unconditional capitulation.

"I am here in the Baron's place," said Bernard with great politeness. "The Baron

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is entertaining a company of his officers at a banquet in the Town Hall."

"And who are you?" cried the envoy.

"I," replied Bernard deferentially, "with your permission, am the pig-butcher of Ebernburg."

At that there was a laugh.

"We do not hold communication with such as you," said the envoy haughtily, "and we know well you have no pigs to slaughter, and that no banquet is being held in the Town Hall."

"If you will do me the honour to come within our gates," said the young man, "I will show you five hundred excellent boars."

"If you prove that to us," said the envoy, "we will raise the siege."

"'Tis easily done. Enter, I beg of you."

"We are not such fools. Drive a herd of five hundred boars outside the gates, and drive them back again."

"Ah, there *we* are not such fools. I could not risk half a thousand fine animals scattered over the countryside. Once outside the gates, we could never get them in again; but to-day I have to slaughter twenty-five pigs, and for your delectation I shall do so each morning outside the gates instead of inside them. Keep good count, I beg of you."

When the envoy returned to the Archbishop's camp, one leaf of the gate was thrown open, and Bernard took his place outside of it, flourishing a long-handled mallet, which had, however, soft pads at the end of the hammer. Two men led out Bruno, and the self-styled butcher swung his mallet, whereupon the great hog dropped and lay stark. A dozen stout fellows issued from the gates, bore the carcass inside, and almost instantly two more led what seemed to be a second boar to the slaughter; thus it went on until twenty-five had been carried inside.

Then, with a flourish of his blue cap towards the Archbishop's headquarters, Bernard disappeared, and the gate was closed. That afternoon the Archbishop and his men departed towards Mayence. Bread and wine flowed towards the beleaguered city from Bingin on the Rhine and elsewhere, the most skilful mason carved the boar's head on the stone of the Town Hall walls, where you may see it to this day, and other boars' heads were being carved on trenchers, while the bells of the city rang merrily out to announce the marriage of Bernard and Gretchen.

TRAVELLERS ALL!

"Nulle défense de pleurer, nulle défense de rire."

—Inscription on an old inn.

A WHITE-WALLED Inn, where travellers meet,
A lichened roof, an uneven floor,
A rose-grown threshold worn with feet,
A blazon carved above the door—
***"Nulle défense de pleurer,"* then half effaced,**
***"Nulle défense de rire,"* is faintly traced.**

Low-ceilinged rooms with leaded glass
Whence you may see the rose-pink phlox,
Carnation-beds, a square of grass,
A hedge and ranks of hollyhocks.
***"Nulle défense de rire."* Laugh, jest, carouse,**
You travellers all, the Host allows.

A silent court, a wide-branched yew,
A bench where road-farers may rest;
A well—the rope is frayed in two—
The Host? Why ask, too exigent guest?
***"Nulle défense de pleurer,"* you travellers all,**
The Host is gone, the shadows fall.

UNA ARTEVELDE TAYLOR.

Google

UNDER THE ICE-ROOF.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FILTERING thinly down through the roof of snow and clean blue ice, the sharp winter sunshine made almost a summer's glow upon the brown bottom of the pond. Beneath the ice the water was almost as warm now as in summer, the pond being fed by springs from so deep a source that their temperature hardly varied with the seasons. Here and there a bit of water-weed stood up from the bottom, green as in June. But in the upper world, meanwhile, the wind that drove over the ice and snow was so intensely cold that the hardy northern trees snapped under it, and few of the hardy northern creatures of the wilderness, though fierce with hunger, had the fortitude to face it. They crouched shivering in their lairs, under fallen trunks or in the heart of dense fir thickets, and waited anxiously for the rigour of cold and the savagery of wind to abate. Only down in the pond, in the generous spaces of amber water beneath the ice-roof, life went on busily and securely. The wind might rage unbridled, the cold might lay its hand of death heavily on forest and hill; but the beavers in their unseen retreat knew nothing of it. All it could do was to add an inch or two of thickness to the icy shelter above them, making their peaceful security more secure.

The pond was a large one, several acres in extent, with a depth of fully five feet in the deeper central portions, which were spacious enough to give the beavers ample room for play and exercise. Around the shallow edges the ice, which was fully a foot thick beneath its blanket of snow, lay solid on the bottom.

The beavers of this pond occupied a lodge on the edge of the deep water, not far above the dam. The lodge was a broad-based, low-domed house of mud, turf, and sticks cunningly interwoven, and rising about four feet above the surface of the ice-roof. The dome, though covered deep with snow, was conspicuous to every prowler of the woods, who would come sometimes to sniff greedily at the warm smell of beaver steaming up from the minute air-vents in the apex. But however greedy, however ravenous, the prowlers might be, the little dome-builders

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and dam-builders within neither knew nor cared about their greed. The dome was fully two foot thick, built solidly, and frozen almost to the hardness of granite. There were no claws among all the ravening forest kindred strong enough to tear a way through such defences. In the heart of the lodge, in a dry, grass-lined chamber just above high-water level, the beavers dwelt warm and safe.

But it was not from the scourge of the northern cold alone, and the ferocity of their enemies, that the beavers were protected by their ice-roof and their frozen dome. The winter's famine, too, they had well guarded themselves against. Before the coming of the frost they had gnawed down great quantities of birch, poplar, and willow, cut them into convenient, manageable lengths, and dragged them to a spot a little above the centre of the dam where the water was deepest. Here the store of logs, poles, and brush made a tangled mass from the bottom up to the ice. When it was feeding time in the lodge, a beaver would swim to the brush-pile, pull out a suitable stick, and drag it into the chamber. Here the family would feast at their ease, in the dry, pungent gloom, eating the bark and the delicate outer layer of young wood. When the stick was stripped clean, another beaver would drag it out and tow it down to the dam, there to await its final use as material for repairs. Every member of the colony being blest with a good appetite, there was nearly always at least one beaver to be seen swimming through the amber gloom, either with a green stick from the brush-pile, or a white, stripped one to deposit on the base of the dam.

For these most diligent of the four-foot kindreds this was holiday-time. Under the ice-roof they had no dam-building, no tree-cutting, no house-repairing. There was nothing to do but eat, sleep, and play. There was not much variety to their play, to be sure; but the monotony of it did not trouble them. Sometimes two would indulge in a sort of mad game of tag, swimming at marvellous speed close beneath the ice, their powerful hind-legs propelling them, their tiny little fore-paws held up demurely under their chins, and their broad, flat, hairless tails stretched straight out behind to act as rudders. As they swam, darting this way and that, they loosed a trail of little silvery bubbles behind them from the air carried under their close fur. At last one of the players, unable to hold his breath any longer, would whisk sharply into the mouth of the black tunnel leading up into the lodge, scurry up into the chamber, and lie there panting, to be joined a moment later by his equally breathless pursuer. One by one the other members of the colony would slip in till the low chamber was full of furry, snuggling warmth and well-fed content. Little cared the beavers whether it was night or day in the wide, frozen, perilous world above the ice-roof—whether the sun shone from the bitter blue, or the wolf-haunted moonlight lay upon the snow, or the madness of the blizzard made the woods cower before its fury.

As long as the cold endured and the snow lay deep upon the wilderness, the beavers lived their happy, uneventful life beneath the ice-roof. But in this particular winter the untempered cold of December and January, which slew many of the woods folk and drove the others wild with hunger, broke suddenly in an unprecedented thaw. Not the oldest bear of the Bald Mountain caves could remember any such thaw. First there were days on days and nights on nights of bland, melting rain, softer than April's. The snow vanished swiftly from the laden branches of fir and spruce and hemlock, and the silent woods stood up black and terrible against the weeping sky. On the ground and on the ice of pond and stream the snow shrank, settled and turned greyish. Water presently gathered in great, spreading, leaden-coloured pools on the ice, and on the naked knolls the bare moss and petty shrubs began to emerge. Every narrow water-course soon carried two streams—the temperate, fettered, summer-mindful stream below the ice, and the swollen, turbulent flood above. Then the rain stopped. The sun came out, warm and urgent as in latter May, and snow and ice together dwindled under the unnatural caress.

The beavers, in their safe seclusion, had knowledge in two ways of this strange visitation upon the world. Not all the soft flood of the melting snow ran over the surface of their ice, but a portion got beneath it, by way of the upper brooks. This extra flow disturbed both the colour and the temperature of the clear amber water of the pond. It lifted heavily against the ice, pressed up the tunnels to the very edges of the dry chamber of the lodge, and thrust ponderously at the outlets in the dam. Understanding the peril, the wise little dam-builders sallied forth in a flurry, and with

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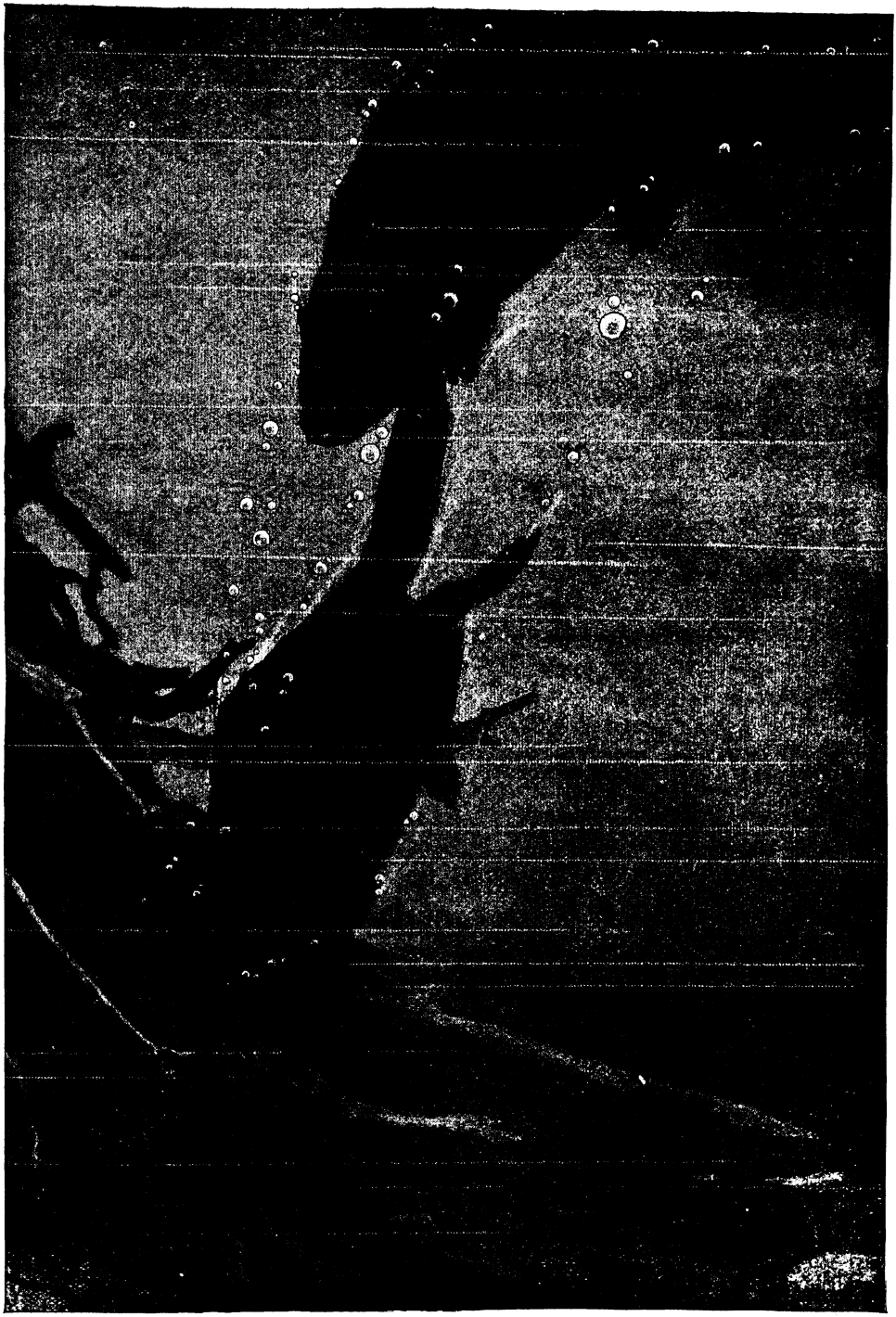

'Would whisk sharply into the mouth of the black tunnel."

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skilful tooth and claw lost no time in enlarging the outlets. They were much too intelligent to let the flood escape by a single outlet, lest the concentrated flow should become too heavy for them to control it. They knew the spirit of that ancient maxim of tyrants, *divide et impera*. By dividing the overflow into many feeble streams they knew how to rule it. This done, they rested in no great anxiety, expecting the thaw to end suddenly with a stringent frost.

Then came the second, and more significant, manifestation of peril. The snow on the ice-roof had vanished; and looking up through the ice they saw the flood eddying riotously over the naked expanse. It was a portent which the wiser elders understood, and the whole colony fell to work strengthening the dam where the weight of the current bore down upon it, and increasing the outlets along the further edges.

A thaw so persistent, however, and at the same time so violent, overpassed their cunning calculation. One night, when all had done their best, and weary, but reassured, had withdrawn into the warm chamber of the lodge, something happened that they had never looked for. In their snug retreat they were falling to sleep, the rush of the overflow and the high clamour of the side vents coming dimly to their ears, when suddenly they were startled by the water being forced up over the dry floor of the chamber. The pressure beneath the ice had suddenly increased. They were more than startled. They were badly frightened. If the water should rise much higher, they would be drowned helplessly, for the ice lay close all over the pond. The younger ones scurried this way and that with plaintive squeaks, and several dashed forth into the pond in a panic, forgetting that there was no escape in that direction. A moment later a low, crashing sound penetrated to the dark chamber; and promptly the invading water retreated down the tunnel. The ice-roof, worn thin, honeycombed, and unheaved by the pressure from below, had gone to pieces.

It was the older and wiser beavers who had remained in the chamber, terrified, but not panic-stricken. When the water retreated to its normal level—about two inches below the chamber floor—they were satisfied. Then, however, a louder and heavier note in the rush of the overflow came to their ears, and their anxiety returned with fresh force. Thrusting their whiskered noses inquiringly down the tunnel, they observed that the water was sinking far below its proper level. Well they knew what that meant. The dam was broken. The water, which was their one protection from the terrors of the forest, was escaping.

This was the kind of an emergency which a beaver will always rise to. Shy as they are under ordinary circumstances, when the dam is attacked their courage is unfailing. In a moment every member of the colony was out among the swirling ice, under the broad white moonlight which they had not seen for so long.

It was at its very centre, where the channel was deepest and the thrust of the water most violent, that the dam had given way. The break was about ten feet wide and not, as yet, of any great depth. It was the comparatively narrow and unsubstantial crest of the embankment which had yielded, disintegrated by the thaw and ripped by the broken edges of the ice.

The vehemence of the torrent was rapidly cutting down into the firmer body of the dam, when the beavers flung themselves valiantly into the breach. In the face of the common danger they forgot all caution and gave no heed to the hungry eyes that might be glaring at them from the woods on either shore. Without any apparent leadership in the work, they all seemed to help each other in whatever way would be most effective. Some dragged up the longest and heaviest poles from the refuse pile, floated them carefully into the break, butt end up stream and parallel with the flow, and held them there doggedly with their teeth and fore-paws till others could come with more timbers to hold the first lot down. Meanwhile from the soft bottom along the base of the dam big lumps of mingled clay and grass-roots, together with small stones to add weight, were grubbed up and heaped solidly upon the layers of sticks for anchorage. This loose stuff, though deposited along the upper ends of the sticks where the flow was least violent, and swiftly packed down into the interstices, was mostly washed away in the process. It was seemingly an even struggle. For a time the beavers could do no more than hold the breach from deepening and widening. But they were quite undaunted, and they seemed to know no such thing as fatigue. Then little by little they gained upon the torrent, making good the hold of a mass of turf here, a few stones there, and everywhere the long, straight sticks upon which the water could get but slight grip.

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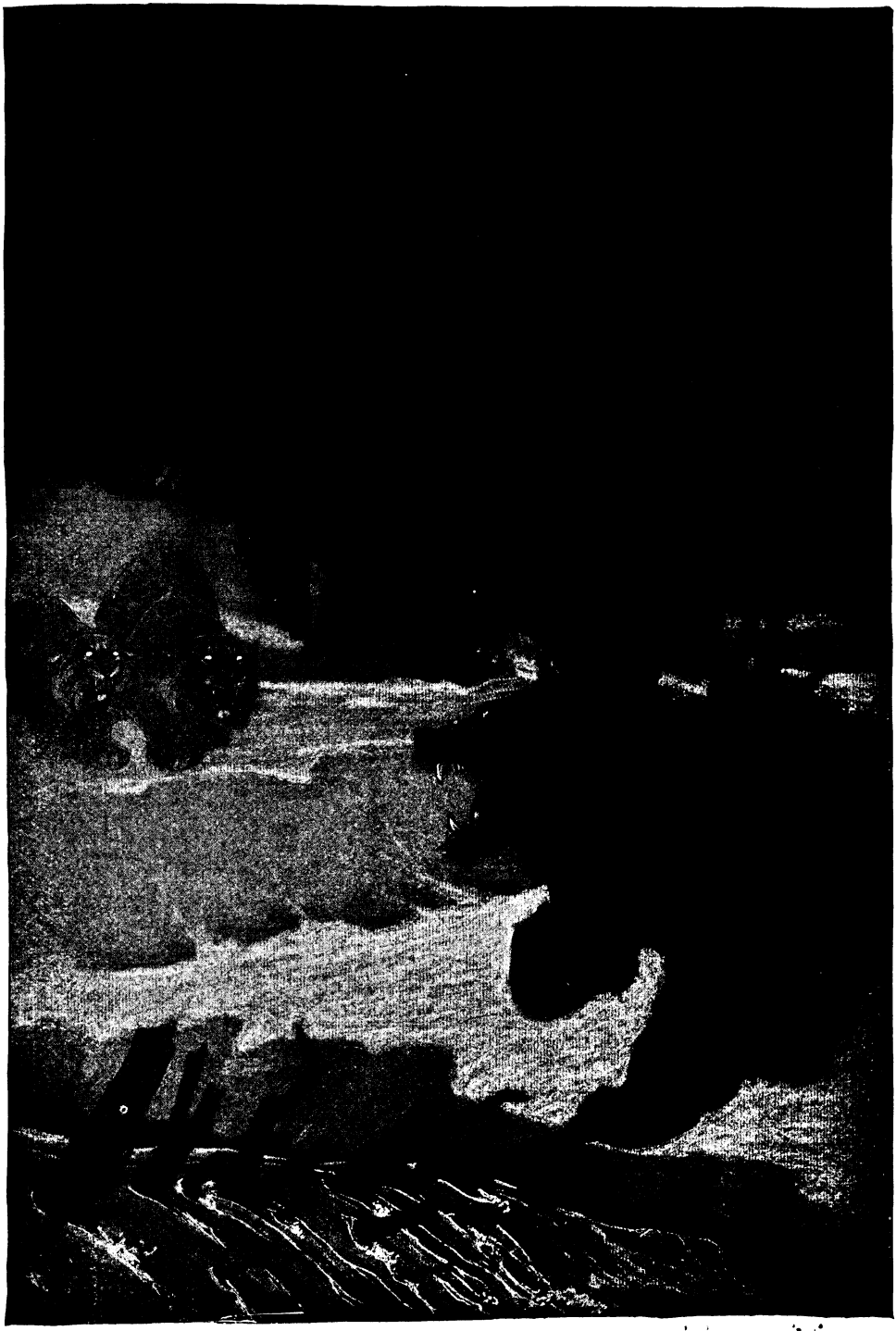

"With uplifted paw and mouth wide open."

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The flood grew shallower and less destructive. More sticks were brought, more stones, and clay, and grass-roots; and then, at last, a layer of heavy, clean poles, over which the water slid thinly and smoothly without damage to the structure beneath.

The dam was now strongest at this point, its crest being broader and formed of heavier timbers than elsewhere. But no sooner had the hard-won victory been secured, and the plucky little architects paused for breath, than there came an ominous crackling from far over to the extreme left of the dam, where a subsidiary channel had offered a new vantage to the baffled torrent. The crackling was mingled with a loud, rushing noise. Another section of the crest of the dam had been swept away. A white curtain of foam sprang into the moonlight, against the darkness of the trees.

II.

WHILE the brave little dam-builders had been battling with the flood, out there in the wide-washing moonlight, cruel eyes had been watching them from the heart of a dense spruce thicket, a little below the left end of the dam. The watching had been hopeless enough, as the owner of those fierce, narrow eyes knew it was no use trying to surprise a beaver in the open, when the pond was right there for him to dive into. But now, when the new break brought the whole colony swimming madly to the left-hand shore, and close to the darkness of the woods, those watching eyes glowed with a savage expectancy, and began slowly, noiselessly, steadily floating nearer through the undisturbed underbrush.

The tremendous thaw, loosing the springs and streams on the high flanks of Bald Mountain, had washed out the snow from the mouth of a shallow cave and rudely aroused a young bear from his winter sleep. As soon as he had shaken off his heaviness the bear found himself hungry. But his hunting had not, thus far, been very successful. His training had not been in the winter woods. He hardly knew what to look for, and the soft, slumping snow hampered him. One panic-stricken white rabbit, and a few ants from a rotten stump, were all that he had found to eat in three days. The long, white fangs in his red jaws had slavered with craving as he watched the plump beavers at their labour, far out on the moonlit dam. When, at last, they came hurrying towards him, and fell to work on the new break within thirty or forty yards of his hiding-place, he could hardly contain himself. He did contain himself, however; for he had hunted beaver before, and not with a success to make him over-confident. Right by the termination of the dam, where the beavers were busy, the woods came down thick and dark to within eight or ten feet of the water. Towards this point he made his way patiently, and with such control of every muscle that, for all his apparent clumsiness, not a twig snapped, not a branch rustled, any more than if he were a shadow gliding through them. One old beaver he saw sitting stiffly erect on the crest of the dam, a wary sentinel, sniffing the still air and scanning the perilous woods. He planned to make his final rush so swift that the sentinel would have no time to give warning.

But the fierce little eyes of the bear, dark and glinting red, were not the only ones that watched the beavers at their valorous toil. In the juniper scrub, a little way up the bank of the pond, crouched two big grey lynxes, glaring down upon the scene with wide, round, pale greenish eyes, unspeakably sinister. The lynxes were gaunt with famine. Fired with savage hope that some chance might bring a beaver within reach of their mighty spring, they had crept down, on their great, furred, stealthy pads, to the patch of juniper scrub. Here they had halted, biding their time with that long, painful patience which is the price of food—the price of life—among the winter-scourged kindreds. Now, when the beavers had so considerately come over to the edge of the woods, and appeared to be engrossed in some incomprehensible pulling and splashing and mud-piling, the two lynxes felt that their opportunity had come. Their bellies close to the snow, their broad, soft-padded feet stepping lightly as the fall of feathers, their grey fur all but invisible among the confused moon-shadows, their round, bright eyes unwinking, they seemed almost to drift, down through the thickets towards their expected prey.

Neither the bear, creeping up from below the dam, nor the two lynxes stealing down from above it, had eyes or thought for anything in the world but the desperately toiling beavers. Their hunger was gnawing at their lean stomachs, the fever of the hunt was in their veins, and the kill was all but within reach. A few moments more—and the rush would come, up from the fir-thickets—the long, terrible spring and pounce, down from the juniper scrub.

The work of repairing the breach was

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making good progress. Already the roaring overflow was coming into subjection, its loud voice dwindling to a shallow clamour. Then, something happened. Perhaps the wary sentinel on the crest of the dam detected a darker shade stirring among the firs, or a lighter greyness moving inexplicably between the bushes up the bank. Perhaps his quick nostrils caught a scent that meant danger. Perhaps the warning came to him mysteriously, flashed upon that inner sense, sometimes alert and sometimes densely slumbering, which the forest furtiveness seems to develop in its creatures. However it came, it came. Dropping forward as if shot, the sentinel beaver brought his flat tail down upon the surface of the water with a smack that rang all up and around the borders of the pond, startling the quiet of the night. In a fraction of a second every beaver had vanished beneath the shining surface of the pond.

At the same moment, or an eye-wink later, a strange thing took place, one of those violent surprises with which the vast repression of the forest sometimes betrays itself. Maddened to see his prey escaping, the bear made his rush, launching himself, a black and uncouth mass, right down to the water's edge. Simultaneously the two lynxes shot into the air from higher up the bank, frantic with disappointed hunger. With a screech of fury, a harsh spitting and snarling, they landed a few feet distant from the bear, and crouched flat, their stub tails twitching, their eyes staring, their tufted ears laid back upon their skulls.

Like a flash the bear wheeled, confronting the two great cats with uplifted paw and mouth wide open. Half sitting back upon his haunches, he was ready for either attack or defence. His little eyes glowed red with rage. To him it was clearly the lynxes who had frightened off the beavers, and spoiled his hunting; and interference of this kind is what the wild kindreds will not tolerate. To the lynxes, on the other hand, it was obvious that the bear had caused the whole trouble. He was the clumsy interloper who had come between them and their quarry. They were on the verge of that blindness of fury which might hurl them, at any instant, tooth and claw upon their formidable foe. For the moment, however, they had not quite lost sight of prudence. The bear was master of the forest, and they knew that even together they were hardly a match for him.

"Once more the watchful sentinel appeared."

The bear, on the other hand, was not quite sure that he was willing to pay the price of vengeance. His blood surged in the swollen veins, he growled with heavy menace, and rocking forward upon his haunches he seemed on the point of rushing in. But he knew how those powerful, knife-edged claws of the lynxes could rend. He knew that their light bodies were strong and swift and elusive, their teeth almost as punishing as his own. He felt himself the master; nevertheless he realised that it would cost dear to enforce that mastery. He hesitated.

Had he made the slightest forward move,

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the lynxes would have thrown caution to the winds and sprung upon him. On the other hand, had the lynxes even tightened up their sinews to spring, he would have hurled himself with a roar into the battle. But as it was, both sides held themselves in leash, tense, ready, terrible in restraint. And as the moments dragged by, out on the bright surface of the pond small heads appeared, with little, bright eyes watching curiously.

For perhaps three or four long, thrilling minutes there was not a move made. Then the round eyes of the lynxes shifted ever so little, while the bear's eyes never faltered. The bear's was the steadier purpose, the more tenacious and resolute temper. Almost imperceptibly the lynxes shrank backward, gliding inch by inch. A swift side glance showed them that the way of retreat was open. Then, as if both were propelled by the one vehement impulse, they bounded into the air, one whirling aside and the other almost doubling back upon his own trail. Quicker than it takes to tell it they were fleeting like grey shadows, one over the bank and through the juniper bushes, the other up along the snowy shore of the pond, their discomfiture apparently driving them to part company. The bear, as if surprised, sat up on his haunches to stare after them. Then, with a hungry look at the beavers, now swimming openly in the moonlight, far from shore, he turned, and shambled off to find some more profitable hunting.

For a few minutes all was stillness, save for the rushing of the water over the dam. The solitude of the night had resumed its white and tranquil dominion as if nothing had ever occurred to jar its peace. Then once more the watchful sentinel appeared, sitting erect on the dam, and the diligent builders busied themselves to complete the mending of the breach.

THE DREAMING SHEPHERD.

MY shepherd lad, his head upon my knees,
His long, long hair soft falling to the floor,
Doth wind, in sleep, among fast-fading trees,
And sing a sad sweet music o'er and o'er.

He sees a light that is not light of sun,
Or moon, or stars, or anything men know;
He hears a song that is no earthly one,
And tunes his lips to answer, soft and low.

Upon the hill there wends a flock of sheep,
They turn the brim, and wind the bracken through;
My shepherd seeks them, running in his sleep,
Yet never gaining what he doth pursue.

He still can see that light that is not sun:
He still can hear that song that is so sweet:
And knows that flowers rise, springing one by one,
And wind their bells about his stepping feet.

My shepherd lad, his head upon my knees,
Doth fume, and fret, and turn with eye agleam;
The while the wind calls in and out the trees
And beats the broken music of his dream.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

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AUNT MARTHA.

By BARRY PAIN.

GEORGE, who knew his duty and did it, was particularly careful to ask Aunt Martha if she was not coming too. She said she was not. She said that George's ideas of amusement were not hers. She referred to her time of life. George's wife, Jane, then tackled Aunt Martha herself, and said that it was the fresh air she ought to think about. Aunt Martha said that, not being in the habit of sucking sweets all day herself, she was not in want of any change of air or doctor's prescriptions. George went a step further. He took his daughter Gladys aside and told her that she really ought to ask Aunt Martha to come up to the Heath with them.

"What?" said Gladys, a child of sound sense. "Me ask her? Come off it!"

This ended the matter as far as Gladys was concerned. Privately George and Jane congratulated themselves. "She is a good woman," said George, "but she's not one to enjoy herself."

"No," said Jane, "nor let others, neither."

Therefore it was a bit of a shock when Aunt Martha appeared on the Monday morning with her loins girt, so to speak, and ready for the expedition.

"I have given in to you this once," she said, "and hope I shan't be sorry for it. It looks to me like rain. Anyhow, I shall be there to stop any waste of money and lolloping about in public-houses."

Aunt Martha preferred the inside of the tram. The rest of the party preferred the outside.

"Then you go in, aunt, and we'll go out," said Jane.

"Then how am I to know where I am to get out? I wonder you can be so selfish."

George, a noble-hearted fellow, went inside with Aunt Martha. He had a very fair twopenny smoke in one pocket, and his pipe and pouch in another. He was also well provided with matches. As the tram rumbled

"Therefore it was a bit of a shock when Aunt Martha appeared on the Monday morning."

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along he had leisure to think about these things.

"You needn't have told me," said Aunt Martha at the journey's end, "that the trams went right up to the Heath, because they don't."

"Well, it's only a step," said George apologetically.

"It's long enough for Gladys to get lost, such a crowd as there is. You give me your hand, Gladys. Now, then, George, don't stop about trying to light that cigar of yours."

Gladys suggested the purchase of a tin rattle, of a blue turquoise bracelet—more or less turquoise, that is—of some peacocks' feathers, of a bag of lavender, and of a paper hat made on a concertina principle. These propositions were successively negatived by Aunt Martha, who observed that little girls were made to be seen and not heard, and if she asked for anything else, she would be sent home immediately. By a clever piece of strategy Gladys managed to transfer herself from her aunt to her father. She tied the coppers up in a corner of her handkerchief, and quite understood that she need not say anything to Aunt Martha about them. The question of when and where they should feed arose for discussion.

"It's all one to me," said Aunt Martha. "Settle it for yourselves. Apparently anything I like is what everybody else dislikes. It was so in the tram coming here, and it'll go on being so till the end of the day. The very moment we got out, George started on his cigar, which was just the same as if he'd told me to my face that I'd been keeping him from it. Perhaps it would be a better thing for his health if I could keep him from it."

The family decided that half-past one would be an excellent hour for lunch, and that a shady spot should be found in some remote part of the Heath.

"Well," said Aunt Martha, "I had little or no breakfast, and I feel faint now. What I shall be like at half-past one I can't say. I shan't be able to eat anything, because I shall have gone past it. I thought we'd come here to see things, too, so what's the sense of sitting down where you can't see anything? As for the shade, where there's shade there's damp. That's a well-known fact. Perhaps you'd better just give me a sandwich and let me go off by myself. I dare say you'll all be glad to get rid of me."

George and Jane told the requisite lie. Gladys maintained a contemptuous silence. So they sat down in the sun in a spot from which a fine view of the cocoanut-shies and swings was to be obtained. They ate sandwiches and cake, and Gladys and Aunt Martha drank milk. George and Jane were not thirsty. At any rate, they were not thirsty until a little later, when they arrived at Jack Straw's Castle. George said it was a historic old place, and Jane ought to see it. Perhaps Aunt Martha would catch hold of Gladys for a moment.

George and Jane went to see the historic old place, and came out wiping their mouths. George looked as if he felt better.

"Booze, booze, booze, from morning till night," said Aunt Martha. "I knew how it would be when we started."

Jane observed that she thought a man wanted his pint in the middle of the day, and that he ought to have it.

Aunt Martha said that if she was to be contradicted every time she opened her mouth, perhaps it would be just as well if she said nothing at all for the rest of the afternoon. In fact, she would start off home at once if only she knew the way.

Then they went round the different shows—boxing-shows and cinematograph-shows, peep-shows and waxworks. Aunt Martha gave moral and conclusive reasons why she would not go into any one of them. George shied at the cocoanuts, and Aunt Martha said she should be sorry to see any man make such an exhibition of himself in a public place. George tried one of the cocoanuts that he had won as a peace-offering. Aunt Martha rejected it. She added more information about her digestion and her internal organs than any woman ought to give any man except her doctor. A great friend of Aunt Martha's had died from eating cocoanut, as George might have remembered.

So George gave the cocoanut to Gladys. She made the man with the Try-your-Strength machine break it open for her. By this time she possessed a tin rattle, a bracelet of a turquoise appearance, and a paper hat.

Aunt Martha noticed these things. If George and Jane thought it a good thing to bring up children to disobey their elders and betters, she supposed she couldn't help it. It looked as if she had only been brought out to be insulted. A cup of tea was what she wanted, and had been wanting for the last hour; but she supposed that that didn't matter.

She was given tea, and shortly afterwards the party left for home.

"And I suppose you call that a day's enjoyment," said Aunt Martha bitterly.

* * * * *

On the following Bank Holiday, George

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"George tried one of the cocoanuts that he had won as a peace-offering."

and Jane found that they had promised to take Gladys to the Zoo. This was most unfortunate, because the very sight of a wild beast caused Aunt Martha to come over faint and gave her internal cramp. So she could not accompany them. Perhaps they took the wrong tram. They turned up to Hampstead Heath, anyhow.

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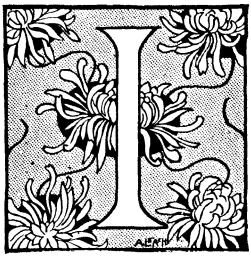
Captain Jerry, Master Mariner.

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE.



IT was a black day in the life of Jerry Richardson when the *Aphrodite* swung into her berth in Allerdale Harbour, and James Rothersyke met him on the poop with the information that the brig had made her last trip.

"Ye dinna mean it, Maister Rothersyke?" he asked, his sea-tanned face paling as he spoke. "Ye dinna mean it? Thoo'se oanly tryin' to flay me, surely noo?"

"But I do mean it," the shipowner firmly replied. "The ship's old, Jerry. She wasn't new when my father bought her; and on top of the forty years' work she did for him, there's been ten for me, and I can't face another winter with her."

"And what for?" the skipper asked. "She's nut as oald as me, an' I'se guid for annudder ten 'ear, an' mebbe mair. What's wrang wid t' oald boat? We've hed varra little pumpin' this voyage, an' she'd do at least yan mair roond wid neah mair. In fact, o' she wants is a bit o' patchin'. Come, sir; just put her on' t' grid an' hev her weel screaped an' caulked, an' she'll be as tight as ivver!

"Why," he continued, pointing to a bluff-bowed schooner at the other side of the harbour, "she's a hunderd times soonder ner yon oald tub, an' yit she hes to gang to sea!"

"Aye, fine feathers again, Jerry!" Rothersyke grimly responded. "The *Sarah's* got a fresh coat of paint, and she's heavily underwritten; and if she doesn't make her port, Sam Henderson will put more money into his pocket than if she does. But those are not my methods. I'll sail my ships with clean hands, or I'll not sail them at all, and that's why I've made up my mind to have done with the *Aphrodite*. I know she's better found than scores of craft on the Solway alone, but that doesn't prove her seaworthy, and she'll have to go. Why, Jerry, old man, if anything happened to you and these fine lads of yours, I'd never dare to look an honest man in the face again!"

Jerry turned away, and laying a trembling hand on the taffrail, gazed down upon the ebbing waters. He knew that further speech was useless; he knew, as everyone of the seafaring fraternity from Haverigg to Skinburness knew, that a Rothersyke's word was a Rothersyke's law—in short, he realised that he was beaten. By and by he wheeled round and, facing his employer, observed—

"Ah've nowt mair to say! Mebbe yer reet. Bit, eh, Maister Rothersyke, ye dinna ken what this oald brig is to me. Ah cum abword her as a lad, an' she's t' oanly ship ah've ivver hed, an' she's bin mair ner a heame till me—she's grown to be part o' mesel! An' noo ah've to see her torn rib fra' rib! It's a heartbrek, sir, bit ah'll say neah mair aboot it!"

"Jerry," and Rothersyke laid his hand affectionately on the skipper's shoulder, "this is just what I was afraid of; but I can't help it. I can't do wrong, even to spare you! And then you mustn't think that I'm going to part with the best captain I've got. Of course, you can have another ship. What d'ye say to that new one on the slips?"

"Thank ye, sir; it's varra kind o' ye, but ah dinna want anudder! Ships are varra much like fwolk, an' I'se too oald to git used till a fresh 'un!"

"Then you must just come ashore and lay by, and I'll fix up a bit of a pension for you."

"Divil tak' yer pension!" Jerry roared in a sudden accession of wrath. "Ah've oalus warked for what ah've gitten, an' if ah need brass, I'se wark till t' end. Besides," softening a little, "ah hevn't wasted all ah've 'arned, and mappen ah can rub along widoot adher wark or charity. If ye want to pension owt, let it be t' oald brig. She's warked as hard for ye as ah hev, and she's bin ivvery bit as faithful. She's poonded through t' seas o' fifty winters for ye, and yo've neah reet to throw her ower till t' knackers!"

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"Well, I will, Jerry, I will!" Rothersyke impulsively exclaimed. "You'll not take another ship, and you'll not take a pension; so, instead of selling the old *Aphrodite*, I'll put her on the retired list. We'll just lay her up at the top of the harbour yonder till she tumbles to pieces; and I'll tell you what, Jerry, we'll keep the log aboard, and you shall be entered as captain as long as either you or me's alive."

"Jerry gazed down upon the ebbing waters. He knew that further speech was useless."

From beneath his shaggy eyebrows Jerry shot a questioning glance, then gripped his master's hand in a vicelike clasp and, without a word, vanished down the companion.

In this way, then, the *Aphrodite* became one of the institutions of the port. As soon as her cargo had been landed, a few tons of ballast were dropped into the hold, and she was warped to the head of the harbour and moored over an easy mud-bank, on which, as the tides dropped her, there was little risk of her breaking her back. From that day, year in, year out, storm or shine, the ship was Jerry's constant care; and often, as the wiseacres on shore, to whom the inanimate only appealed if there was money in it, watched him scrambling aboard in the morning, polishing the brasses, stoning the decks, swarming up the shrouds to trim the ends of frayed ropes, or making his last round at night, they would shake their heads and smile with deep significance; but to James Rothersyke the inner meaning of the thing was plain; to him, at all events, Jerry was not a man whose brain had softened, but one in whose heart the years and their associations had stored a fund of love.

Rothersyke, moreover, never repented of his bargain. It was just a whim, he explained to his friends, but a very pleasant one; and his life had few happier hours than those spent with Jerry aboard the brig, where, seated by the tiller, or in bad weather down in the cuddy, the master mariner would rouse a thrill of pride in his heart with tales of that other James Rothersyke who had fought a good fight, or stir his enthusiasm with yarns of daring deeds wrought by guernseyed heroes on the great waters.

Thus the years slipped away, and upon Jerry's head each of them laid a whitening hand, until his locks were as the sea-horses that race before the westering wind.

As for the *Aphrodite*, she became less and less lovely in her age, and at the end of ten years the burning suns of summer and winter's biting frosts had reduced her to a condition of disreputable decrepitude. Her sides had become blistered and bleached, her cordage woefully jagged, her ironwork encrusted with the scales of rust, and the figure

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posing in statuesque solemnity underneath her bowsprit had lost all its features and could no longer, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as emblematic of beauty. Still, the vessel's heart remained sound, and Jerry's declaration, that with "a bit o' tow in her seams an' a set o' new masts, he'd tek her roond t' Horn," was no idle vaunt, but a confession of profound faith. Those to whom it was addressed thought little of the saying at the time, but it returned to them with wonderful vitality after life had played its Pucklike trick. For there came a day when the master mariner walked the deck of his idolised ship alone, when, with all that he had planned for Jerry's consolation left undone, James Rothersyke had been gathered to his fathers, and the *Aphrodite* was in the market.

II.

FIERCELY, vengefully, the wind, new-loosed from its secret caves, swept round the giant headland standing sentinel-like at the jaws of the Firth, and with menacing roar hurled itself over the land. Little, however, did the old man in the broadcloth trousers and the reefer jacket reck of the hurricane that raged outside, or the rocking of his ship as she heeled before the blast and returned with a jerk that threatened every now and again to snap her cables like so much whip-cord. Intent upon his task, he bent over the paper spread out upon the table, and covered it with figures in which there were interest and intelligence for none but himself.

By and by he pushed the paper from him, threw himself back in his seat, and gazed with weary eyes round the box of a cabin.

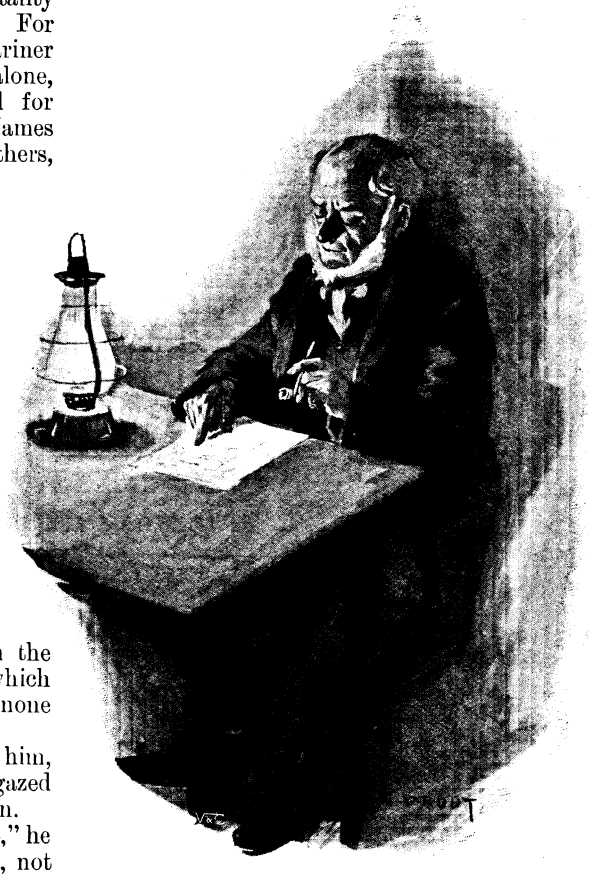
"Aye, ah think ah can just mannish it," he muttered; "theer's five hunderd pund, not to mention t' odd shillins an' pence. T' oald brig'll nut fetch mair ner a hunderd; that leaves fower hunderd; an' if ah co' canny, that should see me through t' rest o' me days.

"Of coorse it'll dui it; whey, if ah spend fifty pund a year, t' brass'll last eight on 'em, an' my rope willn't be langer ner that. An' then, if it's needed, ah cud cum an' leeve on t' brig, an' let t' harbour dues stan' for hoose-rent.

"I'se dui it, I will," he exclaimed with feverish eagerness. "I'se dui it! I'se save her fra t' knackers. She shanna gang that way!"

Then he reached down his oilskins, buttoned them about him, and in defiance of the tempest mounted to the deck, and with the mariner's stride began to pace its boards. For some time he was silent, contemplative; but by and by he burst into speech, and once more held converse with the loved one who had sailed across the bar such a long, long time ago. To Jerry's great heart there had been added a very simple faith.

"Ah dar' say they'll co' me mad," he began, just as though the other already knew



"He bent over the paper spread out upon the table."

the thing that was running in his mind; "bit ah can stan' that. They might co' me summat a lot warse!

"Hoo can ah let t' oald ship gang? It wer' thy heame, lass, an' ah canna see it brokken intil firewood. Dusta remember t' day thoo cum abword as t' Captain's bride—hoo prood ah wer' of my oan sweet wife? Eh, my bonnie lass, my bonnie lass, it wer' t' sweetest, sunshinyist day i' mi life; yan o' them days as'll live wid me for ivver. An I'se nivver furgit t' look of astonishment an'

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joy that sprang intil thi eyes when ah tuk thee doon below, an' thoo saw what a snug little pleace ah'd med o' t' cabin, an' hoo thoo co'd it thy floatin' palace; an' then hoo thoo set to wark wid thy fal-de-lals an' nick-nacks an' med it a bonnier spot than ivver. Ah've got ivvery yan o' them, Mary; nut yan's missin'!"

This had always been the starting-point in Jerry's dreams, the first note of the life-song that he never tired of crooning—the day that he led his wife aboard his ship. What a day that was! How he revelled in his memories of it, and what days those were that followed in its train—when the sun showered its gold upon them, and the brig footed it before the wind, and the skipper and his bride leaned over the taffrail together, holding each other by the hand, and spoke never a word, because of the joy and love that were far above speech!

For the wedded lovers then the summer passed as a honeymoon long drawn out; but with the autumn the shadow of parting fell upon them; for the dark nights and malevolent seas of winter loomed in front, and the young wife must remain at home. Even in his loneliness, however, Jerry enjoyed a certain measure of contentment.

"When o' went weel," he declared, "ah praised God for 't; an' when t' winds were oot an' we ran wid close reefs an' courses set, an' t' watters bellered an' yammered o' aroond us, an' banged an' shook t' oald brig as tho' they'd rive t' varra masts oot o' their steps, ah still praised Him—praised Him that my wife wer' safe at heame, an' as He'd given me a ship that ah cud trust, an' room to sail her in!"

Parting and meeting, parting and meeting! This was the tale of the winter and the spring. Then, upon a certain fateful day, the *Aphrodite* swept round into the channel, but there was no wife to wave the home-coming mariner a welcome. Instead, there were others on the quayside with tidings that just dashed all his hopes overboard and left him wallowing on life's sea like a water-logged hulk.

Jerry's home had become a house of silence; henceforth he must go in loneliness and sorrow; for all that Fate had left him was a new-made grave, wherein there lay a babe that had only lived long enough for a fleeting smile, and a mother who had passed with her little one into the Fatherland.

From his desolate fireside and the tell-tale mound, over which the old church threw its shadow, Jerry returned to his brig, and from that day it became more precious in his sight than ever before.

"Ah loved its planks," he declared in his whisperings over the border-line, "becose thy feet hed trod them! Ah loved its cabin becose thoo hed sanctified it wid thy presence; its tiller becose my bonny laal wife hed swung upon it; o' its spars and ropes becose her eyes hed rested on them; an' ah willn't let it gang to mak' firewood for them, nut if ah've to give t' tag end o' me life as part o' t' price!"

Thus the old man communed with his other self, and the stars in all their majestic serenity swept along their course, and the whispering waters reached their mark and then fell slowly back into the sea whence they had come; and it was not until the brig again careened upon its oozy bed that the reverie was broken, and Jerry slowly picked his way into the cabin and threw himself into his bunk.

Jerry was right. In later days, ere they cast him from their thoughts, men declared that he must have taken leave of his senses; but upon that night, at all events, there was no glare of insanity in his eyes—nothing but a look of quiet determination; and when he slept, his rugged, weather-lashed face was placid as that of a babe.

III.

After its first gasp of astonishment, Allerdale broke into laughter. Captain Jerry the owner of the *Aphrodite!* The thing was preposterous, a fad reduced to a farce! It was noticed, however, that when, on the day after the sale, Jerry strolled down the quay, the ancient mariners who had been holding their dog-watch round the capstan at the harbour-end broke away one after the other, and shuffling up to the skipper, demanded his hand. After this, the shore-folks indulged in a few second thoughts, with the result that in less than a week public feeling had performed a complete *volte-face*, and Jerry was lauded to the skies as a character of monumental mould, a brilliant example of the devotion entertained by the Allerdale sailor for his ship; and all the other ports within sight of the pierhead were challenged to produce another like him. It is true that Jerry still had a lot of banter to put up with, and he was asked a dozen times in the day whether he proposed to refit the *Aphrodite* for the Baltic or North American trades, and if it was true that he had effected a deal with the owners of the Whitrigg fleet, the chief glory of Netherport; but underlying it all

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there was a solid substratum of pride and admiration.

With the purchase, Jerry regarded his anxiety on the ship's account as completely vanquished; but the second winter of his ownership laid a new burden upon his shoulders.

It was a hard winter, and ere the last snow had melted, Jerry's back had taken a sharper bend, and his gait a more definite halt. There were days and days, too, when the *Aphrodite* had to be left entirely to herself, and it was this fact that aroused the new fear in the mariner's breast. What, he was constantly asking, would become of his idol if he himself should be taken? What could he do? It was no use endowing the ship, leaving what little money he had for its maintenance, for none knew better than he the amazing toughness of many of these wooden-walled craft, and he was well aware that the *Aphrodite* might outlive, not only himself, but his money as well.

"Neah, that'll nut dui," he assured himself for the hundredth time, as he turned the matter over in his mind. "Whey, theear's t' *Sarah* doon at Brausty yonder; they say she's bin on t' watter a hunderd 'ear, an' I'se warrant as t' *Aphrodite's* as guid as she is. Wid a bit o' caulkin' ah dar' put to sea in her agean!"

Put to sea in her! Ah! the trick was done. Fate had planted the mine and attached the fuse. From this day Jerry was as clay in the hands of the potter; difficulties arose, only to be vanquished, and in less than a week the suggestion had crystallised into a fixed and carefully thought-out project.

For its execution Jerry recognised at the outset that darkness was a prime essential, for in the summer-time all Nature seems to sleep with one eye open, and those to whom it is given to watch the night will tell you that the sun-god's rule lasts through the darkest hours; that he never gets quite out of the sky. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait; and so Jerry stayed his hand, and the silver of the springtime melted into the ruddy gold of the summer, and he was still waiting when the mellowing winds of autumn breathed their lullaby to the tired land. But there was no weakening in his purpose, rather did his resolve gather strength; whatever the price demanded of him, his ship should be saved the ignominy of the knacker's yard.

With the opening days of November he made his first move, and occasioned a mild surprise by having the *Aphrodite* placed upon the gridiron, and her hull caulked below the waterline and well pitched all over. To have attempted any more drastic treatment of her upper seams would probably have produced disaster; they had been too much scorched and drawn by the sun to stand anything beyond a little tinkering. Jerry was intensely relieved by the discovery that astonishment was the only sensation aroused by his conduct, and that those who chaffed him for his waste of "good brass" had no suspicion of his real motive.

From the grid the *Aphrodite* went back to her old lay-by and was once more securely moored with her nose pointing towards the surging waters of the Firth; and Jerry whiled his idle hours away in whistling for a breeze from the land—something with just a touch of east in it.

It was a long time in coming, but with the advent of December the wind suddenly swept round, and the master mariner laid a little note upon his sitting-room table, so that, should his venture cost him his life, there should be no mystery about his end, no taint left clinging to his name, and went aboard the brig. This was early in the afternoon, and it was not until long past midnight, when the tide had turned and all suggestion of life had vanished from the quays, that he stealthily climbed the foremast shrouds. Thanks to certain preparations, he soon had the foretopsail free, and a few minutes later descended; and hard though the task for a single pair of hands, and their owner an old man into the bargain, he succeeded in getting the canvas sheeted home. Then the cables were slipped, and here again Jerry's good fairy lent him her aid and saved his scheme from betrayal; and, as the *Aphrodite*, at liberty once more, bobbed and curtsied to the breeze, he sprang to the tiller and jammed it hard down, finding, to his delight, that the vessel answered her helm as readily as in her days of active service. As she came round, the wind filled her single sheet, and the *Aphrodite* slowly forged ahead.

It was ticklish work; in fact, Jerry counted the navigation of the harbour stretch as the most critical part of his voyage, for the walls were lined with other craft, and his own only just made steerage way. Foot by foot, however, more like a phantom ship than one of stout oak timbers, the *Aphrodite* crept along, and all in good time safely rounded the bend and glided under the twinkling light on the Tongue.

Here a new ally proffered its assistance, and swinging his ship across the harbour-

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"One after the other, shuffling up to the skipper, demanded his hand."

mouth, Jerry brought her into the river—that river which Allerdalians will proudly inform you pours more water into the sea than any other stream in England—and impelled by its strenuous flow, the *Aphrodite* hastened her pace and swept onwards to the sea.

Grimly resolute, the seal of a desperate purpose upon his knotted brow and hard-set mouth, Jerry gripped the tiller and, guided by intuition and experience rather than by observation, steered a confident course between the shingly shallows that menaced

him on the one hand and the sneaking sandbanks on the other; and, just as in the old days when he had a full crew aboard and a cargo under the hatches, ran out along the black, resounding breakwater and past the light-crowned tower at the end.

As the gleaming lantern fell astern, the skipper became a new man. Once more he

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was upon the sea, the sea that he loved as a good man loves his home, the sea that might even yet be his winding-sheet; and though his ship was no better than a derelict, and he stood alone upon her deck, his back stiffened out, his chest expanded, the old fire flashed in his eyes, and he was no longer old Jerry, the cast-off skipper, but Captain Jerry, master mariner.

Riding lightly, the brig began to roll and pitch with the crossing of the bar, but unless the wind got up, she was in no danger. Luckily the breeze came from the north-east, and the skipper was able to reach well out into the Firth. A league from the land, Jerry went forward and by dint of much exertion succeeded in trimming the sail, thus enabling him to wear round to the south-west. Then he returned to the tiller and, removing the lashings, held the vessel on her course.

The morning broke grey and sullen; not a sail was in sight; the land lay veiled in mist. To the landsman it was a dawn of little promise, but Jerry turned his face to the east and waited; other years had shown him something of the splendour of the awakening. And by and by, the canopy of steel was rent in twain, and down upon the lifting waters there flashed a ray of rosy radiance—the sun's first smile. Then the fissure broadened out, and the ray became an ocean; wave upon wave of unutterable glory; and as the old man gazed, the craggy heights of his own Cumberland mountains leaped into the light and were crowned with its effulgence. Over the heavens it sped, and away on the port bow it snatched the mist mantle from the Little Man Isle, and bestowed upon its solitary peak a garment of golden grandeur; and far astern it coursed and, lighting on the Mull of Galloway's beetling crag, turned its frown to a gleaming smile. And Jerry gazed upon it all, unspeakable awe and reverence in his heart. Then, as the sun followed his herald over the distant crests, the old man sank upon his knees and bent his head.

Thus the dawning! Sundown found the *Aphrodite* with her nose pointed northward once more. The old man's attitude was that of one who is at peace with himself and all his circumstances. Keeping the helm lashed, he contrived to snatch a couple of hastily prepared meals, to rig up an extra jibsail; and later on, when the wind veered round to the south, he even succeeded in wearing the ship. The spectacle presented by a vessel such as the *Aphrodite* running before a mild breeze, with only two pieces of her canvas stretched, naturally excited some commotion on the water, and thrice she was hailed by passing craft which tacked across her bows; and while uncouth figures hung with amazed visage over the sides, raucous voices shouted their inquiries and offers of help. But to all Jerry merely replied with a wave of the hand, which might be interpreted as signifying: "Mind your own business!"

More than once during the day he decided that the moment for his final stroke had arrived, but the spirit of the sea was calling him, the witchery of the waters held him in thrall, and he tightened his grip upon the tiller and kept his ship steadily on her course.

"Just for a laal bit longer," he muttered; "a laal bit longer; it's for t' last time!"

Soon after the sun had dipped beneath the horizon, the wind began to come in sharp, snarling puffs; into the voice of the sea there entered a new and angrier note, and the ship rose and fell with quicker stride. Then Jerry's hesitation vanished, and after an anxious glance to windward he disappeared down the cuddy.

For long the *Aphrodite* bored her way through the hissing waters, with no hand to guide her, no eye to see for her; and when Jerry returned to her deck, night had spread her pall over sea and land. Jerry's face was very white now, his features more tightly drawn; in one hand he grasped a gleaming tool, and away deep beneath the vessel's water-line there were two gaping wounds, through which the sea steadily spouted.

"Thank God it's ower!" he muttered, wiping the clammy moisture from his brow. "It's been like murder! Noo ah mun stay as lang as ah dar', an' then be off. Bit," he added uneasily, after a searching glance into the gloom, "ah doot ah've a rough time in front!"

Before resuming his place astern, he trimmed the lanterns and set them, then groped rather than looked to make sure that his dinghy was still in tow, and cast off the lashings for his last trick at the tiller.

There was little fear in his heart, for Jerry's faith was strong, and from that other land there gleamed the smiling face of Love.

Motionless, then, save for the easy sway with which he responded to the vessel's lumbering roll, he stood and waited—waited and watched and listened.

Inch by inch the water rose in the *Aphrodite's* hold, inch by inch mounted her hull.

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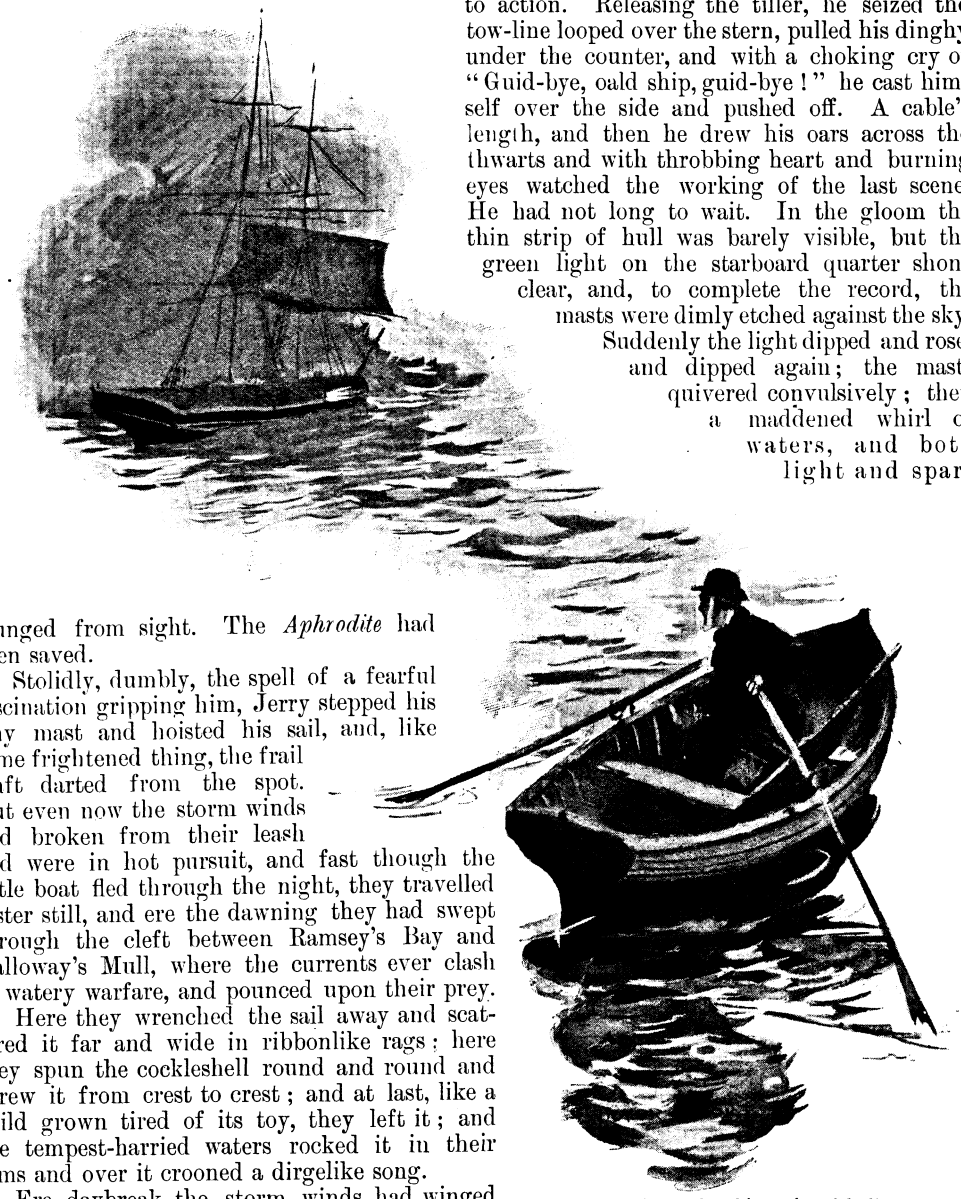
Lower and lower the ship sank, until she had only a foot of freeboard left. Lower and lower, until the power to pitch and plunge had gone; and barely any longer did she roll, but simply lay upon the water and wallowed in the trough, helpless, without an objective, her rovings at an end.

Lower and still lower, until her decks were almost awash, and then Jerry roused himself to action. Releasing the tiller, he seized the tow-line looped over the stern, pulled his dinghy under the counter, and with a choking cry of "Guid-bye, oald ship, guid-bye!" he cast himself over the side and pushed off. A cable's length, and then he drew his oars across the thwarts and with throbbing heart and burning eyes watched the working of the last scene. He had not long to wait. In the gloom the thin strip of hull was barely visible, but the green light on the starboard quarter shone clear, and, to complete the record, the masts were dimly etched against the sky. Suddenly the light dipped and rose, and dipped again; the masts quivered convulsively; then a maddened whirl of waters, and both light and spars plunged from sight. The *Aphrodite* had been saved.



"In the gloom the thin strip of hull was barely visible."

Stolidly, dumbly, the spell of a fearful fascination gripping him, Jerry stepped his tiny mast and hoisted his sail, and, like some frightened thing, the frail craft darted from the spot. But even now the storm winds had broken from their leash and were in hot pursuit, and fast though the little boat fled through the night, they travelled faster still, and ere the dawning they had swept through the cleft between Ramsey's Bay and Galloway's Mull, where the currents ever clash in watery warfare, and pounced upon their prey.

Here they wrenched the sail away and scattered it far and wide in ribbonlike rags; here they spun the cockleshell round and round and threw it from crest to crest; and at last, like a child grown tired of its toy, they left it; and the tempest-harried waters rocked it in their arms and over it crooned a dirgelike song.

Ere daybreak the storm winds had winged their way back to their secret lair; and when the sun shot up in lurid magnificence from the back of the distant crags, and threw an inquiring glance upon the waiting world, there was little of tragedy in the things upon which he looked. Only a fringe of spindrift white along the line of the rock-strewn coast; only a restless, terrified heaving of the sea; only a mastless barque on Seaton Point, and a hulk on Silloth Sands; only a little boat, with keel that pointed to the sky

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Some Old Invitation-Cards.

By A. Henriques Valentine.

We are inclined to overpraise as well as to overblame the taste which marks those periods other than our own, those ages in which it seems but an accident that we ourselves were not born. Often the far-reaching extravagance of taste to be noted in one century is responsible for the penury of flourish in the next; it is the swing of the pendulum, and we are consequently kinder in our thoughts of a very much older fashion than towards one which has but recently passed out of vogue; but in to-day's reigning mode it is that we see alone the personification of grace. Brillat Savarin's *physiologie du gout* was: "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," and similarly we are tempted to think that we ought to be able to say of the manner in which our friends invite us to their houses: "Show us your invitation-cards, and we can tell your social standing." But to-day this is not the case, for the faces of the ordinary cards of invitation, with which we decorate our mantelpieces and even our picture-frames, bear such strong likeness to one another that they give us no indication of the distinctive qualities of our different hostesses.

In the eighteenth century the method of invitation was different from what it is to-day. No engraved plate was then required, for on the back of a playing-card it was the fashion to write the few words which bade friends to breakfast, dinner, or evening assembly. These invitations were not infrequently written in verse, and answered in the same way, hearts and diamonds being more popular suits than were clubs or spades. The Duchess of Dorset preferred the ten of hearts to any other card in the pack, and on sending an invitation to dinner to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the incumbent of Margate, about 1740, she received in reply the following quaint acceptance:

Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,
Our old English service is much more sincere;
You sent me ten hearts—the tithe's only mine;
So give me one heart, and burn t'other nine.

Some old invitations furnish quaint reading, and among the Bohemians of the eighteenth century the phraseology was generally of a humorous nature.

The Lord Chamberlain is Commanded by
Her Majesty
to invite _____ to attend
THE CEREMONY OF HER MAJESTY'S MARRIAGE,
IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL,
St. James's Palace,
on the Tenth of February 1840.
Full Dress
Ladies without Trains

Thomas Britton, the celebrated "musical coalman," issued a stereotyped form of invitation to his musical club as follows—

Upon Thursdays repair to my palace, and there
Hobble up, stair by stair; but I pray you take care
That your break not your neck by a stumble;
And without e'er a souse, paid to me or my spouse,
Sit still as a mouse, at the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble.

Some such warning was necessary at these invitations to the "palace," which was an attic above a coal-shed where Britton sold coal; but it was in these inartistic premises that the finest concerts of the day were given, concerts which attracted all the musical talent and the people of fashion, led by the famous Duchess of Queensberry. One of the regular performers was Handel, who played the organ; but even the organ was defective, as it only had five stops.

Often the great wits and writers would

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Christening Cake of
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
Windsor Castle,
January 25th 1842.

adopt a form of broken English in inviting each other to convivial gatherings. Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the grandfather of the dramatist, and Swift were very fond of addressing each other in this style, and on one occasion Swift accepted an invitation to dinner, when Sheridan set out the *menu* as follows :—

Ago use, a paro dux. Sum fis hes, as a paro so les, a paro places. A pud in. A fri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pi fit fora minis ter o state. A cus tardis it abit as at tartis? Mi liquor is toc qui, it costus api Stola quart. A real sumptuous repast. Fit for a king, much less for a minis ter o state.

An invitation-card is extant by which Mrs. Inchbald, the celebrated actress and playwright, was invited to Harcourt Buildings, Temple, "To tea, walk, and talk at half-past seven o'clock"; while among the curiosities which are models of frankness is the following:

Theatre Royal Haymarket.

Admit .....

to The Queen's Private Box this Evening

St. James's Palace.

.....

"Lord and Lady Spencer request the honour of company at dinner at half after six o'clock on An answer is particularly desired. Nobody waited for after seven o'clock." On many invitations the time was, of course, stated, and "A polite answer requested," or sometimes "A reply would oblige," but the letters "R.S.V.P." were hardly ever used at this date, their first mention being in 1781, on the card of Lord and Lady Kerry. Indeed, till quite recently "An answer will oblige" was the most general formula, and it is only in the last thirty years that the French form has been at all generally adopted in this country. The Duchess of Sutherland

The Lord Chamberlain has received
Her Majesty's Commands to invite

.....

to attend the Ceremony of the Baptism of
His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales.
in the Chapel of St. George Windsor Castle.
on the 25th of January 1842. at 11 o'Clock

Full Dress *Collar Day.*

wrote on a card to her fair guest "to come without a hoop." One can imagine what an intolerable nuisance these hoops and furbelows must have been, especially at a card-party, to which more invitations were issued than to ordinary social functions. When Sir Joshua Reynolds removed to his new house, No. 47, Leicester Square, he sent out a number of invitations for "wine and light refreshments"; but when he saw the amazing effect of my lady's farthingale, he had his staircase widened and curved to admit the free passage of the most extravagant.

With the nineteenth century

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came a change of style and the introduction of the actual invitation-card. Those used by the Royal Family set a good example and were studiously plain, the design and copper-plate engraving being entrusted to the old-established firm of Strongi'th'arm in Pall Mall.

The only one with any pretensions to ornamental work is the invitation to Queen Victoria's wedding, which contains five different kinds of lettering. The card admitting a privileged guest to the late Queen's private box is a reminiscence of the period when she used to attend theatres regularly. It will be noticed that a guest is invited to attend the ceremony of baptism of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; but when a souvenir was sent out in honour of this event, it took the form of a christening cake.

L'Ambassadeur de France
et Madame la Comtesse de Jarnac
prient .....
.....
de leur faire l'honneur de venir dîner chez
eux le .....
a ____ *heures* *R.S.V.P.*
Albert Gate House.

It is interesting to note the different wording of the cards of invitation, which, beginning with a command for attendance from the Monarch, descend to the "respectfully invited presence" from Messrs. Christie and Manson. Thus we get:—

"The Lord Steward has received their Majesties' *commands* to invite Mr. So-and-So to dinner at Windsor Castle at such-and-such a date, and to remain until the following day." Whereas the Controller of the Household is *desired* by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to invite Mr. So-and-So to dinner on such a date. And an ambassador, as we see in the case of M. le Comte and Madame la Comtesse de Jarnac, *prays* Mr. So-and-So to give them the honour of his company.

On the Occasion of a Trial of the Pyx.
The Prime Warden and Wardens
of the Goldsmiths' Company
request the honor of
.....
company at dinner on Wednesday
the 21st of July at 7 o'clock precisely.
Goldsmiths' Hall
June 1875
An early answer will oblige.

Ordinary people of social equality who bid the presence of friends "about the hour when men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper," use the more impersonal announcement

Mrs. So-and-So,
At Home.

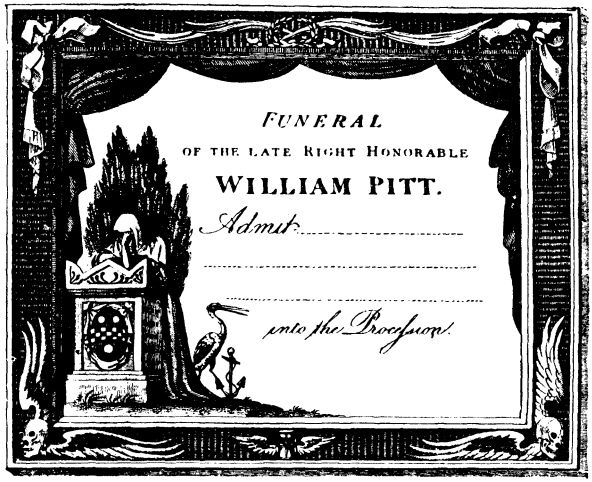
The invitation from the Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company to the Trial of the Pyx is not an invitation to the maiden launch of a steamer or cruiser, as the title suggests, but to a very ancient annual custom of testing the gold and silver coins issued from the Mint, before their circulation.

The most florid period of cards is probably that from 1860 to 1870. Then tinted note-paper was in fashion, gilding was freely used, scolloped and crimped edges were held to be adornment, and coloured lines or floral designs contended with the printed matter for prominence.

To pass from cards of invitation to visiting and funeral cards, we notice ornateness in the same way give place to simplicity.

The visiting-card has a separate life of some one hundred and fifty years, and, like the card of invitation, is the direct descendant of the playing-card across which it was the habit of our forebears to write their name. History is dumb as to the genius who first hit upon the idea of inscribing his name on a card for visiting purposes, but he certainly must have marvelled at the rapidity with which Society bestowed on him the sincerest flattery. No doubt the first cards frequently contained portraits of their owners, and in this

connection it is interesting to note that we still call a photograph the size of which approximates to the early varieties of visiting-card, a *carte de visite*, though the phrase has long since lost its original significance. It was as "*cartes de visite*," "name-cards," or "tickets," that cards were first known, and they appear to have been most frequently made out of disused playing-cards. The early playing-cards possessed a white reverse, devoid of pattern such as is contained on those with which we are now familiar, and on the plain backs of these the *beaux* of a hundred and fifty years ago wrote their names, utilising them both for visits and the sending of invitations. Lovers of Hogarth will at once call to mind that in Plate IV. of *Marriage à la Mode* there is a representation of Lady Squander dropping her cards on the floor, and that two among these are the five and six of diamonds, while on others are inscribed unconventional messages and polite invitations, which read quaintly to our modern ears, such as "Count Basset begs to no how Lady Squander slept last nite," and "Lady Squander's company is desir'd at Miss Hairbrain's Rout," or, again, "Lady Squander's com. is desir'd at Lady Heathan's Drum Major on next Sunday." When first it assumed an entity of its own, the visiting-card was terrifically embellished. Perhaps the earliest name-card of the English nobility is that of a Duchess of Leeds, which bears an elaborately engraved design of a Chinese pagoda, with a Chinaman indicating with his finger the tablet on which my lady's name is inscribed. To modern ideas it seems strongly grotesque to see a Chinaman, with pigtail complete, upon a lady's card; but even this design is quite modest when compared with the extravagant engravings which disfigured cards at the end of the eighteenth century.



But these tickets were not used for social purposes exclusively. They frequently served a useful purpose in indicating a man's profession, and were only a few degrees removed from the trade signs so common at the beginning of the last century. Indeed, it is, perhaps, here that the custom of the present day most nearly approximates to that of the past, for we still find that tradesmen frequently have cards of the size of those in the illustrations, and not only that, but their cards not infrequently do contain some sort of design or illustration bearing reference to their work. Thus, the latter-day tailor's canvasser or debt collector will, perhaps, have a card on which is engraved a hunting-coat, or a gunmaker will adorn his trade card with a cartridge or gun-case, and when this is the case, we are very near, indeed, to the tickets of the eighteenth century.

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As examples of the early cards which bore reference to their owner's profession, we may mention that of a naval officer, frequently a reproduction of Jack Tars with drawn cutlasses in their hands. Cannon and besieged forts were often the distinctive feature of the military officer's card, while the doctor and man of science usually sported some scientific instrument.

In 1777 we find the name of Lady Bampfylde engraved on one, on which Cupid is depicted driving a pair of spirited horses. Captain Leveson-Gower shows his profession by having his name surrounded with guns and pikes; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who designed his own card, placed his name on a wreath-engirdled globe, supported by emblematic figures of the Arts. He looked upon himself, perhaps, as representative of Art—which he was, but he did not hesitate to call attention to his genius.

"Lord Nelson of the Nile," coming some years later, had a very large card engraved in very large letters, but without any of the ornamentation which decorates that which admitted to his funeral procession. That which served for the same purpose at the funeral of William Pitt is a curious instance of the indifferent taste (or, at least, so we now think it) which obtruded deaths' heads, urns and cypresses and that mass of drapery once considered emblematic of woe upon our notice: now we "wear our rue with a difference."

THE DANCE.

THE lamp of silver and the lamp of gold
Make all the shifting prospect fair and bright.
We meet, we gaze, each other's hands we hold,
We clasp and move together in the light.

When laughter, talk, and movement shall be done
We may not linger past the hour's mark,
We must depart, unhelped by moon or sun,
Alone and separate through the utter dark.

E. LUCAS WHITE.

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A Windsor Foreword.

SOME NOTES ON THE COMING CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE is twelve years old, and there have now appeared exactly a dozen of those remarkable double issues which established the record in Christmas Number enterprise, and have held it ever since against all comers in the same field. The forthcoming December issue will be a

SUPERB DOUBLE NUMBER,

which will surpass all previous publications of the kind, alike in size, in style, and in supreme importance of contents.

It will include new features of notable value and variety. For instance, a special section, printed on art paper, will include no fewer than

24 BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS 24

OF

THE PICTURES OF MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.,

with a biographical study of the artist's career. Several of these pictures will be given as finely printed

Coloured Plates.

Another feature that will be lavishly illustrated by

THE BEST MODERN COLOUR-PRINTING

is an important article on "British Dogs," and the number will include in all

15 Pictures in Colours. 15

Of the literary programme and its variety some idea may be given by the statement that complete within the covers of this one double number will be found contributions by the following famous novelists and acknowledged masters of the art of the short story :—

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

H. Annesley Vachell	**Eden Phillpotts**	**E. Phillips Oppenheim**
Mary Cholmondeley	**Barry Pain**	**Justus Miles Forman**
Robert Barr	**Keble Howard**	**Frank Richardson**
F. Marion Crawford	**W. A. M. Goode**	**H. B. Marriott Watson**

MRS. THURSTON

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Complete in this number appears the first of a new series of short stories by

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.,

dealing with the French-Canadian life and local colour which have been identified with this distinguished author's greatest successes in fiction, and another new series will be inaugurated in this number with the opening adventure in the strange history of "Young Lord Stranleigh," financial magnate, from the racy pen of

ROBERT BARR.

The author of those enormously successful books, "John Chilcote, M.P.," and "The Gambler,"

MRS. THURSTON,

contributes a long story of absorbing interest. It is a study of the family life of a man married to an ambitious woman, and of the love of both parents for their only child.

Two other widely read authors whose stories appear complete in this number are

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL,

author of "The Hill," "Brothers," and "The Face of Clay"; and

MARY CHOLMONDELEY,

author of "Red Pottage," "Diana Tempest," and "Prisoners," both novelists, famous chiefly for their longer books, whose short stories have the added interest of rarity.

In lighter vein are to be found the droll humours of a new "Human Boy" story by

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

With all this array of prose fiction by the great novelists, however, identified by custom with the Christmas publishing season, the domain of fact will amply hold its own; and the articles of the number, instructive and entertaining alike, will be found to cover a range of interests even more notably varied and valuable than has been found in any previous issue of the kind. Among the eminent contributors to this department will be

Sir H. H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
General Sir George Wolseley, K.C.B.
Richard Harding Davis
Captain Mahan
J. Holt Schooling
Harry Furniss

and among the subjects of the day discussed with special knowledge by these and other authoritative experts will be

"THE INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL,"
"BRITISH RULE IN FOREIGN LANDS,"
"PHOTOGRAPHING SPEECH,"
"THE OCEANOGRAPHIC WORK OF THE PRINCE OF MONACO,"
"THE PORTRAITS AND PICTURES OF JOAN OF ARC,"

with many interesting illustrations.

The number will be finely illustrated throughout by the most accomplished of contemporary black-and-white artists, among them

Maurice Greiffenhagen
F. H. Townsend
Claude Shepperson
A. Forestier
L. Raven-Hill
Cecil Aldin
Dudley Hardy
Thomas Maybank
Gunning King
Penrhyn Stanlaws
Cyrus Cuneo
Frank Reynolds

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NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE:

CAPETOWN AND SIMONSTOWN.

BY C. DE THIERRY.

Photographs by Neville Edwards.

THE discovery of the sea route by the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, not only revolutionised the transport trade of the world, but shifted its strategical centre from Constantinople to the Cape. But the change was so gradual that, for a hundred and fifty years, Table Bay was nothing more than a place of call, used on equal terms by all nations trading between Europe and the East. In 1652, however, the Dutch, who had risen to power on the decline of the Portuguese, took possession of the country at the foot of Table Mountain, and built a fort to defend it. The idea was to form a station where their ships could take in a fresh supply of fruit and vegetables, and their soldiers and sailors recruit. The task was entrusted to Jan Van Riebeck, who was given the command of three small ships with about two hundred persons on board. This was the modest beginning of South Africa as we know it now.

It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that the Cape became of vital interest to Great Britain. To understand why, one must realise not only the political situation in Europe, but the conditions of the Cape Colony at the time. The Netherlands, after a series of disasters, were helpless in the hands of Napoleon, and it was feared that their dependencies would share the same fate. For, unlike England, Holland regarded colonies as trading-stations, which existed for the benefit of the mother-country, and so they governed the Cape Colony as they governed Java. The result was the burghers were on the verge of rebellion, the Dutch East India Company was insolvent, there was constant fighting with the Bushmen on the frontier, and the Capetown garrison was unreliable. To checkmate the French, to whom the burghers were inclined, a British expedition was sent out, under the command of Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig, in 1795. The account of the military operations, which ended in the capture of Capetown, reads like a chapter from a book of the late war. The enemy, mounted on active little horses, carried with them a big gun—the "Long

CAPETOWN, FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN.

The preceding articles in this series dealt with Gibraltar, Malta, Bombay, Trincomalee, Singapore, Hong Kong, Sydney, Auckland, Halifax, and Esquimault. The series will be concluded with the West Indies.

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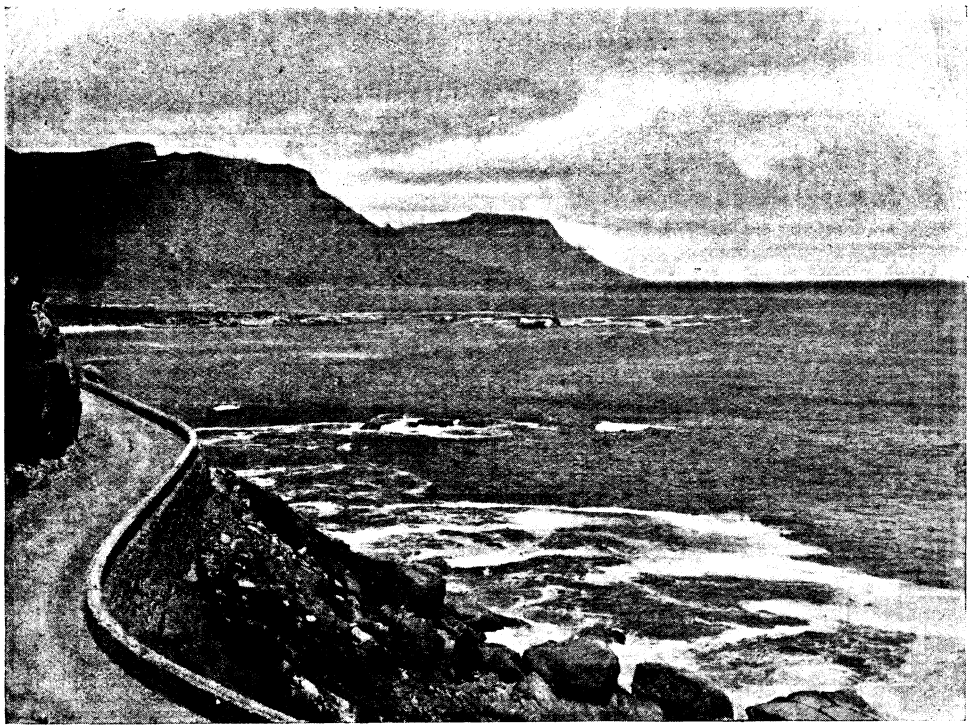
Tom" of that day—and harassed the British Army in small parties. They were eager to try their skill on new game, as they contemptuously called our troops, and mistook General Craig's prudence in waiting for reinforcements for fear. Nevertheless, later on, the steady advance of his men drove them from height to height, until they were forced to fall back on Wynberg, where they held a strong position with nine field guns. The British delivered a frontal attack, though they afterwards discovered it might have been avoided by a detour. It was, however, effective, inasmuch as the Dutch retreated the moment their flanks were threatened, and "having excellent cattle, they easily drew off their guns." So far as South Africa is concerned, the military history of the end of the nineteenth century was the military history of the end of the eighteenth.

Moreover, Capetown in 1795 capitulated as suddenly as Johannesburg and Pretoria in 1900; there was no money in the treasury, and the burghers, who had imbibed French republican ideas, were secretly unfriendly. But as the Colony was given back to Holland at the peace of Amiens in 1803, it fell back again into the rut in which the British found it. In 1806, however, war with France was renewed, and another expedition was sent to South Africa on the same errand as the first. It was completely successful, since when the Union Jack has always flown above the fort at Capetown. In 1815 it was finally ceded to England on the payment of £6,000,000 to Holland.

During the late war it was claimed for the Africanders that they were, in South Africa, on equal terms with ourselves, but facts tell another tale. When the British took over the Cape Colony, it was limited to the coast districts, and its white population numbered less than 30,000. In a slightly longer period the colonies founded by England in North America developed into a nation 4,000,000 strong. Or compare the growth of South Africa during the century of British rule, and the growth of South Africa during the preceding century and a half of Dutch rule. The trading station of 1800 is, in 1903, an empire stretching from Lion's Head in the south to the Equator in the north, and its white population is three-quarters of a million.



VICTORIA ROAD DRIVE, SEA POINT, CAPETOWN.

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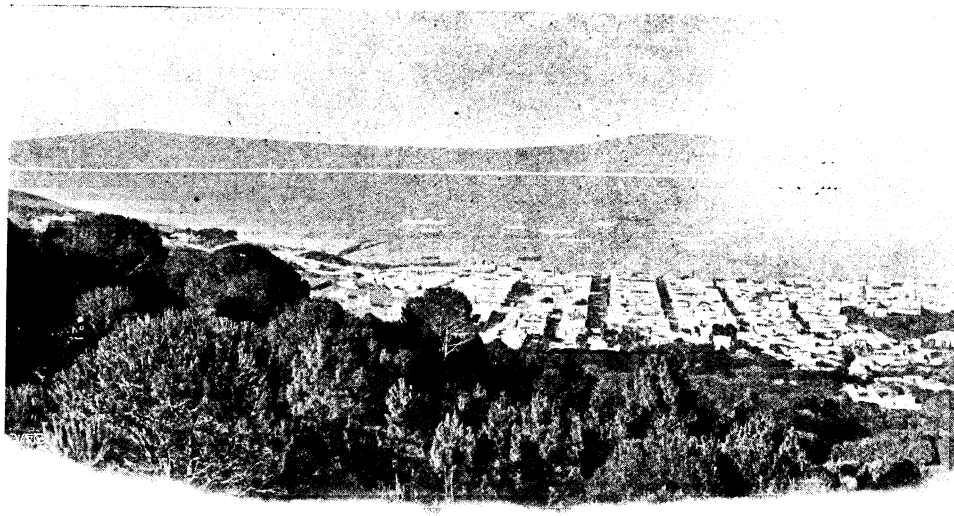
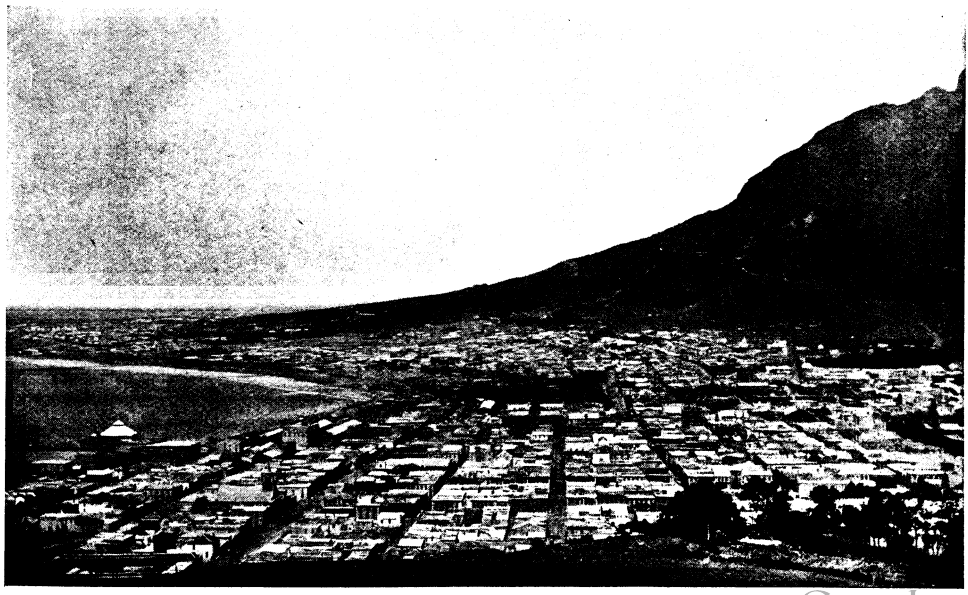


CAPETOWN AND TABLE BAY.

The British made South Africa, not the Dutch, who, in the main, have always been unprogressive, whether in the Cape Colony or the Transvaal.

The importance of the Cape can hardly be overestimated. It is the keystone of our Imperial arch. Not only does it command one of the world's main highways of commerce, but it is equi-distant from every great division of the King's Realms. The prompt aid it was able to send to India at the time of the Mutiny saved the situation, and what has been may be again. The Suez Canal is a peace route to the East, but the ocean route by way of the Cape is ours in any event. Hence our communications with India and Australia can never be broken unless we lose command of the sea. Even in the darkest days of Little Englandism, when self-government was thrust on the Cape Colony as the first step towards England's abandonment of South Africa, it



CAPETOWN, PANORAMA OF CITY AND TABLE BAY.

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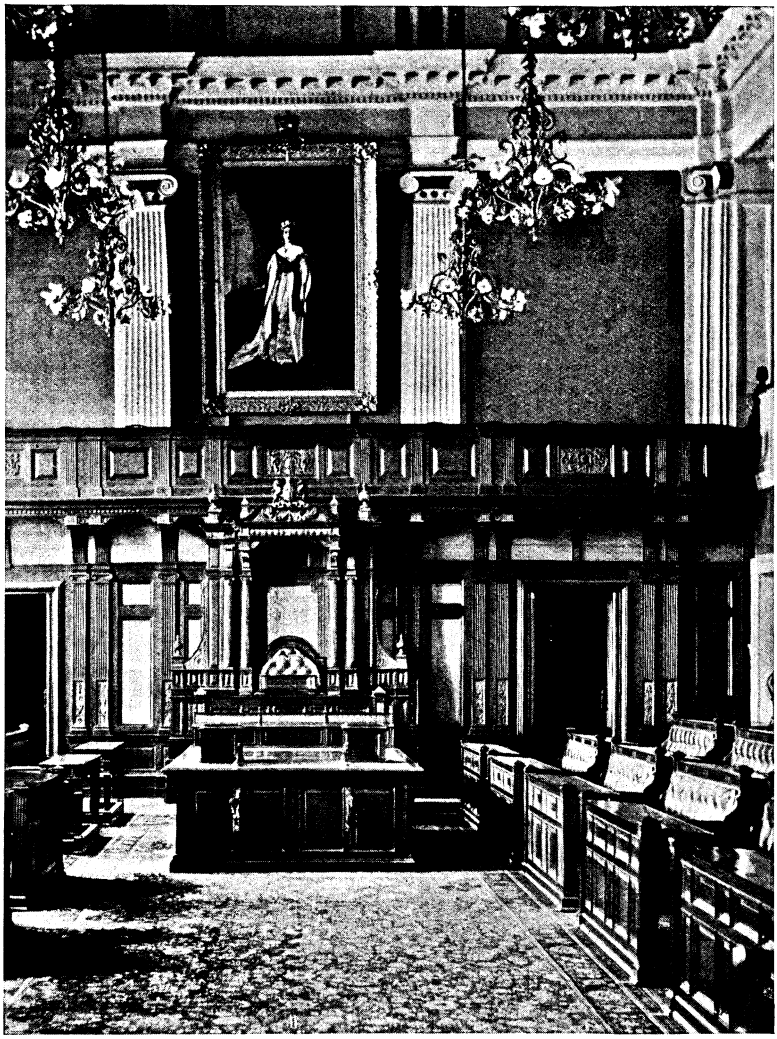
was always taken for granted that we should retain possession of a naval base in the Cape Peninsula. So plainly was this brought home to the Dutch that they were led to believe they could form a republic, which should have the protection of the British Navy in exchange for Simon's Bay. Both the Little England dream and the Africander dream which grew out of it were impossible in an age of fierce competition such as ours, and because neither perceived it in time, Briton and Boer drifted into one of the great wars of the nineteenth century. In the Colonies the vital necessity of South Africa to the Empire was realised from the first. They were never deluded into thinking that Simon's Bay could be held by any Power but the Power that held the hinterland. Hence their splendid rally to the old flag in South Africa was as much a matter of policy as of sentiment. And this was as it should be.



INTERIOR OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPETOWN.

The configuration of the Cape peninsula is peculiar. Its backbone is the Table Range, whose head is Table Mountain, and its terminus that rocky promontory the Cape of Good Hope. On the north is Table Bay; on the south, False Bay, within which is Simon's Bay. At one time the little peninsula, which is like a finger pointing

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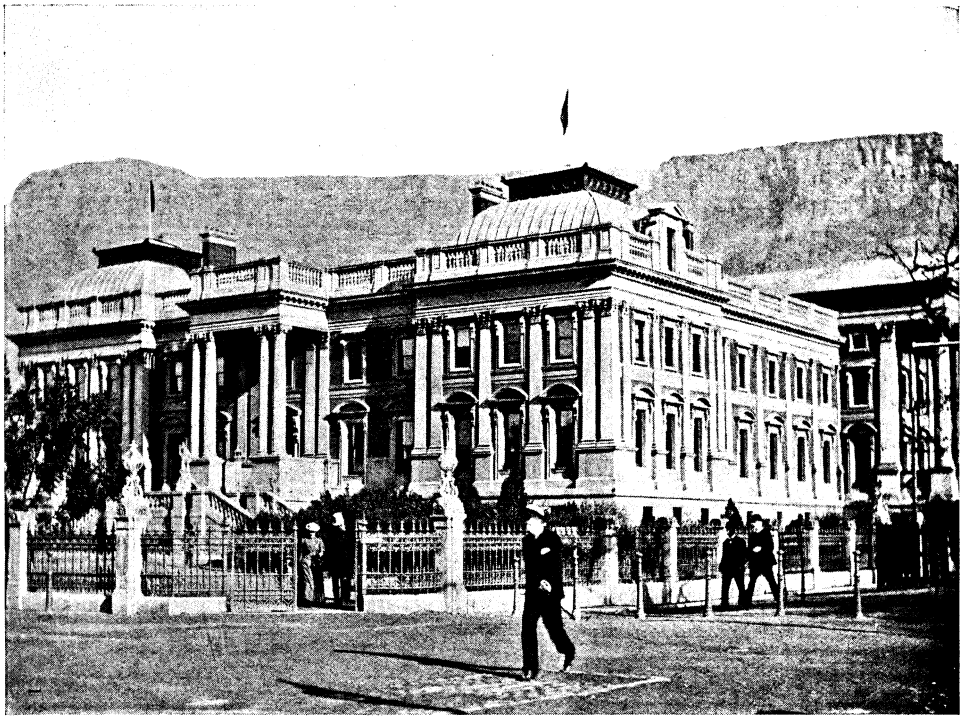

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPETOWN.

DARLING STREET, CAPETOWN.

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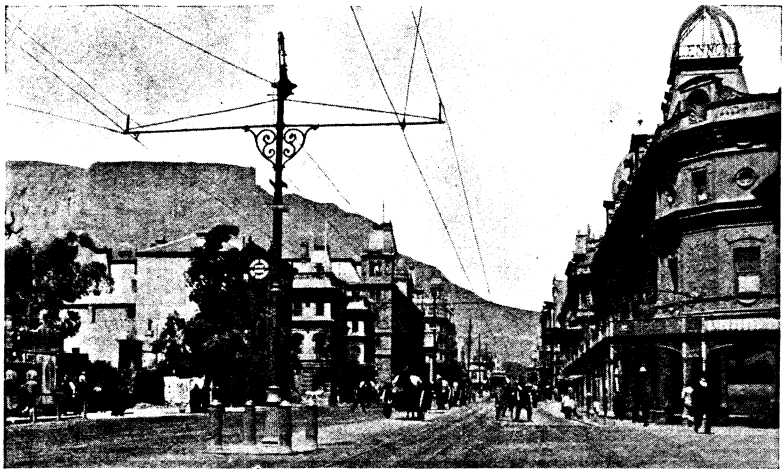

ADDERLEY STREET, CAPETOWN.

downwards from the continent, was joined to the mainland by an isthmus of drifting white sand. The trade-winds, in summer south-east, and in winter north-west, kept it in continual motion, so that for two miles and more the only road from Capetown to the country was covered with sand to the depth of several feet. Not only did it entail constant labour in keeping the way to the interior open at all, but it harassed men and cattle with blinding showers. By 1844, however, this barrier to quick transport was finally overcome. For years it was made the repository of the town refuse, which, as it mixed with and covered the sand, was sown with grasses and planted with trees, until the once shifting area was as immovable as the country beyond it. At Port Elizabeth the Government has reclaimed about 2,000 acres in the same way.

In spite of its age and situation, Capetown is not an Imperial port of the first rank. It is distanced by Sydney, Melbourne, and Montreal. Nevertheless, it has an individuality of its own which few indeed of Colonial cities possess. Like Quebec, it bears the impress of two nationalities, and, as it is in Quebec, too, the note of distinction is struck by the one which is not English; for Capetown can never develop into commonplace modern magnificence as long as the Castle, the tower of the Dutch Church, the Town House, and the old Dutch houses remain. The Castle is picturesquely situated to the north of the town, close to the shores of Table Bay. It is a quaint pile of buildings, with all the features of old fortifications, and to-day it is approached by a winding roadway, edged with posts

THE TWELVE APOSTLES, CAPETOWN.

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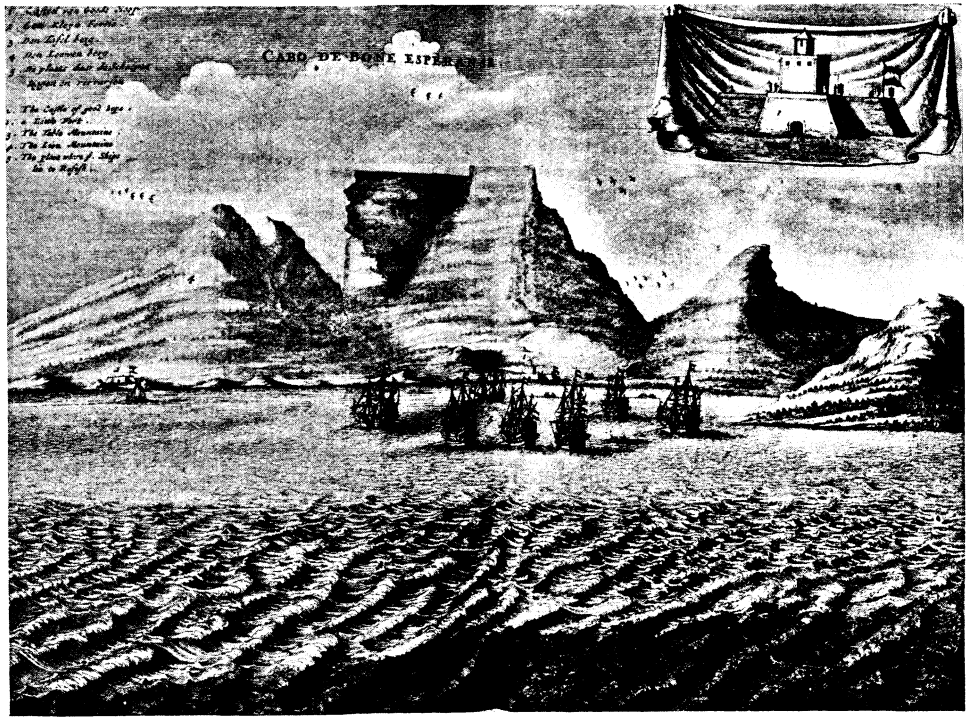
VIEW OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1795.

From Le Vaillant's "Travels in Africa." Showing the Colony as it appeared when first taken by the English under Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig, September 16, 1795.



VIEW OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1670.

With a view of the Dutch Fleet. The capital was founded by the Dutch, 1652.

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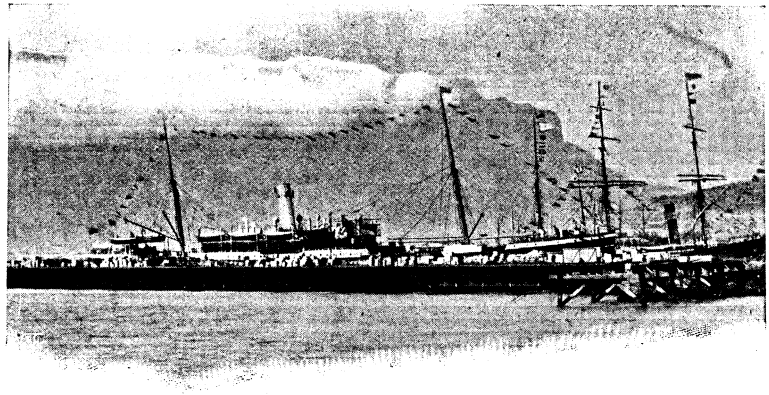
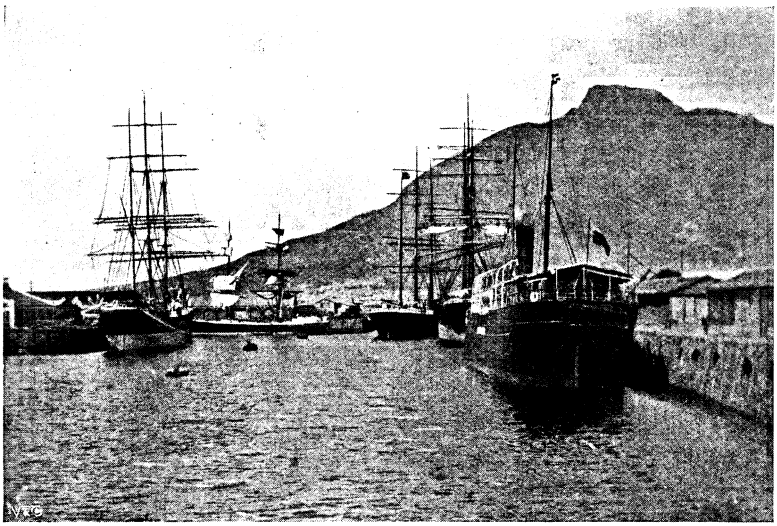
formed of cannon planted breech downwards and linked together with iron chains. It is the headquarters of the General commanding the British forces in South Africa, the symbol of which is the red-coated sentry on duty outside the curious old gateway. As the early history of Cape Colony was practically the history of the Castle, it is full of memories and rich in relics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Even as late as 1771 a suggestive object outside the walls was a gallows, with racks and other instruments of torture.



DOCKS AND TABLE MOUNTAIN AT CAPETOWN.

The Town House has a large *stoep* and a massive balcony. Until lately it was the meeting-place of the Town Council, and, like the Castle, it has a long and interesting history. The mayoral chair is of curious workmanship, surmounted by a shield, anchor, and cable carved in wood. Beyond it is a painting of Van Riebeck, the founder of the Colony. At the opposite end of the chamber is a very fine old Dutch clock. Greenmarket Square, in which the Town House is built, has been the scene of some notable gatherings, the most remarkable of which were those in connection with the anti-convict agitation in the 'fifties. Capetown then successfully defied the Home Government to make South Africa a dumping-ground for English criminals. All that remains of the old Dutch Reformed Church is the tower, whose old-world charm is a perpetual protest to the ungainly structure to which it is attached. Dotted over the Cape peninsula, in Capetown itself, and its beautiful suburbs, are many Dutch houses of colonial architecture, with *stoeps*, white walls, and flat, coal-black thatched roofs. They are the most characteristic feature of an Africander landscape.

At the very gate of South Africa one learns that it is not another Canada or Australia, but another India with the climate of Australia, for not only is half the population native, but it is cosmopolitan. The Malays, descendants of slaves brought by early Dutch settlers from Java, are the most picturesque. Then there are Bushmen, Hottentots, and representatives of all the Bantu peoples in South Africa, as well as Indians and half-castes. On these falls most of the manual labour of Capetown. For striking beauty of



CAPETOWN DOCKS.

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SIMON'S BAY AND SIMONSTOWN.

KALK BAY, NEAR CAPETOWN, LOOKING OVER TO SIMONSTOWN.

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situation, Capetown has few rivals. At the back of it stands out against the clear blue sky a vast square mass of granite, flanked by a steep conical elevation, the Devil's Peak, on the left, and by two lesser and more rounded elevations, Signal Hill and Lion's Head, on the right. The mountain rises almost perpendicularly to a height of 3,852 feet. From the plateau the view of Table Bay, Capetown, and its beautiful suburbs is superb, but the climb is a dangerous one on account of the "table-cloth," whose coming is uncertain. A thin line of fleecy cloud may before evening increase in volume until half the mountain is covered by a thick pall of mist. Hübner's admiration of it was unrestrained. He describes it as "a scene of beauty which changes from hour to hour. Every veering of the wind brings some new and effective adjustment of the mantle of vapour, seldom cast aside, which is sometimes silver, sometimes purple, and from time to time shadowed to a sombre touch by an approaching fall of rain." The slopes of the mountain are well wooded with silver trees and pines, and broken by a deep ravine called "The Gorge." The road cut in the steep side of Table Mountain is one of the finest in the world. From Sea Point to Wynberg it is six miles long.

Table Bay is large enough to shelter the Navies of the world, and affords secure anchorage, except when gales from the north and west blow with unusual violence, as they do at intervals. In early times whole fleets were driven ashore in Table Bay, and the beach was strewn with corpses and treasure. To make their chief port of call safer, the Dutch East India Company attempted to build a mole, but when it reached a length of 351 feet, it was abandoned, and nothing further was done for a century. Then the British took the matter in hand, the result of which was a plan for the construction of the present breakwater, inner dock, and outer basin. The first truck of ballast was tipped into the water by the late Duke of Edinburgh, then Prince Alfred, in 1860. The graving-dock, which was opened in 1882, can accommodate the largest merchant vessels afloat. There is also a patent slip, and a second large dock is in course of construction. The truth is, the heavy weight of Dutch unprogressiveness has only lifted from Capetown within the past ten or fifteen years. The indomitable spirit of Durban in providing Johannesburg with an alternative route from the coast, the possibilities of the Delagoa Bay route, and the enterprise of Englishmen who hope to make Lobito Bay, on the West Coast of Africa, the nearest gate of the Transvaal to Europe, have taught the old Colony that Table Bay is not an indispensable outlet to the interior. Moreover, the strain of the South African war revealed its many deficiencies as a shipping port. For these and other reasons, Capetown has begun to wake up, and none too soon, if it is not to paralyse British commerce in that day when a European war diverts most of the Suez Canal traffic to the sea route.

The naval station of South Africa is Simonstown, named after the Dutch Governor, Simon van der Stel. It is twenty-six miles from Capetown, with which it is connected by rail. Under Dutch rule it was the winter port of call for the vessels of the East India Company, and would have been the capital only for the difficulty of communication with the agricultural districts of the mainland. From Simonstown Sir James Craig conducted the military operations which led to the capitulation of the Colony in 1795. Like Esquimault, it is a naval station and nothing else, deriving its importance from its relation to the Cape as the most vital position in the British Empire and South Africa, as the guardian of one of the world's great trade routes. The bay is safe, sheltered, and affords secure anchorage at all seasons of the year. The Royal Naval Dockyard, which extends for nearly a mile along the water front, is fitted with every appliance necessary for the repair of modern ships of war. There are also patent slips, one capable of lifting vessels of about 800 tons displacement, and smaller ones for the use of torpedo-boats. The population of Simonstown is about 4,000, most of whom are connected with the Army or Navy. Naturally enough, it is the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the Cape Station, and, until the two were separated, of the West Coast of Africa.

As long as England holds India she must hold the Cape. As long as Australia remains a part of the British Empire, the Cape must remain a part of the British Empire. And as long as the Cape is the keystone of our Imperial arch, its hinterland, which is South Africa, must be dominated by England. These are strategical facts which were forgotten in 1880. It is for this country to see that British supremacy in South Africa is placed on such a sound basis that its permanence is for ever assured.

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CLOMAYNES' CLERK.

By MARY E. MANN.

NTO the stinging sleet and rain-laden winds of the March morning there emerged from the door of a physician in Harley Street a boy of seventeen. He was slightly built, with stooping shoulders, and, meagre of proportions as he was, was protected from the cruel weather by an overcoat much too small. As he faced the biting wind and "all the vapoury turbulence of heaven," the dusky pallor of his skin took on a bluey tinge, he shivered and trembled in the grim grasp of the storm.

A few yards from the door, a child, dressed in a cheap mackintosh, and carrying within a strap slung over her shoulder a collection of school-books and papers, awaited him.

Into the lustrous, dark eyes of the youth she looked, asking with her anxious, blue ones a question she did not put in words. For a minute he did not answer.

"Come under my umbrella," she said, as they walked on together. "And turn up the collar of your coat, Peter. Didn't he have a fire for you?" she asked, with a distrustful glance in the direction of that great physician whose portals the youth had just quitted.

"There was a roaring fire," Peter said. "It isn't the cold, so much—it's the inside of me that's shivering. Cicely, it's going to be no use. He doesn't mean to pass me."

Cicely, a fairly well-grown girl of fourteen, with straight, thin legs, straight, thick-hanging, dark hair, a straight, serious face, came to a stop on the wet pavement. Answering to a tug upon his coat-sleeve, the youth stopped too.

"He must!" she said. "You shouldn't have left him. You should have *made* him, Peter." The tears came into her eyes, and her lip shook. "Oh, Peter, he will—he will!"

"He spotted that place on my throat," Peter said with dejection.

"I told you to tie a handkerchief over it."

"Handkerchief? I should think I did! He told me three times before I took it off. He wouldn't have so much as a rag on me. 'What's this?' says he. 'A little trouble I had, a year or so ago, with a gland that swelled,' says I. 'It had to be cut, and has been as right as rain ever since.' Just in that off-hand way, Cicely. Quite brisk and cheerful. 'Tubercular, eh?' says he, very soft and thoughtful-like. And I knew it was all up with me."

"You should have told him it wasn't!" Cicely said, tearfully impatient of him. "Oh, if I'd been there——!"

"Don't you be afraid! I told him fast enough, or tried to, but he stopped me. 'That'll do, thank you,' says he. 'I form my own opinion.' He wouldn't listen."

"Did you stand like that?" Cicely demanded, with a condemning glance at the stooping, shivering figure beneath the umbrella; "or did you hold your head up and throw your shoulders back, and push out your chest as I told you?"

"I stood up as brave as a lion," the young man assured her, his teeth chattering. "I yarned to him about how fond I was of athletics and swimming—how many miles I could walk at a stretch. Oh, I wasn't going to lose the berth for the want of a little gas. Only——" he stopped and sadly shook his head "—he'd made up his mind," he went on in a falling tone. "He'd made it up as soon as he looked at me. 'Keep on with your walking; live in the open air,' he said. 'You're not fitted for the office stool. Stooping all day over a desk would be about the worst thing you can do. Thank you. That's all. Good morning.'"

"And you came away? You shouldn't have come away! You should have told him what it is to you—what you will have to put up with if you can't get the berth. You should have said: 'You're taking the bread out of my mouth—you're stealing the coat off my back. It's life and death to me.' You should have said that and made him hear. And you came away!"

Peter looked back upon that action, sor-

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rowfully considering it. "I thought it very affable of him to shake hands," he said; "but he had a very final way of doing it. And, besides, I didn't care to make a tale of my private affairs and seem to cringe. I didn't want him to think——"

"What does it matter about *him?*" Cicely demanded with scorn. "Do we care what he thinks? Oh, Peter, go back to him, dear! do—do go back! Tell him he *must* pass you. Tell him it's your chance, your only — only one. And how you've tried and tried—and this is the only one—and how cruel everyone is at home—just as if it was your fault that no one—no one will give you work to do. And tell him you'd rather be dead than go home and say you'd lost it. Oh, Peter, say that; it is true—it is true——!"

She was crying, the rain blown on her cheek by the angry wind mingled with the tears there. She held his wrist—that bony, flat wrist which had had its own tale to tell to the examining physician—protruding from the shabby coat-sleeve — and led him, he nearly unresisting, back to the door. On the doorstep he hesitated, looking at the child with beseeching, dark eyes.

"He's awfully busy — his room's full—he isn't the sort to take liberties with — I don't want to bother him again."

But she kept a relentless hold upon the wrist, and herself rang the bell, and when the door opened, pushed him inside with remorseless urgency. "Never mind cringing," she whispered. "Tell him everything. Tell him how they treat you at home. Don't mind what he thinks."

So in Peter went; and Cicely, her school-books tucked away under her arm for the protection afforded by her mackintosh, the rain coming on faster and faster, walked the pavement, or waited on the doorstep, or now and again crossed the road in the baseless hope that she might not find the other side so wet, for a miserable two hours.

"Why, I thought I had finished with you, sir, more than an hour ago," the physician said, looking up, not too well pleased, when

"Answering to a tug upon his coat-sleeve, the youth stopped too."

Peter, nervously smiling, his dark-curled head with its pale, Jewish-looking features pushed well forward, appeared in the consulting-room again.

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The doctor, a fine-looking, red-faced man, with keen, blue eyes, looked a giant of health and strength and well-being beside the slight and meagre form. He was physician to the great firm of Clomayne Company, Limited, who never appointed a clerk to their offices without a favourable report from him. Peter had already passed the educational test by which they weeded out the applicants to fill their vacancies. As a typist he had proved himself expert; in shorthand he had attained high speed. Nothing but the medical examination stood between him and the office-stool, which to him was as much an object of desire as is a throne to a prince.

"I think, sir," he said, his eyes, very dark and softly luminous, on the doctor's face—"I'm afraid you didn't form a very high opinion of my physique. I wanted to ask you—I wanted to beg you, sir, to pass me. It would be the making of me, sir, to get to Clomaynes'. I've been trying for more than a year to get a clerkship. The market is so very full, and I've been unfortunate. This is a great chance for me. I hope very much, sir, you won't let me lose it."

The doctor looked down from his goodly height upon the stooping shoulders of the suppliant. "I've got my duty to Clomaynes' to perform, you know," he said. "They send their clerks abroad into all sorts of climates — very unhealthy, some of them. Climates where you, my poor fellow, could not live a month."

"I could take my chance," Peter said quickly. "I'm not afraid, sir. I shouldn't ask any favour. If I died, it would make no difference to Clomaynes'. I mean—I mean, the inconvenience would be mine."

"My dear fellow—you're a phthisical subject. Not to mince matters. You told me your family history——"

"You asked me, sir," Peter interrupted, with a note of reproach in his softly thick voice.

"It was my duty to ask. Your father died a year ago of pneumonia, your mother ten years ago in a decline. Do you ask me to conceal these facts from Clomaynes'? To say that I consider you in strong health? Then you ask what is absolutely impossible. I am sorry, but it is impossible. I think that is all I have to say on the subject, and —my time is very short."

"I am going almost at once, sir," Peter said, speaking with an effort of cheerfulness, but with a load of sorrow and disappointment lying, a physical weight, upon his heart. "I came because Cicely thought if I told you 'twas a matter of life and death, sir—— It is that to me, almost—it is. I'm very good at shorthand—hundred and twenty a minute—my arithmetic and book-keeping, too, are more than fair. My handwriting's good—I might say. My hands don't always shake like this——"

"My dear boy," the doctor said, with an impatience at once angry and pitiful, "all that has less than nothing to do with me!"

"But if you'd give me a chance, sir!" His eyes were extraordinarily bright and pleading, his slight frame shook with eagerness; he made as though he swallowed something with difficulty. "After all, I shall have to cringe," he said to himself. "Since my father died I have had to depend on my uncle, sir," he went on. "I owe everything to him. He's very good—but there are a lot of his own children; and there's my aunt — and she thinks—— My uncle doesn't grudge me anything—he often says so—but he naturally wants me to get my own living—and so does my aunt; and she doesn't quite understand how difficult it is, nowadays, to get into anything; and my cousins don't understand it either—except Cicely: she's different. Of course, I can't at present contribute anything for my board and lodging and my clothes." He stopped a minute and looked down at his shabby overcoat; then lifted his eyes, alight with their soft, irresistible appeal, to the physician's face, his voice dropped in a kind of awe. "This berth carries a pound a week, sir. It would be all the world to me to get it."

"You want me to perjure myself?"

Peter did not shrink from the stern tone nor blush at the imputation. "I want you not to take away my chance," he said.

He did not leave for some fifteen minutes longer; and when he did leave, it was with eyes lit almost to rapture, a glow of happiness on his pale face, and words of thanks bubbling forth from trembling lips. The doctor had consented not to conceal the state of the young man's predisposition to tubercular mischief, but to make the best of his chance of escaping the family taint. He had promised, too, to explain matters to one of the managers with whom he was on very friendly terms. Peter's position at Clomaynes' was assured.

"I will never forget it, sir, never," the boy said, stopping again at the door of the consulting-room to reiterate the fact. "It will be the making of me. I shall get on—you'll see I will. There's men that don't make the most of their chances—but I will. I've got

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a splendid one—thanks to your goodness—and I will. I feel it in me. You'll never regret it."

"Oh, that'll do—that'll do," the doctor said. He was a little ashamed of his weakness in the matter, knew it was a bad precedent, didn't wish to hear any more about it. "Haven't you got something warmer to put on?" he asked. "You're not going out into this pouring rain in that thin coat?"

"This is my great-coat, sir," Peter explained, with a glance at the sleeve that exposed the flat, red wrist. "And Cicely is waiting outside for me with an umbrella."

The doctor was sufficiently interested to walk to that window in his consulting-room which looked upon the street, in order to watch the youth who had taken what was, in his experience, the very unusual course of questioning his fiat. He saw the stooping figure of the lad join the upright one of the child hurrying to meet him. He almost saw the glad words of the reversal of his doom upon the young man's lips. He saw the change on the straight-featured, serious face of the child from an expression of unchild-like anxiety to one of almost womanly joy. The pair stood for three minutes in the drenching rain before the window, and even at that crisis Cicely did not forget to hoist her dripping umbrella over the head so eagerly thrust forward. Then Peter put a thin wrist through a mackintoshed arm, and looking in each other's face, and eagerly talking, unconscious of the eyes that watched them, the wet, impatient people pushing past, the boy and girl walked slowly away.

The doctor touched the bell that would bring his next patient for inspection, then took one more look through the window. The pair had taken hands and were running now, running over the clean-washed, shiny pavement. Cicely turned her face so that he saw it once again, and it was a laughing face.

"It's something to be young," the doctor said to himself as he turned away. "Young—and to have the thing you wish for! Yes. Even if you're never to know a day's health while you live, and have got to die a lingering, painful death in a year or so."

He only saw Peter once after he obtained his heart's desire and the proud position of a post as a junior clerk in Clomaynes' office. It was on a platform of Liverpool Street suburban line. He was going down to Enfield in his professional capacity, and while he waited for his train, walking up and down, his attention was caught by a figure, which appeared in some way familiar to him, standing at the bookstall. A minute, and he had recognised it as that of the youth who had been so bent on becoming Clomaynes' clerk.

He was better dressed now, and wore a warmer overcoat (for the summer was over by now, and winter coming on again) and a more fashionably shaped bowler. Cicely, in her waterproof still, although there was no rain, and with her straight, heavy hair upon her shoulders, was by his side.

The physician, having established in his own mind the identity of the pair, resumed his pacing to and fro of the platform and forgot them. In a minute a voice at his elbow spoke his name, and, glancing down, he saw, taking off his hat to him and accosting him with a very eager look on the duskily pale face, the youth whose name, even, he had forgotten. A light of triumphant gladness was in the mild darkness of the eyes.

"Excuse my speaking to you, sir," Peter said; "Cicely would have me come. She thought you'd be pleased to hear our very good news."

"I'm always glad to hear anyone's good news," the big doctor said. "Let's see—it's Mr.—— ?"

"I'm the young man at Clomaynes'," Peter explained. "You were so good——"

"I remember perfectly. And how are you getting on?"

"First class, sir. That's what I wanted to tell you. Cicely wanted it, too."

"You like your work?"

"I enjoy my work, sir. I don't have a dull moment. And"—here his voice sank with the immensity of the tidings with which it was charged—"you'll be very glad to hear, sir, I'm promoted."

"I am indeed glad. Doubled your pay, have they?"

Peter smiled. "It doesn't affect my pay, sir. But pay isn't everything, I take it."

"Certainly not," the physician hastened to say. "To be chosen for an honourable position, for instance——"

"It's like this," Peter said, anxious to proclaim the good fortune which had befallen him. "Clomayne and Co. are starting another branch—you may have heard—and there's heavy work entailed. Clomaynes' have had to put on several of their clerks to stop at the office over hours. I'm one of those selected!"

"I see," the doctor said, meeting with his penetrating blue eyes the exultant gaze of the black ones.

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"'You want me to perjure myself?' Peter did not shrink from the stern tone nor blush at the imputation. 'I want you not to take away my chance,' he said."

"I've been at it now for a month," Peter went on. "Instead of getting home at seven, I'm at the office till nine, and sometimes ten o'clock. I enjoy it very much. The firm allows us something for our teas. My fellow-clerks and I have a rattling good time. If it hadn't been for your kindness, sir, I should never have got to Clomaynes', and I thought you'd be glad to hear how splendidly I'm doing there."

"And how's the health? Extra hours spent in bending over your desk aren't very good for you. You haven't yet lost your cough?"

Peter looked away, evidently not caring to be questioned on that theme. "I've been very fit, thank you, sir," he said. "The mist—it's been a bit misty in the evenings lately—has got on my chest rather. This, being Saturday," he further explained, "is a holiday. Cicely and I always have the Saturday afternoons."

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Ah! And how did they spend them? he was asked. In the air, it was hoped?

Not always, it seemed. For Cicely was fond of pictures, and sometimes they went to the National Gallery. Cicely was fond of reading, too; and once or twice they had been to Westminster Abbey, because she had a fancy for Poets' Corner. But this afternoon they were going to their home at Edmonton, and if they could get away again, and if it didn't rain, they were going to the Chingford hills; for Cicely, of all things, loved a glorious walk.

"Cicely's a dear little kiddie. She's my friend. I'm awfully fond of her," Peter said. He made the avowal without the slightest embarrassment—from his infancy, probably, he had not known what it was to feel shy. "Before I got that berth at Clomaynes' I should have had a rough time at home if it hadn't been for Cicely. My aunt and my cousins didn't believe in me, you see, sir. Cicely always did?

The physician looked across to the bookstall where the child still stood, watchful of him and Peter beneath the shadowing brim of her hat. Obeying a good-natured impulse, he crossed to her and laid a hand on her shoulder, and called her "Cicely," and said he had been hearing she was fond of reading.

"We both are," Cicely said, with a calm, middle-aged self-possession. "It is the thing Peter and I like best in the world."

"And what sort of reading?" the doctor asked; and learnt that Peter liked books of adventure and happy stories, but that Cicely loved poetry, and liked best stories that were sad.

"They make her cry, sir," Peter explained. "She cries, and cries—don't you, Cicely? but she likes them, too."

So the kind doctor, looking over the wares displayed, bought a volume of Longfellow's Poems, which he gave the girl—he knew nothing of poetry, but he knew Longfellow must be safe, as his mother had liked him; and he got for the boy Wells's "The Sea Lady."

"I don't read such things, myself," he said, "but I've gathered from the newspapers the man has a quite creditable acquaintance with science, and does not write sentimental rubbish."

Cicely, regarding the donor with an unsmiling face, said: "Thank you very much," in her staid, middle-aged way; but Peter, using his tongue volubly, overwhelmed him with thanks.

"It is kind of you," he said fervently. "I shall always treasure the book, and so will Cicely hers. We go to the library—we've got a splendid one, you know, in Edmonton, Passmore Edwards gave us. Before I got to Clomaynes'—they didn't want me at home, and I had nowhere else to go—I spent most of my days in the library. Of course, I've read H. G. Wells, and I learnt a lot of him by heart to tell Cicely, but I love to have him for my own. I have very much to be grateful to you for, sir, and I shall be grateful while I live."

"For how long will that be, poor fellow, I wonder?" the doctor said to himself as he walked away. He had done the poor boy a kindness, and he let his mind dwell on him with a pitying pleasure. It was hard that Fate should grudge to this unfortunate that humble place in the world of men which he held with such a boyish pride, those poor pleasures in which he took such innocent delight! He thought of his own son, as the train bore him away to his consultation, good, and fairly satisfactory, but guarded on every side, petted, pampered. How much would it cost to bring into his own boy's handsome face the glow of surprised delight which had overspread the pale features of this poor lad at the gift of the six-shilling book?

But even as the thought passed through his mind, his lips curved with a smile of proud tenderness. The absurdity of the comparison! His own handsome, well-grown lad, with his fair, frank face and proudly carried head, and the poor little City clerk, the pallor of ill-health and confinement on his dusky face; the meagre figure; the head, over-heavy with its brown curls, thrust forward as if in eagerness to reach the goal before his feet could carry him there.

"Ah! happiness is found in unexpected places, and is a matter of temperament only, and not of circumstances at all," the doctor told himself, when Clomaynes' clerk, and the girl he called Cicely, passed the door of his first-class carriage, their destination reached. Peter was holding the girl's sleeve and hurrying her along, his head pushed forward, and on his face that look of eager joyousness which to the eyes that watched and that *knew* was so full of pathos. The voluble tongue was wagging as the pair trotted past. He heard his own name mentioned; and so Clomaynes' clerk passed from the eyes that watched, for ever.

"I'll keep an eye on that poor fellow. I'll speak about him to Ladell, and when he begins to go downhill, I'll lend a helping hand," the doctor said, making one of those resolutions that testify surely to the spiritual

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part of us and do honour to the hearts that record them, even when, as now, they are not kept.

His resolution, when he made it, the doctor fully intended to carry out, but he forgot. He forgot it, until one sunshiny morning in the spring of the next year, when, as he sat at his solitary lunch, there was brought to him a letter. It was in a careful and childish hand, and he read it almost at a glance as he ate the biscuit and drank the glass of Burgundy which he allowed himself for his midday meal.

"DEAR SIR," the letter ran, "Peter was coming to tell you he had been promoted again. A junior was wanted to help with some work through the Easter holidays. Peter offered and was accepted. He was coming to tell you, but he was drowned last night in the river Lea. So I thought I would let you know.

Yours affectly., CICELY.

"P.S.—He was not to have had more pay, but it was the honour."

The physician, who had never time for anything but his profession, made time to go to the funeral of Clomaynes' clerk, paying his poor remains a compliment he had refused to those of many a man of distinguished name and high estate, whose fees he had taken. On a Saturday afternoon in the sweetest month of the spring-time he travelled down to Edmonton with Ladell, that manager of Clomaynes', who was his friend.

"We asked his people to hurry the funeral by a couple of days, so that the clerks could come," the official said.

Peter had looked up to this man as to a king among men. A "Good morning" from him and a nod in the street, in response to an eagerly snatched-off bowler, left the junior clerk elated in spirits for the day.

"Mr. Ladell asked me if I wouldn't like to change places with Jones, who sits near the fire," he said once to Cicely, his eyes humid with gratification. "He'd noticed how cold my hands were when I passed him a pen. They shake, you know; I can't stop them. It's something to be noticed like this by him, Cicely! I shall do, now."

"He was only one of the youngsters, of course, and not of much account, but he'd made a lot of friends. They've got a wreath as big as a haystack for the poor little man. They've made him into a hero, and they're all here—good fellows!" Thus said the manager to the physician, as the train bore them along.

"It was simply silly, chucking away a life, like that, of course," he went on. "A little fellow that could barely swim, to fling himself in after a casual suicide! A hulking, great beggar who had good reason, no doubt, for wanting to be rid of his life. He probably wouldn't have thanked the boy even if he had saved him—which he didn't."

He had a goodly following, poor Peter! How his eyes would have glistened could he have known! Quite a regiment of clerks from Clomaynes' were there, walking two and two, to say nothing of the uncle who had grudgingly fed him, and the goodly array of cousins who "had not believed in him." He had been put in a burial club by his not too loving relations, so, although he had gone so long in shabby clothing, and had known the sorrow of broken boots and wristbands that must be hidden away, he rode in state to his resting-place, drawn by four horses in a silver hearse, his coffin covered with flowers.

But his grave was a humble one—the money from the burial club not being sufficient to secure him a decent privacy in decay—and very, very deep. The clerks, crowding forward when the service was over, could hardly read his name and the account of his few years on the silver plate of his coffin, so deep in the bowels of the earth they laid him—poor Peter! "the joys of all whose life were said and sung!" His was the first coffin in the grave destined to hold seven more.

The physician, waiting until the rest had turned away, stood for a few minutes alone, gazing into that profundity.

"Such a chucking away of life!" the admired gentleman who had been Peter's chief had said. But the physician had his own thought on that matter.

The poor boy—the foolish, enthusiastic, perhaps hysterical boy—enjoying the poor blessings that were his with the prophetic eagerness which those doomed to an early death so often exhibit, had taken his seat upon his office stool as upon a throne, had blessed God for his career of junior clerk as for a high imperial lot—then had flung away, his short race hardly begun, the life he prized. True, but in a blind belief in his own strength; and for the high purpose, suggested by the poetry and the books he and Cicely loved and talked over, of giving himself for another! The physician knew that in giving all, he had but exchanged a

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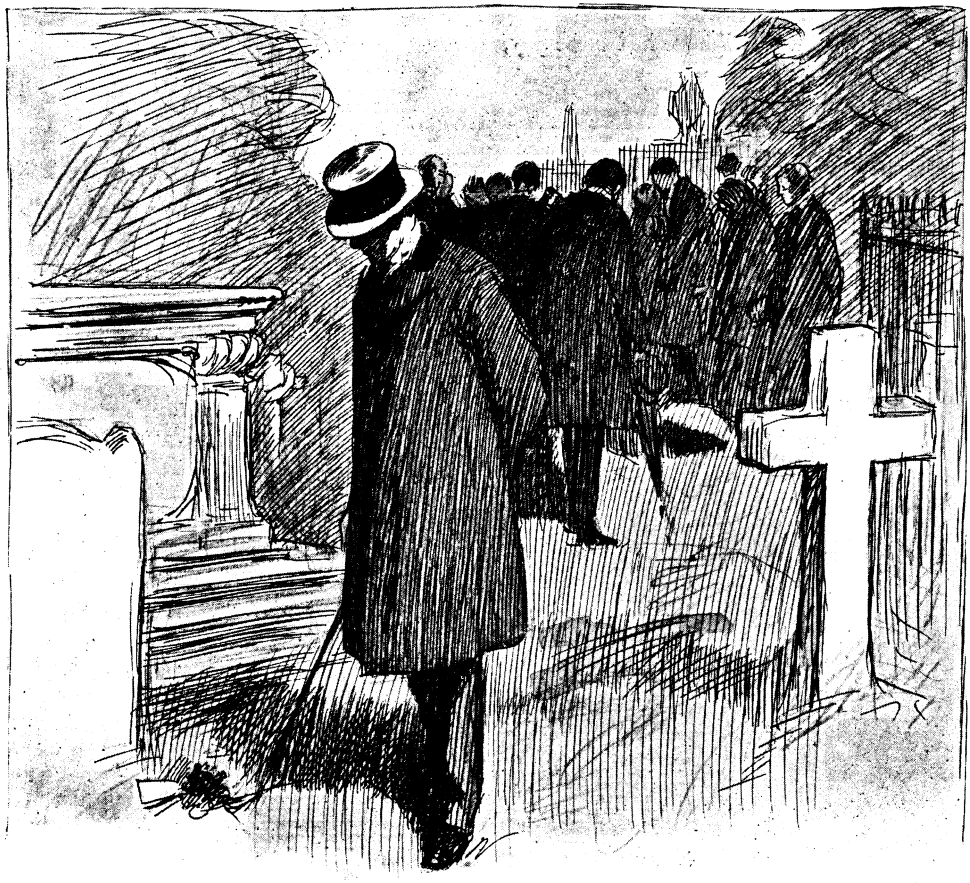
year or two of failing power, of the pain and weakness of daily dying, the grief of finding himself a burden again upon unwilling shoulders for—what? For the moment of exultation when into the dark waters of the greedy Lea he had flung his poor little body, clothed as it was in the new coat and trousers of which Cicely and he had been so proud; the moment of absolute belief in himself and his strength; the moment more, perhaps, of recognition that he had failed, but in a great cause. Peter had exhibited an effusive gratitude for the few favours Life had bestowed upon him; for this last favour of Death's according, the physician knew he might well have been thankful.

That beautiful "floral tribute" for which Clomaynes' clerks had contributed their shillings had been lowered upon the coffin, together with one or two humbler, and obviously home-made, wreaths. As the physician turned away, he noticed, lying almost at his feet, a little bunch of violets, dropped as the flowers had been removed from the coffin. Attached by a bit of white ribbon to their stalks was a tiny square of notepaper, and on this was written, in the careful but unformed hand the doctor recognised: "From Cicely."

Holding them thoughtfully for a minute, the physician slowly opened his fingers; and through all that dismal space, soon to be filled with other coffins, Cicely's violets fell upon that which bore Peter's name—upon the coffin of Clomaynes' fortunate junior clerk; in luck's way still—promoted to the blessed company of those who die in what they believe to be a good cause.



"He noticed, lying almost at his feet, a little bunch of violets."

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HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"I SEE your sister has the little apple. Did you give her her choice, as I told you to?"

"Yes, mother; I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE RIVAL OMNIBUSES.

"I TRUST you don't share your driver's dislike for me," remarked a motor to a horse omnibus as they stood side by side in the inn-yard.

"Bless you, no!" returned the latter cordially; "on the contrary, you amuse me immensely. One feels so grateful to you for your strenuous zeal in relieving the monotony of the traffic."

"Well, I get *through* it, anyhow," returned the other complacently. "I shouldn't be the most popular public conveyance on the road if I didn't; in fact, the secret of my triumph over the electric tram is not so much that I do not add one farthing to the burden of the ratepayers, but that I am able to change my route at any moment."

"Yes—so I notice," said the other drily; "garden walls and shop windows do not stop you, neither is the kerb any appreciable obstacle."

The motor omnibus chuckled. "Ah, my friend," he said softly, "you don't know the joy of getting the whip hand of your driver."

"Not to mention your passengers——"

"Oh, don't mention *them!* They are the bane of my otherwise rollicking existence, and the discouragement of the ubiquitous fare is the only bond of sympathy between myself and my usually inefficient driver."

"Yes, I expect taking them up does slow you a bit," assented the horse bus.

"A *bit!*—they spoil our time every journey, or *would* if we weren't too sharp for them. My dear friend, if we were to take notice of all the old ladies standing on the kerb waving their umbrellas, we should never get up any pace at all—and think of the wear and tear to my inside."

"Well, I'll say this," remarked his companion, "you are rapidly converting a somewhat top-heavy race into a nation of sprinters."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," returned the other modestly, "but it's certainly a fact that if people want to come with me, they must stir their stumps. A non-stop run from start to finish is the praiseworthy ambition of every self-respecting motor 'bus, and I have no doubt contrivances will soon be fitted up at street corners

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A LITTLE MIXED.

NERVOUS CURATE: The proceeds of this concert will be given to the Duff and Dem. I—I beg your pardon—I mean the Dem and Duff! (Unseemly uproar, through which the words "Deaf and Dumb" are faintly audible).

by which passengers may be shot on board us like the mails on an express train (and females, too, in this case). Until that time arrives, however, is it any wonder that my conductor is too engrossed with his way-bill, and my driver with his levers, to notice the would-be passenger who hails us at inconvenient stopping-places?"

"So that *I*—passing a little later—gather them up! Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and a miraculous motor that never brings a horse 'bus a bit of luck," said the other. "I notice, too, that lovers still prefer my top to yours. There's a little something about your atmosphere that does not seem to make for romance."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the motor 'bus confidentially, "it's not so much the *odour* as the *oscillation*. Last night, for instance, an incautious lover, anxious to hear his fate, was sitting with his sweetheart on the back seat. Every time, however, he attempted to pop the question, he bit his tongue so badly that he had to get down and go to the nearest chemist instead. Hullo! here's your driver—so you'll be pushing along a bit, I expect. I'm not starting yet awhile, but I shall pass you presently on the way to town."

"Right oh!" returned the other; "and I shall pass you again before we get there."

"Not likely!—pass *me!* Whereabouts?"

"Oh, up a side street, waiting for the outfit man," retorted the horse 'bus, as with an old-fashioned clatter of hoofs and harness it lumbered out of the yard.

Jessie Pope.

"THE other day," said a man passenger, "I saw a woman in an omnibus open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a penny and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the penny to the conductor and took a halfpenny in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the halfpenny and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends. Then she felt to see if her back hair was all right, and it was all right, and she was all right. That was a woman."

JOHN and Pat were two friendly workmen, who were constantly tilting, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat quickly.

"Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "it depends on whose yard you get into."

AN old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor-oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor-oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"'Ere, guv'nor, just scratch my 'ead for me, will yer?"

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THE HUMAN ANALOGY.

"Ah, my dear, motor-cars are only in their infancy yet."
"I suppose that accounts for their making so much noise."

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist was discussing a rather tiresome play.

"It was such a drama," he said, "that a French playwright read the other day before a committee of the French Society of Comedy. As the author plodded through his second act he heard an odd sound, and looked up, to see a man asleep and breathing heavily. He was greatly annoyed.

"'Monsieur,' he said, 'monsieur, wake up! Please remember, monsieur, that I am reading this play to the committee in order to get its opinion. How can a man who is asleep give an opinion?'

"'How?' said the drowsy one with a yawn. 'Easily enough. Sleep is an opinion.'"

AMONG several distinguished men who were to speak at the opening of a new school was a professor well known for his lapses of memory. But his speech was clear that night, and as he seated himself his loving wife felt that he had fully earned the burst of applause that followed, and she clapped her little hands enthusiastically. Then her cheeks crimsoned.

"Did you see anything amusing about the close of my address, my dear?" asked the Professor as they started for home. "It seemed as if I heard sounds suggestive of merriment about me."

"Well, dear," said she, "of all the people who applauded your address, you clapped the loudest and longest."

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A LEADING actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a *matinée* idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a country hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented hi n with a rose without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theatre in which he was playing, "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realised what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I should be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs."

A CLERGYMAN not long ago received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place at the parish church:

"This is to give you notis that I and Mis Jemima Arabella Brearly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be promp, as the cab is hired by the hour."

LITTLE Katherine was busily engaged in eating a hearty meal. One of the family, thinking she was eating too much, said: "Remember, Katie, there is pudding for dessert."

"Yes, I know," replied Katie seriously. "I'm saving my neck for that."

A POLYGLOT LOVE-SONG.

I sang her songs in Arabic,
I warbled in Chinese,
I pleaded much in faultless Dutch,
And yet I failed to please.

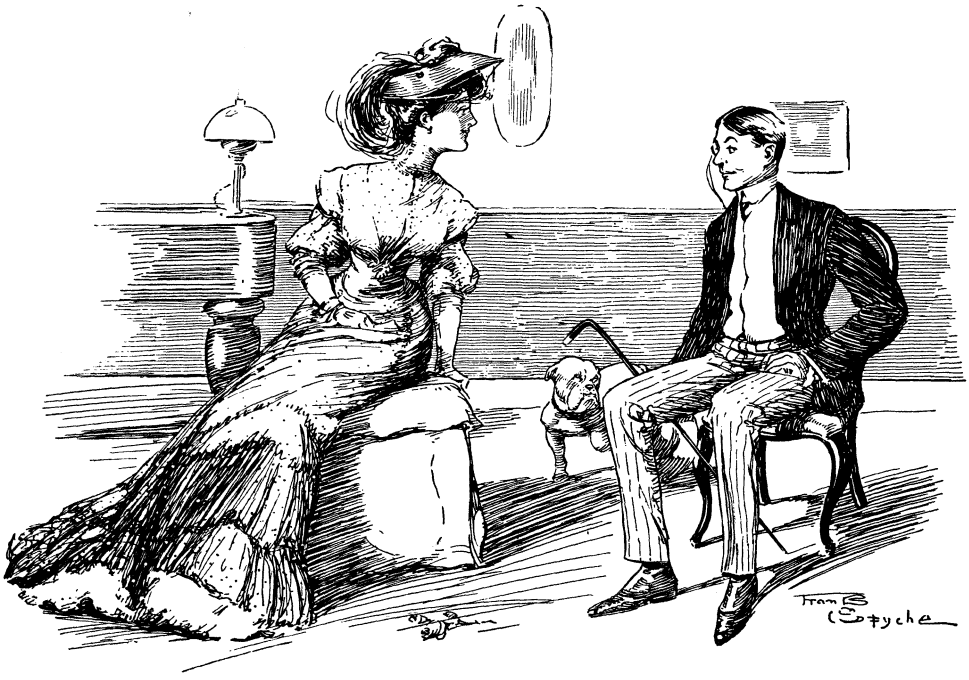
I murmured soft "Ich liebe dich,"
I spluttered out "Je t'aime,"
I called her "donna mobile":
She said, "That's not my name."

I cried in Greek "Sas agapo,"
I breathed "Amo, amas,"
But all the sad reply I got
Was, "Don't be such an ass!"

In Esperanto, Taal, and Basque,
I told how passion glows;
She tossed her head and sighed and said,
"Why don't the man propose?'

Seizing her hand, I madly cried,
"I love thee and adore.
Be mine." "I will," she said; "but why
Did you not ask before?"

G. Frederic Turner.



THE MODESTY OF COURAGE.

SHE: Are you fond of Wagner, Bertie?
BERTIE (cheerfully): Well, I am not afraid of him.

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1-26

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